

## THE GREELEY-BROWN RATIFICATION MEETING.

ON Saturday evening at about a quarter to seven o'clock, the first gun of a salute of fourteen, in honor of the Greeley-Brown nomination, was fired from the junction of First South and First East streets, where a couple of pieces of artillery were stationed. This had the effect of very speedily drawing together a concourse of several thousand persons, with Captain Croxall's brass band and Captain Beesley's martial band, both of which enlivened the interest and pleasure of the occasion by excellent music.

In about an hour from the firing of the first gun, J. P. Page, Esq., Chairman of the Territorial Democratic Central Committee called the meeting to order, saying:

GENTLEMEN:—It becomes my duty as Chairman of the Democratic Central Committee for the Territory to call this meeting to order. We meet together for the purpose of ratifying the nomination of Horace Greeley and B. Gratz Brown for President and Vice-President of the United States. I believe that in these nominations we have representative men who believe in free speech, free press, free soil, free religion and free men. (Hear, hear and cheers.)

The chairman then nominated the following officers, which were carried with acclamation.

President E. M. Barnum.

Vice-Presidents—Geo. Q. Cannon, J. P. Page, S. P. McCurdy, Charles Dahler, Edward L. Sloan, T. P. Akers, Z. Snow, S. M. Blair, Henry Wagener, W. H. Hooper, Jay Barnes, Alexander Majors, H. B. Clawson, S. A. Mann, Allen T. Riley, E. H. Shaw, Presley Talbot, H. J. Faust, Jo. Gordon, Hosea Stout, M. Kirkpatrick, L. S. Hills, Dr. J. M. Benedict, D. K. Allen, S. Bringham, J. Stephens, E. R. Young, Jeter Clinton, Dr. O. H. Congar, R. D. Crittenden, Norris W. Mundy, Judge Roseborough, Henry Barnes.

Secretaries—Marcus R. Mayer, W. W. Woods, E. F. McCarthy.

General Barnum

Being introduced to the assembly spoke as follows:

Fellow-citizens, I propose that we commence our exercises this evening with three cheers for Greeley and Brown.

The crowd gave three hearty cheers. The speaker continued:

Gentlemen and fellow-citizens, why have we met together? We have recently heard that our fellowcitizens throughout the United States have met and are meeting in assemblages that number not by hundreds and thousands, but by tens of thousands. The four-years recurrence of the selection of the Chief Magistrate and his Vice, this year comes before the American people; and we as citizens of this great Republic can not remain silent, we can not remain idle spectators. Being residents of a Territory we shall not have the privilege of casting our votes for the men of our choice; the men whom we desire to be elevated to the Presidency and Vice-Presidency for the four years succeeding March 4th, 1873, yet we can, nay we must, we can not resist the impulse to meet together and express our sympathies. We in the Territories are said to be the wards of the general government, and we look upon the Presidential elections very much as it was said a young fellow of the "cullud persuasion" on a steamboat on the Mississippi river once looked upon the question of who was his master. This was in former times when every Southern gentleman, in traveling, had his negro boy with him. Well, a party of gentlemen sitting in the cabin of a Mississippi steamer were playing that familiar game called poker. (Laughter.) I do not know that any of you understand this game, perhaps you do, evidently one gentleman in the crowd claims to understand it. The game progressed into the night, and so intent was each gentleman to gain the victory over his opponents that, unnoticed, the hours passed until daylight dawned upon them. A fellow-passenger, who rose early in the morning, wanted this

negro boy, who was sitting on one side, to do some service for him, and he called, "Boy, come here." The boy excused himself, saying he could not come. "Whose boy are you, who is your master?" said the gentleman. "I don't know whose boy I am now; last night about twelve o'clock I belonged to Colonel Winsor, ober dar," pointing to a gentleman sitting on one side of the table. "About 3 o'clock I belonged to dat long-haired man ober dare, but I can't tell whose boy I am until dis game is played out." So it is with us in the Territories—we don't exactly know whose wards we are until the game is played out. (Cheers.) We have been "Massa" Grant's boys, but before November is closed we expect to belong to somebody else. (Cheers.)

Well, the American nation presents to itself and to the world a spectacle which was never witnessed before in the history of parties: men from one great political party coming out from the party with which they have acted from its organization, of which they were the fathers, and declaring, on their solemn oaths, that that party, having had control of this government for twelve years, has become so corrupt, so bad, has stolen so much from the national treasury, and is doing the country so little good in comparison with what it ought to do, that they are ready for, nay, they demand, and say there must be, a change (applause). The great Democratic party, responding to that demand, have joined hands with these men and say, "For God's sake give us a change (applause), for if the country shall continue for four years longer under the administration of Grant, or rather of the men who occupy all the departments and offices of and under the government throughout the country, we have serious fears that it will be next to impossible for the nation to extricate itself from the vortex into which it will be hurled."

My friends, you know that many people throughout this country are terribly exercised about the Democratic party, and on this point the friends of Grant are the most woefully exercised of all: they fear that the Democratic party is about to destroy itself, and others have been telling us for a great many years that the Democratic party was a dead party. In response to that we say to them that if the great Democratic party of the United States is dead and ready for burial, it is the liveliest corpse they ever saw (cheers); and, to quiet their fears, we say further to these gentlemen, "If the Democracy can strike hands with the Liberal Republicans and go on to victory, we can stand Horace Greeley if they can. We are willing to try him." Some men are fearfully exercised because the Democratic party did not pursue the policy they wanted us and our friends to pursue at Baltimore, that was to nominate a separate and independent ticket. The reason they wanted us to do this was because they knew that would divide the forces, and enable them to slip in to victory again.

Now I will tell you what the Democracy are saying to Horace Greeley. You all know, perhaps, that some dozen years ago Horace Greeley took a trip across the Plains. A great many of you saw him. On his trip he had occasion to cross the Sierra Nevada mountains; that was before the railroad was built, and when Horace got into the stage he had a good Democrat to drive him, and he drove so fast and furiously that what little hair Horace had, which usually hung down around his neck, rose right up on end, and his hat was lifted from his head so that he had to hold it on with both hands. But his driver, Hank Monk, said "Hang on Horace, keep your seat and I will put you through." (Cheers.) Well, the great Liberal Republican party has put Horace on the national stage coach and the Democratic party has joined hands with it, and they say every one of them like Hank Monk, "Horace, keep your seat and we will put you through" (Cheers.)

Unfortunately, as I said before, we have not a vote in this matter; but we have our sympathies. We say to our brothers in the East and to our brothers in the West, "God speed you, we want a change, we want victory with Greeley and Brown. We are just in that unfortunate condition described by the Irishman when he saw a machine picking into a sandbank and taking out tons of gravel as easy as he could a shovelful. He wanted to know what that was, and was told it was a "paddy." "A paddy by Jabers?" "Yes, it is a steam paddy." "Well," said the Irishman, "it may be a steam paddy, and he can shovel gravel mighty well, but he can't vote." (Laughter.)

Gentlemen, there are a number of your fellow citizens here who will address you. We purpose only to make short speeches. All we want is to let it go to the world, that we, here in Utah—Republicans and Democrats, have joined hands as they have from Cincinnati to Baltimore, and that we are for Greeley and Brown. (Cheers.)

In response to calls of "Hooper," the following address was delivered by the honorable Delegate to Congress, from this Territory,

W. H. Hooper.

Fellow citizens: You have met to show your respect and admiration for no ordinary occasion. It is less than a hundred years since a body of men, inspired by the Almighty, assembled together to make a form of government and to prepare a written constitution under which might live free men. Those men, working by inspiration, gave to our fathers the form of government under which we live. We worked under that form of government, and travelled on with a magnitude and celerity, in wealth, numbers and power greater than of any other government known to the world. In the course of that remarkable progress, corruption and kindred evils, that have characterized other republics, were developed in ours. We have passed on from decade to decade, until corruption in the administration of our government has reached such a pitch as to rouse the indignation of the people in every portion of the country, and they begin to declare that it is no longer the people's government. In the East and the West, in the North and the South our fellow citizens begin to discern that our legislators legislate for the rich only, and that the poor man's rights are disregarded. But thank God, things are transpiring which show that the faith in the masses, which was foreshadowed in the creation of our government, was not misplaced, and that the element which crossed the Atlantic and founded the colonies, while facing the savage and combating the barren waste, was capable, not only of founding a government, but also of defending and conducting it. The people have trusted too much to their leaders, but I say, thank God, I believe the time has come when they will take these matters into their own hands. (Cheers.)

A little over sixty years since the world gave birth to a boy of humble parentage, obscure in all his connections. Barefooted, as it were, he started in the world, with no capital but the intelligence that God had given him, with honesty of purpose and a fixed determination to win for himself a name. He pressed forward, and from being a humble printer's boy, perhaps the printer's devil, he gradually worked his way up, until to-day, as a printer and as an editor, he has few equals, and certainly no superior on earth. That person is Horace Greeley. (Cheers.) From humble life came forth that boy. He aspired not to the position for which, by the unsolicited nomination of his countrymen, he is now a candidate. His intellect, merit, honesty and integrity have done this. By inspiration, as it were, he has been brought before the American people as a candidate for their next President. In Mr. Greeley we have all the elements that are desirable in a President for this great Republic. His life, fellow-citizens, is without a blemish; his integrity is unimpeachable, his intelligence is conceded by all, and he is before the American people for their suffrages to elect him to a position more exalted than any other on earth. He stands before them not as the regal aristocrat, not as one who has unsheathed his sword and waded to power through the misfortunes of others; he is from the humbler walks of life, and has carved out his own fortunes without the aid of wealthy friends, or anything but his own intelligence and the assistance of Him who guides the destinies of all.

We read of great men, of learned doctors of the law, and scientific men, some of whom will devote their lives to the gathering up of insects, or studying the habits and peculiarities of birds or snakes. What use are such men to a country as practical as ours? In Horace Greeley we have a man great in his simplicity, in his honesty of purpose, in his practicability, in his temperance, sobriety, economy, industry and everything that adorns human nature, and makes a man a bright ensampler to his fellowmen. (Cheers.) With such a man as candidate for our chief

magistracy, and with such promise of his success as we see before us, how thankful we ought to be. (Cheers.)

Horace Greeley is the poor man's friend, and the friend of the oppressed; and while he earnestly protested against the course pursued by our fellow-citizens in the South, yet when the foe was down, he was the last man in favor of kicking him lower; but he stretched forth the hand saying, "Come back, wayward brothers, let amnesty be for all. Let us restore the South to her full privileges of citizenship, extend the hand of friendship and, forgetting the enmity of the past, endeavor only to promote and increase friendship and good will in the future." (Cheers.)

Fellow citizens, I have occupied this much of your time and, as many others desire to address you, I shall close by proposing three cheers for Greeley and Brown.

The assembly heartily responded to the proposition, after which the martial band played,

"Ten thousand miles away."

In compliance with repeated calls, the assemblage were next favored with the following, from

Col. Akers.

Fellow citizens, under ordinary circumstances I would not attempt to utter one word at this meeting, except to apologize for my inability to speak in the open air and to give my endorsements to the eminent candidates, whose names you have all heard mentioned to-night. I say, under ordinary circumstances, having done this much I would not attempt to add one word. But the circumstances by which we are now surrounded are not ordinary circumstances, in fact, during the past five years I have firmly believed that the institutions of our country have been in greater peril than they were at any time during the terrible war of the Rebellion, and as I can only say a few words, I desire that these shall be plain words, and I wish to express to you the grounds upon which the conviction I have now uttered has rested.

The war of the Rebellion was an open danger. The conspirators who waged war against this Republic made no concealment whatever of their purposes, in fact for months before the first gun was fired, on every stump throughout the Southern States, the purpose of these conspirators was fully and fearlessly proclaimed; and being thus advised of the danger that threatened the country we were enabled to put ourselves in a position to avert that danger. But the danger which has threatened this country during the past five years is one of an altogether different character—it has been a concealed danger. In fact the very name which the party in power during the war assumed, and which they have retained most of the time since the war, was a fraud and a cheat; they declared themselves to be the Union party, and while professing these principles, since the war closed, they have actually stamped out of existence eleven of the States of the Union, and erected over them a colossal, imperial despotism outside the constitution of the country. (Applause.)

Now, my fellow-citizens, I have two or three reasons why I desire to see that party hurled from power. One of them is, that it has shown itself wanting in statesmanship. I ask you, I put to you all, the plain common sense question, when the war was over, what was the policy that true wisdom would have dictated to be pursued by the rulers in this country towards the Southern people? Need I point to any other country to learn wisdom on that question? I know what the answer of every one present would be if he spoke in the sincerity of his heart. But I will point you to that great rebellion which occurred in Hungary, in 1848. You remember that an organized rebellion there threatened the power of Austria, for a time, as much as the Southern Rebellion threatened this Republic; and but for the interference of the Czar of Russia, who threw his sword into the scale in aid of Austria, Hungary would have achieved her independence then. But the Czar interfered, and Hungary was crushed into the dust.

What did Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, do in reference to Hungary at the close of the war, when he found his power over her re-established? You remember very well that he restored to Hungary her ancient constitution; he opened her prison doors, he sent his wife and his children amongst her people, and by his policy towards them he made his name a household word in