

GLORY FOR OGDEN'S VOLUNTEERS

Five Thousand People Do Them
Honor

AND BID THEM GOD SPEED,

As they Go to the War to Fight For Their
Country—Scenes Indescribable,
of Joy and Grief—A Day
of Patriotism.

The hour of speeding the patriot sons on their way to the war for their country and their flag, has come and gone and it was such an hour as Ogden and Utah have never before seen.

Years ago, similar scenes to those of yesterday were enacted in every hamlet, town and city in the United States, though the departing patriots may have gone to battle for different ideas, yet in one sense they were not like. The days of '61 never saw such a display of patriotism, completely overwhelming the depressing feelings of sorrow, grief and anguish at the departure of loved ones to go to the front and brave the assaults of a foreign foe.

The day opened bright, after a most disagreeable night, and by noon the streets were in a fairly passable condition. The business and residence districts were profusely decorated with the national colors and flags were flying to the breeze all over the city. It was called "Old Glory's" day and everybody felt that it was a day for laying aside everything except their patriotic citizenship.

At noon, amidst the booming of cannon and anvil, the cracking of giant fire-crackers and the cheers of the people, the Ogden City band marched to the place appointed for formation of the parade, the City hall, and the parade began to grow. Next came Chief Davenport, and a platoon of police. The chief then took charge as Marshal of the Day, and in a few moments the John A. Logan and John A. Dix Posts, G. A. R., were placed in line one hundred and fifty strong, and a guard of honor preceded the volunteers, who marched along with their gray blankets thrown over their shoulders.

They were a set of young but determined looking men, and they will be found at their post whatever befalls. Those who go to the front are as follows, and the list should be preserved as a roll of honor:

ARTILLERY.

Joseph W Walters.	
Geo Wardlaw.	
George H Wheeler.	
Benj Van Syke.	
John Latchan.	
Charles W Emery.	
John A Shelby.	
D J Sullivan.	
John Hogan.	
Samuel P Tyree.	
Godfrey J Bluth.	
Frank J Coulter.	
Lee A Curtis.	
Willard A Wright.	
Albert N Walters.	
Perry Eggleston.	
Malon H Ackerat.	
Gustav Danielson.	
Parker J Hall.	
Frederick D Sweet.	
Joseph W Carr.	
James K Burch.	
Lewis Miller.	
Thos M Thornberg.	
Chas W Robinson.	

Next came the Sons of Veterans; the mayor and city council, and the county officials.

Then came the schools, the high school leading with its boys and their war cry. The Sacred Heart academy came next, and was followed by the Weber Stake academy pupils, 250 strong. The boys of St. Joseph's school were next in line and then came the public school children to the number of about 2,500. Following these came a number of civic societies; business wagons dressed in Stars and Stripes, and citizens, the parade closing with the fire department, led by Chief Rieer, with the entire apparatus, gaily decorated.

The parade was formed with the head to the east on Twenty-fifth street, and when marching orders were given counter-marched and proceeded straight to the depot. The line was about a mile long and it was 1:40 before the entire body had reached the depot. It was a display which cheered the hearts of all who saw it and amid the playing of patriotic airs and the cheering of the crowds which lined the streets the parade moved onward.

Arrived at the depot, a table was secured and placed where the crowd was thickest, and here, Mayor Boyle addressed the gathering, and introduced Hon. T. B. Lewis, who is a Confederate veteran. Mr. Lewis spoke warmly and feelingly of the strife of war which is now on and of the dangers by which Ogden boys would be confronted; spoke of the late war, and of the difference, "now you go to fight for a united people and nation. Uphold the honor of your flag and nation; be true and steadfast; you go to fight for us, and our blessing and best wishes go with you. God bless you."

Ex-mayor C. M. Brough, a Union veteran, was the next speaker, and he also spoke of the war of 1861-65. He was there. This was a scene like those old ones; but the United States was right and would prevail over all enemies. "Go, and with you go all the fears, anxiety and yet the joyful good wishes of the people of Ogden and the Nation."

Hon. A. J. Weber rose to heights of glory in his patriotic injunctions. He foresaw, that Utah would carve, through these men, a niche in the temple of fame—that fame which comes by the warfare of a patriotic people when

they are fighting for right and justice to humanity, life and liberty.

Judge Hulaniski, that old war horse of 1861-65, was the next speaker, and he gave to the people an understanding of the terrors of war; but the glory of it was so much greater, that the old soldier, and the true soldier never thought of the danger to himself, but made it dangerous for the enemy. Go, boys, fight and fight like Utah boys, like American soldiers, and remember that the nation trusts itself with its people who never yet have failed in the hour of need.

Capt. Witherell made the closing speech, and it was just such a one as would be expected of a man who had been covered with scratches during the war, and spent some time in a rebel prison. It sounded much like, "Go on, boys, it didn't hurt me!"

At the close of Captain Witherell's speech the volunteers, who had been in the arms of their mothers, wives and sweethearts, bidding the last, most painful farewells, moved toward the train which was being held for them.

The band played patriotic airs, and as the train started out there rose over the multitude the strains of "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Then pandemonium broke loose. Cheer after cheer rent the air, handkerchiefs, flags, umbrellas and hats were waving; and then every engineer in the yard, pulled open the whistle valve, and the tones of twenty engines whistling for "Old Glory," and the volunteers, drowned every other sound.

The parting of friends and relatives was most affecting, and few were the dry eyes when the train bearing the brave boys had passed from view.