

institutions, and afterwards protected them and her existence, and proved to all the nations of the earth that as a nation she could defend herself from every attempt at destruction, whether from within or from without, during all this time her sons and daughters have also been demonstrating to the world that this our beloved America must eventually take her place along side of the wisest and best as well as the bravest and most patriotic. What strides she has taken by way of improvement. Each succeeding year has boasted of her own advancement, and confidently asserted that they had arrived as near perfection as possible; but it was only to find that the year succeeding made as many if not more improvements than they. And so it is as we look back through the century; we find she has, in every department, advanced a hundred-fold. No, America has not gained her brightest honors by the sword, but that higher and better part of man—the mind and its culture—has wreathed some of the brightest laurels about the name and fair fame of our beloved nation.

And who of us, my fellow citizens of America, could feel proud that we are American citizens as we stand here to-day in the presence of these grand ceremonies, and take this retrospective view of the achievements and progress of our nation?

We should to-day thank God anew that our lot is cast in this great land of ours. And while we laud the day that gave us this our beloved country, let us with one accord send up this prayer to Him who gave us all.

Great God we thank Thee for this home,  
This bounteous birth-land of the free,  
Where wanderers from afar may come,  
And breathe the air of liberty.

At this point a recess was taken, and the company regaled themselves with a picnic dinner, in genuine sociability. It was during this interval that an opportunity was afforded to form an adequate idea of the number of people in the Grove. The extent of the assemblage exceeded all previous expectations as to its magnitude. During recess the consumers of good things were also regaled with sweet sounds from the instruments of the three bands already mentioned.

When the company reassembled in response to the "assembly call" by the 6th Infantry band, Governor Murray announced that the second part of the programme would be conducted by Mayor Jennings, who proceeded with the performance of this duty. He proposed a number of toasts, and called for responses from the gentlemen who had been selected.

The first toast proposed was "The President of the United States," responded to by

S. J. JONASSON.

The President of the United States is the executive head of a nation of over fifty millions of people. He carries no sceptre, wears no crown, no purple, no royal ermine. He sits on no high throne, is surrounded by no court retinue, by no dazzling pageantry. He has not attained his position because he was the scion of some royal house. No books of heraldry had to be searched to trace his lineage. He is not a sacred majesty who can do no wrong. No, fellow citizens, the President of the United States is a plain man, reared in the midst of his fellow citizens, and has been elected by their free suffrage. He is accessible to the humblest citizen in the land. He is personally responsible for his acts, and no minister need shoulder the blame of his misdeeds or be imprisoned, perhaps beheaded, therefor. Still, the President of the United States is grander than any monarch—grand in all his simplicity! Every citizen of this grand nation feels proud of having the distinguished honor of casting a vote for the man who fills such a position. At his election all ballots count alike; that of the man in the log cabin is equally potent with that of the millionaire in the palace.

Prior to the present administration twenty American citizens had filled the presidential chair. What a grand thing it would be to see those twenty men assembled at one time. From the warrior, statesman and scholar Washington, to the scholar, orator and statesman Garfield. When we cast our vision backward athwart a century, and contemplate them each singly, we discover great qualities peculiar to each individual. But what shall we say when we contemplate them collectively? Are there any twenty monarchs who have ruled the destiny of any nation that can at all compare with them? Among them were great warriors, great lawyers, great scholars, philosophers and statesmen. And where did these twenty men come from? They came through no

royal lineage. Many of them were born in log cabins and reared in poverty. We have had men in the presidential chair who commenced life as rail-splitters, tow-path boys, farmer boys and tailors.

In the front, head and shoulder above the rest, stands Washington, the Leonidas of America. He it was who led the little famished army of American patriots against the overwhelming odds of the foreign mercenary troops. At the cry of "Washington and Liberty!" his band of patriots rallied around their standards, defying the rigors of the winter, and the scorching heat of summer, fording the river, scaling the mountains, marking the ground over which they trod with the blood of their unshod feet, and with shouts of victory drove the enemy from his trenches and from the land consecrated to liberty. Then Washington was unanimously pronounced "the first in war!" The throes were over and a new nation was born. The people declared against monarchy. They wished no wars of succession, no internal dissensions on account of uncles, aunts or cousins of the royal family. They wanted no imbecile to rule them simply because he had been swathed in royal purple. No! They made a constitution in accordance with the rights of man enunciated in the Declaration of Independence. He confided the machinery of their government to three departments, the executive, the legislative and the judicial. And under the guidance of these departments our nation has grown from four to fifty millions in one century! They called upon Washington to preside over them. He brought order out of chaos. Under his administration the country recovered from the prostration which a long war had thrown it into, and became an acknowledged power among the nations of the earth. Then the people pronounced him "the first in peace!" And when the people came to realize his virtues, the purity and ardor of his patriotism, they justly pronounced him, "The First in War, the First in Peace, and the First in the hearts of his Countrymen!" Next after him came Adams and Jefferson, both ripe scholars, great orators and statesmen. One wrote and both of them signed the Declaration of Independence, read in your hearing here to-day. But time passes. It is impossible to review this distinguished phalanx. All remember the great heroes, Jackson, Harrison and Taylor, fighting the battles against both civilized and savage foes, from the burning sands of Mexico to the inhospitable solitudes of our northern borders. And need I mention General Grant, who ranks as a soldier with the greatest captains of Europe, and to whom all the world has paid homage, not alone on account of his military greatness, but because his fellow-citizens had elevated him to the Presidential chair for two terms, and the people of the whole world, high and low, paid honor to the nation whose distinguished representative he was.

Can this nation—can the world—ever forget Abraham Lincoln? Can the records of canonization furnish an example more entitled to the name of martyr? On his accession to the Presidency he found four millions of his fellow-creatures in chains; when he fell at the fatal blow of the assassin, the fetters had fallen from their limbs. He demonstrated Richelieu's saying "the pen is mightier than the sword," to be true, because with one little scrawl "A. Lincoln," four millions of human beings had been raised from a chattel to a status, that thereafter they would come under the provisions of that great charter of English liberties, the habeas corpus act, and their former owners could no longer recover any of them by writ of replevin.

But I must close, Fellow citizens, the Presidency of the United States is a grander position than that occupied by any monarch. It is growing grander every year. Many of us shall yet see us surrounded by one hundred millions of free, happy and prosperous fellow citizens.

I feel proud of being a citizen of this nation. I feel proud of having had a voice in the selection of the present President of the United States, and of his great and good predecessor. I feel proud to say that Chester A. Arthur is equal to the task imposed upon him, and I have no doubt but that in impartial history his administration will be noted as one of the most prosperous and successful, and that he will fill a distinguished niche among his predecessors, and I am sure that every one of you agree with me in the sentiment, that long life and prosperity may attend the twenty-first President of the United States, and that peace, prosperity and good-will of all may attend his administration.

"The Union—no North, no South, no East, no West—but one and inseparable, now and forever," was responded to by

ARTHUR STAYNER.

The sentiment announced as a toast by His Excellency, the president of the day, and to which I am called upon to respond, was enunciated by one of the greatest statesmen that the American nation has ever produced, and one to whom the republic owes to-day a debt of lasting gratitude, the correctness of whose principles has never yet been questioned and whose labors in the forum are green in the memories of all patriots of to-day. I speak of that noble patriot and renowned orator, Daniel Webster. The sentiment is one which reflects the greatest honor on him who uttered it, and while offering the most promising encouragement, throws open the widest possibilities to all for whom it was intended; it implies the very highest degree of honorable principle in those who yielded obedience to its sacred behests and who offered themselves on the altar of patriotism as martyrs for

its inauguration. Union means in this instance the cohesion of two or more separate and independent bodies, bound together by welcome bonds, which taken on at will, are, when once rivetted, forever after indissoluble. The Union, under whose benign auspices we celebrate to-day, is based upon a compact entered into between sovereign States, written with the courageous hand of patriotism, embodying certain well defined rules and competent regulations, intended to exercise a beneficial influence over and be uniform in their effects upon the whole body thus formed. This Union became an important event in the history of nations, and presented to the civilized world the Republic known as the United States of America, and the bond by which it elected to be bound is the Constitution framed by pioneers in liberal statesmanship. That glorious instrument, the Constitution of the United States, which we are proud to acknowledge, was inspired of Heaven, was indited by veterans who had seen the tyrannical injustice of kings and felt the oppressive cruelty of monarchical and imperial institutions, and in framing its magnanimous and liberal provisions they were guided by the wisdom of the Almighty Ruler of nations, who in His grand economy had determined to establish one spot upon the earth, where true and perfect freedom might be enjoyed and where no manner of oppression should ever be allowed to bear sway. Within this sacred document are embodied all the essential elements of a true, free, and liberal government, extending the broadegis of its protection over all classes of its citizens, and welcoming within its wide domain of unbounded wealth the victims of poverty, of tyranny and of oppression from all parts of the world. A Union based upon such a Constitution, and forming the foundation of such a republic, bestows upon even the remotest denizen within its pales the warmest assurances of safety from aggression of every kind, by pledging the sacred honor of all its supporters to the protection of any one or any number of its proteges in the right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." The chief corner stone of the Union which forms this vast Republic is the grand principle of universal liberty, that liberty which implies freedom of thought, freedom of speech, freedom of action, that heaven born principle which breaks the yokes of the bondman and unfetters the soul, which unlocks the treasures of learning to the untutored mind and opens up the riches of the earth to the indigent, presents competence to the industrious and renders possible the accomplishment of the fairy dreams of youth, and the laudable ambitions of all classes; it affords an extended field to the artisan and mechanic, the inventor and philosopher, the saint and the sage, and opens up a vast and boundless world to the energetic and enterprising seeker after knowledge. The only one grand principle of control to which it enforces implicit obedience, is, that all shall respect and none shall encroach upon the rights of others, and you bear me witness that this is no difficult law for honest men to obey. Liberty! Oh what joy to the hearts of the old world's slaves, the slaves of avarice! What music in the sound! What capabilities of happiness the lovely word implies, what wonder the overcrowded nations groaning with their excessive population of serfs, poured from their reeking shores countless thousands of our fellow-beings, gasping to breathe the air of freedom!

To the Union we owe the equitable adjudication of just rights to individuals, and under its auspices we learn to obey the great law of right; to it "we owe our safety at home and our consideration and dignity abroad;" and really to the Union "we owe whatever makes us proud of our country." It was the offspring of necessity, in its infancy it was bathed in blood; surrounded by the paraphernalia of war and the clashing of arms it passed its early experience amidst the hardships of battle and the pangs of adversity. Goaded into independent action by the unjust demands of the mother country, passing at times through all the agonies of temporary defeat, anon weakened by the treachery of supposed friends, bravely did its first supporters combat all terrors and disadvantages and with the blood of heroes sanctified its inauguration. They submitted the justice of their complaint for arbitration to the God of nations; and with the faith which is born of a righteous cause invoked the aid of Him who gives victory to the right in battle. With an inspired assurance of final triumph, sternly and unflinchingly they grappled the discouraging difficulties which continually arose in the way of its establishment, and assisted by that Power which had prompted them to action, they succeeded at last in placing their feet upon the necks of their royal foes; and in accordance with the innate genius of true republicanism, planted upon the lofty eminence of the inalienable rights of man, the glorious standard of universal liberty, under whose ample folds they proclaimed the sublime sentiment that "all men are born equal," established the Union of States and prepared the Constitution for their government and control. Under the auspices of the Union for a century or more this land has offered an asylum to the downtrodden of all nations, and millions of sorrow-stricken men and women have accepted its invitation and hospitality. In the midst of smiling prosperity they have become the possessors of happy homes. Their liberty has never been endangered by a foreign foe, and the grasp of tyrannical oppression which rendered them serfs in their native lands, once released has been forever paralysed. The benefits of the Union are apparent and its blessings great in proportion to the firmness with which are maintained the principles upon which it is founded, and its perpetuation is the devout desire of every true American heart. Any effort to weak-

en the bonds which hold it together will be watched with a jealous eye, and should there arise any opposing element to threaten it with disruption, there will ever be brave hearts to support, sound arguments to sustain and willing words to defend this glorious institution. There are so many honest hearts grateful for its blessings, and its beneficence is so universal that the perpetuity of its existence is dear to every intelligent citizen.

Wisely gazing within the sacred precincts of this glorious Union, the incipient State of Utah awaits patiently the turn of the tide which shall waft her to the haven hoped for. Recognizing the weight of the contracts and agreements, the extent of the obligations and responsibilities, the value of the blessings and emoluments, she modestly asks the privilege of being encircled by the same bonds that gracefully united the first thirteen, not only to the loyal multitudes who have assembled to do honor to this glorious day, but to all the world of mankind, that Utah and her citizens stand ready to unsheath the trusty sword of American patriotism, for the defence of the Constitution of our country and of that Union under whose benefits they desire to live and for whose perpetuation in purity they are willing to die. And the shining motto inscribed upon her banner shall be the soul-stirring words of the immortal Webster: "Liberty and Union, one and inseparable, now and forever."

"The Constitution" was responded to as follows by

J. L. RAWLINS.

A constitution is the handmaiden of political liberty, the attendant and guide of representative government. Without it free institutions would corrode and crumble, the people would be imperilled by anarchy or despotism, and even the rulers, with nothing from the source of legitimate power to accredit their administration, to support or limit their assumed authority, or to guide or censure their wisdom, would be open to such punishment as their usurpation would merit or the frenzy of an outraged people might inflict. England has been aptly called "the mother of parliaments," and it is no less true that she has, at the same time, taught the civilized world the value of constitutions. Her own has been gradually evolved from the history and struggles of a sturdy and independent race. It is yet in its period of formative progress. Ever expanding to encompass human liberty, ever elastic to the touch of the encroachments of human tyranny, and the assaults of autocratic power. One by one it has eliminated the prerogatives peculiar to the crown until now the executive administration is practically controlled by the real representatives of the people. In its differentiation from despotism to liberty it has left the House of Lords an almost abandoned wreck upon the shores of time.

Aristocratic power as a factor of English polity has departed; its pristine luster has faded, there remains but the dull shadow of its former greatness. Unwritten and mobile the English constitution has been largely interpreted by the people in their fidelity to freedom and their national welfare.

As the northern god Thor was supposed to have sprung from the soil, so Englishmen affect to believe their own constitution a genuine product of nature, that ours is but the artificial creation of human ingenuity.

To England an unwritten and elastic constitution was essential, because, by her, liberty had never been fully achieved. Its mobility enabled it to adjust itself to the progress of freedom. On the other hand, when our forefathers assembled in the constitutional convention, they proceeded upon the idea that in their recent heroic struggle and turmoil of strife the consummation of liberty had been attained, that it but remained for them, in order to secure its blessings to themselves and posterity, to permanently fix, beyond the reach of vicissitude, its immutable principles in a document of perpetual duration.

A century has already attested the unqualified success of this achievement worked out in their remarkable provisions and statesmanship. They not only established a safeguard for their own people, but set a faithful and beneficent example to other nations. Following this, France and Italy, Austria and Germany are possessed, in some degree, of the boon of constitutional government. Russia is without it. Unprotected by the guard of a constitution her people suffer, her monarch is a prisoner in his palace, his autocratic power is struggling in the convulsive agonies of death.

When the fathers of our constitution had perfected their labors, they might have truthfully exclaimed as did the poet Horace: "We have reared a monument more enduring than brass, higher than the regal structure of pyramids, which the corroding storms, the furious north wind, the innumerable series of years or flight of times will not be able to destroy."

Mr. Rawlins' delivery was all that could be desired.

"Our Heroes, Dead and Living," response by

GEN. McD. McCOOK.

Called upon this natal day of our country to respond to the toast, "Our Living and Dead Heroes," I must say that I do not understand why our heroes should not be included in this toast, and I would venture the suggestion to the gentlemen who have arranged the toasts upon this occasion, that in all periods of the world's history, there were heroes before we had heroes, and without heroes to-day, heroes would soon cease to exist.

"Our Heroes, Dead and Living." This is a subject so great, so noble, that laymen should have little to say or do with it but in commendation. By poets and orators alone should the ennobling and sacred theme be handled. Hence I feel, yes I know how far short I shall come in doing justice to-day to those who have died that this country might live, and even to those heroes with whom we have

to live and do with to-day. Heroism in our country commenced at an early period of our history, or we would not be here celebrating this Fourth of July. During our colonial existence it ripened, and thank God it ripens upon our soil to-day. The heroes of the revolution have by their courage and example, by their self-sacrificing conduct, taught in history our young Americans how to live and die for their country.

Where is the boy or girl of this period, having the benefit of our public school education, that cannot tell of Washington and Knox, of Greene and Schuyler, of Lee and Putnam, of Decatur and Paul Jones, Marion and Sumpter, Jefferson and Adams, and of the fifty-six heroes who pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honors, in order that they and their descendants should be free. We have had heroes of the revolution, of the wars of '12 and '15; we have had heroes in our Indian wars, and heroes during our late fratricidal war. Our heroes of the revolution knew well the dangers necessary to undergo, the sacrifices to be made to create and form a country, but the heroes who stamped out rebellion in this country from '61 to '65, learned of the magnitude of the danger, sacrifices and blood necessary to preserve us as a nation. All honor to the memories of our dead heroes. For them

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat  
The soldiers' last tattoo,  
No more on life's parade shall meet  
That bold and glorious few;  
Our homes, eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
While glory guards with solemn round,  
The bivouac of the dead.

Our living heroes, what shall we say of them. Well I have known a goodly number of them, and it seems to me that my task should be short here, for they all seem to be able to talk for and take care of themselves.

The American hero, that epitome of all that is brave, intrepid, courageous, daring, valiant, bold, gallant, fearless, enterprising, noble, magnanimous, illustrious, and above all, obedient to the law of his country, cherishing its observance as he would his own honor. The heroes of the revolution drove the Union rivets, the heroes who stamped out rebellion during our late war clinched them, and made us forever one and inseparable.

I cannot say that all the men within hearing of my voice are heroes, but being made in the image of God, your Father, there are possibilities open to you, and there may be a time when your country will need you to defend the principles upon which she is based; when heroic inspiration may come into your souls, and you can cry out like bold Horatians:

The keeper of the gate,  
To every man upon the earth,  
Death cometh soon or late,  
For how could man die better  
Than facing fearful odds,  
For the ashes of his fathers,  
For the temples of his gods.

The Union Glee Club, led by Prof. C. J. Thomas, sang in stirring style, "Praise of the Soldier."

The toast "Utah," was responded to by

O. J. HOLLISTER.

I could wish, in responding to your toast, that certain beautiful words had not been so often used in picturing the transformation of Utah as to have become hackneyed, for none can be so fitting. They are these: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." One might well fancy that the poet of another age and clime, when he uttered those words, was watching the spring draw on here in the morning shadow of the Wasatch mountains, as you and I have many times seen it. Dwelling here, you are become used to it, and perhaps think the application forced. But get away, travel in neighboring States a few days, or in the outlying parts of Utah, and then return, and you will perceive that it is a veritable oasis. Entering it at any point is like entering Paradise. I have lately had occasion to try the experiment, and confess I never before appreciated it.

Coming down from Idaho in early May, our train entered this valley and a scene as of enchantment at the same time. It was about the hour of sunrise. The sky was without a cloud, a vast dome of pearl high arching over all. The air was the perfumed breath of the early morning and the young spring. Nothing could be fresher, sweeter. The dew hung in jeweled droplets from the grass blades and seemed to tremble on the eyelashes of the flowers. Our way lay through vineyards and orchards, farms, gardens and villages. Brooks tumbled down the mountains, ran along by our side, then sped away into the lake. The farmers were driving afield to their plowing and sowing. The grass and fall wheat could almost wave in the slight breeze; the birds made the meadows and hedges vocal with their morning matins; plums and peaches in full bloom were sprinkled upon the whole country side like flowering shrubs in a park; the tender young foliage of the larger trees seemed to caress the eye that rested upon it.

But in this heart of spring, winter was not far away. Mountains held high their white heads behind us; they towered at our side, an endless snow field, unrelieved for long stretches by a single dark object, whiter than anything else on earth, and beautiful with a beauty which can find no words to contain or convey. So near, too, it seemed you could put your hand on them. Once in a while a turn in the road would disclose a new horizon of snow caps, high in the upper air, still and solemn, glistening against the sun, almost taking your breath at first sight.

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