

cloak of philosophy, a species of philosophy imported from France. Hence they call Greeley a philosopher; and, in writing about him, I have called him the same. I believe him to be as dishonest a man as is in existence.

These are my sentiments and feelings. I have examined his articles, watched his course, read his paper daily, and have formerly conversed with him a little; but lately I would not be seen in his company. I was thrown in his society in traveling from Boston, and occasionally met him afterwards; but I would not talk to him. I felt myself superior to such a mean, contemptible cur. I knew he was not after truth, but falsehood.

This Greeley is one of their popular characters in the East, and one that supports the stealing of niggers and the underground railroad. I do not know that the editor of the *Herald* is any more honest; but, as a journalist, he tells more truth. He publishes many things as they are, because it is creditable to do so. But Greeley will not; he will tell what suits his clandestine plans, and leave the rest untold. I speak of him, because he is one of the prominent newspaper editors in the Eastern country, and he is a poor, miserable curse.

I do not consider that many of them are much better. They are in a state of vassalage; they cannot tell the truth if they felt so disposed. People talk very loudly about liberty; but there are very few who comprehend its true principles. There is a species of bondage that is associated with every grade of society. It is with the mercantile community, the editorial fraternity, the political world, and with every body of men you can associate with, up to members of Congress and the President of the United States. There are yokes made for men of every grade to put their necks into; and everyone bows down

to them willingly, and they are driven in their turn according to circumstances.

In the mercantile world there is what is called the credit system, which I consider one of the greatest curses that was ever introduced among men. Some will set up a small groggery or grocery; they go into debt to those who have a bigger groggery, or to a man who can, perhaps, buy a barrel of whiskey at a time, or a few pieces of calico. These little merchants are in debt to some larger ones in St. Louis; those to merchants in Cincinnati, New York, and New Orleans; and they are in debt to larger houses in England, France, Germany, and other places.

They all bow the neck: they are all trammeled and bowed down with the same chain. People talk about our credit not being good lately. I hope to God nobody will credit a "Mormon." We don't want anything on credit. I want us to live as we can live; and if we cannot live without going into debt to our enemies, let us die—never put our heads under the yoke.

The same thing exists in other branches. You may take a constable; he has got to pledge his honor to support such a man, no matter whether he keeps a doggery, a groggery, or whether he is an honest man or a rogue. Then a number of those support some other man that is more elevated, if there is any elevation in such doings. Then those other "elevated" ones form combinations and clubs, and sustain others; and so on, until you get up to the President of the United States. All are pinioned, and their tongues are tied.

There is Fremont, that great man, who could not lead a few men over these mountains without starving them to death. A few men, understanding his position, got him cooped up in New York, so that he could not be