

# CELEBRATION OF THE TWENTY FOURTH OF JULY, 1856, IN THE TOPS OF THE MOUNTAINS.

On the morning of the 23rd, Prests. Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and Jedediah M. Grant and many citizens from Great Salt Lake City and surrounding country, with wives and children, entered the mouth of Big Cottonwood canyon, on their way to the head-waters of that stream, to spend the ninth anniversary of the entrance of the Pioneers into the Valley of Great Salt Lake.

It would be folly in me to attempt a description of the wild grandeur of the scenery, whose precipitous crags and towering peaks now found the beholder in their vast and rugged spell, and at other points draped their huge proportions with the rich beauties of the vegetable kingdom, from the lowly plant to the giant pine, until word-painting is at fault and even the pencil of the most skilful artist would fail in giving a faithful delineation.

In the year 1852, the legislature of the Territory of Utah granted to Joseph Young and others a charter to this canyon, and the company built a mill a short distance above its mouth, which has since been taken down.

President Brigham Young and others bought the claims and improvements of the chartered company, and in the fall of 1854 began to make roads and build mills. They now have three excellent saw mills in operation, which have already cut over eight hundred thousand feet of lumber.

I could but remark the appropriation of the motto on a flag, floating over the third mill, "Industry Rewarded." Opposite this mill is a large double log building, I should think 40 feet long by 20 wide, and over it we observed a flag with the motto, "Our Mountain Home."

There is a blacksmith's shop at the second mill, and at all the mills there are comfortable and commodious log buildings for the accommodation of the workmen and their families.

The company now occupying the canyon is styled "The Big Cottonwood Lumber Company." To properly appreciate the vast amount of labor they have expended in building mills and houses, and in making roads to the head of the canyon, a work previously pronounced impossible by many experienced men, one must pass over the road, located and worked with the best judgment and skill of any in the mountains, and see for himself.

The company design to build five more mills at different points, from which the timber in the main and numerous side canyons will be easily accessible.

All who passed up the canyon were requested to show their tickets at the gate close by the first mill.

[Invitation Ticket.]

"PIC-NIC PARTY AT THE HEADWATERS OF BIG COTTONWOOD.



PRES. BRIGHAM YOUNG respectfully invites and family to attend a Pic-Nic Party at the Lake in Big Cottonwood Canyon, on

Thursday, 24th of July.

You will be required to start from the city very early on Wednesday morning, as no one will be permitted, after 2 o'clock, p.m., of the 23d, to pass the first mill, about four miles up the canyon.

All persons are forbidden to make or kindle fires at any place in the canyon, except on the camp ground.

G. S. L. City, July 18, 1856."

After traveling up the canyon some 10 miles in an easterly direction, the road turns to about S. E. by S., the canyon opens, the bluffs are less rugged, having their slopes densely clothed with pine, and in about 7 miles you reach an open and nearly level area containing from three to four hundred acres, and surrounded with lofty mountains, many of them covered with timber almost to their summits.

This lovely spot is adorned with beautiful copes of pine, fringes and clumps of willows, clear grassy patches, two low rocky ridges, sprinkled with immense blocks of granite, and a small clear lake, covering about 40 acres, on its west border, which is fed by one of the two small streams that heighten the enchantment by their meanderings.

The Lumber Company have been at considerable expense, expressly for the occasion, in making about five miles of road, above their upper cabin, passable for carriages, in building two rafts for excursions upon the lake and angling for the numerous trout in its waters, and building a bowery 40 feet by 24, comfortably provided with floor and seats.

The camp ground was located on a fairy like spot, overlooking the surrounding meadows and lake. The bowery, Prest. Young's marquee and Prest. Kimball's tent occupied an open space amid the small copes of pine, while the numerous carriages were conveniently grouped around. A massive granite rock, 54 feet in circumference by 4 feet high, stood at the entrance to this lovely spot; from the center of this rock, and apparently without earth to sustain them, grew three pine trees, which were fringed round at the top of the rock with a thick cluster of young pines about two feet high. A large flag was suspended from these trees bearing the motto, "Clear the Way," with the all-seeing eye in an oval in the upper margin, above two clasped hands, under which, inscribed upon a scroll, were the words, "Bless-

ings follow Sacrifices;" a representation of the upper crossing of the North Fork of the Platte, with the Pioneer company upon both banks and crossing upon rafts, occupies the center, "The Pioneers of 1847 at the upper crossing of the Platte, in pursuit of the Valleys of the Mountains," fills the lower margin.

A little further to the right, and near the N. W. corner of the bowery, is a stately pine from which floated several flags, among them, and near the top of the tree, was a small one bearing the representation of an old gentleman seated between two bags of money; the one on his left very large, resting on a marble stand, and marked with bold letters, "Oregon;" with the old gentleman's hand resting upon it; in his right hand, between his thumb and fore finger, he held a small bag marked, "Utah;" motto, "Uncle's Justice to Utah."

A little lower down another flag had the representation of a bundle of sticks bound together with strong cords, and the inscription "United we are one."

Beneath that was another representing a hand holding a scroll unfolded, on which is the inscription, "The Constitution of the United States, Equal Rights, to its violators." Then came "The Clerks' Own, 4-4 to the friends of the Union, no 1-4 to its enemies."

From the front of the bowery hung three flags, the first having the representation of a rock in the midst of the ocean, with a flag floating from its summit and bearing the inscription, "The Constitution of the United States," and having inscribed over it, "The Mormons defend the rock, who can prevail against it?"

The second flag had the picture of a lion with one paw upon a rock, above which is the inscription, "Utah Courage," and underneath, "The spirit of 76 is not dead."

The third had the representation of a lion standing, a lamb laying beside him, and the inscription, "Peace reigns here."

At the head of the bowery is a large pine one hundred feet high, to the top of which br. John Bagley, assisted by Patriarch John Smith, son of Hyrum Smith, who was martyred for his religion in Carthage jail, fastened the flag of the United States.

Nature seems to have exerted herself to outvie art, in forming this enchantingly beautiful place. The trees grew in pyramidal groups with thick foliage, each group fringed with small pines some two feet high, back of which gradually rose other trees gently leading the sight to the lofty tops of the center. Every heart that could feel, every mind that could appreciate the skilful blending of the sublime and picturesque, and realize the deep silent peace that all nature seemed bathed in, could not entertain an angry thought, a jealous feeling, an unvirtuous desire, and hardly a willingness to ever again mingle with the ungodly world.

Every one wished to clothe his impressions with words, but the language of the trees, the rocks, the streams, and the hush of peace were so eloquent that a sensation of the want expressive language left many a person to silently reflect in a fullness of joy and wonder.

Major R. T. Burton, with a detachment of Life Guards, was detailed to guard against accidents at the swings and on the lake, and to take charge of the animals as they roamed freely over the richly grassed meadows.

Capt. Dimick B. Huntington, assisted by Elisha Averett, had charge of the cannon. Capt. Ballo's band, the Nauvoo Brass band and the Martial band, and many other musicians were present.

At sunset of the 23d, the camp assembled for prayers.

The choir sang, "Come, come, ye Saints." Prayer by Elder Amasa Lyman, chaplain of the camp, after which Prest. Brigham Young made the following remarks:

"To-morrow morning, at 7 o'clock, we wish the camp to again assemble here for prayers, with the exception of those who must necessarily stay at the wagons. We wish those who have children here to see that they are in the tents, and not have the cry go forth that this, that and the other child is lost. I also wish to give a word of caution to all who may visit the small lake just west of us. I would rather have staid at home than to have it said, that a child has been lost or any person drowned through visiting this place."

Suppose that a child was lost in these woods and could not be found; suppose you should lose a sister, a daughter, or a companion, on this lake; you would always think on your visit to Big Cottonwood canyon with bitter regret. A circumstance of this nature would mar the peace of every person.

I wish the sisters and children to keep away from those rafts, unless they have some person in their company capable of taking care of them; if they know enough to do as they should, they will listen to this counsel.

Here are swings and a bowery prepared for your enjoyment; here are most beautiful groves, meandering streams and a lovely sheet of water, amid the towering peaks of the Wahsatch mountains. Here are the stupendous works of the God of Nature, though all do not appreciate his wisdom as manifested in his works, but are tempted to recklessness through the buoyant feelings of youth and health, and without caution are liable to run headlong into every danger."

Some, if they had the power, would be on the other side of these lofty peaks in ten minutes, instead of calmly meditating upon the wonderful works of God, and his kind providence that has watched over us and provided for us, more especially during the last ten or fifteen years of our history. I could sit here for a month and reflect on the mercies of our God, and humble myself in thankfulness be-

cause of all his favors to myself as an individual, and to all this great people.

What do you think Joseph and Hyrum would have given to have seen this day in the flesh, and to have been here instead of being taken to Carthage, like lambs to the slaughter, and butchered by their enemies? We are here hid up in the Lord's secret chambers, according to his promise, where none can molest us or make us afraid.

Here is a good floor which we have prepared expressly for your enjoyment, and here are the musicians ready to accommodate you. You can enjoy yourselves in the dance, in your tents meditating on the matchless power and goodness of our God, or in gazing upon a splendid grouping of the mighty, the lovely and varied productions of nature.

Be prudent, and let every man, woman and child take care of themselves, and see that others are taken care of.

The guard should be on the alert continually, to see that no person is running into danger, and that the animals are taken care of. And again, I say, I wish the sisters to take the precaution to keep away from the lake, that they may not go from here sick with colds caused by damp feet.

Enjoy yourselves, and if you observe these few words of caution, I think we can spend to-morrow very happily. I do not wish to have to reflect on the loss of a life in my own family, or in yours.

We have made the last five miles of the road expressly that the brethren and sisters might come here without accidents, and we will make you as comfortable as it lays in our power to do.

Mothers, take care of your children, for they are a blessing to you; and I bless you all, in the name of Jesus Christ. Harken to counsel and you will be blessed, from this time, henceforth and for ever: Amen."

Music and dancing enlivened the few hours preceding the night's rest.

## TWENTY-FOURTH.

Reveille at five minutes before 5 a.m.

At 5, two rounds from the cannon woke the silent echoes of centuries, as the roar crashed through the dense pines and reverberated from peaks, glens and dells, announcing to a world that freemen were celebrating the blessings which make life valuable.

At half-past 5, three rounds were fired for our representative and delegates.

At 6, nine rounds were fired, one for each year the Saints have dwelt in these valleys.

At half-past 6, three rounds were fired for the First Presidency.

At 7, the camp assembled for prayers. The morning was cloudless and lovely, earth, air and sky contributing to the deep-toned joy pervading every bosom.

The choir sung,

"On the mountain top appearing,  
Lo the sacred herald stands."

Prayer by Elder Lyman.

At 8, the United States flag was unfurled from the tall pine at the bowery, and national enthusiasm glowed upon every countenance, as the flag of our country floated high and proudly in the free mountain breeze, about 8000 feet above the level of the sea; probably the highest that ever a flag was hoisted on the continent of America, when surrounded by a large concourse of people in the celebration of any day.

Music, dancing and other varied sources of enjoyment lent their aid to heighten the keen zest of the joyous company.

At half-past 8, martial music, under Capt. Averett, serenaded on the lake.

At half past 2, a hymn, composed for the occasion by Miss E. R. Snow, was sung by Elder James Smithies, assisted by some of the choir.

## Song for the 24th of July 1856.

TUNE, "The Merry Mormons."

We now a cheerful tribute pay  
To that eventful, glorious day  
Which sheds an everlasting ray  
Of light, to gladden Zion.

Shout, ye hills, and shout ye valleys—  
Shout, ye lofty mountains;  
Ye rugged rocks, prolong the shout,  
And echo through the canyons.  
Hallelujah, hallelujah—  
Praise the God of Joseph:  
Long live the prophet Brigham Young  
To pioneer for Zion.

The deed we celebrate, will be  
Renowned thro'out eternity,  
And stand in high celebrity  
When nations are forgotten.  
Shout, ye hills, &c.

Long life, and health, and merry cheer  
To every faithful Pioneer:  
The dove-like Peace is perching here,  
And brooding on the mountains.  
Shout, ye hills, &c.

Here's sweeter music than the noise  
Of "Uncle Sam's" contentious boys,  
Who strive like children for their toys,  
And make a game of Congress.  
Shout, ye hills, &c.

We'll let them fuss, and fret, and stew—  
Brow-beat and cane each other too;  
We here have better work to do,  
And better men to do it.  
Shout, ye hills, &c.

We've kanyon work and kanyon joys,  
We've mountain life and mountain boys—  
Here heaven-born Freedom's mellow voice,  
Earth's highest note is sounding.  
Shout, ye hills, &c.

The hosts of Israel gather home—  
To Deseret all nations come—

With wagons, horses, mules, and some  
Are coming now with hand-carts.  
Shout, ye hills, &c.

To every Saint a hearty cheer—  
May those who're faithful gather here,  
And when the Bridegroom shall appear  
Be ready for the supper.  
Shout, ye hills, &c.

Comic songs by brs. Randall and Margetts.  
Toasts read by Elder Geo. D. Watt.  
By Elder Frederick Kesler:—  
Brigham Young: The Lion of the Lord. He will never be less.

Heber C. Kimball: One of the Lord's anointed—pay attention to his sayings.

Jedediah M. Grant: One of the Lord's mighty chieftains. May he live long to be a comfort to his friends, and a terror to his enemies.

The Twenty Fourth of July: Lift up your heads, ye saints of the Lord, and rejoice.

By Elder W. W. Phelps:—

Let her rip and let her roll,  
As the heathen nations do;  
And the Mormons sit and laugh,  
While the devil pops them through.

"Mormonism": A plurality of worlds, a plurality of Gods, and a plurality of wives, with all truth in all eternity.

A Chamber in the Mountains: The way to it was constructed by the "Lion of the Lord." Blessed be they that walk blameless.

President Brigham Young: With the keys of heaven and earth to open and shut, and all Israel to sanction.

By Elder C. Lambert:—

The Saints: May we ever cherish the principles of peace, virtue and liberty.

The Authorities of this Church: They have proved themselves worthy; may we ever cherish and honor their counsels, that peace, union and good will may crown our labors.

By Elder G. D. Watt:—

The Big Cottonwood Lumber Company: The rocks and pines of this rugged kanyon, hitherto deemed impracticable, have yielded to their skill, industry and perseverance—unto which we are indebted for an access to this secluded vale.

Brigham Young—ever merciful.

Heber C. Kimball—ever true.

Jedediah M. Grant—ever just.

Br. Hugh Findlay sung the following—  
Song for the 24th of July, 1856.

BY W. G. MILLS.

TUNE.—"The days that we went Gipsying."

The Scot may praise his tow'ring hills,  
The Swiss his craggy peaks,  
And sing with rapture that he feels  
The Liberty he seeks;  
Yet tho' they scorn the tyrant's chains,  
And smile at death's alarms;  
The tyrant Error o'er them reigns,  
And grasps them in his arms.

Chorus.—But here with heav'n's pure light  
above  
And loftier hills displayed,  
Are truth, and liberty, and love  
By holy men conveyed.

Long have the gentiles sought to break  
The man-child's noble heart  
With cruelty, till Brigham spake  
And bade him thence depart;  
He fled to seek a sure retreat  
Across the mountains' brow,  
Where never trod the christians' feet,  
And found it where we're now.

For here with heav'n's pure light, &c.

We thank our God that we possess,  
The mountains' strong embrace,  
Where tyranny henceforth shall cease  
To trample on our race;  
Up with the banner! let it fly,  
A signal to the earth—  
We've raised the flag of Liberty,  
July the Twenty-Fourth.

For here with heav'n's pure light, &c.

We'll quickly learn the law of right  
In this great Mormon school,  
And walk according to its light,  
That we may learn to rule;  
For Zion's learning all she can,  
Since this auspicious day,  
To execute God's righteous plan  
On all who disobey.

For here with heav'n's pure light, &c.

Go stem those waters in their course  
That madly issue forth—  
Or stop these fountains in their source  
And seal them in the earth—  
So may the Christian, Jew, and Turk,  
With all their hellish guile,  
Attempt to stay God's glorious work  
That's growing on this soil.

For here with heav'n's pure light, &c.

Our Brigham, and our Heber, too,  
With Jedediah Grant,  
The triune power to bring us thro',  
Are all the guide we want;  
God bless them! may they live to spend  
Many such days on earth,  
That they may see the work extend  
Majestically forth.

For here with heav'n's pure light, &c.

Three rounds from the cannon for the songs and toasts.

A poem was read by br. Naisbitt, followed by a round from the cannon.

Dancing resumed.

Eight rounds from the cannon signalled the set of sun.

The Martial Band beat the retreat, and the United States flag was furled.

Camp assembled for prayers.

The choir sung a hymn.