

MISCELLANEOUS.

UTAH VOLUNTEERS DEPART

Two more of Utah's Volunteer army organizations have said farewell to home and kindred and taken their departure for the field of duty. They are Batteries A and B, under Captains Richard W. Young and Frank A. Grant, the former as ranking officer. They left this city over the Rio Grande Western Friday afternoon, for Ogden where their train will be switched on to the Southern Pacific and whirled over desert and mountain to San Francisco, preparatory to embarking for the Philippines to give succor and relief to brave Admiral Dewey and the gallant blue jackets who helped him to win the glorious battle of Manila bay.

The scenes attendant upon the departure were such as to stir the hearts of the most phlegmatic and arouse to patriotic thought and action those who have heretofore looked upon war with undisturbed equanimity. It was a day of patriotism. Everybody felt its thrill—everybody was its willing subject and everybody made manifest his actuating motives. There have been many magnificent demonstrations in Utah in the past on public occasions; many times have the people been roused to united action, but never before has there been quite such a demonstration as the one given in Salt Lake today. It is conservatively estimated that not less than three-fourths of the city's population was crowded into the business district to witness the State's noble Volunteers make their march to the trains that should carry them beyond the bounds of our own commonwealth into a sister state, from which they will sail to a foreign land as soldiers enlisted in humanity's cause.

How pleasing, and yet how sad, to contemplate the difference in the farewell reception accorded the brave boys of Batteries A and B, who left for the Philippines this afternoon, and the dashing, gallant Torrey lads who, without a single drum beat, strain of music or manifestation of public appreciation, were permitted if not compelled to depart on Sunday evening last for famous, cursed, war-stricken and broken-hearted Cuba! For one set of heroes there was music, flowers, cheering multitudes and fond farewells, the latter made so by the grand popular response to the untiring efforts of patriotic women. For the other set of heroes—those who had the high honor of being the first Utah Volunteers to leave the State for Freedom's Cause, there was neither music, flowers nor apparent public appreciation. It is the undying hope of unnumbered men and women that there will never be a repetition of Sunday's neglect. The ladies of this city resolved that there should not be, and therefore, like true American women, arranged for the splendid farewell reception that gladdened the hearts of the Utah soldier boys who went away today. Hereafter it will make no difference whether Utah's troops go to Cuba or the Philippines, it is safe to say no distinction will be made.

FAREWELL TO THE VOLUNTEERS.

C. M. Stebbins, professor of English in the High school, contemplating the departure of the Volunteers, penned the following:

Farewell, brave hearts; brave hearts, farewell.
Farewell, strong hearts in coats of blue:
Our honor we repose in you:
Will be know it we guarded well.

Words will not speak our deepest tho't,
As in our hearts we feel and know
How shrill the winds of fate must blow
Ere hard won victory is wrought;

Before we hear your steps again
Keep concord with the rolling drum:
Before the peal of peace shall come,
Electric-flashed across the land.

Go forth strong hearts, and strike for truth,
Redress and freedom of a race;
Strike down the shackles that debase
The nobler mind in age and youth.

Strike down the tyrant and his brood;
Raise up the struggling and oppressed;
Raise up new hope in every breast;
Strike out the blot of servitude.

Our sailors lie beneath the wave,
Betrayed to an unhonored end
Where they were welcomed as a friend:
They sleep in an unhallowed grave.

But honor them: strike from the earth
Such possibility of crime;
Strike treason from the realm of time
And all its monstrous after-birth.

'Tis better to be drunk with strife,
To worship at the flame of war,
To lie beneath his very car,
Than lead in peace a cankered life.

A nation trusts to you her need,
A nation's hope is on you laid,
A nation's honor in you stayed;
Then brave, true heart, godspeed, godspeed.

A PRAYER FOR SAFETY.

The following poetic prayer for the safety of the Volunteers was contributed by Mrs. Lydia D. Alder:

O, God of Battles, to Thy care,
Our Volunteers we now consign
O'er land and sea this is our prayer,
O'er watch them with thy love divine.

Preserve them safe when cannon's roar
O'er sweeps the battle plain;
And o'er their way, go Thou before,
O, save them from the slain;

From fever's breath and pestilence,
When Want and Death great prizes reap;
And bring them safely back from thence,
Secure in faith, their hearts, O keep!

O, God of Battles hear our prayer!
And freedom grant to those who weep;
Fell tyrants o'er the world beware,
Columbia comes her trust to keep!

March on, march on, to victory!
Old Glory floats and waves on high;
To arms, to arms, our country's cry,
The flag in dust must never lie.

Our country grand, is proud and free,
Her King, Jehovah, makes her great,
Our Father O, God, Allwise, to Thee,
Our Volunteers we dedicate.

At 11 o'clock Friday morning the boys in blue at Camp Kent left their rendezvous for the heart of this city. Not only did they leave their camp for the heart of the city in a geographical sense, but they went straight into the hearts and arms of the city from a sentimental point of view, and the impression they left with those who remain behind will grow deeper and deeper until the day shall come when the city will welcome back the victorious sons of the mountains who have gone to uphold the honor of Uncle Sam and protect and defend the beloved Stars and Stripes of grand Old Glory.

At an early hour every man in the camp was astir and methodically, but with leaping enthusiasm, doing his part in preparation for the move towards the din of battle. Tents were lifted and folded, packed away with the other absolutely necessary camp equipment which had been left unpacked, and blankets rolled to be used when next they may be required to protect the bodies of our own brave volunteers.

At 11 o'clock the boys marched to the train of cars furnished by the Salt Lake City railroad company and boarded them in perfect order, under

the guidance of Captain "Dick" Young, as his friends love to call him, and who was thoroughly equal to the occasion, as he will prove to be in whatever emergency he may find himself. The ride to town was uneventful, except for the encouraging cheers of the few people along the route who had remained at home. The boys were all as jolly as could be; and while they know the people of the city lying in beautiful repose below them were about to show them some appreciation, they little dreamed of the overwhelming demonstration that awaited them. When the boys come face to face with the enemy they will remember the loving, cheering and patriotic acclamations of the mother, the sister, the father, and the brother at home and—fight; fight to secure to them forever, and to all mankind ere long, the God-given boon of Liberty. They will strike—O, how hard!—for the freedom of brother humanity downtrodden in another land.

And those at home will pray, as only mothers can pray, for the dear hearts on the field of battle and glory.

A few minutes after alighting from the cars at the corner of State and Second South streets the Volunteers formed and took their places in the marching column. The parade was formed as follows:

Platoon of police.
Held's band of 24 men.
G. A. R. Veterans.
Captain Young and staff.
Battery A Utah Volunteers.
Captain Grant and staff.
Battery B, Utah Volunteers.
Hospital corps.
Christensen's band of 12 men.
Signal corps.
Captain Lund and staff.
Company A, N. G. U., 30 men.
Company B, N. G. U., 30 men.
Company D, N. G. U., 30 men.
University battalion.
L. D. S. College class.
All Hallows band of 16 pieces.
Citizens' flag brigade.
School children with flags.
Salvation Army.

There was an enormous crush at the corner of State and Second South streets and the Volunteers were greatly hampered by hand-shakings of friends, who forced their way into the ranks in spite of the orders of the officers and the batons of the police. Many a little trinket was tucked away by the soldier boys at this corner, friends fearing this would be the last opportunity they would have to press into the hands of the departing ones something by which they could remember them when far away from home.

Up State street went the column to the music of Hall Columbia, and through the endless sea of humanity that packed the line of march from there continuously to the Rio Grande Western depot.

The march continued to the corner of First South, thence west to East Temple, thence north to the Pioneer Monument, thence south to Second South, and thence straight west to the railroad depot.

The scenes all along the route were of so demonstrative a nature that the hearts of the Volunteers could not but be swelled with pride. Old Glory was here, there and everywhere—waved by well-hardened hands and fluttered by the soft, velvety, chubby fingers of wee mites of humanity who found their way into the crush. Beautiful girls and women mingled their shouts with those of gallant men and patriotic lads, and the grand aggregation combined to make one mighty shout to heaven in encouragement of the boys who left them today. Old men, too feeble to raise their voices scarcely above a whisper, shook in their trem-