

damn you, I will get wood where I please." I am ashamed to repeat the language that is too often made use of, but I do it that the community may see how disgraceful it is, and frown upon every man that will allow himself to be degraded by the use of such filthy language; it is a disgrace to the wicked, to say nothing of Saints. Again upon this point, would you not take off your hats, and say, "Thank you," every time you met that landlord? Yes, you would, and I know it. Well, supposing the legislative body in these valleys should say to some man, Take that canyon, and put a gate at the mouth of it, and make a good road to the wood and timber, and to defray the expense of this, lay a tax of 25 cents on every man that passes through with a team to get wood, timber, or anything else the canyon produces—could you bless that legislature, could you greet it with smiles and thanks, for doing that for this people? Or would you curse it?

If I had time to do so, and if it would be wisdom, I could demonstrate, by a mathematical calculation, definitely and truly, and you might take into the calculation Red Butte Canyon, and every other canyon that the people have been into—I could demonstrate that they have destroyed more horses, mules, harness, oxen, wagons, chains, and ox yokes, and other property, in getting out of these canyons what they have got, than what would lay a first rate turnpike road in every direction, as far as they have penetrated these canyons. Suppose we have a canyon here within one mile of us, open to all the people, I ask where is there a man that would work the road to the wood? He is not to be found in this community. If it were open and free to all, I might spend a thousand dollars there, and never get one load of wood. I have done just such things myself. I have gone to work and made roads to get

wood, and have not been able to get it. I have cut it down, and piled it up, and *still* have not got it. I wonder if anybody else can say so. Have any of you piled up your wood, and when you have gone back could not find it? Some stories could be told of this kind, that would make professional thieves ashamed. It is not all of this community that possesses such spirits. A flock of sheep consisting of thousands must be clean indeed if some of them are not smutty. This is a large flock of sheep that have come up to these mountain valleys, and some of them have got taglocks hanging about them, or in other words, there are those that will do what you have heard exhibited to you today.

What shall be done with sheep that stink the flock so? We will take them, I was going to say, and cut off their tails two inches behind their ears; however, I will use a milder term, and say, cut off their ears. But instead of doing this, we will try to cleanse them; we will wash them with soap, that will come well nigh taking off the skin; we will then apply a little Scotch snuff, and a little tobacco, and wash them again until we make them clean. That is what I am doing now. Peradventure we shall find a few such sheep here in the flock, and a few that have got the itch; these are apt to spread the disease among those that are clean, for they will run along and rub themselves on others, until all are smitten with the disorder, and it would be hard to tell in which it originated.

I do not want to destroy the people, I want to wash them, and, if necessary, apply the Scotch snuff. If this community would let any man of sense, of calculation, of a good mind and judgment, sit down and make his calculations, with regard to their getting wood out of these canyons, they would see the advantage of taking the