

## THE TWENTY-FOURTH OF JULY.

[The following piece, composed by J. J. Hayes, one of the old folks over seventy who came from Pleasant Grove on the excursion to this city, was recited by the author, with excellent dramatic effect, at Garfield Beach, to the old folks' company, on Wednesday last. By request of a number who listened to its rendition, it is published in the NEWS.]

Fifty years! Horrah! Three cheers!  
Fifty years today  
Since a noble band of Pioneers  
To Salt Lake found their way.

Fifty years! O what a change  
Presented to our view!  
There's fruits and flowers and shady bowers  
Where only sagebrush grew.

The savage wolf, coyote and bear,  
And savage red man, too,  
Roamed o'er these very garden lots,  
Now beautiful to view.

When first the Pioneers came here,  
A desert land indeed  
Resigned its virgin bosom  
To receive the scanty seed

Brought by those pilgrims' weary teams  
O'er many a dreary mile.  
But when the harvest time appeared  
The Saints had cause to smile.

For God protected them from harm;  
He blest their scanty store,  
And now a bounteous harvest  
Was ready to secure.

Say, what did make those Pioneers  
Abandon their old homes,  
Their firesides, their fathers' graves,  
And westward turn to roam?

Had they no friends, no kindred,  
To keep them in the East?  
Did cruel plague or pestilence  
Cause them to journey West?

Were they the lazy and the poor,  
The lawless and the low?  
Not but the "pious" Christians  
Declared these Saints must go.

These Mormons say that God has now  
A Prophet in our day,  
And angels visit men on earth,  
Who teach the ancient way.

"They say they know that Joseph Smith  
Is one inspired from heaven,  
And that the gifts the Gospel brings  
To man on earth are given.

"They say they know the Bible's true,  
That judgments great will come,  
Break up our institutions  
And desolate our home.

"They say that Christ will come to earth  
And reign as King of kings,  
Make earth again an Eden,  
Yea, regulate all things.

"Here in this great Republic  
Such talk is treason ripe;  
We'll drive off these fanatics—  
We'll take their Prophet's life.

"We'll teach these modern babblers  
We don't accord the right  
That God should speak to man on earth—  
We're full of Gospel light."

They killed the Prophet Joseph Smith,  
And Hyrum at his side;  
And many others of the Saints  
Those "Christians" massacred.

They drove the Saints and took their lands—  
No pity did they show  
To helpless wives and children,  
Who know not where to go!

They drove the Saints out of their homes  
In winter's frost and snow;  
The blood oozed from those pilgrims' feet—  
Their tracks did plainly show.

Then rose the Prophet Brigham Young,  
The lion of the Lord,  
And shouted: "Let your faith be strong,  
This is God's sacred word.

"Arise ye Saints! Start for the West,  
The Lord will lead you there,  
Unto a land where you can rest,  
And you'll have bread to spare.

"We'll go to Ephraim's peaceful vales,  
Where temples we will rear;

We'll dedicate them to the Lord  
And get our blessings there."

In February, forty-six,  
They left their dear Nauvoo,  
And made their way to Council Bluffs  
To pass the winter through.

And then in April, forty-seven—  
O what a poor short rest!  
The Prophet said: "Ye Pioneers  
Arise, we'll travel West;

"And go to Ephraim's peaceful vales;  
There temples we will rear,  
And all who labor faithfully  
Shall get their blessings there."

You should have seen the movements  
Of these men, and women, too,  
As they packed their things together  
Their journey to pursue.

Beside their teams and wagons  
Their earthly wealth was small;  
And to the heavenly Father's care  
They consecrated all.

They fixed up their old wagons—  
Yes, all that could be found,  
And many a tongue and axle  
With hickory withes was bound.

And plucky Uncle Bundy  
Would not be left behind;  
He made a wagon all himself,  
The tires were of bull's hide.

The hubs were made of cottonwood,  
The axles maple sound;  
No bolt or band of iron—  
But all with rawhide bound.

They yoked up Buck and Bawly,  
Berry and Brindle, too,  
And many span of canny cows  
They worked the journey through.

They built the bridges, made the roads,  
With willing hearts and hands,  
And many times heaved at the wheel  
To help Buck through the sands.

Ne'er since the days of Moses  
Did such a scene transpire,  
Here men and women, swain and maid,  
Infant and hoary sire,

Camping unsheltered on the plains,  
For life compelled to flee.  
Say, can this be America—  
The land of liberty?

And who amongst this noble band  
Was heard there to complain,  
Or pray destruction on the land  
Where loved ones had been slain?

Oh no! they kneel upon the ground—  
Let! No recall of wrong!  
But from their inmost souls pours forth:  
"Father, bless Brigham Young.

"Direct him to the promised land  
Where Israel will be free,  
And all we have, with all our powers,  
We consecrate to Thee."

There were some lovely maidens  
Who walked those desert plains,  
And like some heroines of old  
They worked and drove their teams.

At night when campfires 'lumed the plains;  
Or Luna did advance.  
The maidens and the matrons  
Enjoyed the social dance.

And on this weary journey  
Days, weeks, yea, months, go by,  
But they obtained the promised rest  
The Twenty-fourth July.

God bless those noble Pioneers  
And the Battalion, too,  
With all the Saints from every clime  
Whose hearts are pure and true!

Again, I say hurrah! Three cheers!  
This theme will never die.  
That Israel found a resting place  
The Twenty-fourth July.

And when these Pioneers have passed  
To homes in worlds on high,  
Posterity will celebrate  
The Twenty-fourth July. J. J. HAYES.

## THE OLD FOLKS.

It was a pleasure long to be remembered that presented itself in the Tabernacle on June 21st when several thousand old folks and their friends assembled in that spacious building to

listen to the rendition of exercises that had been prepared for the occasion. The veterans occupied the front seats in the auditorium, and the intense interest which they took in the proceedings showed that they were there for the full enjoyment of all that was in store for them. Five thousand carnations, donated by R. E. Evans, the florist, were distributed to the silver-haired veterans by a committee of ladies composed of Mesdames Savage, Empey, Jensen, Stayner and Holting. The sweet-smelling flowers being of red, white and pink colors lent a fragrance and beauty which could not but be appreciated by all gathered together. Many of the features marking the old folks' gathering of former years were brought into play. Brother Dunbar was in line with his Scottish bagpipe; the Old Folks' choir with its Aunt Liang Syne, as well as the Tabernacle choir with its choice hymns and anthems, and Helu's band, which dispensed choice selections. Then there was the music of the Desert Guitar and Mandolin club, together with an address of welcome by President George Q. Cannon, remarks by Elder George Goudard and a prepared address by that venerable Prophet who has passed the sixtieth milestone, President Willford Woodruff, whose presence was greatly appreciated by the honored guests.

At 7:30 o'clock President George Q. Cannon called the assemblage to order and the Tabernacle choir sang: Glory and love to the men of old. Prayer was offered by Elder George Goudard, who invoked the blessings of the Father upon all who had contributed to the entertainment of the Old Folks. He referred to the importance of the day—the occasion of Queen Victoria's jubilee and the 104th anniversary of the birth of Bishop Edward Hunter. The choir sang: O my Father, Thou that dwellest.

President George Q. Cannon delivered an address of welcome. He could truly say, said he, that the old folks of all ages were very welcome in our midst. He thought that Salt Lake was highly honored by the presence of so distinguished a company of people, and it truly was an honor to be privileged to gaze upon a gathering of so many who had passed life's seventieth milestone. President Cannon noted his pleasure at being allowed to address such an audience and was pleased to know that there were people willing to lend a helping hand to the entertainment of the old folks. Their labors were certainly appreciated by all classes of people, and the kindness of the railroad companies and all who had in any way rendered assistance, would be cherished to the hearts of all good people as long as they were permitted to live upon the earth. The Lord had been merciful unto His people and had blessed them in divers ways. Those assembled had been blessed with health and strength, vigor of mind and body and were full of activity seldom found in people who had reached such advanced ages. The great majority of those participating in the old folks' enjoyment were people who had learned to serve the Lord and keep His commandments. They obeyed the laws laid down for their guidance and had