

And then, again, those other sisters have got their feelings on the same question, and no law being laid down in relation to those matters, they carry out their ideas according to their theories, and they do not think it is proper for any kind of airs to be put on by anybody whether rightfully or assumed. They do not comprehend that, and neither do we, generally, in our republican institutions. It is a good deal the same in our Church affairs. We are apt to think that "Jack is as good as his master," and a little better. That is about the feeling that exists. And if people should sometimes see their authority interfered with, it creates feelings of irritation. To a person accustomed to be governed by correct rules, and to see things carried out intelligently, it is painful to their feelings to see them carried out otherwise; they feel as though something was wrong and wanted putting right.

I will relate a little circumstance of that kind; for we have all kinds of things among us Mormons. We had a war here a while ago. Brother Wells here was appointed a Lieut. General, and then myself and George A. Smith were appointed his counselors—(laughter), if anybody knows what that is in a military capacity. I never was able to find out. Well, we went out and did the best we could, and I must say that General Wells displayed a good deal of knowledge, tact, vim, life and fidelity, and we tried to step up to him as near as we could—being his counselors. (laughter.) There was a little difficulty arose about Brother Nathaniel Jones—or Colonel Jones—a very excellent, good man, and a thorough disciplinarian; and he had not been rubbing his back against that medical college wall and become familiar with all its usages,

but he had been in the Nauvoo legion and an officer in the Mormon Battalion, and there he had got a smattering of military tactics, military ideas, military rule and authority, and when he saw all kinds of curious doings among the boys—as they called themselves—who were not strictly under military rule, etc., he wanted to straighten them out. But they, like the associates of Sister Ferguson, felt that "Jack was as good as his master." They didn't want too much military rule; they wanted a great amount of latitude, that they might be able to carry out their ideas and enjoy themselves and kick up their heels and feel like a lot of wild colts. Well, General Wells wanted me to go down, as his counselor, and see if the difficulty could not be put right. I was not even a corporal; I don't know what office I did hold; but he wanted me to go down and adjust matters. So I went. I examined into things generally; talked with the officers, and mixed up with the men, and found out how things were exactly. There were Captains, and Colonels, and Generals, and all kinds of big men there, and they each had men in command; but Colonel Jones, whenever he saw anything wrong anywhere, wanted to go to work himself and put it right. I soon found out the feeling that was against him. The men considered him too straight-laced, and as they expressed it, "had too many epaulets on his shoulders," because they saw in him a disposition to exercise authority, and the officers of the several companies did not object to that because it relieved them from responsibility. "Now, Brother Jones" (said I)—I called him brother; I had not got the length of calling him colonel, I called him plain Brother Jones—"let me tell you