

# DESERET NEWS.

BY W. RICHARDS.

G. S. L. CITY, DESERET, JULY 26, 1851.

VOL. 1. -- NO. 38

## A LIFE IN THE DESERT PLAINS.

BY W. W. PHELPS.

A life in the desert plains.—

A home in the mountain's breast,  
Where the Indian rudely reigns,  
And the hell is farther west.  
Where the storm-king sorely rides,  
In his flying, cloudy car,  
With his gimple windy guides,  
O'er the snow-capt mountains far.

Behold how the valley smiles!  
The sky like a mirror's seen;  
And the spotted mountain wilds  
Is a world of evergreen:—  
Where the hairy nations leap,  
And the feather'd gentry soar,  
In the clear blue upper deep,  
As the rushing waters roar.

The rim where the mountains halt,  
The space for the Basin State,  
Was an ancient sea of salt,  
When the Jaredites were great:—  
But the pearls were rarely found,  
As the oysters had to soar;  
For the mighty waters round,  
By the Lord were sent ashore.

The rocks in their lofty towers,  
Are still when the tempest reigns,  
But they speak in fiery showers,  
When they cinder heap the plains:—  
Hi'roglyphics tell a tale,  
Of the ages gone before,  
How the nations had to wail,  
When their kingdoms were no more.

'Tis life in the desert lawn  
To camp in the open air,  
When the day is nearly gone,  
For the boys to fix their fare.  
How the wood and water's took,  
With a thousand jolly jokes,  
While the cakes and meat do cook,  
And the saucy fire—IT SMOKES.

'Tis life in a desert storm,  
To lay in the sand or snow,  
With a little fire to warm,  
As the winds unceasing blow.  
While the busy fancy paints  
The awful what's to come—  
But dismissing all complaints,  
What a blessed place is home!

'Tis life for the desert cheer,  
To hunt a grizzly bear,  
When the wolves are howling near,  
As they claim a mountain share.  
But the bear comes whirling up,  
And the thoughts of death and fun,  
With a chance to shoot or slope,  
Is a—bang! and Cuffee's done.

'Tis life that the desert lends,  
To think of the joys to come,  
When we meet our wives and friends,  
As they greet us welcome home:  
In that day of living cheers  
When the parting cometh not,  
We'll sing of the Pioneers,  
When the world's forgot—forgot.

## THE CELEBRATION OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH OF JULY,

The Anniversary of the Entrance of the Latter-day Saints Pioneers, into the Valley of the Great Salt Lake.

The preparation of the reporter's minutes for the press not being forthcoming, will necessarily delay our going into the detail of the proceedings of this glorious day, until our next number; but suffice it to say, never did a day dawn upon this valley more gratefully than that of Thursday last, take it in all its minutiae. The approach of the rising King of Day was hailed by the roar of cannon, and the stillness of the morning was broken by the moving of the Mammoth Carriage of the Nauvoo Brass Band, sending forth on the wings of the morning its sublime strains of martial and cheering music, and the citizens of Great Salt Lake City shot forth from their domestic circles dressed as in the robes of beauty, concentrating towards the scene of a congregated throng of life, where the ebullitions of joy, the rose of health, the glances of intelligence, and the combined feelings of an united and redeemed people, shed a lustre of glory through all the congregated saints of the Most High.

The order of the day was kept up by the firing of cannon 110 times; the organization and parading of streets by an escort, consisting of the Nauvoo Brass Band; the Military Band; the Pioneers of '47; the Regency; the aged fathers; young lads, followed by mothers in Israel; young girls; young men and young women; the Presidency, with the officers of State, formed the escorted party. In their rear were the 24 bishops; forming a phalanx of the combined wisdom and strength of the kingdom of God in the last days; the numerous flags and banners; the various emblems of art, agriculture, and industry, and the music accompanying the procession from the President's residence to the Bowery, could only be surpassed in the armies of heaven.

The bursts of feeling by music, singing, speeches, orations, toasts, the order of arrangement during the exercises in the Bowery, was beyond the most exquisite calculation of the most fastidious, and was unsurpassed by any preceding it among the most refined and civilized nation on the earth.—Here was the power of truth, the literature of God's spirit, the eloquence of apostles, the laws of the kingdom of heaven, the songs of Zion sung not in a strange land, and the harps hung not on the willows, the beauty and ornament of the beau ideal of man's ex-

istence, the ladies of Deseret, the heroism of the valiant of the earth, and the enjoyment of the luxuries and productions of a consecrated land in all its richness and profusion, and the enjoyment of contentment.

The evening closed by a ball in the Lord's Store House, given to the Band and the men who work on the Public Works, though crowded, did not detract from the enjoyment of the occasion; as the light fantastic toe tript, the buoyant spirits of the merry dance, and the loveliness of female beauty glittered forth in the pleasurable mazes of the dance. The musicians, always ready to take off the keen edge of the sorrows of a persecuted people, and pour into wounded hearts the healing balm of music's holiest strains, were present and participated in enhancing the joys of the builders-up of the walls of Zion.

The closing shades of evening came over the city without the alloy of any accidents to mar the proceedings of the hallowed day: no curses of a drinking rabble, no feelings of an ignorant or jealous bigotry, no effusion of party strife, but all that could elevate the mind of man and add to the enjoyment of a social and civilized community.

The following are the speech of Judge Phelps and the hymns, as a part of the proceedings in the Bowery.

### W. W. PHELPS' SPEECH.

BELOVED REGENTS AND CITIZENS:—  
To-day we celebrate the victory of patience over passions; the dawn of light over darkness; the success of reason over madness; the reign of wisdom over folly; the prosperity of truth over error; the triumph of pure religion over strong persecution:—and, what shall I say? It is a day of exultation; the pastime of the Lord's anointed; a holiday of bliss; for the achievement of this human happiness; this Mormon jubilee, was not won at the cannon's mouth; fighting for the laurels of fame; neither was it won by storming a fortress, and butchering men, women, and children, to satisfy a sovereign that we were heroes: the bloody battle-field and the crimson flag, have not told the world that we cope with our foes by the purse or the sword: the honor of plundering nations, if that is honor, belongs to the CHRISTIANS—not the Mormons—the trophies of war are the property of citizen soldiers—not the wealth of pioneer saints—No; we come not as the scientific world, with philosophy to-day, and devastation to-morrow; with a Bible in one hand, and a sword in the other; we come not as the hypocrites with long faces and long prayers to be seen and heard of men; but we come in the name of Israel's God, as the church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; we come as the sons' apparent of the sires of '76; we come as the heirs of the kingdom holding the keys of the Priesthood, to minister salva-