

enjoyment of peace, and in possession of freedom, the freedom of the key of the continent. Here let a tribute of gratitude ascend to the great Jehovah, who sits enthroned in the midst of His kingdoms, that He has turned our sadness into joy, our mourning into rejoicing, as it is this day. We are now surrounded with the comforts, aye, the luxuries of life, and permitted to enjoy the same in peace, safe from the midnight marauders, the bloody assassins, who so long sought our destruction and overthrow.

It has been thought by some that this people, abused, maltreated, insulted, robbed, plundered, murdered, and finally disfranchised and expatriated, would naturally feel repugnant to again unite their destiny with the American Republic, preferring rather to associate with the less refined, less enlightened, and less philanthropic, inasmuch as their superior intelligence appeared to be exercised to devise the most wanton, cruel, and dastardly means for the accomplishment of our ruin, overthrow, and utter extermination. No wonder then, that it was thought by some, that we would not again submit ourselves (even while we were yet scorned and ridiculed) to return to our allegiance to our native country. Remember, it was by the act of our country, not ours, that we were expatriated, and then consider the opportunities we had of forming other ties. Let this pass, while we lift the veil and show the policy which dictated us. That country, that constitution, those institutions were all ours; they are still ours. Our fathers were heroes of the Revolution. Under the master spirits of an Adams, a Jefferson, and a Washington, they declared and maintained their independence, and under the guidance of the spirit of truth they fulfilled their mission, whereunto they were sent from the presence of the Father. Because demagogues had arisen and seized the reins of power, should we relinquish our interest in that country made dear to us by every tie of association and consanguinity? Because of the momentary triumph of anarchy and confusion, of corruption, effeminacy, and the daring ascendancy of polluted politicians, who cannot refrain from desecrating the soil in which their fathers lie entombed, should we abandon those tombs? aye, more; their yet living representatives, and those sacred spots where our infancy learned to lisp their honored names.—Should we, for reasons such as these, wrap ourselves in the mantle of insulted rights, dignity, and pride, even though enclosing in our arms the innocent victims of treachery and blood-stained honor, and seek the overthrow of that government, of that country, of those institutions, whose only fault is the want of good and faithful administrators, who dare, in the hour of their country's peril, step forth and stem the torrent that threatens to engulf all in the wide spread vortex of anarchy and ruin. Those who have indulged such sentiments concerning us, have not read Mormonism aright; for never, no never will we desert our country's cause; never will we be found arrayed by the side of her enemies, although she herself may cherish them in her own bosom. Although she may launch forth the thunderbolts of war, which may return and spend their fury upon her own head, never! no never! will we permit the weakness of human nature to triumph over our love of country, our devotion to those institutions, handed down to us by our

honored sires, made dear by a thousand tender recollections, although we feel the strong arm of oppression, and writhe under the keen cruelty of the tyrant's rod; but rather stand aloof, while she welters under the withering curse of the Almighty Jehovah for the shedding of innocent blood; rather seek a shelter from the impending storm which no arm can stay, until she has received the full measure of the indignation of insulted innocence, the just demerit of all her crimes. Then will she consider the past; then will she see in the sad extremity to which she will be driven, the unrighteous course she has pursued towards us; then will she look to the poor defenceless Mormons whom she has murdered, persecuted, and driven; for succor.

Then will the Basin State, panoplied in the power of righteousness and truth, step forth to her country's rescue. Then will the patriotism of the saints shine forth, and the ship of State glide swiftly on in the pathway of honor and renown, emitting glory on all around, and being guided by those who are not ashamed to seek counsel from Him who is eternal, shed her beacon light to those who wander in darkness, extending her benign influence to earth's remotest bounds.

But here we are in Deseret. I congratulate you, my friends, that after having sustained ourselves in our weakness, through perils, the severest perhaps that ever has fallen to the lot of any people, that now as we have begun to gather strength and power, our great National Father has seen proper to extend his protecting care. Thanks, thanks, for the severest trial of all is yet to come, for verily in prosperity we have not hitherto been tried.

Our Territory is about being organized. Our officers are here, and if they should find that we vary in our views, in our sentiments and policy, from that to which they have been accustomed, they must remember that we have learned in the school of experience, in a school of adversity, to which we most sincerely hope that they nor us may hereafter be subjected.

We have before us the wide spread domain of public lands, rich in natural resources, flowing with cool clear rivulets, a buoyant and life inspiring atmosphere, where health invigorates, and nature's sublimity exalts.—We breathe the free pure air, drink of the free cool fountain, and cultivate the free earth in peace, and thank the Lord who hath in the abundance of His mercy vouchsafed unto us so goodly an heritage. In prosperity then we shall be tried, and happy will it be for us, if we shall have wisdom to appreciate the timely assistance of our friends to pass us through the fiery ordeal. The influence of power is great, the influence of wealth is power, but the influence of intelligence is both wealth and power, and circumscribes in its circuit all other influences, teletial, terrestrial, and celestial, social, political, or divine. Happily may we pursue our course, if divesting ourselves of our traditions, prejudices, and ignorance, we shall become the recipients of that intelligence whose fountain is God, and whose destiny is eternity.

Friends, I will close. If, in the retrospection of the past, I have adverted to incidents painful to consider, and unpleasant in themselves, and although that nation or that people may have sealed their own damnation by the stern and unrelenting hand of persecution which they have held over us, yet, I wish it

distinctly understood, that no true saints complain. They have taken joyfully the spoiling of their goods, and give glory to God for having the privilege of suffering for the cause of truth. It is the path the Savior trod, and all righteous men in all ages, and this people have ever been found equal to the emergency. The spirit of wisdom and grace has been according to their day and generation. They have sustained themselves under all circumstances, faithful to their God, and their faith, their country and themselves. And now, when the vallies of the mountains are spreading out before them the invitation to come and inhabit, may they never permit the engrossing cares of worldly interests to swerve them from the path of duty, neither to the right nor the left; but remember the Lord; who, as in the days of ancient Israel, brought us forth with a mighty hand, and an outstretched arm: unto Him be glory and honor for ever and ever, amen.

Pres't. Young then addressed the assembly in his usual interesting strain of intelligent eloquence; after which a song, by Wm. Clayton, "A Home for the Saints," was sung by Bro. John Kay.

Pres't. H. C. Kimball made some happy remarks on politics, or truth, which was his politics: when the Brass Band played one of their lively tunes.

Pres't. Willard Richards then read an oration on "There needs be an opposition in all things;" after which W. W. Phelps delivered a speech in behalf of the Regency, (as published in last paper.)

The following toast, by S. W. Richards, was given:—"The Deseret University."—A fountain of intelligence to all the world: her channels shall extend to every nation, and her streams shall never run dry. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, Come ye to the waters," &c.

Music by the Brass Band.

Toast by S. W. Richards:—"The Officers of Utah." Lovers of peace, ministers of justice, defenders of right and liberty: may the light of truth illuminate the path of their administration, and their glory be the union of a virtuous people. "Hail Columbia."

Judge Z. Snow responded in a short, but appropriate speech.

A song, "The Union," by "Homer," was sung by H. K. Whitney, E. Ellsworth, and S. H. Goddard.

The North and the South do agree,  
That union is strength to the whole;  
But mark the elections and see  
How union doth govern the poll.

The whigs with great energy cry,  
Their doctrines have long stood the test,  
The democrats give them the lie,  
Politicians say 'tis for the best.

CHORUS:—The North and the South, &c.

Let slaves in the South be set free—  
Is the cry from the Northern States;  
The union in danger must be,  
When the South the poor fugitive takes.

Anti-Renters in Matty have found  
A tool that will work to their will;  
A Benton will always be round  
To act the proud demagogue still.

A whig in the President's chair,  
The democrats watching him close;  
A Seward will also be there,  
With a slaveholder close by his nose.