

EDITORIALS.

[Through the pressure on our columns last week the following article was crowded out. The interest felt in the subject by the most of our readers is our apology for publishing it a week after its date.]

BECAUSE of a remark which David made in one of his Psalms to the effect that "the days of our years are threescore and ten," the opinion has become very general that when a man attains to that age he has filled the measure allotted to him on the earth, and he is apt to regard himself, and is also regarded by others, as a very old man. David, himself, at that age was called by the chronicler "old and stricken in years," and did not live beyond the threescore and ten. But we know of no good reason why men, by pursuing a proper course, may not live far beyond that period. An authority, equally as good as David, predicts that the days of the people of God shall, at some period, be as the days of a tree. And if a man could live to the age of some trees, he would likely be satisfied with life and its labors, and his existence would be a blessing to himself, to his posterity and to mankind.

So strongly has the idea fastened itself upon the minds of the majority of people respecting the limit of human life being not far from seventy years that many persons as they approach that age, whether they feel old or not, persuade themselves into the belief that they are quite aged and that they ought to feel and act so. President Young, who yesterday completed his seventieth year, is a very excellent illustration of a man cultivating the opposite feeling. Although he has reached this age, no person who associates with him, thinks of him as an old man, or speaks to or of him as though he was any other than a man in the prime of his intellectual and bodily vigor. The reason of this is that he does not view himself in any other light. He has never yet regarded himself as old. One of the characteristics of approaching old age is a distaste for those pursuits and occupations which interest the youthful and middle-aged; another is a growing indifference to acquiring knowledge that in earlier life would be valued, the feeling, apparently, of the old person being: "Oh, I am growing old; I shall soon pass away; it is therefore not worth my while paying attention to this subject." And under the influence of these thoughts, the enjoyments of life are disregarded, the functions of the mind are suffered to fall into disuse, and the old person soon finds himself cut off from the world around him, isolated in thought and feeling, and ready to pass away from a world in which he has ceased to take interest. In these respects President Young is a remarkable exception to the majority of men of his age. Probably at no previous period has he ever taken a greater interest in the affairs of life than he does to-day. No public social gathering or amusement is felt to be complete without him, and he enters with as much spirit into the enjoyment of such associations and pleasures as if he were twenty instead of seventy. In seeking for knowledge we know of no young man more inquisitive in investigating principle or more determined to master details, than he is. Were he commencing life he could scarcely exhibit more zeal in this direction than he does. There are other causes, of course, which contribute to make him the hearty, cheerful, energetic and human man that he is. His evenly balanced temperament, his temperate habits, his strict observance of the laws of life, the continually exercised faith of the people, and above all the blessings of the Lord, make him what he is.

Yesterday being President Young's birthday it might be expected that numerous congratulations would be tendered to him; but one of the most pleasing features of the day was the surprise that awaited him in his own house. His counselors, two of his brothers and another friend or two happening to be with him in the afternoon, he sent word to his family to make preparations to entertain them at dinner as he expected them to dine with him. At dinner time he passed from his office towards the dining room, accompanied by his guests, when he was met by a party of children, drawn up in two lines, who saluted him by singing a sweet little song of welcome, composed for the occasion. He was then informed that he was wanted in the parlor, where he found a company of about eighty ladies and gentlemen,

nearly every one of whom was a relative, or connection of his family, who tendered him their congratulations. From the parlor the entire party proceeded to the dining room, where a sumptuous repast was prepared. All this was a complete surprise to President Young. His family had kept their intentions secret, and all the preparations had been made in the house, and the invitations had been sent out, without his having the least idea of what was going on. Every person seemed to know all about it but himself, and this made the occasion a veritable surprise to him. He remarked that after this no one could induce him to believe that ladies cannot keep a secret.

The company numbered eighty-seven, and after they were seated and before asking a blessing upon the food, the following address, written by a member of the President's family, was read by his private Secretary, David McKenzie, Esq.

PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG,
BELOVED HUSBAND, FATHER AND
FRIEND:

Wishing to carry out to the letter, the programme of this auspicious day, in which a brief address is included, we beg your indulgence for a few moments.

Realizing our inability to bestow as much honor, and as high a tribute of affectionate respect as the occasion demands, we have adopted the form of a surprise in order to add to the effect, and enhance the pleasures resulting from our efforts to give you an agreeable entertainment in celebrating this, the seventieth anniversary of your birthday.

It is a subject of mutual congratulation that your eventful life has been prolonged to this period; and no testimonial that we can confer is capable of truthfully representing our appreciation of your worth and goodness. If the world knew you, as we know you, all parts of the inhabited civilized earth would, this day, echo one grand, universal expression, wishing you long life and happiness; and your broad heart, overflowing with love and kindness, would meet a corresponding warm response from the appreciative bosom of humanity.

No man living has been invested with as many responsibilities involving the interests and welfare of mankind, and no man ever discharged public duties more faithfully; and yet, with all this, your kindness to, and care for the comfort, convenience and well-being of your numerous family, are deservedly proverbial. But on this subject, silence might be most appropriate, for surely, all the powers of language couched in the most eloquent strains of expression would fall so far short of reality and the deep feelings of our hearts, as to seemingly desecrate the holy altar of gratitude. Words are insufficient; may God help us to fully illustrate the sentiment in our lives.

Although your life has already numbered the years which have heretofore designated the allotted time of human existence, as we are now living under the New Dispensation, comprising the prolongation of the life of man, we may, through the blessing of God, anticipate many future years added to your life.

In wishing you many returns of the day, we are not prompted entirely by personal and selfish motives, for we realize that you are a mighty instrument in the hand of God for the good of Zion, in the establishment of His Kingdom, and the promulgation of truth for the amelioration of the condition of degenerated humanity.

In the full exercise of all your mental and physical faculties, may you live many years and continue to battle with ignorance and error until the Priesthood of God is triumphant; and may you enjoy the satisfaction of seeing your family emulate your noble example. May you live till the rulers of every nation on earth shall acknowledge the wisdom of God in your administration, seek unto you for counsel, and recognize you as, you truly are, the friend of God and man.

May you live till your soul is satisfied.
Lion House, June 1st, 1871.

To this address, which awakened sympathetic emotion in all who listened, President Young responded, with deep feeling, as follows:

"To my family, as well as to the friends who have honored me with their presence, it is perhaps due to say, that this celebration is truly a 'surprise' to me; and, indeed, I must say it is a most agreeable one.

"The whole affair has been quite un-

expected, not a word has been said to me, nor a hint given by any person in relation to it.

"The kind feeling evinced in the address which has just been read, and which is manifestly participated in by my family and the friends now seated before me, together with the scene presented, is very affecting to me. I am too full of thought and reflection to give expression to my feelings. But I hope to show, in my future life by example, that I merit your good feelings and wishes; and I trust to see my children and family continue to abide by the counsel given them.

"God bless you all, peace be with you."

It was a never-to-be-forgotten scene to behold a septuagenarian in the full flush of manhood, to all appearance not more than fifty years of age, sitting like a patriarch or prince at the head of his family, surrounded by a few of his numerous descendants, and beloved and revered by all. The President said in his discourse on Sunday, the 21st ult., it was revealed, previous to the death of the Prophet Joseph, that his name should be had for good and for evil before the nations of the earth. With a family, friends and associates such as he has, and a people such as he presides over, to love, honor and obey him, he can afford to bear with serene equanimity, whatever evil the people who do not know him may choose to speak of him.

OUR readers have seen many allusions, in the telegraphic news, of late, to the trial of Foster, in New York, for the murder of Mr. Putnam, in a street car. This murder was one of the most brutal and unprovoked on record; and on the trial the evidence was so conclusive that, despite the efforts of the best counsel, a unanimous verdict of "murder in the first degree" was given.

The New York Star of last Saturday contains a full account of the closing scene of the trial—namely, the sentencing to death of the prisoner, by Judge Cardozo, which took place on the 24th ult. The scene was a most affecting one, and, is not likely to be soon forgotten by those who witnessed it.

An extra police force was in attendance to preserve order, and the courtroom was filled, though none were admitted without passes, the prisoner's wife and children, and the sister of Mrs. Foster being present.

The Judge was on the bench by 10 o'clock, and the prisoner arrived fifteen minutes after. An air of solemnity and sorrow seemed to rest on all present, including judge, lawyers and court officials. Mrs. Foster and her sister were weeping bitterly, as also the prisoner's eldest child, a handsome well-dressed boy old enough to comprehend the awful position in which his father stood.

The prisoner was terribly downcast, and upon entering the dock, though all eyes were strained to obtain a sight of him, he hung down his head, and looked at no one. When asked by the Court if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed, he stood up, sobbed like a child, leaned his arms on the backs of some chairs near him, trembled so violently that he could scarcely stand, and said: "I had been drinking a good deal that day and night. I had no notion of killing Mr. Putnam, and did not know at the time what I was doing. I am heartily sorry for it."

At the conclusion of his remarks he wept aloud.

Judge Cardozo then, in a very feeling and impressive speech, passed sentence of death, the time of execution being fixed for the 14th of July. During the speech of the Judge, when he said "you William Foster, be taken hence to jail and there, on the 14th day of July next, be hanged by the neck until your are dead. May God have mercy upon your soul," the wife of the prisoner fainted, and when the Judge had finished, the prisoner, completely unmanned, sat down and wept bitterly.

The unhappy man was then removed to the Tombs and placed in the condemned cell, and refused to converse at length with any one, but spent most of his time, crouched on the floor, weeping and wringing his hands. In conversation with one of the visitors he said he had the "very dearest remembrance of the occurrence; that he never saw him before, and that, if Mr. Putnam were to arise from the grave to-day, he would not be able to recognize him."

Probably no more fearful instance is on record of the results of drinking, which seems to have been in this, as in hundreds of other cases, the cause which led to the murder of one man,

the sentence of death on another, inexpressible sorrow to both their families and to ineffable disgrace and shame to one of them.

O. C. ORMSBY, M. D.:

Physician, Surgeon & Druggist,

Main Street,

BRIGHAM CITY, U. T.

NOTICE.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—That cash entry, No. 2607, for the Townsite of Mant, Sanpete Co., Utah, made May 15, 1871, embracing: The S half of Sec. 1, and the E half of N E quarter and the N E of S E quarter of Sec. 11, and all of Sec. 12, Township 18, S Range 2 E, and Lots 1, 2, 3 and 4, Sec. 7, and Lot 7, Sec. 6, Township 18, S Range 3 E, containing 1,230 acres, has been made in trust for the inhabitants, and is now ready to be disposed of in Lots to any person or persons entitled thereto.

All persons claiming to be owners or possessors of any portion of said entry will take due notice and make application, as provided in the Statutes of Utah.

LUTHER T. TUTTLE, Mayor.

Manti City, U. T., May 15, 1871.

w15 3m

THE BRIGHAM CITY

CO-OPERATIVE

WOOLEN FACTORY

Is now in successful operation.

Cloth exchanged for Wool on the most satisfactory terms.

w14 2m

CLARK'S

O. N. T. Spool Cotton.

GEO. A. CLARK & BRO.,

Sole Agents,

337 & 339 Canal St., - NEW YORK.

w10 3m

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WILL not explode or take fire if the lamp becomes upset and broken.

Burns in the ordinary Kerosene Lamp.

Gives a clear, uniform and beautiful light, unequalled by gas.

Over 100,000 families continue to use it, and no accident, directly or indirectly, have ever occurred from burning, storing or handling it.

OIL HOUSE of CHAS. PRATT,

ESTABLISHED 1870.

168 Fulton Street, - NEW YORK.

w17 6m

WOODSUM, TENNEY & CO.

Manufacturers of

THE GENUINE

PITT'S IMPROVED



THRESHING MACHINE

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DAYTON, OHIO.

It is conceded by manufacturers and threshers that the Improved Pitt's Threshing Machine has no rival as a successful and economical Thresher and Cleaner. That it is at least as good as any built, and far superior to the majority that are now being offered as the best in the world. It was awarded at the world's Fair, in France, a GOLD MEDAL OF HONOR. Also, at every exhibition, when brought into competition with other machines, its superiority has been universally acknowledged, and in nearly every instance the first premium has been awarded to it.

We say to the friends of the Pitt's Machine to be sure and get one manufactured at the Dayton Threshing Machine Works, Dayton, Ohio.

Send to Woodsun, Tenney & Co., Dayton, Ohio, for Descriptive Circular.

w7-3m