

DESERET NEWS.

BY W. RICHARDS.

G. S. L. CITY, DESERET, FEB. 22, 1851.

VOL. 1. -- NO. 27.

For the News.

WHERE ARE THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM OF GOD?

BY P. P. PRATT.

Holy, happy, pure, and free,
Bless'd indeed and dear to me
Are thy loved ones, Deseret—
Friends I never shall forget,
While—far-off!—my pilgrim feet shall roam.

Where—O where!—is holy ground?
Where—O where!—does truth abound?
Where—On earth, is freedom found,
Deseret, beyond thy bound—
Where—far-off!—my pilgrim feet shall roam.

Is it found on yonder shore,
Mid the heaps of shining ore?—
No—the sons of truth divine
Worship not at mammon's shrine,
Where—far-off!—my pilgrim feet shall roam.

Is it found on yonder isles,
Where eternal verdure smiles,
Mid the fields of evergreen,
'Neath the beauteous sky serene,
Where—far-off!—my pilgrim feet shall roam.

Shall I turn to China's coast,
Scan the ancient Bramin's host?
India's spicy isles explore?
Search the Moslem records o'er,
Where—far-off!—my pilgrim feet shall roam?

Round the sphere, to Europe turn?
Of the Christian fathers learn?
Range the realms of Popery,
Searching still for "PETER'S KEY,"
Where—far-off!—my pilgrim feet shall roam?

Search the earth, explore the sea!
Who can solve the mystery?
Who, with keys of truth divine,
Bids the light in fulness shine,
Where—far-off!—my pilgrim feet shall roam?

Vain the search, through every realm.
Deseret is at the helm.
There the kings majestic stand,
Holding keys for every land,
Where—far-off!—my pilgrim feet shall roam.

From the Guardian.
PARODY, IN REPLY TO PRESIDENT
JOSEPH YOUNG'S CALL, "THE
SEVENTIES."

BY JOHN M. STEWART.

Yes! We Seventies hear the whisp'ring
Of the Spirit from on high;
Gently hov'ring on our vision,
Showing us the hour is nigh.

When the gospel trump of gladness,
We will publish far and near;
And the meek who sit in sadness,
Then we'll hail the jubil' year.

To the islands and the nations,
Lo! our onward steps we'll bend;
Pouring forth our proclamations,
Sweeping earth from end to end.

Trifling things shall not prevent us;
Pride nor lust bedim our light:
We'll go by faith in Him who sent us;
He will always guide us right.

Golden dreams and trifling trashes;
All the glittering toys of earth,
We'll tread beneath our feet as ashes;
Grasping things of greater worth.

We, the heralds of salvation,
Who are faithful will return;
Bringing the wheat from every nation,
While the tares are left to burn.

YANKEE WEDDING.

A few days ago, there arrived at a hotel in Boston, a couple from Rhode Island, who came to get joined quietly in the bonds of matrimony. As soon as they were domiciliated, the would-be-bridegroom—who was a rough, but apparently honest specimen of the country Yankee—sent for the proprietor of the hotel, who quickly answered his summons.

'Say, lan'lord,' proposed the stranger, pointing to his modest Dulcinea in the corner of the parlor, 'this is my young 'coman.—Naow we've cum all the way from Rheode Island, and want to be spliced. Sen' for the minister, will yer? Want it dun up rite strait off.'

The landlord smiled and went out, and half an hour afterward, a licensed minister made his appearance. The obliging host, with one or two waggish friends, were called in as witnesses to the scene.

'Naow, Mr. Stiggins,' said the Yankee, 'deu it up braown, and yur money's ready;' and forthwith the reverend gentleman commenced by directing the parties to join their hands. The Yankee stood up by his blushing lady-love, like a sick kitten hugging a hot brick—seized her hand, and was as much pleased as a racoon might be supposed to be with two tails.

'You promise, Mr. A.,' said the parson, 'to take this woman.'

'Yaes,' said the Yankee at once.
'To be your lawful and wedded wife.'

'Yaes—yaes.'
'That you will love and honor her in all things.'

'Yaes.'
'That you will cling to her, and her only, so long as you both shall live.'

'Yaes, 'ndeed—nothin' else!' continued the Yankee, in the most delighted and earnest manner. But here the reverend clergy-

man halted, much to the surprise of all present, and more especially to the annoyance and discomfiture of the intended bridegroom.

'Yaes—yaes—I said,' added the Yankee.

'One moment, my friend,' responded the minister, slowly—for it suddenly occurred to him that the law of Massachusetts did not permit of this performance, without the observance of a 'publishment,' etc., for a certain length of time.

'Wot'n thunder's the matter, mister?—Daon't stop—go on—put 'er threu. Nothin's split, eh? Ain't sick, mister, be yer?'

'Just at this moment, my friend, I have thought that you can't be married in Massachusetts.'

'Can't! Wot'n natur's the reason? I like HER; she likes ME; wot's tu hender?'

'You haven't been published, sir, I think.'

'Ain't a goin' to be, nuther! 'Ats wot we come 'ERE for. On the sly. Go on—go on—old feller!'

'I really, sir'—said the parson.

'Railly! Wal, go ahead! 'Tain't fair—you see 'tain't, I swaow. You've married me, and hain't teched her! Go on—daon't stop here! 'at ain't jest the thing naow, by grashus, 'tain't.'

'I will consult'—

'No, yer wunt—no, yer wunt—consult nothin' ner nobody, till this 'ere business is concluded, naow mind I tell ye!' said Jonathan, resolutely—and in an instant he had turned the key in, and out of the lock, amid the titterings of the 'witnesses,' who were nearly choked with merriment!

'Naow say, mister, as we ware'—continued the Yankee, seizing his trembling intended by the hand again—'go on, rite strait from where you left off; you can't come nun o' this half way business with this child; so put 'er threu, and no dodging. It 'ill all be right—go it!'

The parson reflected a moment, and concluded to risk it, continued—

'You promise, madam, to take this man to be your lawful husband?'

'Yaes,' said the Yankee, as the lady bowed.

'That you will love, honor, and OBEY—'

'Them's em!' said the Yankee as the lady bowed again.

'And that you will cling to him so long as you both shall live?'

'THAT's the talk!' said John; and the lady said 'yes,' again.

'Then, in the presence of these witnesses, I pronounce you man and wife—'

'Hoorah!' shouted Jonathan, leaping nearly to the ceiling with joy.

'And what God has put together let not man put asunder!'

'Hoorah!' continued John. 'Wot's the price? Haow much?—spit it aout—don't be afeared—you did it jes' like a book, old feller!—ere's a V.—never mind the change—sen' fur a hack, lan'lord—give us yer bill—I've got her!—Hail Columbia, happy land!' roared the poor fellow, entirely unable to control his joy; and ten minutes afterward he was on his way again to the Providence depot, with his wife, the happiest man out of jail.

We heard the details of the above scene from an eye witness of the ceremony, and we