

there was no alternative for Brace, but to run at him with the butt end of his gun before he could reload, so he commenced yelling like ten thousand Indians, and charged Campbell with the butt end of his musket, Campbell to save himself suddenly wheeled his horse, and plied the whip, this gave the old veteran a chance to reload, he then fired his peice and killed Campbell's horse as he was jumping over a fence, which left him hanging there, but Campbell in his terror did not know whether he was running on his feet or riding on his horse, so he ran across the country with all the power he possessed, whipping behind him, as he supposed his horse, crying, "get up or the Mormons will kill us, get up or the Mormons will kill us." So I want the first mob that rises in this country to feel, and all those who hold power and influence in the nation who by that means seek to distress and afflict the innocent, I want all such men to feel like the illustrious Campbell. I want the same terror to fall upon them that fell upon him, and the same powers of locomotion to clear out, crying, "get up or the Mormons will kill us," as he did, altho' his horse lay on the fence dead, near a mile behind him.

With these sentiments, these few ideas which are offered without having had time for studied reflection and preparation, I say may we long live on the face of the earth, and enjoy the blessings and privileges of American Independence, AMEN.

'A Gallopade,' by Captain Ballo's Band.

Hon. J. F. Kinney, Chief Justice, read a speech.

Greeted by the roaring of cannon.

[Will appear in our next.]

Major Edward P. Duzette displayed his unique performance on the bass drum, with violin accompaniments, much to the gratification and delight of the assembly.

Dr. Garland Hurt, Indian agent, delivered an extemporaneous address.

Concluded amid the applause of the assembly, and the firing of cannon.

[Will appear in our next.]

The following regular toasts were then read by the committee:—

The Declaration of American Independence—an event ever to be celebrated by the Latter Day Saints—the fruits of inspiration. S. W. R.

The Constitution of the United States:—For political wisdom and policy, among national institutions, its equal cannot be found. S. W. R.

President Franklin Pierce—may he live till his popularity is equal to his virtues; and may no future President of the United States do any more harm or less good. D. H. W.

Edinburgh Quadrilles, by Orchestral Band, very animatedly.

Music by Captain Ballo's Band.

Hon. A. W. Babbitt addressed the assembly.

Greeted by loud peals of cannon.

[Will appear in our next.]

The committee read the following toasts:—

The lamented Leonidas Shaver—the brightest star and pride of Utah's Judiciary, and favorite of her citizens. H. S. E.

The Governor of Utah—He is as he was, and as he is, so may he ever be. S. W. R.

Utah Territory—May she continue to spread and prosper until her influence is felt among all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people. E. T. D.

The United States Supreme Court—Uncle Sam expects every man to do his duty, and so do the Mormons. W. W. P.

The Territory of Utah—the hub of the great wheel of creation; 'spin away gals,' and clothe the heralds of holiness in home spun! Does that allude to polygamy?—W. W. P.

The American Eagle—May its wings cover the universe, and its down fall upon America. J. M. B.

Hon. J. M. Bernhisel, our delegate to Congress—'Twas not the whirlwind, nor the earthquake, but the still small voice, that shewed the Lord was there. Well done, good and faithful servant. W. W. P.

It was then moved and seconded that the Hon. J. M. Bernhisel be sent again to Washington as the representative of this people.—Carried by acclamation, and greeted by firing of cannon.

Deseret for ever!—Her own Governor, her own religion, her own legion, and her own 'peculiar institutions,' instead of office-hoppers, clod-hoppers, gal-hoppers, or grass-hoppers. What a day this is for a unit! W. W. P.

Liberty of conscience—the bulwark of every government. Woe to the nation that muzzles it. J. C. L.

Como Quadrilles, by the Orchestral Band.

Mr. Bernard Snow read the following, composed by himself for the occasion:—

#### AN ODE TO FREEDOM.

Freedom, thou purest gift of God to man;  
A gem of truth from heaven's eternal store,  
Dispersing errors of dark ages past!  
The richest halo of immortal light,  
And heaven-born offspring of the gr at I AM!  
To thee, this hallowed day we consecrate,  
And pay our adoration at thy shrine,  
With hearts of humble gratitude to Him  
Who kindly gave thy mission here to earth.  
Nor while we eulogize thy sacred name,  
Forget the noble hearts by thee inspired  
To fix thy banner, and thy trumpet sound,  
Ne'er awed by threats, or tyrants sternest frown.  
Their names our children's children shall revere,  
And lisping accents join them in each prayer.  
A Washington, with thee, by God inspired,  
First in our heart, and foremost in thy cause,  
With scores of comrades, honest, brave and true,  
Who pledged their fortunes, lives, thir honor, all  
To thee, are treasured in our memory.  
Thou didst triumph, though opposition howled!  
As the fierce lightning from electric clouds,  
Breaks its pent-up prison as if it scorned  
The damp and chilly vapors whence it came,  
And to the pure air wildly rushing forth  
Makes old earth tremble, and the hills resound  
With one tremendous anthem of glad praise—  
Or as the mighty thundering avalanche  
From towering heights, by gravitation driven  
Adding accelerating force each stride,  
Leaping from cliff to cliff, and chasm to chasm,  
Uprooting sturdy oaks, and low'ring pines,

That to their native bed for ages clung,  
Roaring, leaping down the rough mountain-side  
With startling, awful, and terrific power  
So was thy course! No force 'gainst thee could stand,  
For God was there, thy mission to direct!  
Old Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill,  
Will full attest the triumph of thy cause.  
Then loud and joyous acclamations rose  
From veteran heroes, and valiant sons  
Who firmly by thee stood and faced thy foes!  
Then aged mat. ons, with their daughters, raised,  
On bended knees, their orisons to heaven,  
And humble gratitude a dwelling found  
In every heart throughout the nation wide.

Then our fathers, when first in Congress met,  
Felt its sacred influence o'er them shed.  
Behold! what holy reverence filled the place;  
What fervent hearty thanks were raised to God!  
The while no sound was heard but that of prayer:  
No thought intruded on a single heart  
Of low-born, base and party schemes,  
For self-aggrandizement or worldly gain!  
No thoughts but one, and that, our country's weal!  
Then, thou wert pleased, and God's approving smile  
Was borne by angels to their quiet homes.  
Jehovah then his matchless wisdom lent  
To those that framed the instrument we love,  
The guardian of our rights, and country's pride.

But ah! how false ambition thwart thy aims  
Hath thrown its base designs for cruel ends!  
How filthy lucre, perched on chairs of state  
Has tempted demagogues to watch for gain,  
Who reckless of their country's weal or woe,  
Concoct their party schemes at thy expense!  
Where once profound deliberation sat,  
And weighed with care all matters of the State,  
Loud declamation, oft devoid of sense,  
And tinged with blackguard cant, and vulgar phrase,  
Escapes the lips of some pugnacious gent,  
Whose pugilistic powers would feign supply  
His direful lack of brain and common sense!

Also for thee! how scandalized thy name.  
Tyrants, beneath thy fair majestic cloak,  
Stalk forth at midday and assassin like  
Would pluck the pillars from thy sacred fane,  
And reckless spill the blood of thy fair sons,  
For no offence, save worshipping of God  
In deed and truth according to his word!  
The dearest rights thy constitution gives,  
Still violate, and banishment in lieu.

But thou wilt live and prosper on the earth,  
Despite of all internal powers combined,  
When kingly tyrants are dissolved to dust  
And only as the things that were, are known—  
Though hellish schemes and scandal's plots are rife,  
To counteract the end by heaven designed,  
They ne'er can prosper; and thy mission true,  
Will thrive and flourish as the Lord ordained.

Yet (to their praise and glory be it said)  
Some honest, noble hearts defend thy cause,  
That ne'er for paltry gain will turn aside,  
Or lend an ear to selfish party bawl;  
But like the proud and stately ship on sail,  
Have kept their forward course in spite of tide  
Or howling storms, that threaten'd to devour—  
Or like the majestic engine o'er its track  
Of iron, firm unyielding to its tread,  
Now leaving far behind its steam and smoke  
As only fit for sport of idle winds,  
With course defined e'er makes the best of time,  
With inward power of elements combined,  
To reach its far off port and distant goal—  
So they, with minds on honest virtue bent,  
Confer a lasting honor on thy name,

And win the hearts of all thy loyal sons!  
'Tis such a one we sadly miss this day;  
Whose voice with ours was wont to speak thy praise,  
And censure wrong, from whate'er source it came.  
That voice is hushed! and death of thee has robbed  
A valiant son, a gem of matchless price;  
A true, impartial, virtuous, honest man,  
The fairest, "noblest workmanship of God!"  
Long will remembrance of his honor live  
In every heart among the faithful Saints.

Meanwhile thy work with power will still advance—  
The soil so well prepared and till'd by thee,  
Receptacle of that small mustard seed,  
(Than which, no one is scarcely more minute,  
Hath yielded of its nourishment and strength:  
The germ hath quickened and taken lively root,  
And forth the widely spreading branches came,  
Peering heavenward, luxuriant in growth;  
And though by the indignant trampled on,  
And oft the butt of ridicule and scorn,  
Still gains new strength by each opposing scheme;  
Grows, flourishes, and thrives amid them all!  
Already does its cooling shade invite  
The way-worn, weary passengers of air,  
Who gladly 'neath its shelter take their rest,  
To sing of thee, and praise thy holy work!  
Still methinks through vistas of time unborn,  
By faith and shadowy vision, I behold  
The eagle, proud ensign of thy day's dawn,  
Weary by flight in search of wonted rest,  
Or cooling shade where once she welcome found,  
Turn from the pale and with'ring scene of death,  
With one loud doleful cry, and spread her wings  
For a more genial clime in which to bathe;  
When from her lofty height she spies below  
The mustard's cooling shade, and hies to taste  
Its fragrance, with emotions of delight!  
She finds it equal to her soul's desire,  
And joyously PROCLAIMS HERSELF AT HOME.

Greeted by the firing of cannon.

Yankee Doodle, by the Martial Band.

The following was then pronounced:—

#### BENEDICTION BY ELDER W. WOODRUFF.

O God our eternal father; we offer the gratitude of our hearts in thanksgivings and praise unto thy holy name, for the blessings we have enjoyed this day, and for the blessings we have enjoyed during all the days of our lives, and we ask thee, our Father in heaven, that we may ever be filled with gratitude, and thanksgiving, and with obedience to thy laws and commandments. We thank thee for the Constitution of the United States

and receive it as a great legacy, and as a precious boon bestowed upon us from thee, through our fathers.

We pray that thy blessing may rest upon all the children of men who dwell upon this continent, in that manner, and in that measure, to maintain inviolate the principles set forth in the Constitution of the United States; that we, and our posterity to the latest generation, may enjoy continually that freedom and liberty guaranteed unto us; and may its influence and power spread upon all the earth, until the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ; until every man, woman, and child upon the whole earth shall bow the knee, and acknowledge Jesus the Christ, the son of the living God.

We acknowledge thy hand in the blessings we enjoy, and in leading us to these distant vallies, we know that thy Spirit—the Spirit of Wisdom—governed thy servants in leading us here, and that the same Spirit has been manifested in the government, control, direction, and counseling of this people up to this time.

May these blessings continue with us, and may we ever be thankful, and humble, and never be ashamed to bow the knee to thee, and acknowledge thy hand in all things, in every blessing we enjoy, and in every duty we are called to fulfil throughout our lives.

Let thy peace go with us to our habitations, and may thy spirit dwell in our hearts, and in the hearts of those who dwell with us, that we may revere thy name, keep thy commandments, overcome the world, and be saved in the kingdom of our God; which favors we ask in the name of Jesus Christ, AMEN.

A Governor's salute was fired while the assembly were dispersing.

At sunset, firing of cannon; flags lowered.

The impromptu speeches and prayers were reported by Messrs. Watt and Long.

Thus passed off the 79th anniversary of American independence in Great Salt Lake City—a day long to be remembered by her patriotic and loyal citizens. No jar, nor accident occurred to mar the harmony of the day.

ROBT. L. CAMPBELL,  
Reporter for the day.

It was designed to print all that pertained to the celebration on the 4th in this number, but the manuscript of the speeches deferred until our next did not come to hand in season.—[Ed.]

EARTHQUAKE IN SIMODA.—The exchange of the ratifications of the treaty between the United States and Japan, was made on the 21st day of February, and we sailed on the 22d.

The island of Nippon, in which Simoda is situated, was visited on the 23d of December by a severe earthquake, which was most disastrous in its effects. The city of Oloosca, one of the largest in the empire, was completely laid waste. Jeddo itself suffered considerably, but has since suffered more seriously from the effects of an extensive conflagration. The town of Simoda, on our arrival, presented a complete scene of desolation and ruin.

After the shock of the earthquake the sea commenced bubbling up as it were along the shore, and then receded with great rapidity, and as soon returned with such increased volume, as to flood the whole town to the depth of six or seven feet, sweeping away houses, bridges, and temples, and piling them up in a mass of ruin.

Five times during the day did the sea advance and recede in this manner, spreading desolation far and wide. The largest junks in the harbor were driven from one to two miles above high-water mark, where we saw them lying high and dry. About two hundred of the poor inhabitants lost their lives by the overflow, the remainder saving themselves by fleeing to the mountains with which the town is surrounded.

The Russian frigate Diana was lying in the harbor at the time, engaged in finishing up the treaty they had made with the Japanese.

Immediately after the shock was felt, the water in the harbor became convulsed to such a degree in eddies and whirlpools, that in the space of thirty minutes, she swung entirely round forty-three times, twisting her chains up into knots; so rapid was the motion that the people on board could not keep their feet, and all were made giddy. When the sea receded it left the frigate in 8 feet water on her side, when her usual draft was over 21 feet. On its return, it is stated, the water rose five fathoms above its ordinary level.

On its again receding, four feet only of water remained, so that they saw the stocks of their anchor above water. The heaving of the bottom of the bay was then so violent that the frigate—although, as I said, in only four feet of water—was moved bodily past her anchor. The officers momentarily expected that the bay would become the outlet of the subterranean fires, and that they would become engulfed in it. When the frigate again floated they saw her keel and rudder, which had been wrenched off, floating alongside her, and the ship filling with water. By getting sails under her they managed to keep her afloat, and the next day, things having got quiet once more, they hauled her off into deeper water. Occasional shocks of earthquake still continued to be felt, but none were attended with serious consequences.

ICE A CARRIER.—In the lapse of centuries the ice of the Baltic has modified to no unimportant extent its geological condition. In the northern parts of the sea, where the water is least saline, the surface is frozen to the depth of five or six feet. Huge stones at the bottom, and the dislocated tops of rocks, are hence imbedded in the congealed mass. Thus grasped by the strong hand of winter, they are raised up when the water rises in spring from the melting of the snow, and borne off by floating ice islands, to be finally lodged in a different site.

In a similar manner, fragments upon the surface of the ice, detached from cliffs alongshore, undergo change of place. There are some curious

and well-authenticated instances of this transporting process.

Professor Von Baer, in a communication to the Academy of St. Petersburg, mentions a block of granite, weighing a million of pounds, which was carried by ice, during the winter of 1837-8, from Finland to the island of Hogland; and two other blocks were removed by packed ice on the south coast of Finland, about the years 1806 and 1814, according to the testimony of the pilots and inhabitants.

At Memei, in 1821, when the Niemen broke up, a mass of ice descended the stream and was thrown ashore, bearing in its bosom a triangular piece of granite, about a yard in diameter, resembling the red granite of Finland.

A more singular and kindred circumstance is related by Dr. Forchhammer, of Copenhagen. "In the year 1807, he states, 'at the time of the bombardment of the Danish fleet, an English sloop of war, riding at anchor in the roads at Copenhagen, blew up. In 1844, or thirty-seven years afterwards, one of our divers, known to be a trustworthy man, went down to save whatever might yet remain in the shipwrecked vessel. He found the space between decks entire, but covered with blocks from six to eight cubic feet in size, and some of them heaped one upon the other. He also affirmed that all the sunk ships which he had visited in the sound were in like manner strewn over with blocks.'"

A BISHOP'S PAY AND PERQUISITES.—The Bishop of Durham is in embarrassed circumstances, poor man. His income having been reduced to about \$40,000 per annum (it was reduced formerly about \$120,000), he finds himself in a state of pitiable destitution, and has applied to the ecclesiastical commissioners for an additional \$5,000 a year or so to pay his "game-keepers" and "watchers on the moors," and keep his lawns—not the lawn he wears, but the lawns around his palace—in apple-pie order. The commissioners decline to make the extra allowance, the more especially as the worthy "Lord Spiritual" has already overdrawn his account some \$350,000 since his salary was cut down; or rather, has retained that amount instead of paying it over like an honest prelate. In the diocese of Durham there are dozens of poor curates with wives and families to support, who do not receive £50 sterling per annum; and yet the bishop, in his schedule of extras, put down the annual wages of one gamekeeper at £101 6d., and of another at £58 6s. 6d. Saving his lordship's game, therefore, is considered a more valuable and important service than saving the souls of his lordship's flock. The estimation in which his lordship holds carnal luxuries, as compared with things spiritual, is also manifested in another part of his "little bill." He puts down the expenses of his parks at £1,001, but modestly charges only £15 for those of his chapel! That blessed institution known as the "Church of England," is based upon a system of the most monstrous inequalities. If the piety and good works of its humble clergy did not set off the ungodly rapacity of its hierarchs, it would be in peril of the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah.—[Chronicle and Sentinel.]

NULLIFICATION CARRIED OUT IN MASSACHUSETTS.—A special dispatch from New York, of yesterday's date, announces that Gov. Gardner, of Massachusetts, has put his veto upon the Personal Liberty Bill, but that both branches of the General Court, as the Legislature is termed in that State, then passed it over the veto.

And so ends the career of Massachusetts in the Union. For all practical purposes, she is out of it; for, if one law may be nullified, so may all others be nullified, and all allegiance to the Union be thrown off. When Nullification was rampant in South Carolina, Webster, the defender of the Constitution, went to the assistance of Jackson, and the heresy was put down. But treason to the Union has grown stronger since that time in every Free State, and finds a place in Congress, in the Legislative Halls, in the Pulpit, and the Press, and wherever fanaticism has been able to extend itself.

Unluckily, too, for the country, it happens that there are no Websters, no Jacksons, no Clays, no Livingstons, to uphold the Constitution of the country, but treason overrides every thing else in New England and the Free States. Let the example of Massachusetts be followed, and we shall soon have a virtual dissolution of the Union; for no slave State will acquiesce in such treasonable laws as have been passed by the Legislature of Massachusetts.—[Missouri Republican of May 25.]

JESUITISM AND GREAT INTELLECT.—The Jesuits have been in existence three hundred years; they have had their pick of the choicest intellect of all Europe—they never take a common man when they know it; they subject every pupil to a severe ordeal, intellectual and physical, as well as moral, in order to ascertain whether he has the required stuff in him to make a strong Jesuit out of. They have a scheme of education masterly in its way. But there has not been a single great original man produced in the company of Jesuits from 1545 to 1854. They absorb talent enough, but they strangle it. Clipped oaks never grow large.—Prune the roots of a tree with a spade, prune the branches close to the bole, what becomes of the tree? The bole itself remains thin, and scant and slender. Can a man be a conventional dwarf and a natural giant at the same time? Cope your little boy's limbs in metal, would they grow? Plant a chestnut in a tea cup, do you get a tree? Not a shrub even. Put a priest, or a priest's creed, as the only soil for a man to grow in; he grows not. The great God provided the mode of operation—do you suppose He will turn aside and mend or mar the universe at your or my request? I think God will do no such thing.—[Theodore Parker.]

He submits to be seen through a microscope who suffers himself to be caught in a fit of passion.—[Lavater.]