

The Morse Memorial Meeting.

LAST night, in compliance with the call of Hon. D. H. WELLS, Mayor of the City, memorial services, in honor of the late S. F. B. Morse, the illustrious inventor of the telegraph, were held in the Representatives' Room in the City Hall, which was decorated in a manner suitable to the occasion. The national flag, draped in crape, floated at half mast from the liberty pole before the Hall, a plentiful supply of the same sombre looking material being hung at the front entrance.

The chair occupied by the president of the meeting, as well as the stars and stripes above it, were "in mourning."

In the hall in which the services took place was suspended an appropriate picture, one side being the instruments and materials used in constructing and working the telegraph—poles, insulators, and instruments, with the first telegram ever sent by Professor Morse—"What hath God wrought?" On the other side was inscribed: "Utah, Territorial Pioneer, first in every enterprise, has built and owns more than a thousand miles of telegraph lines."

During the day a wire had been stretched from the office of the Deseret Telegraph Company on East Temple St. to the hall, at one end of which was a table with the necessary apparatus, placing the assembly in communication with the East, and the most distant telegraphic regions of the world.

The meeting was called to order by Mayor Wells, and on motion Hon. George A. Smith was elected chairman; H. S. Eldridge, Geo. E. Whitney, Elias Smith, Josiah Lawrence, Edward Hunter, J. P. Taggart and Z. Snow, vice-chairman; Lewis S. Hills, John T. Caine and Theodore McKean secretaries.

On motion, David W. Evans was appointed reporter, and W. B. Douglass electrician.

The chairman briefly explained the object of the meeting, and Elder Charles R. Savage offered prayer.

On motion, the following committee of nine, the first named being chairman, were appointed on resolutions:

Brigham Young, Jr., Joseph F. Smith, E. D. Hoge, C. H. Hempstead, E. M. Barnum, Theo. F. Tracy and John R. Winder, and afterwards on motion, two ladies, Mrs. Hannah T. King and Mrs. Dunford, were added to the committee. The committee retired to prepare resolutions.

The following telegrams to the memorial meeting at Washington were read:

REPRESENTATIVES' HALL,
CITY HALL, Salt Lake City,
April 16, 1872.

To the Hon. Chairman of the Morse Memorial Meeting, Washington, D. C.

Our citizens meet at half past seven, Salt Lake City time, but fearing that their resolutions may come too late for your meeting, I forward the following in advance:

Utah cordially joins the fraternity of States and nations in expressing sorrow at the demise and irreparable loss the world has sustained in the decease of Professor Samuel F. B. Morse. Each successive year developed through the genius of Morse additional gems of electrical science to the great benefit of mankind.

In each development he recognized the finger of Divinity; and in his unostentatious manner re-expressed the sentiment of his first telegraph, "What hath God wrought!" His name will shine in letters of living light throughout all coming ages.

DANIEL H. WELLS, Mayor.

Honor is due to the wise and the great. Professor Morse was both. My affections follow him to the spirit world.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Salt Lake City, April 16, 1872.

The committee returned and through Mr. Hempstead presented the following resolutions:

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God, in his inscrutable wisdom, to call from earth Professor Samuel F. B. Morse, a man of brilliant intellect, full of years and full of honors; Therefore, be it resolved,

First—That while we bow with humble submission to the will of Him who "doth all things well," we cannot but feel that the world has lost one of its profoundest thinkers, and certainly one of its greatest benefactors.

Second—That we regard no homage too great, no sentiment too dear, no language too eloquent, to honor genius.

Third—That we cordially unite with

the vast multitudes, now assembled everywhere throughout the land, to do honor to him whose unrivalled genius made the lightning the messenger of man, and taught the nations "the mystery of holding converse beneath the seas."

Fourth—That we recognize in the life and labors of the illustrious deceased his fittest monument—one which has its foundation in all lands, and which shall live as long as time endures.

Fifth—That we tender to the stricken family and friends of the deceased, our heartfelt sympathies, and point them to their only real consolation—the assured hope of reunion and a blissful immortality beyond the grave.

After the reading of the resolutions, General BARNUM was called upon for a speech, and he responded in behalf of the committee as follows—

MR. CHAIRMAN AND FRIENDS—

The air is full of farewells to the dying and mournings to the dead. When earth's greatest pass away, all hearts are stricken. When a hero, who has won achievements on the field of battle, is stricken down, how many thousand hearts mourn his loss? When a statesman dies, the whole state is wrapped in mourning. When some great commander, whom the people have looked to as their leader, whose guerdon they have followed, towards whose standard they have turned their eyes—when he passes away, all heads are bowed; but when a man who has lived through all his life as a public benefactor, who has done something upon this earth, that sheds a benign and sacred influence throughout all the borders thereof, not a State alone, not a nation mourns, but earth's myriad millions. Tonight this whole land is draped in the habiliments of woe. One of America's noblest born, one who has achieved something that is higher than all wrought upon battle fields, amid carnage and blood, has gone, and not America alone mourns his loss; from every continent, from every isle, all hearts unite in one glorious requiem to the name of Sidney Finley Breeze Morse.

It is well for us, when such a great public benefactor has passed away, to recall the incidents of his life, for from them we may draw lessons that shall urge us onward, each in his humbler path; for Morse has won his glorious achievements amid long years of trial and toil and study, of persevering energy, relying upon the fact that God's truths will triumph, that he had welling up in his soul a great and mighty truth—a discovery that was bound to redound to the interests and the benefit and good of the whole world.

It is not often that one who has been a discoverer or an inventor of some great achievement, which has spread and developed until it has helped on the progress of the world; it is not often, I say, that he lives out the fully, and more than fully, allotted time of man, to see in his grey haired years a full fruition of the hopes and toils and labors of his early life. To Morse this has been granted.

Born in New England four-score and one years ago; bred to letters, to science, to art, Morse, in early life, while yet in his college years, while enjoying the teachings and the benefits of the highest attainments of the professors of art and science, at Harvard and Yale, was filled with a divine afflatus which showed in the lightnings which God sent from heaven, a power that could be tamed and chained to man's will. And while in his early days he conceived that thought, and developed that thought into action, that throughout all nature was permeating a mighty power that man could yet develop and bridle to his daily use; a power which, as he saw it displayed in nature, was to the untutored savage, one of the most fearful and awe-inspiring forces of the universe.

As early as 1835 Morse had invented and had made rude machinery by which he was enabled to transmit in one direction, along a wire, the effect of electricity. By his experiments he became satisfied that magnetism was akin to, if not the same great power as, electricity, displayed in nature.

No longer ago than 1835, by the rude implements he succeeded in transmitting, for a few feet, this influence, or power, or something that could be felt. He had, here, the starting point, the nucleus, the radiating centre which afterwards became the study, the problem of his life, and which he has solved. Long years of toil, spent comparatively a competency—a fortune left him by his ancestors exhausted; poor, down almost to the lowest condition of poverty; all the material aid that he could borrow or beg from friends was gone; for you know how it is with the scientific discoveries of the world. These things are not evolved in a day, it sometimes takes a quarter or half a century for the student, the chemist, the philosopher or alchemist to evolve some great truth, and develop it into an accomplished fact. It was so with Morse. What seems now, to the man who sits by this table, and with the simple mechanical touch of the finger, sends a thrill, a something, which he nor any other man, nor Morse himself was able to fathom, to the furthest corner of the earth; it is so simple and so easy that all wondered why it was not done before. It is so with almost all great achievements in science and art.

With his fortune exhausted, but with unbounded confidence that he had fast hold of a mighty truth—a great science, a lofty art to be developed, he applied to friends for money, but without successful result. At last he resolved that he would appeal to the great American people, and to that American people through their representatives—the Congress of the United States assembled at Washington. The winter of 1837-8 saw Morse, then past the prime of life, a petitioner for a few thousand dollars to enable him to lay—because at one time it was thought that the wire should be buried in the earth—a wire from the city of Washington—the Capital of the nation, to the city of Baltimore—a distance of about forty miles. The proposition was so strange and curious, so novel that it was thought by a majority of the members of that Congress to be but the idle fancy of an addlebrained crazy man, like those of many other discoverers and benefactors of earth.

After laboring in vain through two sessions of Congress, and beginning to give up hope, feeling that in his native land he could not obtain that aid, and hoping that, in the language of Scripture, a prophet might not be without honor save at his own home and in his own land, he crossed the Atlantic in a packet ship. He had taken out letters patent for his invention in America; and when he reached England he applied for a patent at the patent office of the English government, for this so-called invention, this simple coil of wire, of which you see two in this little instrument lying on the table, the invention of Morse, made by him in 1836, and still used in all telegraphing; it has never been changed. Around in this little spool-like form are myriad yards of wire—coil upon coil surrounding a magnet. He applied to the English government for a patent upon that, and failed. It was to them—to the great commissioners and examiners of the British patent office—such a simple and to them a thing that a patent was refused. He applied to other governments of Europe, but save only in France did he obtain what was called a simple *brevet*—a sort of complimentary patent which amounted to nothing. Struggling as did one of Italy's noble born in foreign lands, but not so successfully; and had Morse been successful in obtaining his patent from the English government, from the brow of the Genius of American liberty would have been snatched the honor which she now bears as one of the brightest gems in her crown, and the English government would have had the honor of bestowing aid upon Morse, and the English people would have had the honor of enabling him to develop this wonderful thing.

You recollect how it was with one born in Genoa, when the eastern continent was believed to be all there was of earth. The Spanish main on the west and the furthest Cathay on the east, were the boundaries of the known world, upon the other side of this terraqueous globe a whole continent was unknown. Christopher Columbus struggling, seeking, asking, begging in vain from the rulers, the potentates and wealthy men of his own land to give him sufficient money to set sail in a few ships westward across that great ocean, over which on the western shores of Europe they could look towards the setting sun. He, like Morse, traveled to other lands, and after long years of searching, pleading and begging he obtained the ears of one who listened intently to his story, and saw him spread out the map of the then known world and demonstrate that there was another continent upon the other side of this great globe; and glory be to that personage—a representative of God's noblest work—a perfect woman—Isabella of Spain, to whom was given the honor of aiding Columbus to work out his God-inspired project; and to-day, Spain bears upon her escutcheon as one of the grandest of her memorial mottoes, words which shall be handed down through numberless ages to the glory and credit of that old nation, though she may crumble and decay:

A "Castille a Leon"

Neuwo Mundo dio Colon,—

To Castile and Leon, a new world gave Columbus.

Unsuccessful in Europe, the moral hero whose obsequies we now commemorate, returned on the packet ship *Scylla* to the city of New York in 1838. It is related that upon the deck of that ship, amid his fellow-passengers, with his drawings and his instruments, he demonstrated again the power, the wonderful vital energy, the marvellous force there was in this something called electricity, in the development known as material magnetism; asserting that it could be applied to the use of man for the transmission of messages along vast extents of country by simple wires. To those fellow-passengers, upon the deck of that packet ship it was a marvel, a mystery, and few lent willing ears; almost all turned away with the thought or expression: "It is a pity that a man so nobly born, so wonderful in his endowments, so intellectually bred, has gone crazy upon this thing." Again, upon the shores of his native land, with naught left but undying energy and persevering hope, money gone, friends dropping away one by one, tired of his asking them for aid, sick of meeting with his crazy babble, he wended his way again to the capital of his country. A gray-haired man he was at that time. It is wonderful that all this thing had been developed since many men in this hall have passed the

meridian of life. An old man was strolling around the lobbies of the Capitol at Washington, with a roll of paper under one arm, and some curious, strange-looking device under the other, seeking an interview with this Senator and that Representative, and many trying to shun him, because he had become to them, no doubt, a bore, and Washington is full of that class of men, and it is very hard indeed to discriminate. A small appropriation of thirty thousand dollars was asked in the appropriation bill, and yet it doubtless seemed to many members of Congress like throwing the money away. He obtained from the committee to whom the proposition was referred in the House of Representatives, a favorable report. He had stretched around the walls of one of the great halls in the capitol a wire that ran so many times around the hall that it made a half mile in length; upon a table he had his instruments, and he brought Senator after Senator and Representative after Representative, by beseeching, and begging, into his little room away off to one side, for he was thrust almost into a closet—a small spare room only could be granted him, and here by the simple touch of his finger, as gentle as you might lay on a sleeping babe without waking, he sent instantaneously through that circling wire a something which produced an effect at the other end of the wire which came to the opposite end of the table. Seeing was believing. The Senators and Representatives could not dispute that here was a power sent thrilling along this wire. Says Morse, "If this can be done one mile, why not ten? And if ten, why not a hundred? And if a hundred, why not a thousand?" When the general appropriation bill was up, Morse's telegraphic appropriation clause was loaded down with ridiculous amendments by members of Congress, some of them now living and I have no doubt they will be ashamed to have it repeated in their ears. They thought they could not prevent this appropriation of thirty thousand dollars on a direct vote, and they undertook to kill it by loading it with ridiculous and opprobrious amendments. I recollect that one member of the House of Representatives proposed as an amendment an appropriation of fifty thousand dollars to enable this man to run a branch line to the moon. This member believed no doubt that it was no more ridiculous to run a branch wire to the moon than to run one from Washington to Baltimore, and why throw away thirty thousand dollars of the people's money on the fancy of a crazy man's brain?

Morse, bent down with toil, wearied and exhausted with labor, his anxieties and doubts redoubled, struggling between hope and fear, had retired to his room. Whether he slept or not I think we may entertain grave doubts. It was the last night of the Congress of the spring of 1843. How brief a time—only the year 1843! More than two-thirds of the people in this room were then grown to the stature of manhood or womanhood, and were of a sufficiently mature age to understand and appreciate this thing.

In the last hours of the session, for Congress closed at midnight on the 3rd of March, the appropriation bill passed, and the thirty thousand was in. Thank God, Morse was apprised of it by seeing it in the morning papers. Oh, was there not a thrill of joy in that old man's heart then! He went to work again—he had something now to labor with—a wire was laid from Washington city to Baltimore; but not until 1844—twenty-eight years ago only, did he succeed in completing the line from Washington to Baltimore. There were many anxious and doubtful hearts among his friends. Was it possible that the thing could succeed? Might it not be a failure? And would not Morse lapse into insignificant forgetfulness as a crazy man who had swindled the American people out of thirty thousand dollars with his nonsense?

It was not a failure, as the world now knows, and look at the wonderful results in twenty-eight years. Telegraph wires now stretching through almost every village and hamlet in the land, from the furthest point of Maine to the shores of Los Angeles; from the Keys of Florida to the pine woods of Washington; everywhere these little wires are threading the land. Telegraph lines in the United States alone stretch over an extent of fifty thousand miles in length; and as some lines have three, some four, and some five or six wires, the length of wire now in use here for telegraphic purposes amounts to over two hundred thousand miles—enough to encircle the globe half a score of times.

And here I am reminded that the great ones of earth have often seemed to exhibit a premonition of the wonderful discoveries in art and science that came centuries after them. There is a passage in the works of one of the grandest writers in the English language that is often pointed to as almost prophetic of the invention of Morse. It occurs in a curious production called a dream. It was undoubtedly not a dream to the man who penned it. In Shakespeare's beautiful play called the "Midsummer Night's Dream," he makes his fairy "Puck" say among the fairies, when he is sent upon an errand, "I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes." Morse has put a girdle round about the earth in forty seconds.

To Morse is given not alone the honor of having invented and developed the telegraph wire upon land; to him also be-