

Hail! ye wise men from afar!
Leave the scenes of strife and war;
Follow freedom's brilliant star,
Star of Deseret.

Sages! Patriots! Heroes gone!
More than all your valor won
Crown the government anon,
Here in Deseret.

Hail the People God has blest,
With a free and quiet rest,
Mid the mountains of the west,
Here in Deseret.

Hail ye Saints of Latter-day;
Shout and sound the highest lay—
Tune the harps that seraphs play,
Here in Deseret.

The following address was then delivered in a spirited manner by Mr. John Dilworth, in behalf of the 24 Young Men, and received with roars of applause by the assembly.

Friends and Fellow Citizens:—

The honor which is this day conferred upon me as a Representative, before so vast an assembly, of the sentiments cherished by the Young Men of the State of Deseret, seems almost sufficient of itself to inspire one's soul for the task.

Enjoying as we do the wisdom and energy which characterize the movements of this memorable day, and embodied as we are in the midst of such a host of Patriots and Heroes, the spirit seems to kindle in every bosom, and our hearts respond to the fire of patriotism.

What we see and hear this day, increases our desire to mingle our voices with our patriotic fathers, who have on this occasion presented to our worthy President, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and the Constitution of our loved, infant State of Deseret, in which are embodied principles which, if wisely used, will secure to this people the liberty, rights, and privileges of every name *which heaven has designed for man.*

And as they have to this day toiled and suffered, to maintain the principles of those Constitutions, and now with hoary heads almost

ready to depart from this stage of action, have handed them over as a legacy bequeathed unto the rising generation, *we claim the heirship as ours*, nor shall our youthful ambition cease, until we are the inheritors of their most sacred rights.

Although an intermediate, and stronger power, the military body, or middle aged, may be the first to follow in the wake and do honor to the names of our fathers who have gone, yet should wrong ascend on high, and oppression's arm be felt, we pledge ourselves this day, to fly to the rescue of what we now celebrate, Liberty to this People, and to the Kingdom of God, forever.

The *Sons of Helaman* shall never blush to own a kindred tie,
As they the example gave, so we to freedom's rescue fly.

Could the degenerated sons of noble sires who now control the destinies of the Union of the States, gaze upon us to-day, what would they see? A people whom they have banished from their midst as exiles forever, with a desire to wrest from us the common privileges of a free and independent nation; but disappointment is their lot; they would see us the most free and happy people upon the earth, in the midst of plenty, with peace abounding, as undisturbed as the foundations of the lofty hills that encircle us around; *where truth prevails and freedom reigns*; yea, more: they would see the only people upon the earth, who will honor the paths, and walk in the footsteps of their illustrious fathers.

This, God and truth will help us do, until the unstained flag or liberty standard of our noble Prince, who is Emanuel, and greater far than Washington, shall triumph with undisputed right, o'er all the earth, and numbered with the mighty hosts of Joseph, Prince,

we'll sing the song of conquest, and smile with sheer disdain upon the last struggles of a conquered foe.

These sentiments may be said to arise from the zeal and ambition of youth alone,—let this then be a sufficient apology for the liberty with which they are expressed, while in the person of our President and leader, we behold the wisdom to guide that ambition, where disappointment never comes, and blighted hopes are never found.

God is our King, we're not afraid,
Truth is our theme, we claim its aid,

Till right shall rule, and peace abound,

And earthly foes no more be found.

Then peace to the ashes of those whose blood has mingled with American soil as martyrs to truth and liberty; peace to those venerable sires who have this day done honor to their names in Israel; and again we say, peace to the bosom of every son and daughter of Israel, whose hearts exclaim with ours, God and Liberty, forever! Israel shall be free!!

This was followed by another song composed by Miss E. R. Snow, and sung by the 24 Young Ladies; Tune, "Heavenly Echo."

YOUNG LADIES' SONG FOR THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

We celebrate the day
When holy men of God,
The Pioneers of Latter-day
First on this Valley trod.

While over earth's domain,
The social virtues fail;
Love, union, peace and friendship reign
In this delightful vale.

Here, ruddy, blooming health
Rides on the mountain air;
And industry our key to wealth,
Is turning ev'ry where.

The treasures of the earth
In full abundance flow,
While blessings of immortal worth,
Celestial powers bestow.

Our Constitution's folds
Will "equal rights" secure;
For here unyielding Justice holds
The reins of Civil Power.

'Tis virtue's safe retreat—
Here are the righteous blest;
And here the weary pilgrim's feet
Will find a peaceful rest.