

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.
SAM SMITH'S SOLOQUY.

"By the beard of the Prophet! what a thing it is to be a bachelor! I wonder how long since that mattress was turned, or that carpet swept, or what was the primal color of that ever and wash-basin.

"Christopher Columbus! how the frost curtains the windows: how dirge like the wind moans: how like a great, white pall the snow falls. Five times I've rung that bell for coal for this rickety old grate, but I might as well thump for admittance at the gate of Paradise.

"And speaking of Paradise Sam Smith you must be married: you haven't a button to your shirt, nor a shirt to your buttons either. Wonder if women are such obstinate little monkeys to manage? Wonder if they must be bribed with a new bonnet every day to keep the peace? Wonder, if you bring home a friend unexpectedly to dinner, if they always take to their bed with the sick headache? Wish there was any way of finding out, but by experience—Well, Sam, you are a Napoleonic looking fellow: if you can't take the nonsense out of a woman, who can? How I shall pet the little clipper. I'll marry a blue-eyed woman: they are the most affectionate. She must not be too tall: a man's wife shouldn't look down upon him. She must not know too much: the Furies take your pert, catamount-y, scribbling women, with a reparation always rolled up under their tongues. She mustn't be over seventeen: but how to find that out, Sam, is the question: It is about as easy as to make an Editor tell you the truth about his subscription list. She must be handsome: no she mustn't either—I should be as jealous as Blue-Beard. All the corsecrews, pantaloons, perfumed popinays would be ogling her. But then, again, there's 365 days in a year, and three times a day I must sit opposite that connubial face at the table. What's to be done? Yes, she must be handsome: that is as much as a settled point, as that Louis Napoleon has a Jewish horror of Ham.

"Wonder if wives are expensive articles? Wonder if their little hands were ever made to scratch out husbands' eyes? Wonder if Caudle lectures are fall in your eye, or occasionally in your ear? Wonder if babies invariably prefer the night-time to cry?

"To marry or not to marry, Sam? Whether 'tis better to go buttonless, and to shiver, or marry and be always in hot water.

"There's Tom Hilt. Tom's married.—I was his groomsman. I would have given a small fortune to have been in his white satin vest. What with the music, and the roses, and the pretty little bridesmaid! Didn't the bride look bewitching, with the rose-flush on her cheek and the tear on her eyelash? And how provokingly happy Tom looked, when he whirled off with her in the carriage to their new home; and what a pretty little home it was, to be sure. It is just a year to-day since they were married. I dined there yesterday. It strikes me that Tom don't joke as much as he used in his bachelor days; and then he had a way, too, of leaving his sentences unfinished. Then I noticed that his wife often touched his foot with her slipper, under the table. What do you suppose she did that for? Just as I was buttoning up my coat to come away, I asked Tom if he wouldn't go up to Tammany Hall with me. He looked at his wife and she said, 'Oh—go by all means, Mr. Hilt; when Tom immediately declined. I don't understand matrimonial tactics; but it seems to me he ought to have obliged her.

"Do you know John Jones and his wife? (peculiar name that, —Jones?) Well, they are another happy couple. It is enough to make bachelor eyes turn green to see them. Mrs. Jones had been four times a widow, when she married John. She knows the value of husbands. Before he goes to the office in the morning, she pops her head out the window to see if the weathercock indicates a surfeit, spencer, cloak or Tom and Jerry; this point settled, she follows him to the door, and calls him back to close his thorax button 'for fear of quincy.' Does a shower come up in the forenoon? She sends him clogs, indiarubbers, an extra flannel shirt and an oil cloth overall, and prepares two quarts of boiling ginger tea to administer on his arrival, for fear the damp should 'strike in.' If he helps himself to a second bit of turkey, she immediately removes it from his plate, and applying a pocket handkerchief to her eyes, asks him if he has the heart to make her for the fifth time a widow? You can see, with half an eye, that John must be the happiest dog alive. I'd like to see the miscreant who dares to say he is not.

"Certainly—matrimony is an invention of—Well, no matter who invented it—I'm going to try it. Where's my blue coat with the bright, brass buttons. The woman has got to be born who can resist that; and my buff vest and neck-tie, too: may I be shot if I don't offer them both to the little widow Pardiggle this very night. 'Pardiggle! Phobus! what a name for such a rose-bud. I'll re-christen her by the euphonious name of Smith. She'll love me of course. She wants a husband—I want a wife: there's one point already in which we perfectly agree. I hate preliminaries. I suppose it is unnecessary for me to begin with the amatory alphabet. With a widow, Sam, you can skip the rudiments. Say what you've got to say in a fraction of a second. Women grow as mischievous as Satan if they think you are afraid of them. Do I look as if I were afraid? Just examine the growth of my whiskers. The Bearded Lady couldn't hold a candle to them. (though I wonder she don't to her own.) 'Afraid? h-m-m! I feel as if I could conquer Asia. What the mischief ails this cravat? It must be the cold that makes my hand tremble so: there—that'll do: that's quite an inspiration. Brummel himself couldn't go beyond that. Now for the widow; bless her little round face! I'm immensely obliged to old Pardiggle for giving her a quit claim.—I'll make her as happy as a little robin.—Do you think I'd bring a tear into her lovely blue eye? Do you think I'd sit after tea, with my back to her, and my feet upon the mantle, staring up chimney for three hours together? Do you think I'd leave her bless little side, to dangle round oyster-salad and then? Do I look like a man to let a woman flatten her pretty little nose against the window-pane night after night, trying to see me reel up street?—No. Mr. and Mrs. Adams were not more beautified in their nuptial-bower, than I shall be with the widow Pardiggle.

"Refused by a widow! Who ever heard of such a thing? Well; there's one con-

DESERET NEWS,
PRINTED EVERY THURSDAY:
(Office at the Post Office.)
BOOK, JOB, AND CARD PRINTING
Neatly and promptly executed.

Truth and Liberty.

VOL. 4. GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, U. T., THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1854. [NO. 18.]

fort: nobody'll ever believe it. She is not so very pretty after all: her eyes are too small, and her hands are rough and red-dy:—not so very ready either, confound the gipsy. What amazing pretty shoulders she has! Well, who cares?

If she be not fair to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Ten to one, she'd have set up that wretch of a Pardiggle for my model. Who wants to be Pardiggle 2nd? I am glad she didn't have me. I mean—I'm glad I didn't have her!—[Fanny Fern.]

From the Vicksburg Whig
OUR UNION.

The blood that flowed at Lexington, and crimson'd bright Champlain,
Streams still along the Southern Gulf and by the Lakes of Maine;
It flows in veins that swell above Pacific's golden sand,
And throbs in hearts that love and grieve by dark Atlantic's strand.

It binds in one vast brotherhood the trapper of the West.
With men whose cities glass themselves in Erie's classic breast.
And those to whom September brings the fire-side's social hours,
With those whose December's brow enwreath'd with gorgeous flowers!

From where Columbia laughs to greet the smiling western wave
To where Potomac sighs beside the patriot hero's grave;
And from the steaming everglades to Hudson's lordly flood,
The glory of the Nation's past thrills through a kindred blood!

Wherever Arnold's tale is told it dyes the cheek with shame,
And glows with pride o'er Bunker Hill or Moultrie's wilder fame;
And whereso'er above the fray the stars of Empire gleam,
Upon the deck or o'er the dust, it pours a common stream!

It is a sacred legacy ye never can divide.
Nor take from village urchin, nor the son of city pride;
Nor the hunter's white-haired children who find a fruitful home
Where nameless lakes are sparkling and where lonely rivers roam!

Greene drew his sword at Eutaw: and bleeding Southern feet
Trod the march across the Delaware amid the snow and sleet;
And lo! upon the parchment, where the natal record shines,
The burning page of Jefferson bears Franklin's calmer lines!

Could ye divide that record bright, and tear the names apart
That erst were written boldly there with night of hand and heart?
Could ye erase a Hancock's name e'en with the sabre's edge,
Or wash out with fraternal blood a Carroll's double pledge?

Say, can the South sell her share in Bunker's hoary height?
Or can the North give up her boast in Yorktown's closing fight?
Can ye divide with equal hand a heritage of graves,
Or rend in twain the starry flag that o'er them proudly waves?

Can ye cast lots for Vernon's soil, or chaffer mid the gloom
That hangs its solemn folds about your common Father's tomb?
Or could ye meet around his grave as fratricidal foes,
And wake your burning curses o'er his pure and calm repose?

Ye dare not! is the Alleghian thunder-toned decree;
'Tis echoed where Nevada guards the blue and tranquil sea;
Where tropic waves delighted clasp our flowery Southern shore,
And where through frowning mountain-gates Nebraska's waters roar!

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HISTORY OF JOSEPH SMITH.

JANUARY, 1840.

Wednesday, January 1st, 1840.—Elders Young and George A. Smith, (who was partially recovered) left Hamilton. The brethren helped them on their way, and assisted them to considerable clothing.

Thursday, 2d.—Brother James Gifford brought them to Utah.

As more positive and official testimony was wanted by the Authorities at Washington, many of the brethren made affidavits concerning their sufferings in, and expulsion from Missouri, a few of which I will insert in my History:

"I Simon Carter certify that I have been a resident of the State of Missouri for six years and upwards, and that I have suffered many things by a lawless mob: both me and my family having been driven from place to place, and suffered the loss of much property, and finally expelled from the State. I further certify, that I belong to the Church of the Latter-Day Saints, commonly called 'Mormons.' And I certify that in the year eighteen hundred and thirty eight, both me and my people suffered much, by the people of the State of Missouri. And I further certify, that in this same year, in the month of November, between the first and sixth, were surrounded by a soldiery of the State of Missouri, in the city of Far West, in Caldwell county, both me and many of my Mormon brethren, and were compelled by their soldiery, which were armed with all the implements of war to shed blood, by a public declaration of our entire extermination, to sign away our all, our property personal and real estate, and to leave the State of Missouri immediately.

I certify I had at that time one hundred and sixty two acres of land the same which I held the certificates for. I further certify that I was obliged to give up my duplicates to help me to a small sum to carry me out of the State. I further certify not.

SIMON CARTER.

Territory of Iowa, Lee county.

Sworn to and subscribed before me a Justice of the Peace for said county, this 2d day January 1840.

D. W. KILBOURN, J. P.

"Nauvoo, Hancock county, Illinois, January 3d, 1840. To President Joseph Smith, Jr., and Judge Higbee.—Dear Brethren—I it is with feelings of no ordinary kind, that I write you at this time in answer to the letters with which we were favored. Your letters were truly interesting, and were read with great interest by the brethren here as well as myself. We were truly glad to hear of your safe arrival in the City of Washington.

Your interview with His Excellency the President, and the steps you have since taken for the

furtherance of the object you have undertaken to accomplish, and for which you have left the endearments of home, and the society of your friends. The mission on which you are engaged is certainly an important one, and which every Saint of God, as well as every one whose breast beats high with those patriotic feelings, which purchased our National freedom, must take a deep interest in. And altho' there may be many who do not value your labors—their sectarian prejudices being greater than their love for truth and the Constitution of our country; yet there are many who will undoubtedly appreciate your services, and will feel it a pleasure to assist you in all that they possibly can. Conscious of the righteousness of your cause—having the prayer of the Saints, (amongst whom are many who have shared with you the trials, persecutions, and imprisonments, which have befallen upon the Saints in Missouri) and having the approval of Heaven.

I would say, on dear brethren, in the name of the Lord, and while you are pleading the cause of the widow and the fatherless, may He who has promised to be a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow, bless you in your undertakings, and arm you with sufficient strength for the plain task to which you are engaged. Your exertions will be seconded by the brethren in this region, who are disposed to do all they possibly can.

I had just got ready to start for Springfield when I received your letter. I no sooner read it than I abandoned the idea of going there. I then made exertions to obtain funds for you in this place; but not being able to get any aid hearing that there were brethren in Quincy lately from New York, I started off the following day and succeeded in obtaining from brother H. H. H. three hundred dollars, which I deposited with Messrs. Holmes & Co. merchants in Quincy, subject to the order of Judge Young. The reason why I deposited it with them was in consequence of the banks not doing any business and refusing to take deposits, &c. I hope that we shall be able to raise you some more soon. Brother William Law has promised to let us have one hundred dollars as soon as he gets a remittance from the East which he expects daily.

We have not been able to get much on the city lots since you left, not more than enough to pay some wages for surveying, and a few debts.—Brother Lyman Wight returned the subscription paper a few days ago stating that he had not collected anything since you left. In consequence of my health which has been poor, and the coldness of the weather, I have not been able to attend to it myself. I hardly think we shall be able to raise the one thousand dollars for Mr. William White by the time he will expect it. Elder Granger is yet in Commerce; not being able to move in consequence of the low stage of water in the Ohio river.

I received a letter lately from Parley P. Pratt, stating that he was in the City of New York, and published another edition of his book, and wanted permission to print an edition of the Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants, &c., with a periodical similar to the "Times and Seasons," stating that there were men who had means, that would assist in these things. He likewise wanted to get privilege for the Twelve to print the Book of Mormon, &c., in Europe. I replied to him, that if there were any of the brethren disposed to aid, and had means to spare for such purposes, to send them to this place, so that not only this place might be benefited, but that the books might come out under your immediate inspection. I am afraid some have been induced to tarry and wait Parley in these undertakings; and had made arrangements with Elder Granger to assist in liquidating the New York debts.

I want a letter from you brother Joseph as soon as possible, giving me all the instruction you think necessary. I feel the burden in your absence is great. Father expresses a great desire to go to Kirtland along with brother Granger, who has promised to pay his and mother's expenses; would you think it advisable for them to go or not?

The High Council met a few days ago, and took your second letter into consideration, and passed some resolutions on the subject; appointed committees to get certificates for land, and to get all other information they could. Some have gone to Quincy and others to different places. We shall forward from time to time the information you desire.

You will receive enclosed in this a number of duplicates for land from Bishop Partridge and others. The Mississippi is frozen up. The weather is very cold, and a great quantity of snow is on the ground, and has been for some time. Your family is in tolerable good health, excepting one or two having the chills occasionally.

Bishop Knight desires me to inform you, that brother Granger and Elder Law, have done in Commerce a large quantity of hogs. They are now engaged in slaughtering them. I think there will be a good deal of trade carried on in this line another year.

You may expect to hear from us soon again. I sent you a copy of the deposit I made to Holmes & Co., which I hope you will receive safe. I am very affectionately.

HYRUM SMITH.

P. S.—We have concluded not to send any duplicates in this letter. The packages of duplicates will be directed to Judge Higbee, thinking they will come more safe to his address.

Friday, 3d.—Presidents Young and Smith went from Utah to Albany on the railway, and put up at the Railroad House.

I hereby certify that in the year 1838 I was residing in Daviess county, Missouri, and while from home I was taken prisoner in Far West, by the militia and kept under guard for six or eight days, in which time I was forced to sign a deed of trust, after which I was permitted to return home to my family in Daviess county, and found them surrounded by an armed force, with the rest of my neighbors, who were much frightened.—The order from the militia was to leave the county within ten days, in which time my house was broken open, and many goods taken out of the militia. We were not permitted to go from place to place without a pass from the General, and on leaving the county I received a pass as follows:—

"I permit William F. Cahoon, to pass from Daviess to Caldwell county, and there remain during the winter and thence to pass out of the State of Missouri. Signed November 10th 1838.

REEVES, a Big Game General."

In which time both me and my family suffered much on account of cold and hunger, because we were not permitted to go outside of the guard to obtain wood and provision, and according to orders of the militia, in the spring following I took my family and left the State with the loss of much property, and trouble.

event, be no injury to a future application, to be restored to all your rights, when prejudice shall be a measure have subsided and the true state of the matter be more readily received, even by those whose prejudices may have closed the avenues to reason and justice in a matter identified with the odium so commonly attached to the sound of "Mormonism." This odium will naturally wear off when they have time to learn that Mormons are neither anthropophagi or cannibals.

Your friends are generally well. I am, &c., To J. Smith, Jr. C. ADAMS.

The High Council at Montrose voted to utterly discard the practice of suing brethren at the law, and that such as do it, shall be disfellowshipped by this branch of the church. That Abraham O. Smoot ordain Daniel Avery, President of the Elders Quorum, and that the sixth instant be devoted to taking affidavits concerning Missouri.

Elder Young found the brethren in Albany: went to Troy, and Lunsburg, where he heard Elder Phineas Richards preach.

CELEBRATION
Of the Fourth of July, in Great Salt Lake City, 1854.

At sunrise a National Salute by the Artillery with their brass field pieces. At the same moment the Nauvoo Bell rang out its merry and waking peals; small arms began rattling; the trumpet and bugle joined in the general salutation—whilst the various city Bands under their gallant Colonels, in their happiest mood, in the midst of waving banners, seemed to vie with themselves which should do best or loudest upon this patriotic and exciting occasion.

Half past 8.—The Escort was organized, in wait upon the Governor and Suite, by Col. J. C. Little, Marshal of the Day, and L. W. Hardy, Assistant, under the direction of the Committee of Arrangements.

ORDER OF ESCORT.

- 1.—The Marine Band under their banner, preceded by four guards with shouldered muskets.
- 2.—Officers of the City Police.
- 3.—Artists, officers, and heads of the various departments of the Public Works, under their splendid and decorated Banner, "Zion's Workmen."
- 4.—City Council preceded by color bearer carrying a magnificent banner, inscribed with the motto, "Order, Justice."
- 5.—Officers of the Silver Greys.
- 6.—Lieutenant General D. H. Wells, in full dress, under a large and elegant flag of stripes and stars, supported by four color bearers; and followed by the officers of the Mormon Battalion and Nauvoo Legion, in military costume.
- 7.—Capt. Ballo's Band, under its beautiful banner.
- 8.—Edward Hunter, President of the Dispensary, carrying a large Bible tastefully decorated, Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, and Declaration of Independence, and Constitution of the United States; preceded by his four color bearers supporting a magnificent and sumptuous Banner, inscribed upon both sides in large golden letters, "Christopher Columbus the Discoverer of America; Geo. Washington the Defender of American Independence; Joseph Smith the Restorer of God's Priesthood."
- 9.—Thirteen Banners with the names of the 13 original States in large letters, borne by 13 Bishops in their attire.
- 10.—Orators of the day.
- 11.—Committee of Arrangements under a flag tastefully arranged, bearing a picture of the Lion and the Lamb.
- 12.—Officers of the Battalion of Life Guards.
- 13.—The Nauvoo Brass Band, under a fine display of colors.
- 14.—Four guards with shouldered muskets.

Quarter to 9.—The starting of the Escort being summoned by firing of cannon, it proceeded to the Governor's residence, where, after the accustomed salutation, His Excellency together with his Suite, were received under the flag of the Committee of Arrangements.

Upon leaving with His Excellency, the United States Mammoth Flag was unfurled to the breeze, and the escort proceeded to the Tabernacle, under the direction of the Marshal, cheered by soul stirring music from the bands, ringing of bells, and Governor's salute by the artillery.

Having arrived at the Tabernacle, and the Governor being conducted by the Committee of Arrangements to the Stand, which was tastefully decorated by Dr. Sprague for the occasion, the Escort were seated and the house called to order by the Marshal.

Prayer by the Chaplain, E. Snow.
National Song by H. Mailen.

Declaration of Independence read by the Governor's Private Secretary.

Seven stirring cheers by the risen assembly in honor to the memory of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, followed by loud firing of cannon.

Music, "Hail Columbia," by Ballo's Band.
Col Geo. A. Smith's spoke as follows:—

GENTLEMEN AND LADIES, FELLOW CITIZENS:

I arise here to address you a few moments, upon a subject which has perhaps been worn thread-bare by orators, statesmen, and divines, for the last seventy years, in the minds of a great portion of those who have been in the habit of listening to, speeches upon the battles of the Revolution, and the causes which put it in motion.

The subject has become trite. Every school boy who reads American History is perhaps better versed in it, than he could be with anything that I can advance, by pursuing the old beaten track, or continuing in the channel which has been so long worn; yet I may safely say, with all that has been said, its real merits have scarcely been approached.

The causes which produced the American Revolution were so far behind the veil, that the writers of American History, and the Orators who expatiate on the subject on occasions like this, and on other occasions, have not acknowledged that it was the Almighty, the invisible and omnipotent hand of him who made the heavens and the earth, and the fountains of waters, who worked the secret wires, and opened up the revolutionary scene, to lay a foundation, and prepare a people, with a system of government, among whom His work of the last days could be commenced upon this earth.

Persons present to-day may consider that no other country in the world would have allowed the persecutions, and oppressions, that have fallen upon the work of God in this land, of which many of you have been partakers; but in this you are mistaken; for there is no nation under heaven among whom the Kingdom of God could have been established and rolled forth with as little opposition as it has received in the United States. Every species of oppression and opposition, which has aimed at the destruction of the lives and liberties of the members of the Church, has been in open violation of the laws of the country; while among other nations, the links of the chain of Government are so formed that the very Constitution and laws of the country would oppose the Government of God.—This is the case almost without an exception.

I will say then, the American Revolution had its beginning behind the veil. The invisible providence of the Almighty, by His Spirit, in-

spired the hearts of the Revolutionary Fathers to resist the Government of England, and the oppressions they had submitted to for ages.—When ground to dust as it were, in their mother country, the first settlers in this land looked to the West. They fled from oppression, and planted their standard upon American soil, which was then a wilderness in the possession of savages. The climate, productions, extent, and nature of the country was then unknown to distant nations. It appeared, however, to offer an asylum for the oppressed, even at that early day.

A party escaped from oppression, and landed in Massachusetts; another party, for a similar cause, left the mother country, and landed in Connecticut; and so a number of the early States were formed by settlers who fled from their native country thro' religious oppression. The young colonies grew until they became somewhat formidable, and began to realize that they were entitled to some common national privileges; that they had a right to the protection of certain laws by which their ancestors were protected; and also that they had a right to an equal voice in the making of those laws.

It is my intention to notice a multiplicity of minor circumstances, to portray the tyrannical spirit that prevailed in the English Parliament, and which were only so many sparks to feed the flame of revolution. What was the greatest trouble? The right of making their own laws was denied them by the King and Parliament; and if they made laws, the King claimed the right of abrogating those laws at pleasure; and also appointed officers who could dissolve the National Assembly, and levy taxes without the consent of the inhabitants of the Colonies.

These were the main causes of the Revolution. God caused these causes to operate upon the minds of the colonists, until they nobly resisted the power of the mother country. At that time, Great Britain stood pre-eminent among the nations of Europe, and had just finished the wars against several of them combined.—God inspired our Fathers to make the Declaration of Independence, and sustained them in their struggles for liberty until they conquered the stock, and as an historian of that age quaintly said, when they signed that Declaration, if they did not all hang together, they would be sure to all hang separately. Union is strength.

But how does this revolution progress?—that is the question. Has the great principle that Colonies, Territories, States, and Nations have the right to make their own laws, yet become established in the world? I think if some of our lawyers would peruse the musty statutes at large, they would find that there are several colonies of the United States who have seen proper, under the limited provisions then given them, to enact laws for their own convenience; but they suffered the mortification of having them vetoed by the General Congress. Look for instance at the statutes in relation to the Territory of Florida, and see the number of laws enacted by that people, and repealed by act of Congress.

It is curious to me that the progress of the Revolution has been so small, referring to that which is produced in the minds of the whole American people. Every organized Territory, wherever they exist, has the same right that the early revolutionary fathers claimed of Great Britain, and bled to obtain;—that is, of making their own laws, and being represented in the General Assembly as a confederate power.

This revolution may possibly increase in the future, and is no doubt progressing at the present time. One individual in particular, during the present session of Congress, has become so enlightened as to say in the House, "You have no business with the domestic relations of Utah," and consequently I think the principle is making headway.

The United States have increased greatly in power, majesty, dominion, and extent, having had a dozen Territories at once, already organized, and others calling for an organization.—Says the General Government to these organized bodies at a distance, "You may send a Delegate here, but he shall have no voice in the General Assembly; and if you make any laws that do not suit us, we will repeal them, and we will send you a Governor who will veto everything you do that does not exactly suit us. I want to see the revolution progress, so that the great head of the American Nation can say to every separate colony, "Make your own laws, and cleave to the principles of the Constitution, which gives that right."

For me to rehearse the battles of Washington, and incidents in the struggle for freedom, which every school boy knows, would only be to consume time to little advantage. What has been the result? Our forefathers by their blood have purchased for us liberty; but as far as the rights of the weak are concerned, the revolution has progressed slowly. For instance, the Territory of Oregon forms a provisional government for itself, and then petitions Congress to receive her under their fostering care; the result is, they send them an envoy of Governmental Officers, which, by the by, never have time to get there; and if they should happen to arrive there, they are unwilling to stay, and thus the people have been left, a whole year at a time, without a regular set of officers.—They are deprived of the privilege of voting in favor or against the officers who are appointed to rule them, and of being heard thro' their Representative in the halls of Congress. Who wants to go there, and not have a voice with the rest of them? Altho' we have sent a most eloquent gentleman, to represent this portion at the American Nation, and one who can carry "poor pussy" among them to a charm; yet at the same time he cannot have the privilege of voting on any question, however detrimental to liberty, and the Constitution.

But the revolution is progressing, and the time is not far distant, when Territories will enjoy privileges, that have been held back, for the purpose of pandering to a selfish, and to the monarchy which oppressed the American people. It is reasonable that people, dwelling thousands of miles from the parent Government, should not have the same privilege of regulating their own affairs, as those who live in its vicinity. It is the same kind of oppression and restraint that was placed upon our revolutionary fathers by the King and his Parliament. The American Government has fallen into the same errors, touching this point, as the British Government did, at the commencement of the Revolution.

This is what I have to say on the rise and progress of the American Revolution. It is progressing slowly. While the nation is extending itself, and increasing in power, wisdom, and wealth, it seems at the same time to remain in some respects, on the old ground occupied by the mother country, in the early settlement of this land. I raise my voice against it, for I love American Independence; the principle is dear to my heart. When I have been in foreign countries, I have felt proud of the American flag, and have desired that they could have the enjoyment of as much liberty as the American people.

At the same time, we have a right to more liberty, we have a right to elect our own officers, and have a voice in Congress, in the management of the affairs of the nation. The time is coming when we shall have it. The Revolution will by and by spread far and wide, and extend the hand of liberty, and the principles of protection to all nations who are willing to place themselves under the broad folds of its banner.

These are about the remarks I wished to make, and the ideas that were in my mind.—May God bless us all, and save us in his kingdom: AMEN.

Music by the Brass Band.
Interesting speech by Hon. L. Shaver, Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States,—which was not fully reported.

"Live forever our glorious Constitution," shouted three times by the Assembly.
Music by Ballo's Band.

Hon. O. Hyde arose and spoke as follows:—
RESPECTFUL FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS:

I am called upon by the wishes and voice of many persons, to be one of your speakers on this ever memorable day. While I congratulate myself upon the honor, which you have done by this selection, I sincerely regret that I am not more amply qualified to answer your expectations. But humble as my efforts may be on this occasion, they are the more freely offered; knowing that the ears and hearts of a generous people will make every allowance for any deficiency that may appear in the style and subject matter of my discourse.

The bursts of eloquence that have thundered from this stand this morning, cannot fail to have awakened in the minds of the audience, notions and views so enlarged, that it becomes a very difficult task for your present speaker to sustain and carry forward the interest and excitement with which your minds have already been fired by the speakers that have preceded me.

We are met, fellow citizens, to celebrate one of the most important events that ever embellished the pages of political history—an event of which every American heart is proud to boast.—In whatever land or country he, perchance, may roam;—I mean the bold, manly and daring act of our fathers in the Declaration of the Independence and Sovereignty of these United States—an act worthy to be engraven, in letters of living light, upon the tablets of our memory, and to be transmitted to our children with the sacred charge that they teach it to their children, and to their children's children, till the "stars and stripes" float over every land, and mirrored on the crest of every passing billow.

They had not only the moral courage to sign the Declaration of our Nation's Independence, but hearts of iron and nerves of steel to defend it by force of arms against the fearful odds arrayed against them—the well disciplined armies and mercenary allies of the foolish and tyrannical George the 3d, King of Great Britain.

The progressive spirit of the times on the one hand, and the chains of cruelty and oppression on the other, inspired the apostles of American Freedom to raise the standard of Liberty, and unfurl its banner to the world as a warning to oppressors, and as the star of hope to the oppressed. The very name of America causes a thrill of patriotic devotion to her best interests, to quiver in the heart of every citizen of Utah with a zeal and a pride for the welfare of our country, that does honor to the memory of those departed heroes whose ashes are mingled in our soil, and made rich and dear to us by their own blood.

Remember Lexington, and Bunker Hill, and lastly Yorktown, with all the intermediate scenes as narrated in the history of the American Revolution! Remember the immortal Washington, chosen to lead our infant armies through the perils and hardships of an unequal contest, to the climax of victory and the pinnacle of fame. His name, embossed in the never dying sympathies of his grateful countrymen, will be heralded in the melody of song "while the earth bears a print or the ocean rolls a wave." While Columbia's sons and daughters regret and mourn his exit hence in accents like the following,

Cold is the heart where color reigned,
Mute is the tongue that joy inspired;
Still is the arm that conquered aimed,
And dim the eye that glory fired;

they will comfort themselves and quiet the pang of their bereaved hearts by chanting like this:—

"Too mean for him a world like this—
Fits landed on the happy shore,
Were all the brave patriots of blood,
And heroes met to part no more."

In those early and perilous times, our men were few, and our resources limited. Poverty was among the most potent enemies we had to encounter; yet our arms were successful; and it may not be amiss to ask here, by whose power victory so often perched on our banner? It was by the agency of that same angel of God that appeared unto Joseph Smith, and revealed to him the history of the early inhabitants of this country, whose mounds, bones, and remains of towns, cities and fortifications, speak from the dust in the ears of the living with the voice of undeniable truth. This same angel presides over the destinies of America, and feels the earnest in all our doings. He was in the camp of Washington, and by an invisible hand, led on our fathers to conquest and victory; and all this to open and prepare the way for the church and kingdom of God to be established on the Western Hemisphere, for the redemption of Israel and the salvation of the world.

This same angel was with Columbus, and gave him deep impressions by dreams and by visions, respecting this New World. Trammelled by poverty and by an unpopular cause, yet his persevering and unyielding heart would not allow an obstacle in his way too great for him to overcome; and the angel of God helped him, —was with him on the stormy deep, calmed the troubled elements, and guided his frail vessels to their desired haven. Under the guardianship of this same angel or Prince of America, have the United States grown, increased and flourished like the sturdy oak by the rivers of water.

To what point have the American arms been directed since the declaration of our National Independence, and proven unsuccessful? Not one! The peculiar respect that high Heaven has for this country on account of the promises made to the fathers; and on account of its being the land where the mustard seed of truth was planted and destined to grow in the last days,—account for all this good fortune to our beloved America.

But since the prophets have been slain, the saints persecuted, despoiled of their goods, banished from their homes, and no earthly arm to interpose for their rescue, what will be the future destiny of this highly favored country?—Should I tell the truth as it clearly passes before my mind's eye, my friends might censure me; and I might be regarded as an enemy to my country. If I should not tell the truth, but withhold it to please men, or to avoid giving offence to any, I might be regarded, by the powers celestial, as the enemy of God. What shall I do under these circumstances? Shall I be guilty of the crime of hesitating for a moment?—No!—Neither time nor place to hesitate now!

Were I called upon to give evidence before a court of justice in a case to which my own father was a party litigant; the foolish might regard me as opposed to my father, if conscience, justice, and truth directed me to testify against his interest; but the wise would regard me as possessing that integrity that kindred ties could not swerve or decoy from the truth and facts in the case. My testimony in relation to the country that gave me birth—that gave birth to my father and my father's father, is given upon the same principle and prompted by a similar motive.

So sure and certain as the great water courses wind their way to the ocean, and there find their level; so sure as the passing thunder cloud hovers around yonder Twin Peaks of the Wasatch Mountains, and upon their grey and barren rocks, pours the fury of its storm; just so sure and certain will the guardian angel of these United States fly to a remote distance from their borders, and the anger of the Almighty wax hot against them in causing them to drink from the cup of bitterness and division; and the very dregs stirred up by the hands of foreign powers, in a manner more cruel and fierce than the en-