

The mysterious crisis between the clashing continents and civilizations of the world, held and decided, three thousand years ago, by the three hundred Spartans at Thermopylæ, now rests with the geographical States and people of Colorado and Utah.

Geographical integrity is the oracle of salvation and safety. You are in danger of being partitioned by the Punic ambition of avaricious monopolies, and the covetous cities of the Atlantic Sea.

No fragment of the people of the North American Continent can thus suffer their geographical harmonies to be lost and perverted.

The mining pioneers of the Rocky Mountains, in vice untaught, yet skilled where glory leads to arduous enterprise, are fit to confront this crisis.

Often distinguished by your favor, a witness of your constant fidelity and courage, it is my duty to sound to you this alarm, to invoke and summon you to confront this danger with Spartan, with American will, unanimity, and victory.

Our great country has emerged from trials intensely exhausting and perilous. The energy and devotion of the people have not faltered either in defeat or victory. A cry of joy and admiration sounds over all the seas and all the continents and islands. The past is impregnably preserved—future progress safe, brilliant, and assured :

“Night wanes, the vapors round the mountains curled
Burst into morn, and light awakes the world.”

Yielding our hearts to the vivid palpitations inspired by this day, and by the gathering glories of our country, so young and yet so great, let us pronounce to her this parting salutation :

Hail to America, land of our birth! Hail to her magnificent, her continental domain! Hail to her generous people! Hail to her victorious soldiers! Hail to her matrons and her maidens! Hail to the sacred union of her States! All hail to her, *as she is!* Hail to the sublime mission which bears her on, through peace and war, to make the continent her own, and to endure forever!

THE END.