

tion of the public. We will suppose, when strangers come to these valleys, that they find land offices, canyon offices, timber offices, &c. They enter, and walk up before the clerk in the office, and inquire what facilities there are to get a living here. Out steps the landlord and says, "This valley and all the canyons belong to old General Harris, and to his heirs after him. That valley over yonder—Utah Valley, belongs to old General Wolf's heirs; and there's another valley, that belongs to another man; and I am here as the guardian of these heirs to all this property, I am here to dispose of it." "We want to settle here," say the people, "can we get any land?" "O yes," the landlord replies, "lift up your eyes to the right, and to the left—do you see the grass?" "Yes." "Do you see the lovely streams that gush from the mountains?" "Yes." "Do you see this vast prairie before you?" "Yes." "Look at the soil, it is rich and productive. We do not have winters here, as you do in the eastern countries, but your cattle can feed in these mountain valleys both winter and summer." The landlord says again, "Lift up your eyes and look: this wood, land, and the grass that you see growing, and all these valleys, with all they contain, you are freely welcome to; go now, lay out your city plots and your farms, dig your ditches, and turn the streams whithersoever you will, for to all this you are welcome." Would they not think he was one of the finest men that ever was? Would they not love such a landlord? The people inquire again, "What chance is there here for getting wood?" "O," says he, "that is another thing, I will talk to you about that." "We wish to know if we can get wood here to burn, to cook our food with, and to keep our houses warm; and upon what terms?" Says the landlord, "My hired servants are

up in the Red Butte Canyon, or they may be in Canyon Creek Canyon, or over in the west mountains; I have got servants, and plenty of wood, this you can have on certain conditions." "What *are* your conditions, good landlord?" "These are my conditions—you must take your teams into Red Butte, where you will find a gate, and a man living there, to him you will have to pay 25 cents for getting a load of wood." "But how is the road after you get through the gate?" "O, it is a good road, and the wood, timber, rock, and everything else are first rate; and now you go and get a cord of good wood for 25 cents. Or you may go to the west mountains, there the canyons are all prepared for you, the roads are made, and I keep men there to see that they are kept in good repair, and all you have got to do is to pay 25 cents for the use of the road." What would be the feelings of this people under such circumstances? Do you suppose they would feel as those do that have kept up a continual quarrelling, murmuring, and bickering, and have given way to wickedness? The canyons are precisely in the position I present them to you in this similitude; and you murmur at the council, at the legislative assembly, at the county court, and at everybody that wants to make these canyons convenient and passable to the community.

Again, I ask the question, what would be the feelings of this people, supposing they had come to these valleys under such circumstances? "The valleys, the grass, the soil, the water, and all the advantages you are welcome to, but I shall charge you 25 cents per load for your wood." If you won't answer the question, I will for you: every time you would meet with that landlord, it would be, "God bless you, you are the best man on earth;" and you would be ready to lick the dust off his feet; you would not say "God