

white in the paint. Plaster of Paris (by some called Paris white) is also mixed with white lead, and our houses are painted with it. Other paints are adulterated. I pay from thirty to fifty dollars to have a carriage painted, and in three months it needs painting again. Let it stand six months, and you would hardly suppose that it had been painted in sixteen years.

We ought to have spoken last night in regard to raising flax in this Territory, and I will now say to the brethren that we wish them to return the flax seed they have borrowed at the Tithing Office. We also wish you to raise flax and make linen cloth. We have as good workmen at this business as there are in the world. The American brethren do not generally know how to raise flax for making fine linen, but they can easily learn. Instead of sowing five pecks to the acre, sow five or more bushels, and you will raise flax as soft as silk; from such flax fibers can be hatched as fine as spinster's webs. Most of the linen we import is more than half cotton. The flax is put into machines and cut and torn to pieces; it then goes through another rotting process, is then mixed with cotton, carded, spun, and called linen. I once in a while see a genuine piece of linen, which will as well last six years as the most we buy will last six months, if it is not washed to death. This you know, if you have been accustomed to using tow cloth. In clearing out brush, cutting down trees, logging, and all kinds of rough work, the one or two pairs of genuine tow trousers and a couple of tow frocks will last through a summer; but put on that heavy so-called linen you buy in the stores, and do nothing but come into a pulpit, and before you have had it three months it is cut to pieces and en-

tirely done. But I will not detain you longer upon this point.

Brother Kimball mentioned about some of the brethren's sending to the States for nails. Send to the States, go to the stores, buy where you please, and do you think that you can get better nails than you can get at our nail factory? I know what nails are; I have driven a great many. There is not a better nail made at Boston or in Germany than there is at this factory. I never saw a better nail, nor better nail machinery than that which we have running.

We should now make our own iron. We have already spent about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to make iron here, but we have failed, not for want of ore or for want of skill. Where is the difficulty? There has not been union enough in the men who engaged in that work. After we had spent about one hundred thousand dollars, an ingenious man, named Peter Shirts, would have brought out the iron as good as ever was made, and that, too, by means of a small furnace of trifling cost; but they ran him out of the county. The citizens pronounced him a nuisance, confiscated his property, and drove him out. Every man said—"I will have the name and honor of making the first iron made in this Territory, or I will destroy the work." That is the difficulty. We have the best of iron ore, and we have coal close by it; and some man will go to work, by-and-by, who is not worth fifty dollars, and make iron. Go into Vermont and you will there see a farmer, when he has a little leisure, take his wagon, get the ore, smelt it, hammer it out, and make two or three hundred pounds of iron in a day. He takes care of it, and by-and-by someone comes along and buys it of him. Travel through that country, and you will find hundreds