

Anti-slavery will also be near—

Not to pay for the lands that they claim—
But to seek for a chance in the chair,
That Benton and Matty may reign.

The "Natives" must ne'er be forgot,
Nor the mobbers of Western States;
It's the place where they all have a lot,
Like birds they will all have their mates.

Like cats of Kilkenny they seem,
That were tied by the tails as they say;
Each thinks that the other has been
The one that lies right in the way.

They cry, and they scratch, and they bite,
They quarrel while hung on the rails;
The union is safe in the fight,
There'll nothing be left but their tails.

The union is safe in their hands,
They all seek to honor the laws;
A Washington monument stands
A proof of the glorious cause.

Music by the Brass Band.

Benediction by J. M. Grant; dismissed till
2 p. m.

The escort, forming in order as in the morning,
conducted the escorted party to the Governor's house, where was a sumptuous dinner prepared for the officers of the Territory, and other invited friends.

2 p. m. The congregation was called to order by Elder J. M. Grant.

The following song was then sung by Bros. Kay, Bullock, Goddard, Hutchinson, and Ellsworth:—

FOR THE PIONEERS.

BY MISS E. R. SNOW.

Hail ye mighty, noble chieftains!
Hail ye faithful Pioneers!
Pow'r's unseen your footsteps guided,
'Twas Jehovah led you here.

CHORUS.

Zion's banner—Freedom's ensign,
Broad and gloriously unfurl'd;
Waves amid the Rocky Mountains—
Heav'nly beacon to the world.

From our birth-place, home and country,
Lo! a people brave and free;
Driv'n by men—by Gods directed
Here, in search of liberty.

In the hiding place of Israel—
In the chambers of the west;
Crown'd with nature's rich abundance,
In the vallies we are blest.

Justice here directs the sceptre—
Truth, and love and friendship meet;
Smiling peace, her downy carpet,
Proffers to the stranger's feet.

Here let virtue be respected—
Industry and useful toil—
Youth and innocence protected—
Like the plants of heav'nly soil.

Brigham Young, the Lord's anointed,
Lov'd of heav'n, and fear'd of hell;
Like Elijah's on Elisha,
Joseph's mantle on him fell.

Mighty men compose his councils—
Inspiration makes them wise;
None can circumscribe the measures
Zion's counsellors devise.

Here the hosts of Israel gather—
Abram's seed from ev'ry land;
Thro' the Priesthood's light preparing
With the Lord of Hosts to stand.

God will come to bless his people—
Jesus Christ and Joseph too;
Come to introduce a scenery
Great and glorious, grand and new.

Prayer by Elder Wilford Woodruff, followed with music by the Brass Band.

Elder E. T. Benson then arose and spoke with his usual power, and with the spirit of God.

Elder John Banks spoke in behalf of the Aged Fathers, in a speech deep in sentiment, and interesting to all; after which a number of toasts were given, from which we have selected the following, not having room for them all.

"Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, and Willard Richards, Three Noble Chieftains; Mormon Battalion and Pioneers."

On Wasatch snowy mountains,
And the still more desert plain,
There is many a noble fountain,
That flows without a name.
Not so, the Mormon story,
Tho' their fountain runs as high;
The nation swells with glory,
With names that never die.

[Wells.

"Brigham Young" is to the sons of earth,
what Kolob is to the planets—a little ahead of them: I wonder if the planets give light to Kolob, or Kolob to them?

"Softly I crept down by the burn side, to view the small fishes, where the waters so gently did glide' up hill. Halloo! ye rulers of the earth!! The world is wrong side up.—KOLOB IS THE GREAT GOVERNING PLANET.

[J. M. Grant.

"The Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints." The highest fountain, and first fed from the celestial kingdom, freely receiving and freely giving truth, eternal truth, to all the sons and daughters of Adam over this wide world. "O come ye to the waters."—[J. M. Grant.

"The Twelve Apostles." They spread themselves forth on the wings of the morning, See! in their career how the light is now dawning; The poor Pagan looks up, the Greek and the Jew, Ancient Waldenses hail and welcome them too; The Chinese rush forth her strong gates to unbar, The sceptres of Europe drop down in despair; And crumbling and tumbling their power must fall, While the heralds of truth go to conquer them all. [Robt. Campbell.

"The Seventies." Each a mustard seed, ripe and ready to be sown in the four quarters of the globe. "Come go with me."

[J. Cain.

"The Bishops in Israel." To shear the sheep and milk the goats, and see that nothing's lost, securing fleece and flock; encumbered, according to Scripture by one wife, they ne'er will hurt the oil or wine; in temporalities well versed, they're just the men to fill the purse, and see that all pay their tithing.—[J. M. Grant.

"The 24th of July." The Mormon Thanksgiving,—For more land, more love,

more light, more learning. Honored and blest be the ever great day. "Come to the supper."—[W. W. Phelps.

"The Pioneers." Watched over by the Lord, guided by His Spirit, and led by His chosen one: whose names are, and will be handed down to our posterity, as a choice legacy.—[T. Bullock.

"The 24 Young Men." May they, like Solomon, become wise, and, like David, wax valiant in the defence of Israel.

[A. H. Raleigh.

"The Little Girls." An emblem of purity, a bed of lilies growing in the garden of the Salt Lake Valley; called the lilies of the west, they come into bloom on the 24th of July.—[George Morris.

"Home Manufactures." May DUTY and BEAUTY ever go hand in hand.

[J. L. Heywood.

"The Bee-Hive State." May her valley cells be filled with honey of her own production, and the bees seek from the flowers of the valley that which will make them independent in the rainy days.—[J. Cain.

"Utah."

Oho! from the mountains another hath come, And Deseret claims with her sisters a home; Tho' little, I ween she will soon take her place,

And compare with the rest with a very good grace.

I fancy I see her, the smart little Miss, In a tidy blue pinafore, claiming a kiss Of "peace" and "good will" from the "Old Thirteen,"

Who, though aged themselves, wear their laurels yet green,

While she gracefully bows, with a comical smile,

To the eighteen remaining, and says "wait awhile

Till I gather my treasures, and then you shall judge

Whether what I have claimed can be had without grudge."

So she hies to her vallies, now here and now there,

And daintily gathers, with wonderful care, Her sheaves of rich wheat, and her bright golden corn—

So bright, it e'en adds to the lustre of morn. Gay garlands of flowers and treasures she brings,

And points meanwhile to her mineral springs; Then last, but not least, in a goodly array,

Her sons and her daughters she brings to display,

And flatters herself, (she can't well be blamed)

That her valley the Bee-hive is very well named.

[By a Guest.

"Millard Fillmore, President of the United States." A firm supporter of the Constitution, and a healing balm to the nation: may wisdom direct his path, and assist him in his arduous duty.—[J. Cain.

Elder H. G. Sherwood, in behalf of the Pioneers, addressed the congregation, with a speech full of humor, relating many instances of a laughable nature, which transpired in the Pioneer camp on their way from Winter Quarters to this valley.

A song, "A life in the desert plains," composed for the occasion by W. W. Phelps, was sung by Bros. Goddard, Whitney, and Ellsworth.

The Band played "Old Dan Tucker."