

## AXTELL AT PRAYER.

The Illustrious Convert and His Aspirations.

In addition to his manifold moral acquirements, Mr. Axtell lays claim to a well-defined ledge of piety. He is not particular as to the form of service, provided it has the greasy flavor of the latter-days; as for instance, on last Sunday evening, the "Governor of all this people" attended the Fourteenth Ward meeting, thinking, no doubt, that it was a good place wherein

"To bend the pregnant hinges of the knee,  
That thrust may follow sawing."

The Executive joined in prayer with his polygamous brethren and the sisters whom he so sweetly smiles upon as our "best society," invoking the Searcher of all hearts not to look upon him as one of those rigoite Pharisees called Gentiles. But the gubernatorial voice trembled at its blasphemy as "one of us" took an introvertant view of his own transcendent hypocrisy. He might throw dust in the eyes of the Saints, but to bamboozle the Almighty with a whisper, was too big a job. So when the preaching ended, Brother Axtell took the arms of Apostle Orson Pratt and Elder Townsend, Butterwalk Johnson flanking his Excellency by skirmishing in the rear; and this was the goodly quartette which slowly marched up to the new convert's hotel, where, after a benediction in the jargon of the Desert Alphabet, the Governor said: "Adieu, my good friends, and (*sotto voce*) there's millions in it if I can succeed the Prophet." Beware, Samivel, such ambition is not mentioned in the bonds