

# DESERET NEWS.

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G. S. L. CITY, DESERET, AUG. 19. 1851.

VOL. I. -- NO. 39

## THE CELEBRATION OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH OF JULY, 1851, IN G. S. L. CITY.

The day broke in upon the citizens of Great Salt Lake City, with the firing of three rounds of cannon, and the swelling tones of the Nauvoo Brass Band moving in majesty through our streets in their Mammoth Carriage, and serenading the citizens with its soul cheering airs. The morning shone forth with its usual levelness and splendor. At 7 o'clock, one round of the cannon was fired; when the city assumed a living moving mass, directing their course to the Bowery, and prior to the time of forming the escort, both within and around the spacious building concentrated the beauty, elegance, and strength of the Bee-Hive State, and all bespoke the annual return of the day of a people's rest, and exhibited a great grand phalanx of the mightiest men and the loveliest women, with their families, that ever assembled for such an occasion.

On the Temple Ground, north-east of the Bowery, and on a liberty pole pointing heavenward, was spread above us by the gentle zephyrs, the stars, stripes, and State arms of the large Deseret flag; and banners were hoisting by the different companies preparing themselves for the parade.

The companies were organized in the Bowery, and at 8 o'clock the escort was formed for parade, in the following order:—The Nauvoo Brass Band, with their flag; Military Band; the Pioneers, with a banner representing their crossing the Platte, having for its motto, "Blessings follow sacrifice;" and each Pioneer bearing an emblem of his calling, which was necessary for them in making a new settlement; the Regents of the University, carrying each a book, with their flag, inscription, "All truth;" company of 24 Aged Fathers, flag, motto, "Heroes of '76." 24 Boys, uniformed, white pants and straw colored roundabouts, straw hats and blue sashes, banner, "Hope of Israel;" 24 Mothers in Israel, with banner, motto, "Our children are our glory;" 24 Young Girls, dressed in white, pink scarfs, with banner, motto, "Virtue dwells in Zion;" 24 Young Men, black coats, white pants, and red sash, bearing a banner, with inscription, "Lion of the Lord;" 24 Young Ladies, dressed in white, with wreaths of roses on their heads, blue scarfs, and bearing a banner, "Hail to our Chieftain;" the Stripes and Stars of the United States; Brigham Young, H. C. Kimball, W. Richards, John Smith, Patriarch, Dr. J. M. Bernhisel, Mr. Harris, Secretary of Territory, Judge Brandebury, Judge Z. Snow, Mr. Rose, Sub-Indian agent; 24 Bishops, dressed in uniform, each bearing a flag, with some appropriate device.

The escorted party were received with the cheering of the Band, and a continued roaring of cannon, until all the escort were seated in the Bowery.

The audience was called to order by Elder J. M. Grant; prayer by Elder N. H. Felt.

"O come, come to-day," was sung by Messrs. Kay, Bullock, Goddard, and Ellsworth.

D. H. Wells then rose and delivered the following

### ORATION.

FRIENDS AND BRETHREN:—Again has our national jubilee arrived, laden with the rich fruits of peace and industry, the summer harvest, and greeting of our friends and brethren, gathering home into the vallies of the mountains. Where, four years ago this day, was only heard the chirping of the cricket, the howling of the wolf, and the yell of the Indian; now the hum of industry and the voice of gladness have broken the spell; the silence of the eternal hills has departed, and the roaring of the cataract responds to the clattering mill. The past! the past!! the history of the past rushes upon the mind with the remembrance of who we are, and from whence we came; that like the mighty oak which has withstood the tornado of the Torrid Zone, dares to lift its head and behold the devastation spread around, we jostle each other to know that we are awake, and have recourse to the mirror to know that it is us.

Let us look into the mirror of the past.

In the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty, on the sixth day of April, the Church of Jesus Christ was organized at Manchester, Ontario county, New York, and consisted of six members.

Soon after this, they moved to Kirtland, Ohio, where, in the midst of opposition and bitter persecution, they continued to grow and increase, and proved that truth is mighty and powerful.

In 1834 the church removed in what was called the camp of Zion, into the State of Missouri.

In the winter of 1838-39, the church was expelled from the State of Missouri, by a murderous mob, under the exterminating order of Governor Lilburn W. Boggs.

In the year 1844, on the 27th day of June, the mob of Illinois murdered in cold blood, the Prophet Joseph and Patriarch Hyrum Smith, while confined in jail, under the guaranty of safety, and pledge of the Governor of Illinois, Thomas Ford.

In the fall of 1845, after permitting the mob to go on burning the houses of the saints for ten days, without raising a hand to defend themselves, the church ventured to interpose the strong arm of power, the mob were dispersed, and in consequence thereof, the church were compelled, in order to save themselves from impending destruction, to treat for their safety, by flight into the wilderness.

In the following winter and spring of 1846, the church, in accordance with the provisions of said treaty, left their homes, and in the most inclement season of the year, amid storms of snow, with their families, crossed the ice of the Mississippi, and pursued their journey westward, not knowing where or when they should find a resting place.

In the same spring, while upon this toilsome march, the Government of the United States required a battalion of five hundred men, to leave their families in this precarious situation, without money, provisions, or friend, other than the God whom they serve,

to perform a campaign of over TWO THOUSAND MILES on foot, across trackless deserts and burning plains, to fight the battles of their country; even that country which had afforded them no protection from the ruthless ruffians who had plundered them of their property, robbed them of their rights, way-laid them in their peaceful habitations, and murdered them while under the safe-guards of their pledged faith. That country that could have the BARBARITY, under such peculiar circumstances, to make such a requirement, could have no other object in view than to finish, by utter extermination, the work which had so ruthlessly begun.

The battalion marched. The residue of the camp, in poverty, sickness, and death, remained in hovels, sheds, and wagons, on the banks of the Missouri.

While away upon this campaign, with scarcely a prospect of ever returning to the bosom of their families, or if they should happen to live to return, perhaps it would be only to find their families mouldering in an early grave,—while thus away, the remnant, who, through poverty, had not been able to go away, were descended upon by the infuriated mob, who, thirsting for the blood of the saints, were determined to slay them, rather than give them a chance to get away. The wives, sisters, and children of the battalion were thus mobbed, plundered, and driven, while they were in the service of the United States.

In the spring of 1847, one hundred and forty-three men left the camp on Missouri's dark and turbid waters, to find a place where a settlement could be made, where the church could rest in peace. They arrived in the valley of the Great Salt Lake, on the 24th day of July, 1847, selected a location, broke ground, built a fort, put in seed, and returned to their families the same season; and the spring of the next ensuing year, 1848, found them, together with their families, on their way to their new location.

So much for history; and what a history, to have transpired in a land of light and liberty, of enlightened freedom, celebrated for its intelligence, its benovelent institutions, general diffusion of knowledge, and just and equitable administration of justice.

Among all the anniversaries that might be celebrated, that the memory dwells upon, with peculiar feelings of interest, of recollections dire, and deep fraught with every emotion to which the human heart is susceptible, this the 24th day of July, the anniversary of the arrival of the Pioneers in this valley, has been selected as the dawning of a brighter day, as an era in the history of this people, upon which turned the axis of their destiny.

Of the energy, perseverance, tact, endurance, sacrifices requisite for the accomplishment of such a task, I leave to be pictured forth by abler minds. I also leave the history of the past, which treads upon the memory like the dying moans of the stormy canopy, still vivid with the lightning's glare, and usher in the happy present, which, like the calm summer of content, crowns our hearts with smiles, of beauty redolent with the rich fragrance of the summer harvest, the quiet

*Isaac Morley*