

aggrandize himself, and to accomplish his own individual purposes, passing the community by, walking upon the heads of his neighbors—all are seeking, planning, contriving in their wakeful hours, and when asleep dreaming, "How can I get the advantage of my neighbor? How can I spoil him, that I may ascend the ladder of fame?" That is entirely a mistaken idea. You see that nobleman seeking the benefit of all around him, trying to bring, we will say, his servants, if you please, his tenants, to his knowledge, to like blessings that he enjoys, to dispense his wisdom and talents among them and to make them equal with himself. As they ascend and increase, so does he, and he is in the advance. All eyes are upon that king or that nobleman, and the feelings of those around him are: "God bless him! How I love him! How I delight in him! He seeks to bless and to fill me with joy, to crown my labors with success, to give me comfort, that I may enjoy the world as well as himself." But the man who seeks honor and glory at the expense of his fellow men is not worthy of the society of the intelligent.

Now, a few words to my friends here—my colleagues the lawyers, and others. I gave a little counsel here, I think it is a year ago this last sixth of April, for the people of this Territory and through these mountains not to go to law, but to arbitrate their cases. I will ask if they do not think they would have saved a good deal of money in their pockets if they had taken this counsel? And to see our streets lined with lawyers as they are! Why they are as thick as grogshops used to be in California. What is the business of a lawyer? It is the case with too many to keep what they have got, and to gather around them wealth, to heap it up, but to do as little as possible for it; to give a little counsel here, and a little counsel there. What

for? To keep their victims in bondage. Say they: "Let us stick to him as long as he has a dollar in his pocket."

I will tell you a story. A man was going to market, a pretty wicked swearing man, with his cart full of apples. He was going up hill, and the hindbeard as the Yankees call it—the Westerners call it the hindgate, slipped out of his cart, and his apples rolled down the hill. He stopped his team and looked at the apples as they rolled down the hill, and said he, "I would swear if I could do justice to the case, but as I cannot I will not swear a word." I will not say a word more than to class dishonorable lawyers with other dishonest men.

Now what are the facts? Why this world is before us. The gold, silver and precious stones are in the mountains, in the rivers, in the plains, in the sands and in the waters, they all belong to this world, and you and I belong to this world. Is there enough to make each of us a finger ring? Certainly there is. Is there enough to make us a breast pin? Certainly there is. Is there enough to make jewelry for the ladies to set their diamonds and precious stones in? Certainly there is. Is there enough to make the silver plate, the spoons, platters, plates and knives and forks? There is. Is there enough to make the goblets to drink out of? There is. There is plenty if we want to make the wine casks of gold, there is plenty of it in the earth for all these purposes. Then what on earth are you and I quarrelling about it for? Go to work systematically and take it from the mountains, and put it to the use that we want it, without contending against each other, and filching the pockets of each other. The world is full of it. If it goes from my pocket it is still in the world, it still belongs to this little ball, this little speck in God's creation, so small that from the sun I expect you would