

DESERET NEWS:

WEEKLY.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

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CHARLES W. PENROSE, EDITOR.

WEDNESDAY JULY 28, 1886

PEOPLE'S TICKET.

GENERAL ELECTION.

MONDAY, AUGUST 24, 1886.

For Commissioners to Locate
University Lands:CHARLES W. STAYNER,
FREDERICK A. MITCHELL,
ISAAC M. WADDELL.

SALT LAKE COUNTY OFFICERS.

For Probate Judge:

ELLIS A. SMITH.

For Selectman:

SAMUEL BENNION.

For County Clerk:

JOHN C. CUTLER.

For Prosecuting Attorney:

JAMES H. MOYLE.

For Assessor:

JESSE W. FOX, JR.

For Collector:

NATHANIEL V. JONES.

For Sheriff:

ANDREW J. BURT.

For Surveyor:

JOHN D. H. MCALLISTER.

For Coroner:

GEORGE J. TAYLOR.

IN SOLEMN ASSEMBLY.

Honoring the Pioneers—Thirty-
Ninth Anniversary of their En-
trance into Great Salt Lake
Valley.Commemoration Services in the
Tabernacle, Salt Lake City.

Saturday, July 24th, 1886, was ob-
served as Pioneer Day—the thirty-
ninth anniversary of the entrance of
the Pioneers into Great Salt Lake
Valley. The Sunday schools of Salt
Lake City had united in a programme
of exercises to be given in the Taber-
nacle, commemorative of that impor-
tant event, and from 9:30 a. m. until
a few minutes after 10 o'clock the
children from the various wards
of this city filed in procession
into the large building and were seated
in the places assigned them; while
parents, friends and visitors thronged
the gallery and vacant seats below,
until all the available space was occu-
pied. There must have been a congrega-
tion of fully 12,000 persons.

The interior of the Tabernacle pre-
sented a scene in strong contrast to the
gay holiday decorations of former oc-
casions. All of the stands were draped
in mourning, and conveyed the impres-
sion to the congregation that it was a
solemn assembly that had convened.
Mottos were placed over and on the
grand organ and on the stands, and
the extensive decorations in the cen-
tre of the building were bedecked with
the stars and stripes. The motto over
the organ was: "In God we put our
Trust." On the front of the magnifi-
cent instrument was a large banner, on
which was painted a figure, with up-
lifted hand, apparently in the act of
making a sacred vow; around it was
inscribed the words: "Under the
Everlasting Covenant, God must and
will be glorified."

The stands were unoccupied, the rea-
sons therefor being explained by the
following inscriptions, which were
placed in appropriate positions:

"The First Presidency: In Exile for
Conscience' Sake."

"Of the Twelve Apostles and Counselors:
Those not here are in jeopardy, in prison,
and in foreign lands, because they prefer
to obey God rather than man."

"The Presidency of the Stake: Having
tasted of the vengeance of their enemies,
and felt their cruel disregard of law, their
labors and visits are like the Angels', seen
only by those who have faith."

"Of the Presiding Bishopric: Those who
are absent choose to be wanderers in their
own land in preference to being victims to
those who have selected them for ruin."

On the platform, erected for the oc-
casion, in front of the stand, were

seated three of the Pioneers, Patri-
arch Lorenzo D. Young, Bishop Millen
Atwood and Elder Samuel Turbow—
all who could be present of the 143
men and three women who composed
that noble band. There were also mem-
bers of the High Council, High Priests,
officers of the Young Men's and Young
Ladies' Associations, Deseret Sunday
School Union and other organizations,
21 boys and 21 girls chosen from the
city wards, and a number of others.
While the congregation were being
seated, Captain Beesley's Martial Band
played "The Rage," an arrangement of
"Home, sweet home," "Auld Lang
Syne" and other melodies, and the
Sunday School Union Band rendered
the dirge "Rest in Peace." The pro-
gramme distributed to the people con-
tained the following introductory:

"THE PIONEERS.

"The entrance of the Pioneers into
Great Salt Lake Valley, on the 24th of
July, 1847, was an event of great sig-
nificance, and will be forever mem-
orable in our history. We fled to this
western region to escape the violence
of mobs and find a haven of rest,
where we might worship God, unmo-
lested, according to the dictates of
conscience. The opening up of a vast
tract of country was not only a matter
of great importance to the people who
accomplished it, but was necessarily
beneficial in its effects upon the na-
tion, whose wealth and magnificence
were thus increased.

"To-day we commemorate the occa-
sion under distressing auspices. The
cause which drove the Pioneers to seek
a refuge in the then undeveloped west,
is revived in great intensity of bitter-
ness. The community are plunged in
sorrow because their liberties are
ruthlessly assailed by those by whom
they should be protected and sus-
tained. In consequence of cruel and
unwarranted attacks upon our rights,
our leaders are in enforced exile,
notwithstanding their loyalty to the
principles upon which the government
of this nation was founded, and their
life labors in the cause of suffering hu-
manity. Numbers of our brethren
 languish in prison, families have been
temporarily broken up, and sorrow
rests upon the souls of the people.
Hence the emblems of mourning, by
which the eyes of this great throng are
greeted. For these reasons what
would otherwise be a day of unalloyed
rejoicing is tinged with the spirit of
sadness."

"Yet we cannot consistently pass the
anniversary of so grand an occasion
without a public recognition of the
goodness of God in leading the Pio-
neers of this region to a resting place
in these beautiful valleys. And while
engaged in these exercises, we can but
look up to Him with full expectation
and faith that, in His own due time,
He will work out a new and signal
deliverance for His people."

At 10:30 a. m., Superintendent John C.
Cutler called the congregation to order,
and the Sunday School children, under
the conductorship of Brother Thomas
McIntyre, sang:

MARCHING HOMEWARD.

We're marching on to glory,
We're working for our crown;
We'll make our armor brighter,
And never lay it down.

CHORUS:

We're marching, marching homeward
To that bright land afar;
We work for life eternal,
It is our guiding star.

Then, day by day we're marching.
To heaven we are bound;
Each good act brings us nearer
That home where we'll be crowned.

Then, with ransomed children
That throng the stately throne,
We'll praise our Lord and Savior,
His power and mercy own.

The opening prayer was offered by
Bishop Millen Atwood, one of the
Pioneers.

The Sunday School children sang:

BEAUTIFUL ZION.

Beautiful Zion, built above,
Beautiful city that I love;
Beautiful gates of pearl and white;
Beautiful temple—God is light.
He who was slain on Calvary,
Opens those heavenly gates to me.
Zion, Zion, lovely Zion,
Beautiful Zion, city of our God.

Beautiful heaven, where all is light;
Beautiful angels, clothed in white;
Beautiful strains that never tire;
Beautiful harps thro' all the choir.
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshipping at the Savior's feet.
Zion, Zion, lovely Zion,
Beautiful Zion, city of our God.

Beautiful crowns on every brow;
Beautiful palms the conquerors show;
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear;
Beautiful all who enter there.
Thither I press with eager feet—
There shall my rest be long and sweet.
Zion, Zion, lovely Zion,
Beautiful Zion, city of our God.

"Passing Under the Rod" was played
by the Sunday School Union Brass
Band.

Bishop Orson F. Whitney made the
following

PIONEER ADDRESS.

My Brethren and Sisters:—In address-
ing a few words to this vast congrega-
tion, I shall not attempt to dazzle your
minds by a display of oratory. Even
were it in my power I should not deem
it proper on this occasion. I prefer
rather, to have my words remembered
and made use of, to have them under-
stood by all, and sink, like good seed
upon fertile soil, into the hearts of my

hearers, to bring forth the fruits of life
and salvation under the blessing of
God's Holy Spirit, to His name's honor
and glory.

Among the noblest heroes and hero-
ines whom history has made immortal,
are those brave men and women who
have, in indifferent ages of the world,
refused to surrender their sacred con-
victions and be untrue to the dictates
of their consciences—the voice of God
in the human heart—and have left
home and country, often despoiled of
their possessions, and have taken their
lives in their hands, bid adieu to their
native land, with all the associations
and ties of kindred and affection, and
have gone forth to seek out a new land
where they might enjoy the rights of
conscience unmolested, and worship
the God of their fathers in His own
appointed way. Such were the chil-
dren of Israel in ancient times, who,
led by the Prophet Moses, shook off
the shackles of Egyptian bondage and
went forth into the wilderness to
worship God according to His com-
mand. Such, also, were the pilgrims
of New England who, in the seven-
teenth century of the Christian era,
fled from the tyranny of the Old World
and planted themselves on the western
shores of the Atlantic; where, with
their descendants, they were instru-
mental in the hands of Providence in
establishing the great government un-
der which we are now living; in found-
ing a nation whose broad wings of
protection overshadowed the oppressed,
the trampled on and distressed of all
nations, and which, furnishes an
asylum, a place of refuge for the weary
exiles of every land. Such, also, were
the pioneers of Utah who, nine and
thirty years ago, emerged from yonder
mountain gorge, into this then silent
and desert valley, and lifted the ensign
of liberty, the flag of our country, and
unfurled its glorious folds from the
summit of yon lofty peak.

Living, as we do, amid the results of
their labors, plucking the fruit from
the tree of their planting, crossing
with safety and in ease the chasms
they bridged, and rejoicing even in the
midst of sorrow, in the blessings be-
queathed by heaven as the reward of
their courage and industry, we can
only conceive to a very limited extent
the greatness of their toils and sacri-
fices—sacrifices made willingly, and
labors that were patiently performed
from year to year, that we, their chil-
dren, and posterity in general might
enjoy the rich blessings which their
valor, their self-denial and industry
have handed down to us. Utah to-day
is the garden of the interior west.
Thirty-nine years ago it was a wilder-
ness, a desolation, scorched by the sun
and trodden by the roving red man,
whose food consisted in part of wild
roots dug from the ground, reptiles
that crawled and hissed and rattled
among the hot rocks of the plain, and
the crickets and grasshoppers that
noisily chirped upon the mountain
sides. Their music was the scream
of eagles, the melancholy howl of the
wolf and the coyote, the voice of
the distant torrent mingling with the
twitter of the mountain bird. Then it
was the heart of the Great American
desert; now it blooms with orchards,
farms and vineyards, is dotted with
cities and hamlets, the homes of a
peaceful, prosperous, and (were it not
that the cruel hand of persecution has
fastened upon their throats) a happy
people. We can not realize, I say, the
greatness of the labors and sacrifices
that were necessary to cause this wil-
derness to bloom, as it now does like
the garden of the Lord; we cannot
conceive of the toils and trials through
which our fathers and mothers passed
in order to establish in this chosen
land their children's feet, and perpe-
tuate those glorious principles
which are destined to redeem and
happily the world. When the pioneers
approached this desolate valley they
were met by an old mountaineer,
Colonel Bridger, who, on learning of
their intention to settle in the valley of
the Great Salt Lake, exclaimed in
tones of mingled pity and derision, "I
will give a thousand dollars for the
first bushel of wheat you raise in that
valley." This will serve to show, in
spite of the envious detractions of
small-souled bigots who fain would
lessen the glory of the pioneers, and the
honor due to that God who so signal-
ly preserved and miraculously deliv-
ered them, the amount of labor, cour-
age and perseverance necessary to re-
deem this desert land and make it
blossom in its present fragrance and
beauty.

And who were those pioneers, those
founders of Utah, whose children and
associates I have the honor of ad-
dressing? They were exiles for con-
science' sake, banished from the con-
fines of civilization, driven forth from a
land of Christian churches by mobs
led on and inspired by Christian
priests, for daring to have opinions of
their own and worship in their own
way the God of their fathers in a land
of religious liberty; thrust forth from
the homes their industry had won,
compelled to cross the frozen Missis-
sippi on the ice in the month of February,
leaving their bloody footprints on the
ice of the river and upon its frozen
shores. Starving and naked, stripped
of all their possessions, they refused
either to die, to become discouraged,
relinquish their sacred rights, or to
lose for one moment, their faith in
their sublime and glorious destiny.
Leaving their burning cities and ravaged
fields in the hands of their merciless
oppressors, with their wives and little
ones clustered around them, dying by
scores as the result of the inhuman
treatment to which they had been sub-
jected, they drew their shattered rem-
nants out upon the bleak and trackless

prairie. A journey of 1,500 miles, over
frozen rivers and barren plains, a jour-
ney marked mile after mile by the
graves of their aged parents, their deli-
cate wives and tender little ones,
brought them to the Rocky Mountains,
and on the Twenty-fourth of July,
1847, thirty-nine years ago this day,
their wagons rolled down yonder
slope and encamped upon this silent
plain.

I would have these children remem-
ber the works of their noble fathers
and heroic mothers. I would have them
remember the lineage through which
they have come, and strive before God
and the world to be worthy of that line-
age. Descended from Israel of old, who
shook off the bondage of Egypt, prefer-
ring the wilderness, with its freedom,
to civilization with its chains; the
children, too, many of them, of the
pilgrims who came across the mighty
deep from the tyranny of the old
world and laid the foundation upon
this chosen land of the great govern-
ment under which we live; I
would have them remember, also,
that they are the sons and daugh-
ters of patriots, whose hearts burn
and whose blood tingles with the
spirit and genius of liberty; that their
fathers and mothers, even when driven
outcast and exiled for the sake of their
religion, the free exercise of which is
guaranteed under the Constitution of
our country, fleeing from the civiliza-
tion, which had refused to protect them
that they still remained true and loyal
to the principles of liberty. Thirty-
nine years ago day after to-morrow,
they ascended yonder peak and lifted
the ensign of freedom upon Mexican
soil, thereby signifying not only their
loyalty to the country which had thrust
them from its borders, but their deter-
mination to stand by the principles
of truth and liberty, to maintain the
palladium of equal rights, the aegis
of protection to the out-cast of all
nations.

This, my young brethren and sisters,
foreshadowed your destiny, the des-
tiny of the children of the Pioneers;
for the same great Prophet who pre-
dicted that the Latter-day Saints would
be driven westward, and become a
mighty people in the midst of the Rocky
Mountains, also declared that the time
would come when their sons and
daughters would rescue the Constitu-
tion and the flag—the glorious stars
and stripes; the day of freedom, which
symbolizes by its stars the glory and
success, and by its stripes the suffer-
ings and trials of our brave ancestors—
that the children of this people would
rescue them from the hands of traitors
and tyrants who would trample them
in the mire. Remember, therefore,
your destiny and the great things ex-
pected of you. You are not the ene-
mies of this land of liberty; you are
not the foes of freedom; you are not
traitors to your country; you are the
sons and daughters of free men and
free women, of patriots and prophets,
pilgrims and pioneers, and it devolves
upon you to be worthy of your noble
lineage, and lift the standard of liberty
and truth to all the world.

God bless you and help you to realize
this destiny in my earnest prayer,
in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

The Tabernacle Choir, rendered the
part song,

THE MIGHT WITH THE RIGHT.

May every year but draw more near
The time when strife shall cease,
And truth and love all hearts shall move
To live in joy and peace.
Now sorrow reigns and earth complains,
For folly still her power maintains.
But the day will surely come,
When the might with the right and the truth
shall be;

And come what there may to stand in the
way,
That day the world shall see.

Let good men die of truth despair,
Though humble efforts fail;
Oh! give not o'er until once more
The righteous cause prevail.
In vain, and long enduring wrong,
The weak will strive against the strong,
But the day will yet appear,
When the might with the right and the truth
shall be;

And come what there may to stand in the
way,
That day the world shall see.

The "Commemoration March" was
executed in fine style by Brother
Joseph J. Daynes on the grand organ.
Mrs. Julia Silverwood and Miss A.
Vincent sang a duet, "Sunset."
Superintendent Robert R. Irvine
gave a reading, (written by Sister
Eliza R. Snow Smith, now over 80
years of age), entitled

PAST AND PRESENT.

"When the wicked rule, the people
mourn." Verily, verily, is the truth
of this saying verified in these moun-
tain vales. How strikingly appropri-
ate to our present condition, the em-
blems of sorrow and mourning, in the
celebration of this auspicious day—the
opening day when this American Des-
ert, which had slept for many ages and
generations, was awakened from its
deadly slumber to be robed in all the
beauty and loveliness of cultivated
nature, produced by the hand of ardu-
ous toil, of a people peeled and driven.
But God was with us, and His bless-
ing gave efficacy to the labor of our
hands.

"The country which banished us is
the land of my birth, and the time
has been when I was proud to call it
my own. Then it was a beacon of
light to nations afar—an asylum for
the homeless and the oppressed of all
peoples. Then its statesmen were men
with souls—not greedy for gain, but
devoted to the interests of humanity,
and holding national honor dearer
than life. Then its courts—its seats of

justice and Congress halls were recep-
tacles of trust, honor, and confidence.
Civil and religious liberty were guar-
anteed to all, and bequeathed to com-
ing generations by the sacred and glo-
rious Constitution inspired by the
Almighty.

"Such was my country, and then
my heart swelled with pride that I was
an American citizen. But now, alas!
I am forced to exclaim, "How are
the mighty fallen!" Where are the
Washingtons, the Adamses, and the
Jeffersons of the other day? Beneath
our sheltering flag, Joseph Smith, my
beloved husband, the choice of my
heart, and the crown of my life—a
Prophet of the living God, and by
Him appointed to open the last dispen-
sation—an innocent man, guilty of no
crime, was cruelly assassinated in
Carthage, Illinois, while under the
plighted protection of the governor of
that State. And now his blood and
that of his brother Hyrum, who was
murdered at the same time, cries for
vengeance from the ground. The
mantle of protection was thrown
around the assassins, the foul perpe-
trators of that horrid deed, and not one
move has been made to bring them
to justice, and that crime now rests on
our national escutcheon.

"But God did not look with indiffer-
ence on that atrocious deed, and He
does not forget its perpetrators—as far
as known, not one of them has died a
natural death. The horrid wail has
been wafted on the breeze of maggots
holding carnivals in their flesh, until,
although in horrible fear of what
awaited them beyond, they earnestly
prayed for death. God, the avenger
of unrepented guilt, will surely
mete out justice in His own time. Jus-
tice will claim its own.

"In these once peaceful, happy vales,
where from every saintly dwelling the
songs of praise and thanksgiving as-
cended on the morning and evening
breeze, when the right to worship God
according to the dictates of conscience
was unrestrained, when domestic peace
and happiness were unmolested, this
ever memorable day was crowned
with gaiety, innocent mirth, rejoicing
and thanksgiving. Fathers and
mothers, parents and children were
happy in each others' society. Now,
where are the fathers? Some of them,
to evade the merciless hand of perse-
cution, are voluntary exiles in foreign
countries. Many of them are wasting
their time and energies in the dreary
confinement of loathsome prisons in
our own land—a land of boasted freedom
and equal rights.

"Our leaders, whose genial pres-
ence was wont to cheer us, and whose
wise counsels, emanations from God,
were as the Polar Star, are no longer
in our midst—wives and children are
left without their natural protectors;
and all this for conscience' sake. The
blessings of home, "sweet home," the
foundation of all national greatness,
and the grand incentive to all that is
desirable, elevating, and ennobling in
human life, are now being wrested
from us by unscrupulous govern-
ment officials. The very people who
opened up a path in the desert—who,
by unparalleled toil and privation,
have, through the blessing of God,
made this, the once dreary and deso-
late region, to blossom as the rose, un-
til it has excited the envy and greed of
the spoilers of our peace and prosper-
ity, are now being robbed of those
constitutional rights and liberties
guaranteed to American citizens by
our forefathers.

"In my lone widowhood I have had
one dear brother—one of my father's
family, with whom I have often taken
sweet counsel. Where is he now?
Imprisoned in prison—like a felon
confined within grating bars, and clad
in a felon's suit. What has he done?
He has held sacred and inviolate all
constitutional laws of our country,
and the unconstitutional one he has
fully obeyed. Then why in prison?
Persecution has driven him there.
The highest judicial court in these so-
called United States—the court of last
resort, to which he appealed, acknowl-
edged its imbecility—it is powerless in
meting out justice to Latter-day Saints,
and my brother has no alternative.

"Under the circumstances which
now surround us, the sable drapery—
the insignia of mourning, becomes
the occasion."

This was followed by the children
singing,

BEAUTIFUL DAY.

The day-dawn is breaking,
The world is awaking,
The clouds of night's darkness are fleeing
away.
The world-wide commotion
From ocean to ocean
Now heralds the time of the beautiful day.

CHORUS:

Beautiful day of peace and rest,
Bright be thy dawn from east to west;
Hail to thine earliest welcome ray,
Beautiful, bright millennial day.

In many a temple
The Saints will assemble,
And labor as saviors of dear ones away;
Then happy reunion,
And sweet communion
We'll have with our friends in the beauti-
ful day.

Still let us be doing,
Our lessons reviewing,
Which God has revealed for our walk in His
way.
And then, wondrous story,
The Lord in His glory
Will come in His power in the beautiful day.