

CELEBRATION
OF THE
FIFTH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE 24TH OF JULY;
The Entrance of the Pioneers into the Valley of the
GREAT SALT LAKE.
(Continued.)

Pres. Young delivered the following
REMARKS.

REPORTED BY G. D. WATT.

I wish to make a few remarks only, to this con-
gregation, as the time allotted to us this morning, is
far spent. The remarks which have been made
previous to my rising, are very good; and they are
also true. They are things not fresh to the majority
of this assembly, though there may be some present
who were perhaps ignorant of them.

Suffice it to say, that five years ago this day, the
Pioneers approached this valley, with their imple-
ments of husbandry, &c., which were represented
by them in the procession to-day. We came for the
purpose of finding a place to set our feet, where we
could dwell in peace. That place we have found.
If the saints cannot find that peace which is
so dear to them here, I would say that I am ig-
norant of the spot on the earth where they can—
Where could a place have been found, where we
might enjoy freedom of thought, freedom of speech,
and freedom of worship? If not in these mountains,
I am ignorant of the place.

We have enjoyed perfect peace here for 5 years;
and I trust we shall for many years to come. If
the saints are persecuted, it is for their good; if they
are driven, it is for their good; consequently, when I
reflect, I have nothing to fear in all the persecu-
tions or hardships I may pass through in connection
with this people, but the one thing, and that is, to
stray from the religion I have embraced, and be
forsaken of my God. If you the Lord will love
us, and affliction, persecutions, and death, and
fire, and the sword, will cease to follow us.

If the Latter Day Saints magnify their calling,
walk humbly before their God, and do the things
that are pleasing to their Father in heaven, walk up
in their duty in every respect, I am bold to say that
not five years only, but scores of years will pass away
without the saints ever being interrupted or driven
again from their possessions; thus far it is for our
good.

I did not rise for the purpose of delivering an
oration on this occasion, but to remind you of the
blessings we now are privileged to enjoy. When
we first approached this valley, there was not a
man upon the face of the earth who ever had beheld
these valleys of the mountains, or knew anything of
the Great Basin, who knew that corn, or any other
kind of grain could be raised here; can you find the
man who had any knowledge of the Great Basin, as
it is called, that believed there could be an ear of
corn ripened in it? There is not that man on the
earth, when you have excepted the people called
Latter Day Saints. We came here and planted our
garden seeds of various kinds, five years ago this
day; they grew, but they did not ripen, though the
buckwheat would have ripened, perhaps, had it been
properly taken care of; some other grains would
also have come to maturity so as to have assisted a
small colony to live here; they, however, lived; how?
Shall I say by faith? Yes, partially so; for had they
not had faith, they certainly never would have come
to this place; it is the faith of the L. D. S. that
brought them here. There is a very mysterious
principle that abides with this people; it is a mys-
tery, and one of the greatest mysteries to the inhabi-
tants of the earth, that have been made acquainted
by history, or by knowledge, with this people.—
What is this great mystery? And what makes it
more singular, say they, by all our calculations, we
cannot conceive of it; it is a mystery that I ab-
solutely amounts to a miracle, it is that these Latter
Day Saints are of one heart, and of one mind.

To saint and sinner, believer and unbeliever, I
wish here to offer one word of advice and counsel,
by revealing the mystery that abides with this peo-
ple called Latter Day Saints; it is the Spirit of the
living God that leads them; it is the Spirit of the
Almighty that binds them together; it is the Spirit
of the Holy Ghost that makes them love each other
like little children; it is the Spirit of Jesus Christ
that makes them willing to lay down their lives for
the cause of truth; and it was that same Spirit that
caused Joseph our martyred prophet to lay down his
life for the testimony of what the Lord revealed to
him. This mystery, the great mystery of Mormon-
ism, is that, the Spirit of the Lord binds the
hearts of the people together. Let the world look
at it. Let the inhabitants of the earth gaze upon
this people, this wondrous people, for a magic pow-
er attends them; something mysterious hangs around
them. What is it? It is not magnetism; it is some-
thing more wonderful; those that are present this
day may truly say it is wonderful in the extreme.—
Who gives me power, that "at the pointing of my
finger," the hosts of Israel move, and at my request
the inhabitants of this great Territory are dis-
placed; at my command they are here? Who gives me
power? Let the world inquire? It is the God of
heaven; it is the spirit of the Holy ghost; it is not of
myself; it is the spirit of the Holy Christ, trying to
save the inhabitants of the earth.

The people are here; they endure. Did they
bring their bread with them? No. Did they bring
their meat with them? No. Did they bring that
that sustained them, and they raised it from the
earth? They could not do it, for they were obliged
to bring tools, plows, drag chains, &c.; they were
obliged to bring their wives and children in their
wagons; five and six, and eight, and in some wagons
ten people would get huddled together, to drive a
thousand miles from all sustenance, and there
plant themselves in the wilderness where nothing
met the eye but snowy peaks, and parched valleys,
and trust in the God of Israel to sustain them. Let
the world ask the question, would the Methodists
thus run the hazard of losing their lives for their
religion? Would the Presbyterians, the Baptists,
the Quakers, or their old mother, the Roman Cath-
olic church, run the same risk? Would she ven-
ture thus in the wilderness? No. It is not very
common to find a whole people on the earth, as in
the case of the Latter Day Saints, who would do it,
though single individuals might be found so en-
thusiastic as to sacrifice their lives, and run into a
lion's den in proof of their faith in their religion;
but where are the tens of thousands, and the scores
of thousands and the hundreds of thousands, who
would lay down every principle of life and happi-
ness, and everything that is desirable pertaining to
this world for the principles of eternal life, and
would go forth into the wilderness, having no other
stay but the hand of God to lead them? They are
not to be found!

We meet here and celebrate the day, five years
we have been in this valley, and I will say to the
new comers, our brethren, or those who are not our
brethren, three years ago last October, the first
house was reared in this place. There was not a
house, or a house except the old fort, and a little
log cabin, and we were now spread out from the east
to the north, measurably so, but more extensively to
the north and the south; travel through the valleys
and scan the houses, and the farms, and see the im-
provements that have been made; take the back
track of the Mormons; follow them from here to
Nauvoo; from Nauvoo to Far West, then to Kir-
land, and back to Missouri again to Jackson county,
and all people will acknowledge that the Mormons
have had enough to do to mind their own business,
and make the improvements that have been per-
formed by them; they have done nothing but
mind their own business. Look at the improvements
that have followed this people, in all their
travels up to this place, for a testimony of their en-
durance, and unflinching industry.

I say to this community, be humble; be faithful to
your God, true to his church, benevolent to the
strangers that may pass through our territory, and
kind to all people, serving the Lord with all your
might, trusting in him; but never fear the frowns of
an enemy, or be moved by the flatteries of friends or
of enemies, from the path of right. Serve your
God; believe in him; and never be ashamed of him;
and sustain your character before him, for very
soon we will meet in a larger congregation than this,
and have a celebration far superior; we will cel-

brate our perfect, and absolute deliverance from
the power of the Devil—we only celebrate now
our deliverance from the good brick houses we have
left, from our farms, and lands, and from the graves
of our fathers; we celebrate our perfect deliverance
from these things.

Our lives have been spared, and we are yet upon
this planet, and by and by we will celebrate a per-
fect deliverance from all the powers of earth; and
we will keep our eyes set upon the mark and go
forward to victory.

I say to the aged, to the middle-aged, and to the
young, all be true to your God, true to your brethren,
and kind to all, serving God with all your heart;
and may he bless you for Jesus' sake; amen.

The following speech, by Gen. D. H. Wells, was
then presented and read:

BRETHREN AND FRIENDS:—
The annual greeting has again arrived, redolent
with the rich fruits of the earth, and the summer har-
vest.

Here, amid the clear sunshine of the human heart,
where all is peace and joy, and gladness, which maketh
merry, beams forth from the overflowing soul, let us
render unto our Father in heaven a tribute of
praise, thanksgiving and adoration, for his kindness
unto us, and the manifold blessings which we en-
joy and receive from his all-bountiful hand.

Brethren and friends—in the days of our pros-
perity, while we have health, strength, and peace, we
should be mindful of our duties pertaining to our eter-
nal welfare. In adversity, the manifold labors, sorrows,
and troubles of God. We call upon him in the
abundance of the heart's affliction, and he hears in
much mercy unto the wail of sorrow and woe.—
Then, why forget to remember and call upon him,
when prosperity gladdens and cheers our pathway?
Let, then, the happy aspirations of the glad soul, in
unison before the throne of the Most High, in humble
praise and adoration; and let us worship in sincerity
and truth the God whom we adore; invoking the
continuance of his kind blessings and care over us
and all our works, and everything pertaining to our
existence.

There is an intense feeling and sense of secret joy
to the human heart, emanating from the inmost soul,
upon the consideration of the faithful discharge of our
daily duties, when toil has wearied our minds and our
bodies; and we would fain rest us of our wearied
existence; the very thought, that we are in the service
of our God; that we are living in the faithful perfor-
mance and discharge of our duties, and are not throw-
ing away our existence, but are completing and fulfill-
ing the measure thereof in accordance with the de-
sign of our being, and of our Maker, who is God, in-
spires us with new vigor, re-creates the springs of
nature, and with a thrill of joy and emotions of un-
utterable delight, we renew our exertions, redouble
our efforts, and eradicate from our bosoms every vestige
of a disposition to repine, lament, or complain.

In this vast congregation, you are assembled to
commemorate this day, we find represented among
many others, from the honored and aged fathers and
mothers, to the little child, a class of citizens, upon
whose character and history we take a delight in con-
templating. Of the hardy, the brave, the venturesome
Pioneers, a few are here, with their sun-brown
visages, while others of their number are again away
on their favorite mission of seeking out new loca-
tions, and planting new colonies, amid dangers un-
fettered, and toils and hardships unnumbered. So are the
remote regions of the vast public domain reclaimed
from the solitude of ages, and made to contribute to
the sustenance of man, and being ushered into the
family of nations, made to swell the current of civi-
lized existence, and extend the area of Freedom's
curse.

But it is not to this class of Columbia's hardiest
freemen that I wish to direct your attention; the
star of their fate is in the ascendant; their names are
immortalized in every country, town, and borough;
the very streets will echo their names in all time to
come; their story is told by the breeze, as well as in
halls of state, and has been stored in immortal song.
But who are they of whom I would speak; of
whom it has been said, a more faithful and public
spirited, self-denying, and persevering race does not
exist? I allude to the men who are the spirit of the
community, and whose works and influence pervades
the whole over every organization of society; in the
world, among all people, they are known as the most
energetic and enterprising class of citizens; in our
city and Territory, and among this people, they not
only possess the same distinguishing characteristics,
but unlike them are also distinguished by their faith
and good works, without the usual inducements which
self interest inspires.

Yes, my friends and brethren, there is a class of
citizens before you, who devote all—their talents,
time, labor, means, and all that they can control, to
the building up of the kingdom of God upon the
earth, who are sacrificially devoting to the cause, the
construction of his holy name, wherever he can
receive the oblation and sacrifice of his people,
and bestow upon them of the inexhaustible riches of
his wisdom and understanding. Who are they? Let
the Temple at Kirtland, the erection of which was
completed under the most extraordinary pecuniary
embarrassments that ever swept over any people, an-
swer. Let Nauvoo also speak, when half dead with
ague, on half rations of corn meal along with asword
or gun in one hand, and trowel or hammer in the other,
they achieved the erection of one of the most
splendid edifices the nation could boast, in time only,
it took to receive the pilgrims of the world, the
strangers, the poor, the afflicted, and the millions,
who celebrated their own desecrated infancy and dis-
grace by its destruction. Splendid in her ruins, she
yet remains matchless in the beauty and symmetry
of her workmanship, equally commemorative of the
superior skill, ingenuity, and wisdom of the workmen,
and their martyrdom; Prophet, who designed the
same.

Again, let Deseret's fair valleys respond to the
enquiry who they are, that have broken the monopoly
of the soil and solitary place, and brought forth, as if
by magic, a greater work, in the way of improvements,
than the world has ever accomplished, under
similar circumstances; behold, the world's wonder
speaks for them, rising on every side, in every form
approximating towards the erecting, in the tops of
the mountains, the "house of the God of Jacob."—
They are, as represented upon their banner, "Zion's
Workmen."

Toil on, ye brave hearts, and remember that you
are filling a mission of the utmost importance upon
the earth; you have the privilege accorded to but few
of earth's best citizens; of doing the work of the
Lord who is your God; it is your privilege if you will
do it; if not, he will call those who will. It is a privi-
lege to exist in this age of the world. It is a privi-
lege to enjoy the peaceful influence of truths sublime,
emanating from the God we serve, through his ser-
vants the Prophets. It is a privilege to suffer for his
name and the gospel's sake; for the reward is great. It
is the greatest boon of all, to have the privilege of
being good, and of being a benefit to our fellows, and
to the cause of our God. Let us not permit an op-
portunity to pass unimproved; never neglect the op-
portunity of doing a good deed, lest it may pass and
not again occur, and we thereby lose our reward; but
remember to "work while the day lasts, for the night
cometh when no man can work."

Brethren of the Public Works, let your souls be
filled with the gratifying reflection, that to you is
given the privilege of building cities, and temples to
the name of the Most High God, and of adorning the
inner courts of the most holy place; yea, more; to
dwell within its holy precincts, and receive instruction
from the Fountain of all intelligence.

In common with all of the faithful saints, you too
have suffered the heaviest trials of religious persecution.
The pioneers of Missouri and Illinois have borne the
weight of their sufferings, and the death of near and
dear friends, whose fragile forms were not sufficient
to endure the howling blast of fendish ire, nor the
murderous mandates of official mobs; but hold! it is
seditions to connect the word "official," "legal," or
"government" with anything like mobs, oppression,
or persecution. True, it should be, for the simple
reason, that authorities should not be guilty of such
charges; and if those articles of Political Economy
do not relish to be told of such doings, I know of but
one remedy; and that is, not be guilty of them. If
the government of Missouri did not banish us by the
authority of the government, then would not Liburn
W. Borge their governor. If the pledged faith of
Illinois did not in cold blood, murder Joseph and
Hyrum Smith, then was not Thomas Ford Governor of
that State. And if our Battalion was not drawn for
the Mexican War, while we were warring under the
effects of the most direful persecution and distress-
ed circumstances, by the government of the United
States, then was not James K. Polk President,
nor Thomas H. Benton Senator in Congress.

But what of this? Suppose even that men at the
head of government should occasionally do wrong—
is there no remedy, is there no appeal? There is,
and but one in a republican form of government, and

that is to the people. Unfortunately, indeed, are those
whom popular clamor shall cry down; for then the
unfortunate party have to perish, or endure, if it be
possible for them to survive, such contumely, reproach
and injury, as their persecutors shall list. Here,
then, the government vests in the people, and justly
too; in order that recreant officials may by appeal to
the ballot box, be driven from the honorable positions
which they may have disgraced; unquestionably
should the silent voice of the ballot box hurl from of-
fice every ingrate, high or low, who should under any
pretense whatever, desert by his polluted presence
the Temple of Liberty; and every patriot should use
his influence to produce so desirable a result.

If this is sedition, then am I not alone guilty; and
if gentlemen politicians feel aggrieved, all I ask is,
for them to hold me alone responsible, and not as
heretofore, seek to bring down condign punishment
upon a whole community for the honestly expressed
sentiments of a single individual.

One more reflection; shall we forget our history?—
If we do, we shall be unlike our revolutionary fa-
thers, who take great care not only to commemorate
their, but impress upon their children every notable
circumstance pertaining to the birth of Freedom.—
Shall we be less indifferent in regard to our early his-
tory, the more especially when the ground has drunk
the blood of our friends and brethren in the boasted
land of Freedom's choice? Let it pass; we will
remember it, and teach our children; also, that
they may know upon what sacrifices the foundation
of the kingdom of our God was established upon the
earth.

How long, ye ingrateful politicians, mobocrats, and
pseudo judges; learn to know, there is a people in
whose homes the fire of patriotism burns with un-
extinguishable force, although the finer sensibilities
are not yet quite destroyed or deadened so much, but
they can yet feel the withering blast of popular vio-
lence unjustly received in the country they vain would
serve, in a government which, although delinquent
in the exercise of their aid and protection in times of
greatest need, they still cherish and honor.

Learn to know, the blood of patriot sires flows in
their veins, and they have a due sense of what are
their rights; and knowing, dare maintain them; and if
your bloodthirstiness and unextinguishable desire for
plundering an innocent people, shall again assemble
your misbegotten, misshapen, and cowardly host,
drunken with infuriate malice, and ignorant, and un-
bounded prejudice, the boon we crave, that you may
come in your true colors, and least authority not
withhold, and thereby wreak upon us your ven-
geance, and thereby await a final settlement.

Learn to know, that Freedom's noblemen spurn
your unbecoming attempts to crush a free and virtuous
people, or deprive them of their rights.
They know themselves; they also know you; be
satisfied, therefore, to remain in your own nothing-
ness, and not aspire to an unenviable notoriety of
eternal disgrace and infamy. And let all people
learn these simple facts,—that mobs, unrestrained, in
any government, will surely sap its foundation, and
ultimately prove its utter ruin and overthrow; also,
that industry, well directed, and the difference, the
national and sectional life, cultivating the earth,
and building up cities, are indications of a free, en-
lightened, and virtuous people. Hide the blush of
shame that taints your cheek, to have to be told of
such manifest truth, and let your future actions be
tinted a sense of returning reason.

Let us return to our celebration of the 24th of July,
1852. Five years have elapsed since our beloved
President, Brigham Young, with 143 of Zion's Camp,
arrived in this valley. Yonder, within a stone's
throw of this very place, they pitched their camp,
and walking down into the pure mountain stream,
renewed their covenants unto the Lord their God, and
arose from the waters of baptism, sang a song of
praise and thanksgiving unto his holy name.

They then dedicated this land and themselves to
the Lord God of Israel, invoking his blessing upon
all their efforts, and upon the barren soil, as every ap-
pearance indicated it then to be.

How well the faith and prayers of those faithful
men have been heard and answered by a faithful
Providence, let the present fruitful fields and prosper-
ous settlements answer.

Let the weary traveler, who finds a cool retreat
from the burning plains, while tasting the hospitable
fare of Utah's citizens, consider the difference, the
contrast, between to-day and five years ago upon this
self-same spot; the reception of the Pioneer's at that
time, and their own reception now. It is impossible
to appreciate, to understand and comprehend the anx-
ieties, the dubiety and misgivings of some, whether
or not could grain be raised in so high an altitude,
upon so poor a prospect for soil, thirsty with the
drouth of an eastern desert, all verdancy parched and
crisped by the scorching sun, and the question, shall
here we locate, doubtfully, hesitatingly asked, fear-
ful of an affirmative response, but the solution of
which has amply justified the wisdom that then de-
clined the decision. Do you now realize who have
passed through similar scenes, how men feel whose
welcome was the whoop and yell of the wild Indian
and the howl of the marauding Kiote, when awak-
ened from the deep slumber of the night after the
day's toilsome march, only in time to find their hospi-
tality, yet hearing their distant tread as the Indians
who have swept the plain, overpowered the
guard, and with lightning's speed, his way to their
secret retreats, where the silence of ages is only in-
terrupted by these, and the wild beasts' orgies over
the spoils of war and strife; a thousand miles from
civilized existence, and no head, in a country com-
paratively destitute of game, and no friends, are a few of
the scenes which dwell upon the memory when refresh-
ed upon the return of the anniversary, we this day
celebrate. Refreshed by the presence of assembled
thousands whose bosoms vibrate with patriotic em-
otions in witnessing the prosperity attending untiring
perseverance and industry in rapidly advancing the
infant state to adorn the constellation which will ere
long overshadow the horizon of the western continent.
so may the time be hastened when the beacon of
Columbia's freedom shall illumine every recess of this
continent of ours, exhibiting to all the world, a mir-
ror in which tyrants can behold their fate, and the
oppressed of every clime, a way to obtain the en-
joyment of natural freedom.

The following "Comic Political Song," compos-
ed by James Bond, was sung by John Kay:

MORMON POLITICS.

Let Whigs and Democrats agree,
To stir up party strife,
And thus shall opposition be
The very hinge of life.
Each party strives to gain the sway;
To beat the other they're bent;
All say they're going to win the day,
And choose their President.

CHORUS.

Though politicians all are blest
With nobleness of soul;
From north to south, from east to west,
The Mormons beat the whole.

Free Soilers, then bring up the rear,
Against the other two;
They hold each other in great fear,
And e'en themselves outdo.

And each will bring their candidate,
And choose their nominee;
Each party thus in every State,
Strives conqueror to be.

Chorus, Though politicians, &c.

The canvassers will raise their hats,
And each the other twigs,
While whigs will vote for democrats,
And democrats for whigs.

Thus Scott and Cass the race may run,
In faith their party serve;
The heroes who have battles won,
In politics ne'er swerve.

Chorus, Though politicians, &c.

But hold, ye whigs, and clear the way,
For Douglas soon comes in,
Who knows but "Young America,"
The present race may win.

And each "great man" knows every string,
To work his puppets well;
And each knows how the votes to bring,
And offices to sell.

Chorus, Though politicians, &c.

But Fillmore, should he condescend
To try the people's choice,
His noble mind would never bend,
Nor stoop to mean device.

He has been tried, and fairly proved;
His character is plain;
By upright men he is beloved;
They'll vote him in again.

Chorus, Though politicians, &c.

But filthy minded dabblers
Can't work him like a tool;
And empty headed babblers
Think he must be a fool.—
But mark ye, now, the time is nigh,
When righteousness shall reign;
The Mormon will cast the die,
When they shall vote again.

Chorus, Though politicians, &c.

For Mormons always vote one way,
And soon a voice they'll get,
And union will bless the day
That shines on Deseret.
But never mention what we've said,
For this party's reason,
That if you do, we're good as dead,
Because, you know, IT'S TREASON!

Chorus, Though politicians, &c.

Tune, "Hail Columbia," was then played by
Capt. Ballo's Band.

The following toasts were then read by W. W.
Phipps, Thomas Bullock and James Ferguson:

REGULAR TOASTS.

1. The 24th of July, 1847—One of the days
not forgotten.

2. The Kingdom of God—Out of all the king-
doms on earth, one stands forever and ever, says
Daniel.

3. The First Presidency—How the world would
rejoice to see their lightning purify the air, if it was
not afraid of thunder.

4. There is music in the crying of children, and
bleating of lambs; but when the Lion roars, the forest
is shaken with a voice of strength, majesty, and
power.

5. Freedom—All men in the world should be
free to the soil, free to the elements, and free to
their religion—inasmuch as they infringe not upon
their neighbors' rights. That is constitutional.

6. Zion's Camp, Mormon Battalion, and Pion-
eers, will be had in remembrance in all the festivals
and songs of Zion; and their deeds be found in the
records of eternity.

7. Utah—The youngest sister—as in altitude,
may she excel the older, in her charms, her virtues,
and in the number of her children.

8. Mormonism and Marriage—More good, and
more favor, for Solomon says, "Whoso finds a
wife, finds a good thing, and obtains favor of the
Lord;" wherefore, as he had many, the more good—
and the more good, the more favors of the Lord.—
That's scripture.

9. The Nauvoo Legion—A new life-preserver
against storms, with or without wind.

10. Brigham Young—He is all he is, and who
says there is a lion in the path?

11. The Mormon Battalion of '46, and the Pion-
eers of '47—Two unions of honest men, that run
together like two drops of water. They are the
boys!

12. The Twelve—The Lord's traveling court
of chancery, to settle the religious controversies of
all nations. Hear ye! hear ye! the court is now
open!

13. Politics—The pestilential "itch" of govern-
ments, cured only with hot brimstone. Who
scratches?

14. Lawyers—Cholera visibilis, following Death
on the pale horse, and emptying the pockets of the
miserable.

VOLUNTEER TOASTS.

By WILFORD WOODRUFF—J. M. Bernhisel and
J. M. Grant—Noble defenders of the Constitution,
of their country, and the rights of the Bee-Hive.—
Should their enemies kill their bodies, like the two
prophets in Jerusalem, they would again stand upon
their feet to the fear and consternation of their ene-
mies.

By T. B.—The Runaway Judges, &c.—May
they soon go home to their own place, (hell).

By W. WOODRUFF—Col. Thomas L. Kane—A
noble philanthropist, who, like the good Samaritan,
is not ashamed to advocate the cause of the
wounded, and pay their bills. For this he shall receive
his reward.

By IRELAND—The 24th of July—"The regener-
ation of the American Constitution."

Time writes no wrinkles on the aged brow;
Such as this birthday's dawn beheld, thou standest now.

By J. H. LEWIS—Home manufactures—May
they continue to improve in quality, in proportion,
as they increase in quantity, and demand for con-
sumption.

By J. FERGUSON—The 24 little Boys—Chieftains
in embryo.

By M. GAUNT—The Seventies—Messengers of
salvation—the artillery of the gospel; may they con-
tinue to fire their deadly shot, till the enemies of
truth be overcome.

By IRELAND—The 24 Warriors—They battle for
peace.

By EDW. STEVENSON—Deseret—A bee-hive—
may her inmates never cease to toil until the
world is filled with honey, and her enemies with
stings.

By J. FERGUSON—The 24 Young Ladies—The
Warrior's comforters.

By G. MOERISS—A Mountain English Toast—
Success to Zion's noblemen, who dwell in these
mountains, whose motto is, G. in ad in righteous-
ness, and make the rough places smooth, and crook-
ed places straight, and prefer the way of the Lord;
who never say I can't, but when mountains of diffi-
culties arise, walk right through them to the tune
of Yankee doodle do. Father's at the helm.

Solo on Bass Drum performed by Col. Du-
zette, with violin accompaniment.

Tune by Capt. Pitt's Band.
Irish comic song was then sung by John Kay.
Tune by Capt. Ballo's Band.
Benediction by Isaac Morley, Patriarch.
The congregation then dispersed.
At sun down, 3 guns were fired.

Much praise is due the Marshals of the Day, for
the order preserved during the procession, and the
various exercises in the Tabernacle; also to Thomas
Tanner, Canonizer, for his promptness of execu-
tion in the discharge of the artillery; to the several
Marshals of Divisions; to John Kay, singer; Cap-
tains of the Brass and Martial Bands, and to the
Dow Keepers.

The festivities of the evening were kept up by
dancing at the various school houses and commodi-
ous buildings in the city.

Thus closed the 24th in this peaceful valley, un-
allayed by accidents, disorders, or dissipation, ever
to be remembered by the saints and the transient
traveler as a day of pure, unalloyed joy.

ROBERT CAMPBELL.

AN ELECTRIC ENGINE.—The Poughkeepsie
American states, that, lately, hundreds of visitors
have thronged the Dutchess Iron Works to witness
the operation of the electro-magnetic engine, the in-
vention of J. S. Gaston of Trenton, New Jersey, a
thing so simple that the wonder is that its invent
has been left until now for Professor G. to bring out,
and, at the same time, so successful that no room is
left for doubt that electricity, as a motor, has a
practical value. The battery of Prof. G. is thus com-
monly approved in operating the magnetic telegraph,
and with some twenty four jars, a power was pro-
duced sufficient to drive a Naper press at its highest
rate of speed.

PATENT FLAX PULLER.—The only really new
thing we saw at the Fair was a model of a machine
invented by S. B. Goss, of Newark, in this coun-
try, for harvesting flax. It seemed so simple in its ar-
rangement, and so easily comprehended, as to leave
scarcely a chance to doubt that it must work to the
satisfaction of the ingenious inventor. If it meets
his expectations, it will pull flax as fast as a horse-
power Reaper can cut grain—say 20 acres per day,
and do it in a most perfect manner. This inven-
tion comes opportunely with the late wonderful discov-
eries in preparing the flax fiber for manufacturing, and
who can remember the back-aching work of flax
pulling, will call him blessed. We shall watch the
progress of this machine with interest.—*Janetville*
(Wis.) Badger State.

The United States Senate yesterday decided
to make the whole number of congressional repre-
sentatives two hundred and thirty-four.—[N. Y. Her-
ald.] April 23.

April 23.

OLD SOLDIERS,
WAR 1812, and 1813, and 1814, you are enti-
tled to land or money; call and I will assist
you to get it. Pension is due all who have in the
last been disabled in the service or by the service
of the United States.
Jy 10-1851
S. M. BLAIR.

LOOK TO PUBLIC GOOD!
H. PECK, Blacksmith, 17th Ward, hereby
M. requests all persons indebted to