

scampered out a dozen strong. Our aim being to follow the dogs, we tore through the woods, tripping over stumps, rushing through briars, leaping over thickets, scrambling in the water, yelling with fearful energy, waderlog along th—but bark! “A po sum! a po sum! Hear them dogs bark! Be still!” cried a chorus of voices. All grew still. The noise was the hoot of an owl. On we pressed again through the Mississippi timber until 2½ hours had rolled by, when the dogs became lost, the company exhausted and the leader discouraged. We sauntered back home resolved to trouble Mr. “possum” no more.

Greatly appreciating your paper, I remain your brother,

JOSEPH W. MUSSEY.

THE AUTHOR OF AMERICA.

SALT LAKE CITY,
January 10, 1896.

A meeting was held recently in the parlors of Park Street Church, Boston, to take into consideration the organizing of an association for the purpose of erecting in the near future, a suitable monument to the memory of Dr. S. F. Smith, the author of the national hymn “America.” Heartly sympathy was expressed with the movement and profound love and respect manifested for the famed author and patriot. Addresses were made and a number of suggestions were offered, but no action was taken on any of them as no well formulated plans had been prepared.

Mr. Cyrus Cobb had on exhibition a large photograph taken from a clay cast representing the bust of the dead poet. Before adjourning however officers of the association were elected. Governor Greenhalge, of Massachusetts, being named as president, and Mayer Curtis, of Boston, vice president, with some twenty of the most prominent male and female citizens of the “hub” as trustees.

A statement had been published in some of the Roman Catholic papers that Dr. S. F. Smith had presented the original of the hymn “America” to the Pope of Rome. Gen. Henry Carrington, the literary editor of D. D. Smith’s writings was interviewed and asked whether the statement was true or not. “It is not true,” replied Gen. Carrington. “The original of the hymn is now locked up in a vault, and is in the possession of myself and D. D. Smith’s son. When the song was written Dr. Smith had 100 copies printed and he sent one to each of the various rulers of the world and among others one to the Pope. That is all there is to it.

THE OLD ANVIL AGAIN.

The NEWS has received from Mr. Josephine Mallory Wuntaker, of Alm, Cache county, Idaho, the following letter, with reference to the Mallory family who camped with Mr. Phelps in Iowa, after the Nauvoo exodus, and left there an ancient anvil, now owned and treasured by Mr. Thatcher of the Buckeye state:

My grandfather, Lemuel Mallory, left Nauvoo with the Mormons who were driven from that place; he had two wives. His son Elisha was my father, who died two years ago in California.

He was about twenty years of age at the time mentioned in the NEWS. My grandfather died at Logan 102 years old, and had twins born to him at the age of 95. I know of no other Mallory in the Church outside of my family, and think this must be the one who camped with Mr. Ira Phillips in Iowa.

THE FORTY-FIFTH STAR.

Sons of Utah, shout for joy!
Let your praises rend the sky!
Float the flag of Freedom high!
Liberty is in the air: Liberty sounds ev’ry-where!
Come, behold the lovely star,
Whose bright rays are beaming far!
Nations wonder what they are.
So magnificently fair is that star so bright and rare.

Shout ye mothers, sisters, wives!
Dow your garlands, throw your eyes;
For this day you’re entranced!
Liberty is in the air: Liberty sounds ev’ry-where!
Let the earth resound with cheers:
Statehood quells all your fears:
You are now your brothers’ peers!
So magnificently fair is that star so bright and rare.

Shout ye children; for your State
Shall become most wondrous great.
Glory, honor, is her fate!
Liberty is in the air: Liberty sounds ev’ry-where!
Beck’ning from the highest peak,
Shining down the craggy steep,
Flashing in the briny deep—
So magnificently fair is that star most bright and rare.

All ye people, shout again!
Mountains echo Utah’s fame!
To the world ye va es proclaim
Liberty is in the air: Liberty sounds ev’ry-where!
Bells ring out in merry peal;
Cannon boom the earth doth reel;
Making ev’ry heart to feel
Most magnificently fair is that star so bright and rare!
R. M. F.

THE ADMISSION OF OUR STATE.

I thank thee, Grover Cleveland; I thank thee for myself,
For thy vigorous proclamation; for Utah’s commonwealth.
With flag and banners streaming, this day we celebrate,
Our hearts with pleasure teeming, the admission of our state.

We have heard the cannonading, its sound has reached afar;
’Twas the noise of battle, like the thunderings of war.
’Twas the people who were cheering, their joy it was so great
When they read the proclamation; the admission of our state.

We will dance and sing with pleasure, while the cannons loudly roar,
While tripping to the measure of the giddy waltz once more.
With joy we join the festive throng; this day we celebrate,
And sing a song the whole day long: Success to our new state.

Eight and forty years have gone, they’ll never come again,
Since Brigham with his gallant band were started o’er the plains,
In search of that new Canaan, o’er mountain vale and swamp.
After sore and heavy hardships, near Great Salt Lake they camp.

Those heroes who first crossed the plains;
With manly hopes and fears—
All honor to their blessed names; our intrepid pioneers;
Those heroic early comers; they a page in history make—
Those were our Pilgrim Fathers; the founders of our state.

’Neath the shadows of these mountains there’s a valley fair and green,
Dotted o’er with springs and fountains—a fairer ne’er is seen;
And close beneath those mountain shades, smiling down upon the lake,
There lies a lovely city: the capital of our State.

Throughout that lovely valley, there are men and women fair;
Men who love their country; all dangers they would dare.
And when their country calls them, like their fathers in the past
Who were true and valiant soldiers, Utah’s sons shall not be last.

Then raise your voices with a cheer, and swing your banners high!
And show the world we know no fear; for our country we would die
We will be true as men can be; this day we consecrate.
Our hearts are filled with joy and glee; in the Union is our State.

HENRY FARNER.

SCOFFIELD, Utah, Jan. 4, 1896.

OBITUARY NOTES.

ALICE TOMLINSON THOMSON.

RICHMOND, Utah, Jan. 6, 1896.—Alice Tomlinson Thomson died at her home in Richmond, Cache county, Utah, December 26, 1895, after an illness of ten weeks. She was born November 28, 1829, at Waddington, Lancashire, England, and came to this country with the Latter-day Saints in 1851. Her brother traveled with her as far as St. Louis, where he died. She came to Utah the following year, and was married to George Thomson in November, 1860, at Salt Lake City, moving to Richmond the same year. She leaves her husband and seven children to mourn her loss. She died as she had lived, a faithful Latter-day Saint, full of love and integrity for the truth.—[Com. Millennial Star, please copy.

JAMES W. STEWART.

OGDEN, Utah, Dec. 30, 1895.—The many relatives in Utah and Idaho will be pained to learn of the death of James W. Stewart who died at Sulphur Springs, Utah, November 22, 1895. He left Richfield, Sevier county, Utah, November 16th with a load of grain, a well and hearty man and was taken with cramps in the stomach at 8 p. m. of November 21st, and at 8 p. m. of November 22nd departed his life. His younger brother was with him at the time and at once started home with the remains, a distance of 120 miles.

James W. Stewart was born in Ogden March 28, 1857; was baptized at St. George, Utah, July 6, 1868; he filled several positions, such as president of the Y. M. I. A. and was faithful to his duty. He labored as a Teacher for many years and was a faithful worker.

James W. Stewart was the son of William Stewart, of Central, Sevier county, Utah. His mother is a sister of Clifton S. Browning of Ogden. Wm. Stewart left Ogden while James was a very small boy and has lived in Sevier county ever since.

The funeral services were held at the Richfield meeting house. The following were the speakers: Elders W. H. Seegmiller, W. H. Clark, Fairbank and Nebeker. They spoke of the good character of Brother James and said many things that will certainly be consolation to the family.

Idaho papers please copy.

THE DEAD.

Peaceful be their Rest.

NELSON.—At Paradise, Cache county, of old age, Jonathan Nelson, in his 76th year. Millennial Star, please copy.

BAUM.—Fanny Lillian Baum, daughter of O. L. and Dal y M. Baum, died at 1 o’clock a. m., Jan. 13, 1896, aged 12 years and 9 days. Omaha papers please copy.

COBB.—Grace Alberta Cobb, daughter of J. A. and Martha Ella Cobb, departed this life at 2:50 a. m., January 13, 1896, aged 23 years 6 months and 17 days. Cincinnati papers please copy.