

THE MORMONS AND UTAH.

Mr. John W. Young, the youngest son of Brigham Young, and Heber P. Kimball, a son of the late Heber C. Kimball, were some days since stopping in the St. Nicholas Hotel. A *Sun* reporter called upon Mr. Young. He found "Johnny," as Mr. Kimball affectionately calls him; in the reading room, and when the reporter made known his errand Mr. Young courteously led the way to the parlor, and intimated that he was willing to answer any reasonable questions.

"I am utterly opposed to interviewing in any form," said he, "and I hope you will take pains to be accurate in your reports of what I may say. I should much prefer that my name be omitted entirely if that were possible."

The reporter assured Mr. Young that it should be his endeavor to make a truthful report.

"In the first place," said Mr. Young, "there is a prevailing opinion that we have not rightly estimated the good done by the introduction of the Pacific Railroad, and that it has done much harm to our religion. Now I say that no people have felt the advantages of a railroad more than we. A people isolated for years from civilization and compelled to transport everything in wagons 1,200 miles, at a cost of twenty cents a pound, must be uncivilized and bigoted indeed, if they did not appreciate the advantages of a road that brought civilization to their doors. We are not such a people. To be sure one effect of the railroad has been to introduce modern fashions among our people, and those living near the road are already assuming the dress of the period. Then if there are any dissatisfied persons among us—and in what people are there not some dissatisfied ones?—they invariably drift to Salt Lake City. Strangers meet these people, always ready to pour the story of their grievances, real or imaginary, into willing ears, and thus the story is spread that our religion will not bear the light of civilization. These strangers do us a world of injustice. They come to Salt Lake City, step off the train, ride to a hotel, then go around the city in the afternoon, question anybody who will answer them, ask questions simply to confirm their prejudices, and the next morning step into the cars and are off, thoroughly confident in their ability to judge Utah and the Mormons, and thoroughly determined to scatter these judgments widespread. 'The fact is,' continued Mr. Young, 'our religion was never dearer to the hearts of our people; never were the principles of the Latter-day Saints more strongly entrenched than they are to-day.'"

"I understand you are on your way to England with Mr. Kimball to proselyte," said the reporter.

"Oh, no; I am a railroad man. Building railroads is my business. I am associated with Mr. Joseph Richardson, a capitalist of this city, in constructing the Utah Northern Railroad, which is to extend from Ogden northward to the Northern Pacific. We have eighty-six miles of this road completed. I am also engaged with Mr. Kimball in building the Utah Western Railway. I have adopted the English name for the road, as to my mind more appropriate. I am in New York exclusively on railroad business."

"Our civil offices are filled with just such persons. The way the government of Utah is conducted is a living shame, a disgrace to the United States. Our people, all people living on the frontier, need gentle government. Just consider their position, the hardships they undergo, the privations they experience, and then show me the justice in appointing the men to govern them whom the United States Government sends—men connected with the Indian Ring, the very scum of Eastern politicians. This is the way appointments are made. After giving this office to one favorite, that to another, it is found that one or two old political hacks are left. 'What shall we do with them?' 'Oh, send them to Utah!' And this is called justice! All that Utah wants is justice. We are loyal. We are true to the Union."

"In time of war give Utah a chance and see her people shoulder their guns and rush to the front!" And the keen gray eyes of the young railroad President flashed, and his cheek flushed.

"We respect the Constitution," he continued, "and we honor the Gov-

ernment and its officers when there is anything honorable about them. But we do not honor or respect the carpet-baggers who are ruining our country. There are exceptions. There are men in office in Utah who are worthy of respect. Judge Baker is such a man. There are two or three others, but only two or three. But what could be expected when a Governor gets a salary of \$3,000 only? One of two classes will naturally accept such an office—either a man who can't make as much as that at home, or a man who is looking for the perquisites. Occasionally will an honest man be found who, needing a change of climate or something of that kind, will accept these offices.

"Yes, Utah is prospering. We are daily becoming more self-reliant. Our people are raising their own food and making their own clothing largely. We have excellent factories; already railroads are branching in all directions, and our iron mines are being rapidly developed."

"Do you consider your silver mines your greatest source of wealth?"

"Oh, no; our silver mines are owned by outside capital. It is in our fields of coal and iron that our future wealth lies. The history of silver mining countries is significant. Silver goes out of a country and leaves it poorer. Iron and coal bring silver into a country. They are the real sources of wealth."

"We have one blast furnace in operation, and others will follow. I am connected with a number of Eastern gentlemen in forming an iron-working company, and have just returned from an extended visit to the iron and coal districts of Pennsylvania. We have in Southern Utah enough coal and iron to supply the world. Why, within a radius of seven miles there are vast deposits of red hematite, specular and magnetic ores, one vein of anthracite and four of bituminous coal, limestone, moulding sand and fine clay."

"Yes, the panic affected us, of course. It kept money from the Territory; but the mass of the people felt it little, after all."

The reporter asked about President Young.

"He is in Salt Lake City, and well and vigorous, I am glad to say."

"There is much inquiry about his probable successor. Am I wrong in asking your opinion, Mr. Young?"

"That, sir, is a question we do not discuss. My father I firmly believe was divinely appointed to do a great work, and I firmly believe the Almighty will raise up the man who is to carry on that work. My father has undoubtedly done a great work, done great good, but I pin my faith to no man's sleeve, even though that man is my honored father, whom none respect and love more than I. One word more. There was a foolish article in the papers some time since to the effect that I was going to leave the Territory and renounce my faith in the Mormon religion. Will you be kind enough to say that I was never more strongly attached to my religion than now? I strive to be a liberal, honest man. I cram my religion down no man's throat. I ask the privilege to worship God as my conscience dictates, giving to all men the same privilege. I have no idea of leaving Utah; but, on the contrary, am working heart and soul to develop the best resources of the land."

Mr. Young is a handsome young man of not more than thirty-five, with a strong, earnest face, dark gray eyes, waving brown hair, rather thin on the crown of the head, and wears a graceful light-brown moustache and light side whiskers. His dress, speech and manner are all those of a genial, vigorous business man.

—*New York Sun.*

Our Country Contemporaries.

Beaver Enterprise, August 7—

Deputy Sheriff Monahan from Star District, called into our sanctum this morning. From him we learn that Mr. Shoon's smelter turns out about twelve tons of bullion daily. There is some talk of a smelter being put up at Riverside.

We omitted to say in our last issue that the last of Col. Woodward's command had arrived, and the remainder of Col. Wilkin's command had departed for Arizona. We believe the arrivals were on Friday and the departures on Saturday. Both commands have the community's best wishes.

Ogden Junction, Aug. 10—

The names of Ben Hampton and

Charles Wright were placed on the "Liberal" ticket without the knowledge or consent of these gentlemen.

On Saturday last City Marshal Brown brought Mr. Zachert, committed for trial, at the next term of the Third District Court, for shooting, with intent to kill, Mr. Morris, to Salt Lake City, delivered him into the custody of the U. S. Marshal, and received the latter's receipt therefor. Just after the receipt was delivered to Marshal Brown, U. S. Attorney Carey entered the office of the U. S. Marshal and advised the latter not to receive the prisoner, because there was neither place to keep him nor funds to support him with. An attempt was then made to induce Mr. Brown to again take charge of the prisoner, and he was threatened with an indictment before the grand jury if he turned him loose. Mr. Brown, however, could not see it, for he had delivered the prisoner and the papers and had got the Marshal's receipt, so he left the office, and the prisoner in the care of the U. S. Marshal, where, according to the provisions of the Poland bill, although it neither provides prison for nor funds to support prisoners, he rightfully belonged. A short time after, Mr. Zachert, it is said, without escort or supervision, was on the street looking for bail, and succeeded in obtaining it, Walker Bros. and Mr. Astarito, of this city, appearing as his sureties.

In a Sunday-school class, in which the lesson touched upon the promise of Herod to the daughter of Herodias, the teacher asked whether it was true that Herod was obliged to keep his vow when it would lead to the beheading of John the Baptist. "I guess if she had asked for his own head, Herod would not have felt himself obliged to keep it," replied a bright boy of ten or twelve.

"Boy," said a traveler to a disobedient youth whom he encountered, "Don't you hear your father speaking to you?" "Oh, y-a-a-s," replied the youth, "but I don't mind what he says. Mother don't neither; and twixt she and I we've about got the dog so he don't."

THE REMEDY.—To escape the worthless abominations offered under the title of Flavoring Extract and Baking Powders, rests wholly with the consumers, they are the ones that have to suffer. Purchase only those articles you know by experience to be pure. Look upon cheap goods as an evidence of their adulteration and worthlessness; upon those that dealers complain of as being too high to keep for sale as an argument in their favor; for good, pure goods cannot be sold as cheap as worthless ones, and afford a less profit to manufacturer and dealer. Dr. Price's True Flavoring Extracts and Cream Baking Powder are acknowledged by chemists to be the purest, and the only scientifically prepared articles of their kind in the market, and are now used in a million homes, and daily increasing in popular favor.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

I HAVE in my possession the following described animals:
One red COW, white face, eight or nine years old, branded C on right hip, illegible brand on horn.
One roan COW, five years old, I W on left horn and figure 4.
One red and white two-year old STEER, No. 6 on right hip, slit in left ear, J. R. ROBINS on left horn.
One dark red and white STEER, white face, four years old, branded J. R. ROBINS on left horn, a slit in left ear, No. 6 on right hip.
One red yearling HEIFER, branded No. 6 on right hip, slit in left ear.
One red HEIFER, two years old, star in forehead, No. 6 on right hip, slit in left ear.
One red and white STEER, three or four years old, branded No. 6 on right hip, J. R. ROBINS on left horn, slit in left ear.
One brown or black STEER, four years old, branded J. R. ROBINS on left horn, slit in left ear, No. 6 on right hip.
One light red COW, five years old, branded J. R. ROBINS on left horn, a slit in left ear, No. 6 on right hip.
If said animals are not claimed and taken away before August the 20th, 1874, they will be sold at public auction to the highest responsible bidder, at 10 o'clock a.m.

HENRY TOONE,
District Poundkeeper.

Croyden, Morgan Co., August 19, 1874.

STRAYED OR STOLEN,

FROM THE SEVENTH WARD of this City, July 19, 1874, a span of medium sized MULES, one black with light colored nose, the other brown with scar on left hip. Any person returning them, or giving information of their whereabouts to the undersigned, will be suitably rewarded.
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