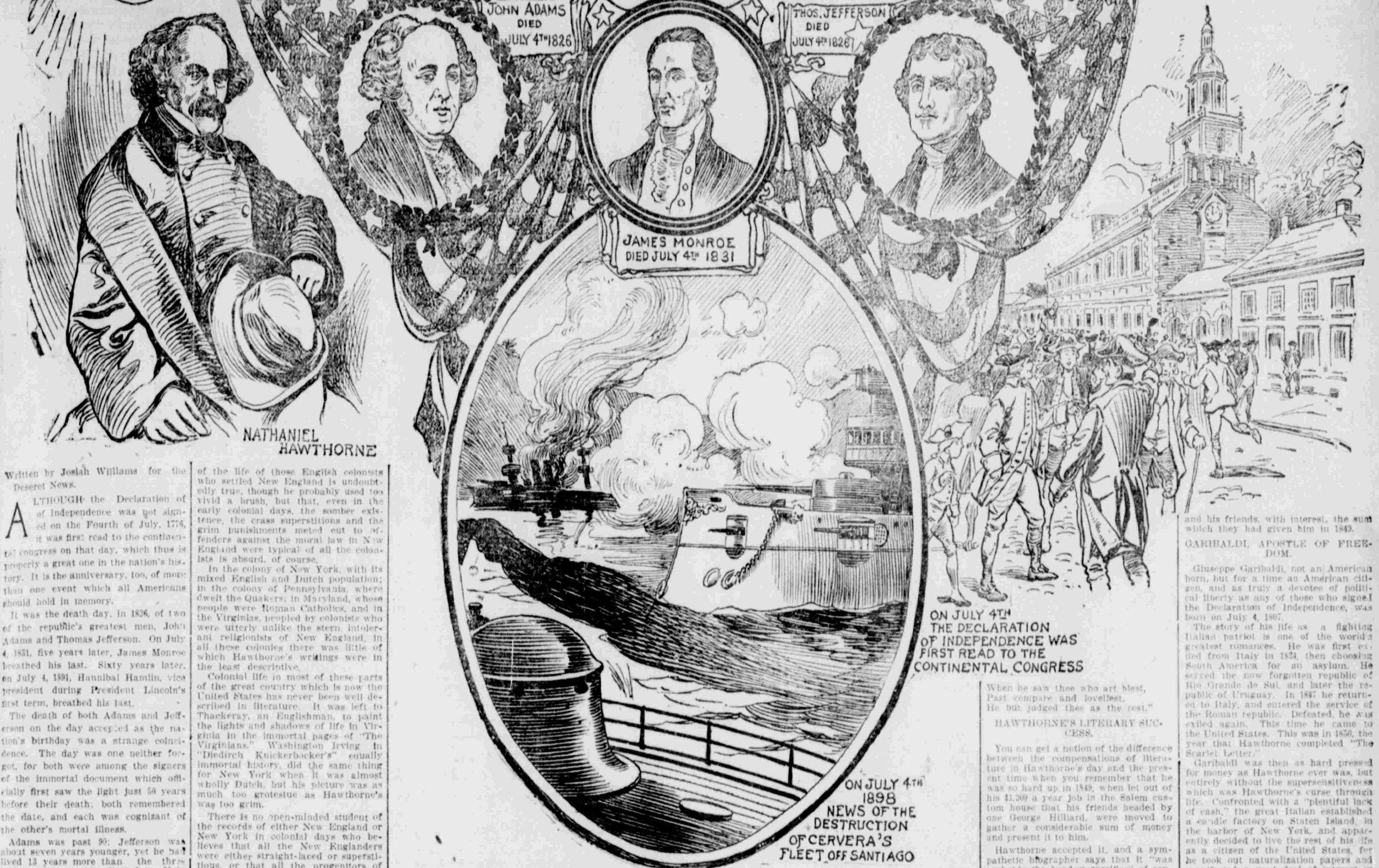


BIRTHS, DEATHS AND VICTORIES ON JULY 4TH.



Written by Josiah Williams for the Deseret News.

ALTHOUGH the Declaration of Independence was not signed on the Fourth of July, 1776, it was first read to the Continental Congress on that day, which thus is properly a great one in the nation's history. It is the anniversary, too, of more than one event which all Americans should hold in memory.

It was the death day, in 1826, of two of the republic's greatest men, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. On July 4, 1831, five years later, James Monroe breathed his last. Sixty years later, on July 4, 1891, Hannibal Hamlin, vice president during President Lincoln's first term, breathed his last.

The death of both Adams and Jefferson on the day accepted as the nation's birthday was a strange coincidence. The day was one neither forgot, for both were among the signers of the immortal document which officially first saw the light just 50 years before their death; both remembered the date, and each was cognizant of the other's mortal illness.

Adams was past 90; Jefferson was about seven years younger, yet he had lived 13 years more than the three-score and ten years allotted by Holy Writ. At midnight 80 years ago, when Independence day was just being ushered in, Jefferson, even then dying, but with memory not yet altogether impaired, muttered, "This is the Fourth of July." In the morning Adams, the same thought apparently running through his mind, roused himself to ask, "Does Jefferson still live?" Adams died a little after midday, Jefferson a few hours later.

The cornerstones of two of the most impressive structures to be seen in the city of Washington were laid on July 4, Washington's monument in 1848, and the extension of the Capitol building in 1851. Daniel Webster was the orator on the second of these occasions, and the well rounded, sonorous sentences of his address roused intense enthusiasm in the audience.

THE BIRTHDAY OF HAWTHORNE.

On July 4, 192 years ago, Nathaniel Hawthorne held abroad to be the most representative American writer, was born at witch-ridden Salem, and though there are many among the critical who will not agree that he of all our literary lights best reveals the national character, it is agreed that he is one of the very few Americans whose work in letters has become classic.

That he did vividly portray a phase

of the life of those English colonists who settled New England is undoubtedly true, though he probably used too vivid a brush, but that, even in the early colonial days, the somber existence, the crass superstitions and the grim punishments meted out to offenders against the moral law in New England were typical of all the colonists is absurd, of course.

In the colony of New York, with its mixed English and Dutch population; in the colony of Pennsylvania, where dwelt the Quakers; in Maryland, whose people were Roman Catholics, and in the Virginia, peopled by colonists who were utterly unlike the stern, intolerant religionists of New England, in all these colonies there was little of which Hawthorne's writings were in the least descriptive.

Colonial life in most of these parts of the great country which is now the United States has never been well described in literature. It was left to Thackeray, an Englishman, to paint the lights and shadows of life in Virginia in the immortal pages of "The Virginians." Washington Irving in "Diedrich Knickerbocker's" equally immortal history, did the same thing for New York, when it was almost wholly Dutch, but his picture was as much too grotesque as Hawthorne's was too grim.

There is no open-minded student of the records of either New England or New York in colonial days who believes that all the New Englanders were either straight-laced or superstitious, or that all the progenitors of those who proudly proclaim themselves Knickerbocker stock were as comically "thick" in their headpieces as "Diedrich Knickerbocker" portrays them.

HAWTHORNE A STRANGE MAN.

Hawthorne was as singular as he was gifted. He was reserved to the point of ultra-shyness, even with those whom he knew to be the kindest of men. John G. Whittier, who was supposed to have known Hawthorne better than most, said not long before his death:

"Hawthorne was a strange puzzle. I never felt quite sure whether I knew him or not. He never seemed to be doing anything, and yet he never liked to be disturbed at it."

Hawthorne's closest friend during all the later years of his life was Horace Ingersoll of Salem. They first met at New Haven, Conn., in 1828, and until Hawthorne's death, in 1864, were close friends and never separated for long. In his old age Mr. Ingersoll, who lived to be nearly 90, and died only 15 or 16 years ago, used to like to talk about his old friend Hawthorne. Ingersoll was subject to frightful fits of temper, which led to occasional periods of coldness between them. Their greatest falling out was over Hawthorne's loss of the plot of "Evan-

geline," which Longfellow used in his poem of that name.

Ingersoll heard the story from a Mrs. Halliburton of Boston. Not being a writer himself, he retold it to Hawthorne, who said he would write a novel based upon it. Six years passed, and Ingersoll, who knew Longfellow, told the story to him. Longfellow, either recognizing its value more than Hawthorne had, or being more industrious, lost no time in embellishing its details in his haunting verse.

In his later years Ingersoll used to show with pride the presentation autographed copy, which the poet sent to him, recalling with amusement that he attempted, when telling the story to Longfellow, to indicate how it should be written. Longfellow did not follow instructions very closely; still Ingersoll said he had no cause to complain.

"You should have heard Hawthorne rave, after the book came out," said Ingersoll to a friend. "He was so mad with himself and with me, because he had not written the novel that he did not get over it for some time. I do not think he ever fully forgave me for telling the story to Longfellow."

Many of his friends knew of Hawthorne's personal romance—that though he married Sophia Peabody, he was en-

BIRTHS, DEATHS AND VICTORIES ON JULY 4.

The Declaration of Independence Was Not Signed, Only First Read to the Continental Congress on That Day.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, Romance, Patriot, Were Born, and Three Presidents Died on the Fourth—Hawthorne's Personal Romance—His Struggles and Final Great Success—Garibaldi's Eventful Life—Once American Citizen.

The United States Has Won Great Victories on Its Birthday, the Latest of Which Was The Naval Battle of Santiago.

gaged to her older sister Elizabeth, before he ever met the younger one. A chronicler, writing after Hawthorne's

death, wrote thus of the change in Hawthorne's affections:

"He was instantly attracted to Sophia Peabody, and, though the young people strove against their mutual attraction, it came to the knowledge of the elder sister, who told them at once that her heart had room for them together as well as separately, and she proved it by her life and by her devotion to them."

Sophia Peabody modeled a notable bust of Laura Bridgman (as famous in the last century as the first human being educated as Helen Keller, similarly afflicted and similarly educated, is today) and used the sum of money she received for it to buy her wedding outfit. She was the heroine of the half-forgotten poem by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, "Bertha in the Lane." In this poem, however, the elder and renowned sister dies of a broken heart, whereas in real life she outlived by many years the sister for whom she "sewed the wedding gown," as the poem mistakenly tells it. Here is one of the stanzas:

"Had he seen thee when he swore
He would love but me alone;
Thou wert absent—sent before,
To our kin in Sidmouth town.

HAWTHORNE'S LITERARY SUCCESS.

You can get a notion of the difference between the compensations of literature in Hawthorne's day and the present time when you remember that he was so hard up in 1849, when let out of his \$1.50 a year job in the Salem custom house that his friends headed by one George Hilliard, were moved to gather a considerable sum of money and present it to him.

Hawthorne accepted it, and a sympathetic biographer says that it "was probably the hardest sacrifice" of sentiment he ever made. His letter replying to the letter accompanying the gift is a masterpiece in its way, written, one cannot but fancy, with the most careful attention to its literary style. In it he says:

"It is sweet to be remembered and cared for by one's friends, sweet to think that they deem me worth upholding in my poor work through life. And it is bitter, nevertheless to need their support. My success in life is really and justly a matter of shame. I am ashamed of it and I ought to be. The fault of a failure is attributable to the man who fails. Nobody has a right to live in the world unless he be strong and able and applies his ability to good purpose."

Four days later, on Feb. 1, 1850, he wrote the closing words of his finest romance, "The Scarlet Letter." Later President Pierce made him consul to Liverpool, the best paying office then in the gift of the federal government, and his emoluments as consul and the returns from "The Scarlet Letter" gave prosperity to him for the remainder of his life.

The writer of today who could produce such tales and romances as Hawthorne's would not need to wait till he was nearing 50, as he did, before securing recognition. He was 49 when, in 1853, he was able to repay Hilliard

and his friends, with interest, the sum which they had given him in 1849.

GARIBOLDI, APOSTLE OF FREEDOM.
Giuseppe Garibaldi, not an American born, but for a time an American citizen, and as truly a devotee of political liberty as any of those who signed the Declaration of Independence, was born on July 4, 1807.

The story of his life as a fighting Italian patriot is one of the world's greatest romances. He was first exiled from Italy in 1833, then choosing South America for an asylum. He served the now forgotten republic of Rio Grande de Sul, and later the republic of Uruguay. In 1847 he returned to Italy, and entered the service of the Roman republic. Defeated, he was exiled again. This time he came to the United States. This was in 1850, the year that Hawthorne completed "The Scarlet Letter."

Garibaldi was then as hard pressed for money as Hawthorne ever was, but entirely without the superstitiousness which was Hawthorne's curse through life. Confronted with a "plentiful lack of cash," the great Italian established a candle factory on Staten Island, in the harbor of New York, and apparently decided to live the rest of his life as a citizen of the United States, for he took out naturalization papers and manifested a good deal of interest in the politics of his adopted country.

However, he remained here only four years; then he dreamed anew his dream of the freedom and unity of his beloved Italy, and returned to his shores, settling as a farmer on the island of Capri. Five years later he was in the military field again in the war waged by Sardinia and France against Austria, and he was a figure in most of the fighting that preceded Italy's final unification. He died 24 years ago on his Capri farm.

JULY 4TH IN AMERICAN WATERS.

The Fourth of July has been a big day in the war of the republic. In 1861, July 4 was the first day of the extra session of Congress, with eight states unrepresented.

On July 4, 1862, Vicksburg surrendered to General Grant.

On the same day news was sent over the country that the federal forces had won at Gettysburg.

On July 4, 1864, Grant was gradually driving Lee back, though at a terrific cost of human life, 600,000 men having been slaughtered in two months. On July 4, 1898, we got the news that Cervera's entire Spanish fleet had been destroyed off Santiago by the United States fleet, that 690 Spaniards had been killed and drowned, and 1,402 taken prisoners on the day before.

Romney's Dependable SHOE SALE!

JULY 1906

The Salt Lake public know what it means—The people can depend on what we say and the shoes we offer—We believe in PLAIN STATEMENTS, PLAIN FIGURES and SQUARE DEALING. In our July sale we make no reservation. Every shoe in our stock is reduced; every box marked in plain figures

HERE ARE A FEW ILLUSTRATIONS AS TO PRICES

Men's Banisters and Others	Women's J. and T. Cousins and others.	Misses' and Children's	Boys' and Youths Rough Riders and Others.
Any \$6.00 Shoe or Oxford \$4.95	Any \$4.00 Shoe or Oxford \$3.35	Any \$2.50 Shoe or Oxford \$2.15	Any \$1.00 Shoe or Oxford \$2.45
Any \$5.00 Shoe or Oxford \$4.15	Any \$3.50 Shoe or Oxford \$2.95	Any \$2.00 Shoe or Oxford \$1.75	Any \$2.50 Shoe or Oxford \$2.15
Any \$4.00 Shoe or Oxford \$3.35	Any \$3.00 Shoe or Oxford \$2.45	Any \$1.50 Shoe or Oxford \$1.30	Any \$2.00 Shoe or Oxford \$1.95
Any \$3.50 Shoe or Oxford \$2.95	Any \$2.50 Shoe or Oxford \$2.15	Any \$1.00 Shoe or Oxford \$1.05	Any \$1.50 Shoe or Oxford \$1.75
Any \$3.00 Shoe or Oxford \$2.45	Any \$2.00 Shoe or Oxford \$1.75	Any .90c Shoe or Oxford \$1.05	Any \$1.00 Shoe or Oxford \$1.25
		Any Baby Shoe or Slipper cut in proportion.	Any \$1.15 Shoe or Oxford \$1.55

A Few Specials in Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes Will be Shown on the Tables
Foster's ladie's shoes, Patent XVL heels turn soles, \$5.00 values will be **\$2.50** per pair. Men' Patent Colt Blucher and Bal, \$4.00 values will be **\$2.50** per pair