

One little act of politeness will sometimes pave the way to fortune and preferment. The following sketch illustrates this fact:

A sailor, roughly garbed, was sauntering through the streets of New Orleans, then in rather a damp condition from recent rain and rise of tide. Turning the corner of a much frequented and narrow alley, he observed a young lady standing in perplexity, apparently measuring the depth of the muddy water between her and the opposite sidewalk with no very satisfied countenance.

The sailor paused, for he was a great admirer of beauty, and certainly the fair face that peeped out from under the little chin hat, and the auburn hair curls hanging glossy and unconfined over her muslin dress, might tempt a curious or an admiring glance. Perplexed, the lady put forth one little foot, when the gallant sailor, with characteristic impulsiveness, exclaimed, "That pretty foot, lady, should not be soiled with the filth of this lane; wait a moment only, and I will make you a path."

So springing past her into a carpenter's shop opposite, he bargained for a plank board that stood in the doorway, and coming back to the smiling girl, who was just coquetting enough to accept the services of the handsome young sailor, he bridged the narrow black stream, and she tripped across with a merry "thank you," and a roguish smile, making her eyes as dazzling as they could be.

Alas! our young sailor was perfectly charmed. What else would make him catch up and shoulder the plank, and follow the little wretch through the streets to her home, she twice performing the ceremony of "walking the plank" and each time thanking him with one of her eloquent smiles? Presently, our young hero saw the young lady trip up the marble steps of a palace of a house, and disappear at its rose-wood entrance. For a full minute, he stood looking at the door, and then with a wonderfully big sigh turned away, disposed of his drawbridge, and wended his path back to his ship.

The next day, he was astonished with an order of promotion from the captain. Poor Jack was speechless with amazement. He had not dreamed of being exalted to the dignity of a second mate's office, on board one of the most splendid ships that sailed out of the port of New Orleans. He knew he was competent, for instead of spending his money for amusements, visiting the theatres and bowling-alley, on his return from sea, he purchased books, and became quite a student; but he expected years to intervene before his ambitious hopes would be realized.

His superior officers seemed to look upon him with considerable leniency, and gave him many a fair opportunity to gather maritime knowledge; and in a year, the handsome, gentlemanly young mate had acquired unusual favor in the eyes of the portly commander, Captain Hume, who had first taken the smart little black-eyed fellow with his neat tarpsails, and tidy bundle, as his cabin-boy.

One night, the young mate, with all the other officers, were invited to an entertainment at the Captain's house. He went; and to his astonishment mounted the identical steps that two years before, the brightest vision he had ever seen passed over—a vision he had never forgotten. Thump, thump, went his brave heart, as he was ushered into the great parlor; and like a sledge hammer it beat again, when Captain Hume brought forward his blue-eyed daughter, and with a pleasant smile, said, "The young lady was once indebted to your politeness for a safe and dry walk home." His eyes were all in a blaze, and his own brown cheeks flushed hotly as the noble captain sauntered away, leaving the fair Grace Hume at his side. And in all that assembly was not so handsome a couple as the gallant sailor and the "pretty lady."

It was one year from that time that the second mate trod the quarter-deck, second only in command, and part owner with the captain, not only in his vessel, but the affections of his daughter, the gentle Grace Hume, who had always cherished respect, to say nothing of love, for the bright-eyed sailor.

His homely but earnest act of politeness towards his child, had pleased the Captain, and though the youth knew it was the cause of his first promotion. So that now the old man has retired from business, Henry Wells is Captain Wells, and Grace Hume is according to polite parlance, "Mrs. Captain Wells." In fact, our honest sailor is one of the richest men in the Crescent City; and he owes, perhaps, the greater part of his prosperity to his tact and politeness in crossing the street.

"Devil a lie did you ever catch coming out of my mouth, Kate," said an Irishman to his better half. "You may say that," retorted Katharine, "for they come out so fast that Satan himself can't catch 'em!"

South Carolina Convention.

The following is a copy of the report of the committee of twenty-one, which was adopted by the South Carolina Convention. The action of the Convention was confined to the adoption of this report:

"The Committee of Twenty-one, to whom was referred an act to provide for the election of deputies to a Southern Congress and the call of a convention, with instructions to consider and report thereon, respectfully report:

"That they have considered the subject referred to them, and have concluded to recommend to the convention the adoption of the accompanying resolution and ordinance:

"Resolved by the people of South Carolina in Convention assembled. That the frequent violations of the Constitution of the United States by the Federal Government, and its encroachment upon the reserved rights of the sovereign States of this Union, especially in relation to slavery, amply justify this State, so far as any duty or obligation to her confederates is involved, in dissolving at once all political connection with her confederates, and that she forbear from any further participation in her government from considerations of expediency only.

"An ordinance to declare the right of this State to secede from the Federal Union.

"We, the people of the State of South Carolina in Convention assembled, do declare and ordain, and it is hereby declared and ordained:

DESERET NEWS.

"Truth and Liberty."

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THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

LINKS TO J. M.

In passing through the changing scenes of life, its woes and joys—its penitence, its strife, We sometimes meet with friends who like us feel, Who share our pleasures and our sorrows heal; These friends are few—yet such you will deem me, And such I likewise ever hope to be.

You now are passing o'er life's billowy main, I, too, am also living—not, I trust, in vain; I can commiserate with trials of the heart, Thus may I strive some consolation to impart. Then list, and learn from me, though but a simple youth, Some few ideas and some principles of truth.

Upon this earth to us is transient being given, To fit ourselves for bliss, and to create our heaven; For we are creatures given, from him who reigns above, The greatest of them is the attribute of love. These passions often keep us in a servile state; Some men are slaves to love, and some are cured with hate; But truly he it is that has the noblest soul, Who all his mad passions can himself control; Who is not rashly given his precious heart away, Himself the loss to feel and mourn another day.

Affection is a gift—a gem when rightly used, But ah! that precious boon, how oft it is abused; How oft its hopeful confidence misplaced, And friendship, too, how oft it is disgraced. Can mortals live, whose solid hearts are filled with love, Retain in purity that sacred precious love, Ah, no; they do not know its worth divine— The pearl is lost when cast before the swine. From blissful dreams we wake in sad surprise, The veil is sometimes lifted from our eyes— Our greatest joys return to want of love.

Our dearest friends become the bitterest foes, Yet do not let the thought within your mind abound, This pure affection cannot on the earth be found; For it exists, although the price is paid in gold, Then live in hope, my friend, that blessing yet to share.

Much of our happiness in life depends, Upon our choice of nearest, dearest friends; We often think we've found them when we've not, And to their make upon our lives a blot. Yet many friends there are who confidants would be, But trust them not till they have proved true to thee. You now would wish, perhaps, to learn how you may tell A false and treacherous friend from one who would do well; It is a precious gift, obtained from heaven by prayer, Which gives you power to see the serpent lurking there; By which you likewise may with perfect surety know Intrusive wiles, if ever it can be laid below. You would do well, my friend, by faith that gift to seek, By which deceptive arts to you are rendered weak: Obtain that heavenly power, the spirit to discern, The secret mysteries of the human heart to learn.

It is an art to study life—a science how to live, And every day to us will faithful lessons give; There is a grand wisdom why we should taste the gall, To know the sweets of life, when to our lot it fall; This simple fact should well by us be understood, Our life but learn to appreciate the good: Through all the present life of remember this, 'Tis but perfecting us for future happier bliss. In patience let us live, while here below we dwell, This happy thought retain, if we do right, 'tis well; The gloomy clouds of doubt shall all be swept away, And then we shall rejoice to see the radiant day.

So then, my friend, take courage once again, Your peace of mind renew—your confidence regain; Prepare for life ahead, and profit by the past, Remembering that good and bad in all our lots are cast. Thus may we live and learn, and thus ourselves prepare, In paradise below a heavenly bliss to share; Then in celestial realms of pure eternal love, And free from earthly cares, reign evermore above. G. B. L. City, July 1, 1852. J. B.

LIFE OF JOSEPH SMITH.

Friday morning, 18th, brother Hyrum Smith called to see me, and read a letter that he received from William, in which he asked forgiveness for the abuse he offered to him at the debate. He carried most of the forenoon, and conversed freely with me upon the subject of the difficulty existing between me and brother William. He said that he was perfectly satisfied with the course I had taken in rebuking him in his wickedness, but he is wounded to the very soul, because of the conduct of William; and although he feels the tender feelings of a brother towards him, yet he can but look upon his conduct as an abomination in the sight of God; and I could pray in my heart, that all my brethren were like unto my beloved brother Hyrum, who possesses the mildness of a lamb, and the integrity of a Job, and in short, the meekness and humility of Christ; and I love him with that love that is stronger than death; for I never had occasion to rebuke him, nor he me, which he declared when he left me to-day. This day received the following letter from bro. Wm. Smith:

Brother Joseph:—Though I do not know but I have forfeited all right and title to the word brother, in consequence of what I have done, for I consider myself that I am unworthy to be called one—after coming to myself and considering what I have done, I feel as though it was a duty to make an humble confession to you, for what I have done, or what took place the other evening; but leave this part of the subject at present. I was called to an account by the Twelve yesterday, for my conduct; or they desired to know my mind or determination, and what I was going to do. I told them that on reflection upon the many difficulties that I had had with the church, and the much disgrace I had brought upon myself in consequence of these things, and also that my health would not permit me to go to school to make any preparations for the ordinance, and that my health was such that I was not able to travel, that it would be better for them to appoint one in the office that would be better able to fill it, and by doing this they would throw me into the hands of the church, and leave me where I was before I was chosen; then I would not be in a situation to bring so much disgrace upon the cause, when I fell into temptation; and perhaps by this, I might obtain salvation. You know my passions, and the danger of falling from so high a station; and thus by withdrawing from the office of the apostleship, while there is salvation for me, and remaining a member in the church; I feel afraid, if I don't do this, it will be worse for me some other day. And again, my health is poor, and I am not able to travel, and it is necessary the office should not be idle; and again I say you know my passions, and I am afraid it will be the worse for me by and by; do so, if the Lord will have mercy on me and let me remain as a member in the church, and then I can travel and preach when I am able. Do not think I am your enemy for what I have done. Perhaps you may say or ask why I have not remembered the good that you have done to me. When I reflect upon the injury I have done you I must confess that I do not know what I have been about. I feel sorry for what I have done, and humbly ask your forgiveness. I have not confidence as yet to come and see you, for I feel

ashamed of what I have done; and as I feel now, I feel as though all the confessions that I could make verbally or by writing, would not be sufficient to atone for the transgression. Be this as it may, I am willing to make all the restitution you shall require. If I can stay in the church as a member, I will try to make all the satisfaction possible.

Yours with respect, WM. SMITH.

Do not cast me off for what I have done, but strive to save me in the church as a member.—I do repent of what I have done to you, and ask your forgiveness. I consider the transgression the other evening of no small magnitude; but it is done, and I cannot help it now. I know, brother Joseph, you are always willing to forgive; but I sometimes think, when I reflect upon the many injuries I have done you, I feel as though confession was hardly sufficient—but have mercy on me this once, and I will try to do so no more.

The Twelve called a council yesterday, and sent over after me, and I went over. This council, remember, was called together by themselves, and not by me.

To the foregoing I gave the following answer the same day: Brother William:—Having received your letter, I now proceed to answer it, and shall first proceed to give a brief narration of my feelings and motives since the night I first came to the knowledge of your having a debating school, which was at the time I happened in with bishop Whitney, his father and mother, &c.; and from that time I took an interest in them, and was delighted with it, and formed a determination to attend the school for the purpose of obtaining information, and with the idea of imparting the same, through the assistance of the Spirit of the Lord, if by any means I should have faith to do so; and with this intent, I went to the school on last Wednesday night, not with the idea of breaking up the school, neither did it enter into my heart, that there was any wrangling or jealousies in your heart against me.—Notwithstanding, previous to my leaving home, there were feelings of solemnity rolling across my breast, which were unaccountable to me, and also these feelings continued by spells to depress my spirits, and seemed to manifest that all was not right, even after the school commenced, and during the debate, yet I strove to believe that all would work together for good, I was pleased with the power of the arguments that were used, and did not feel to cast any reflections upon any one that had spoken; but I felt it was the duty of old men that sat as presidents, to be as grave, at least, as young men, and that it was our duty to smile at solid arguments and sound reasonings, and be impressed with solemnity, which should be manifest in our countenance, when folly and that which militates against truth and righteousness, rears its head.

Therefore, in the spirit of my calling, and in view of the authority of the priesthood that has been conferred upon me, it would be my duty to reprove whatever I esteemed to be wrong; fondly hoping in my heart, that all parties would consider it right, and therefore humble themselves, that Satan might not take the advantage of us, and hinder the progress of our school.

Now, brother William, I want you should bear with me, notwithstanding my plainness.—I would say to you that my feelings were grieved at the interruption you made upon elder McLellan. I thought you should have considered your relation with him in your apostleship, and not manifest any division of sentiment between you and him, for a surrounding multitude to take the advantage of you; therefore by way of entreaty, on the account of the anxiety I had for your influence and welfare, I said unto you, do not have any feelings, or something to that amount. Why I am thus particular is, that if you have misconstrued my feelings towards you, you may be corrected. But to proceed. After the school was closed, brother Hyrum requested the privilege of speaking; you objected; however, you said if he would not abuse the school, he might speak, and that you would not allow any man to abuse the school in your house. Now you had no reason to suspect that Hyrum would abuse the school; therefore my feelings were mortified, at these unnecessary observations; I undertook to reason with you, but you manifested an inconsiderate and stubborn spirit. I then despaired of benefiting you, on account of the spirit you manifested, which drew from me the expression that you was as ugly as the devil. Father then commanded silence, and I formed a determination to obey his mandate, and was about to leave the house, with the impression that you was under the influence of a wicked spirit; you replied that you would say what you pleased in your own house. Father said, say what you please, but let the rest hold their tongues.—Then a reflection rushed through my mind of the anxiety and care I have had for you and your family, in doing what I did,—in finishing your house and providing flour for your family, &c.; and also, father had possession in the house as well as yourself; and when at any time have I transgressed the commandments of my father, or sold my birthright, that I should not have the privilege of speaking in my father's house, or in other words, in my father's family, or in your house, (for so we will call it, and so it shall be) that I should not have the privilege of reproofing a younger brother? Therefore I said I will speak, for I built the house, and it is as much mine as yours, or something to that effect; (I should have said that I helped to finish the house) I said it merely to show that it could not be the right spirit that would rise up for trifling matters, and undertake to put me to silence. I saw that your indignation was kindled against me, and you made towards me; I was not then to be moved; and I thought to pull off my loose coat lest it should tempt me, and you be left to hurt me, but not with the intention of hurting you; but you was too soon for me, and having once fallen into the hands of a mob and been wounded in my side, and now into the hands of a brother, my side gave way; and after having been rescued from your grasp, I left your house with feelings indescribable; the scenery had changed, and all those expectations that I had cherished, when going to your house, of brotherly kindness, charity, forbearance, and natural affection, that in duty binds us not to make each other offenders for a word. But alas! abuse, anger, malice, hatred, and rage, with a lame side, with marks of violence heaped upon me by a brother, were the reflections of my disappointment; and with these I returned home, not able to sit down or rise up without help; but, through the blessing of God, I am now better.

I received your letter, and perused it with care. I have not entertained a feeling of malice against you; I am older than you, and have endured more suffering, having been marred by mobs, the labors of my calling, a series of persecutions and injuries continually heaped upon me,—all serve to debilitate my body; and it may be that I cannot boast of being stronger than you. If I could or could not, would this be an honor or dishonor to me? If I could boast like David, of slaying a Goliath, who defied the armies of the living God, or like Paul of contending with Peter face to face with sound arguments, it might be an honor; but to mangle the flesh, or seek revenge upon one who never done you any wrong, cannot be a source of sweet reflection to you nor to me; neither to an honorable father and mother, brothers and sisters; and when we reflect with what care, and with what unremitting diligence our parents have strove to watch over us, and how many hours of sorrow and anxiety they have spent over our cradles and bed-sides, in times of sickness, how careful we ought to be of their feelings in their old age. It cannot be a source of sweet reflection to us to say or do anything that will bring their grey hairs down with sorrow to the grave.

In your letter you asked my forgiveness,—which I readily grant; but it seems to me, that you still retain an idea that I have given you reasons to be angry or disaffected with me.—Grant me the privilege of saying then, that however hasty or harsh I may have spoken at any time to you it has been done for the express purpose of endeavoring to warn, exhort, admonish and rescue you from falling into difficulties and sorrows which I foresaw you plunging into, by giving way to that wicked spirit; which if you do not, you never can be saved, in my view, in the kingdom of God. God requires the will of his creatures to be swallowed up in his will.

You desire to remain in the church, but forsake your apostleship. This is the stratagem of the evil one; when he has gained one advantage, he lays a plan for another; but by maintaining your apostleship, in rising up and making one tremendous effort, you may overcome your passions, and please God; and by forsaking your apostleship, is not to be willing to make that sacrifice that God requires at our hands, and is to incur his displeasure; and without pleasing God, we do not think it will be any better for you. When a man falls one step he must regain that step again, or fall another; he has still more to gain, or eventually all is lost.

I desire, brother William, that you will humble yourself. I freely forgive you, and you know my unshaken and unchangeable disposition; I know in whom I trust; I stand upon the rock; the floods cannot, no, they shall not overthrow me. You know the doctrine I teach is true, and you know that God has blessed me.—I brought salvation to my father's house, as an instrument in the hand of God, when they were in a miserable situation. You know that it is my duty to admonish you, when you do wrong.—This liberty I shall always take, and you shall have the same privilege. I take the liberty to admonish you, because of my birthright; and I grant you the privilege, because it is my duty to be humble and receive rebuke and instruction from a brother, or a friend.

As it regards what course you shall pursue hereafter, I do not pretend to say; I leave you in the hands of God and his church. Make your own decision; I will do you good, although you may me, or slay me. By so doing, my garments shall be clear of your sins. And if at any time you should consider me to be an impostor, for heaven's sake leave me in the hands of God, and do not think to take vengeance on me yourself. Tyranny, usurpation, and to take men's rights, ever has and ever shall be banished from my heart. David sought not to kill Saul, although he was guilty of crimes that never entered my heart.

And now may God have mercy upon my father's house; may God take away enmity from between me and thee; and may all blessings be restored, and the past be forgotten forever.—May humble repentance bring us both to thee, O God, and to thy power and protection, and a crown, to enjoy the society of father, mother, Alvin, Hyrum, Sophronia, Samuel, Catherine, Carlos, Lucy, the saints, and all the sanctified in peace, forever, is the prayer of your brother JOSEPH SMITH, junior.

to William Smith. Saturday morning, 19th, at home; sent the above letter to brother William Smith. I have had many solemn feelings this day concerning my brother William, and have prayed in my heart fervently, that the Lord will not cast him off, but that he may return to the God of Jacob, and magnify his apostleship and calling; may this be his happy lot, for the Lord of glory's sake; amen.

Sunday, 20th, at home all day; took solid comfort with my family; had many serious reflections. Brothers Palmer and Taylor called to see me; I showed them the sacred records to their joy and satisfaction. O may God have mercy upon these men, and keep them in the way of everlasting life, in the name of Jesus; amen.

Monday, 21st, spent this day at home, endeavoring to treasure up knowledge for the benefit of my calling. The day passed off very pleasantly. I thank the Lord for his blessings to my soul, his great mercy over my family in sparing our lives. O continue thy care over me and mine, for Christ's sake.

Tuesday, 22d, at home; continued my studies. O may God give me learning, even language, and endue me with qualifications to magnify his name while I live. I also delivered an address to the church this evening. The Lord blessed my soul. My scribe is unwell; O my God, heal him; and for his kindness to me, O my soul, be thou grateful to him, and bless him; and he shall be blessed of God forever, for I believe him to be a faithful friend to me; therefore my soul delighted in him; amen. Joseph Smith, junior.

Wednesday, 23d, in the forenoon at home, studying the Greek Language; and also visited upon the brethren who came in, and exhibited to them the papyrus. Afternoon, visited brother Leonard Rich, with the relations of brother Oliver Cowdery. Had not a very agreeable visit, for I found them filled with prejudice against the work of the Lord, and their minds blinded with superstition, ignorance, &c.

Thursday, 24th, the forenoon at home; in the afternoon I assisted the commissioner appointed by the court, in surveying a road across my farm.

Friday, 25th, enjoyed myself at home with my family all day, it being Christmas, the only time I have had this privilege so satisfactory for a long period. Bro. Jonathan Crosby called this eve.

Saturday, 26th, commenced studying the Hebrew Language in company with brothers Parrish and Williams. In the mean time, brother Lyman Sherman came in, and requested to have the word of the Lord through me; for, said he,

"I have been wrought upon to make known to you my feelings and desires, and was promised that I should have a revelation which should make known my duty."

Revelation given to Lyman Sherman, December 26, 1835.

Verily thus saith the Lord unto you, my servant Lyman, your sins are forgiven you, because you have obeyed my voice in coming up hither this morning to receive counsel of him whom I have appointed. Therefore, let your soul be at rest concerning your spiritual standing, and resist no more my voice, and arise up and be more careful henceforth, in observing your vows which you have made, and do make, and you shall be blessed with exceeding great blessings. Wait patiently until the solemn assembly shall be called by my servants, then you shall be remembered with the first of mine elders, and receive right by ordination with the rest of mine elders, whom I have chosen. Behold, this is the promise of the Father unto you if you continue faithful; and it shall be fulfilled upon you in that day that you shall have right to preach my gospel whosoever I shall send you, from henceforth from that time forth. Therefore strengthen your brethren in all your conversation, in all your prayers, and in all your exhortations, and in all your doings, and be bold; and let I am with you to bless you, and deliver you forever; amen.

Sunday morning, 27th, at the usual hour attended meeting at the school house. President Cowdery delivered a very able and interesting discourse. In the afternoon, brother Hyrum Smith and bishop Parridge delivered each a short and interesting lecture, after which sacrament was administered. While chopping wood at my door on the 25th inst., two gentlemen called, and requested an interview with the heads of the church, which I agreed to grant them this morning, but they did not come, and I consider they were trifling characters.

Monday, 28th. Having previously preferred a charge against Almon W. Babbit for trading my character, he was this morning called before the High Council, and I attended with my witnesses and substantiated my charge against him; and he in part acknowledged his fault, but not satisfactory to the council; and after parleying with him a long time, and granting him every indulgence that righteousness required, the council adjourned without obtaining a full confession from him.

This day the council of the Seventy met to render an account of their travels and ministry since they were ordained to that apostleship.—The meeting was interesting indeed, and my heart was made glad while listening to the relation of those that had been laboring in the vineyard of the Lord with such marvelous success; and I pray God to bless them with an increase of faith, and power, and keep them all, with the endurance of faith in the name of Jesus Christ to the end.

Tuesday, 29th, the following charges were preferred: "To the honorable Presidency of the Church of Christ of Latter Day Saints, against elder William Smith: 1st. Unchristianlike conduct in speaking disrespectfully of President Joseph Smith, junior, and the revelations and commandments given through him.

2d. For attempting to afflict personal violence on President Joseph Smith Junior. At home until about 10 o'clock; I then attended a blessing meeting at Oliver Olney's, in company with my wife, and father and mother, who had come to live with me. Also my scribe went with us. A large company assembled, when father Smith made some appropriate remarks. A hymn was sung, and he opened the meeting by prayer. About fifteen persons then received a patriarchal blessing under his hands. The services were then concluded as they commenced. A table was then crowned with the bounties of nature; and after invoking the benediction of heaven upon the rich repast, we fared sumptuously; and suffice it to say that we had a glorious meeting throughout, and I was much pleased with the harmony and decorum that existed among the brethren and sisters.

We returned home, and at early candle light, I preached at the school house to a crowded congregation, who listened with attention about three hours. I had liberty in speaking; some Presbyterians were present, as I afterwards learned; and I expect that some of my sayings set like a garment that was well fitted, as I exposed their abominations in the language of the scriptures; and I pray God that it may be like a nail in a sure place, driven by the master of assemblies.

Fourth of July, in Great Salt Lake City.

As the first beams of the dawn of day appeared, the slumber of the citizens was broken by the cannon roaring out a Federal salute, followed by the sweetest strains of music which could emanate from any instruments, saluted the delighted ears of the thousands dwelling in the city; and to the great gratification of those worthy pilgrims who were waiting their turn to ascend to the shrine of their golden god. The aged veterans gathered at the revels by gathering on the Temple block, to prepare for the duties of the day, while the splendid bands were driven in carriages through the city, diffusing joy and happiness in each bosom, as they were saluted by the Heaven inspired music.

The escort was formed at the Tabernacle at 8 1/2 a. m., by the 31st Elder Grey Veterans, representing the 31 different states, taking the front, followed by the Mormon Battalion, and a company of the mounted guard, each preceded by a band, to the house of His Excellency the Governor; where his suite were in waiting, in the following order: H. C. Kimball, W. Richards, O. Pratt, G. A. Smith, W. Woodruff, C. C. Rich, D. H. Wells, E. Hunter, W. L. Appleby, T. Bullock, H. Stout, D. Spencer, O. Spencer, W. W. Phelps, D. Fullmer, R. Cahoon, S. M. Blair, Z. Snow, J. L. Heywood, L. Young, & R. Campbell, who were received into rank between the aged Veterans, and the Battalion, when the National Flag was unfurled on the flag staff, receiving a National salute from the cannon's mouth, followed by a Territorial salute. During the march to the Tabernacle, the air was filled with the music from the several bands, and the continued roaring of the cannon, to the joy of not only the citizens, but also the strangers, who were in our midst, who confessed they were not prepared for such a reception from their preconceived opinions formed from the reports of the absconding officers.

After the escorted party were seated on the stand, the escort entered by the south doors, while the "Star Spangled Banner" was played by the band; when the whole of the escort were seated; the doors were simultaneously thrown open, when the anxious crowd rushed in, and soon filled the spacious hall.

The people were called to order by Brig. Genl. H. S. Eldredge, the marshal of the day; when the following song was sung by Messrs. Kay, Hutchinson and Dunn.

ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

BY MISS E. R. SNOW. Shall we commemorate the day Whose genial influence has pass'd o'er? Shall we our hearts best tribute pay, Where heart and feeling are no more? Shall we commemorate the day With freedom's ensign waving high, Whose blood stain'd banner's fur'd away— Whose rights and freedom have gone by?

Should we, when gasping 'neath its wave, Extol the beauties of the sea? Or, lashed upon fair freedom's gray, Proclaim the strength of liberty? Is it heart-rendering mockery! 'D sooner laugh 'midst writhing pain, Than chant the songs of liberty Beneath oppression's galling chain!

Columbia's glory is a theme That with our life's warm pulses grow, But ah! 'tis fled—and, like a dream, Its ghost is flitting in our view! Her dying groans—her funeral knell We've heard, for oh! we've had to fly! And now, alas! we know too well, The days of freedom have gone by.

Protection faints, and Justice cowers— Repress is slumbering on the heath; And 'tis in vain to lavish flowers Upon our country's fading wreath! Better implore His aid divine, Whose arm can make his people free; Than decorate the hollow shrine Of our departed liberty!

Prayer was made by elder N. H. Felt, when "The Declaration of Independence" was read by Mr. H. Stout. Capt. Ballo's band played "Hail Columbia;" after which an appropriate speech was made by Mr. H. G. Sherwood, in behalf of the 31 aged Veterans, and a tune played by Capt. Pitt's band. The following song was then sung by Messrs. Kay, Hutchinson and Dunn.

INDEPENDENCE.

BY JAMES BOND. The glorious day has dawned once more, Our nation's anniversary; Her light has spread from shore to shore— Her fame extends from sea to sea. Then let the earth her birth-day sing, And make the air with anthems ring-crowns. And let the MORMONS swell the sound, The chorus of the free; For Heaven and earth shall all resound, With songs of LIBERTY.

O! happy, patriotic thought! What bliss do we participate! The freedom which our fathers bought, Is known in this our mountain State. Let others toil it as they may, The boon is pure with us to-day.

Though other nations still are chained In superstition's tyranny; Soon may they see what we have gained, And break their fetters and be free. The stars and stripes are now unfurled, The broadest banner in the world.

Our glorious institutions rise, While kings and thrones and empires fall; Our shouts of freedom rend the skies, While for our aid th' oppressed still call. Republics rise from struggles won, Like this our glorious Union.

Though sister States, discordant jar, And quarrel over slavery; Though North and South should go to war, Utah at peace will ever be. Though demagogues our fall may seek, Zion is strong—her foes are weak.

Though fell dissension gain the sway, Where vile sedition now is rife, And fight the Eagle bird away, To distant states devoid of strife, Here may he vend his weary fight, And soar amid our mountains' height.

And there may hood-winked justice stand, While anarchy and strife prevails; And in her palsied, feeble hand, Hold out in vain her broken scales. But DESERET in Heaven has might, We flourish by the rule of right.

Let freedom's glorious light shine forth, Its golden blaze shall never fail; And peace shall reign o'er all the earth, And "Truth and Liberty" prevail. That happy day we soon shall see, This little earth shall yet be free.

When Mr. Thomas Bullock delivered the following oration.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS:—I now present myself before you, on the celebration of the anniversary of the day, when our glorious forefathers signified themselves by signing the celebrated Declaration of their Independence from the parent government—taking upon themselves the responsible duty of governing themselves as an united nation, and stepping forth into the arena of the world as a free and independent Republic.

This being my first appearance on the platform, where the most learned, exalted, and distinguished men that the world ever saw, have often stood before me, in order to celebrate the praise and glory of our forefathers, and their actual lives, causes me to feel a diffidence, which none other but those who have passed the Rubicon, ever experienced. Those who have passed through the ordeal in safety, and have earned the laurels of renown—it is to you I now look for those sympathizing feelings, in order that I may be buoyed up on the waves of public opinion, and tossed safely into the haven of peace. And you, friends and fellow citizens, who have not as yet advanced so far in the public gaze and attention, and who are at this time budding as it were, unseasoned by the coarse and rattle gaze of a corrupt world, I ask your aid and sympathies while this bud is now bursting forth in its pristine beauty, and which is generally called in the world, as delivering my maiden speech. Friends and in this word I breathe a sentence, full of warmth and feeling—and no greater word is written in the catalogue of expression, it is a privilege of which I feel justly proud, and I will endeavor to merit your continued good will.

Fellow citizens, I can now truly call you, as being citizens of these United States; and therefore I have a right to stand before you in eulogistic praise of those who have lived on the busy stage and scene of action, but the wheels of time have so rolled on, that now they are numbered with the dead. With the dead, did I say? Yes, with the most illustrious of those who lived in the 18th century. And who are the persons who step forth on the memorable 4th of July, 1776? is a question which has been answered by men of every grade of political and religious opinions, to suit a variety of tastes or whims,—and in as great a variety of ways, as there is expression in the minds of men; but how do we as a people, look upon those men, is a question asked by some portions of American citizens, who are unacquainted with our feelings, and know not the depth of sentiment which is implanted in the bosoms of you, my hearers; and can I, a mere stripling,—dare I, set forth an infinitesimal portion of the feelings of this people, in regard to the remembrance of those men? Yes! for that purpose have I stepped forth in weakness, and bear with me, I pray you, a few moments, while I breathe forth a few sentences on that subject.

When my thoughts flow back to the remembrance of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and in my mind I can picture John Hancock stepping forth in all the dignity of man, and with a boldness of