

seen without coming at him through committees and checks, bars and bolts, lest he should speak and people find him out; and after all their great care, he came out at the little end of the horn: he was not elected.

When a President is elected, a crowd of men press around him, like so many hungry dogs, for a division of the spoils, saying, "Mr. President, what are you going to do for our town? Remember, here is Mr. So-and-so, who took a prominent position. We want such a one in such an office." And, finally, after worryings and teasings, and whining and begging, some of those little men, mean, contemptible pups, doggerly men, broken-down lawyers, or common, dirty, political hacks, bring up the rear, swelled up like swill barrels; they come to the table for the fragments, and, with a hungry maw and not very delicate stomach, whine out, "Won't you give me a place, if it is only in Utah?" In order to stop the howling, the President says, "Throw a bone to that dog, and let him go out;" and he comes out a great big "United States' officer," dressed in a lion's garb, it is true, but with the bray of an ass. He comes here, carrying out his groggery and whoring operations, and seeking to introduce among us eastern civilization.

The people here, however, feel a little astonished, some of them, although they are not very much astonished at anything that transpires; and when they look at him, they say in their simplicity, "Why, that man is acting like a beast." His majesty, however, swells up, struts and puffs, and blows, and says, "You must not insult me. I am a United States' officer; you are disloyal. I am a United States' officer; don't speak to me." Of course you are, and a glorious representative you are.

I did start once to write a history of the judges sent to Utah; but I did

not get through with it. You know we have the history of the judges in former days. If I had only had time, I would have liked to have written a history of the judges of Israel that came out from the Ammonites and Moabites down yonder.

There was one man here whom you considered one of the most honorable men among your judges. I refer to Judge Shaver. I do not know much about the man; he was spoken highly of, and a great deal of ceremony made at his funeral. I was on board of a steamer coming up to Florence, when some gentlemen got to talking about the "Mormons." One man said, "I was there a year and a half, and I know them to be as good, peaceable, and quiet a society as I ever was among; but there is a pack of infernal scoundrels sent among them by the Government, that are not fit to go anywhere. A man, by the name of Shaver, was sent there, and he lay drunk around our town six months before he went there!" Thinks I, if that is one of the best, then the Lord have mercy on the rest.

With regard to office hunters, they are in bondage to each other; and even the President of the United States is trammed, bound down, and no man has the manliness to say, I dare do as I please.

These things are so in a monetary point of view, in a religious point of view, and they are so in a political point of view, and in every way you can view it. Every man bows down his neck to his fellow, and they have their parties of every kind in the United States; and every man must be true to his party, no matter what it is. Politicians are bound by their parties, editors by their employers, ministers by their congregations, merchants by their creditors and Governors and President by political cliques. Divisions, strife, contention, and evil are everywhere increasing,