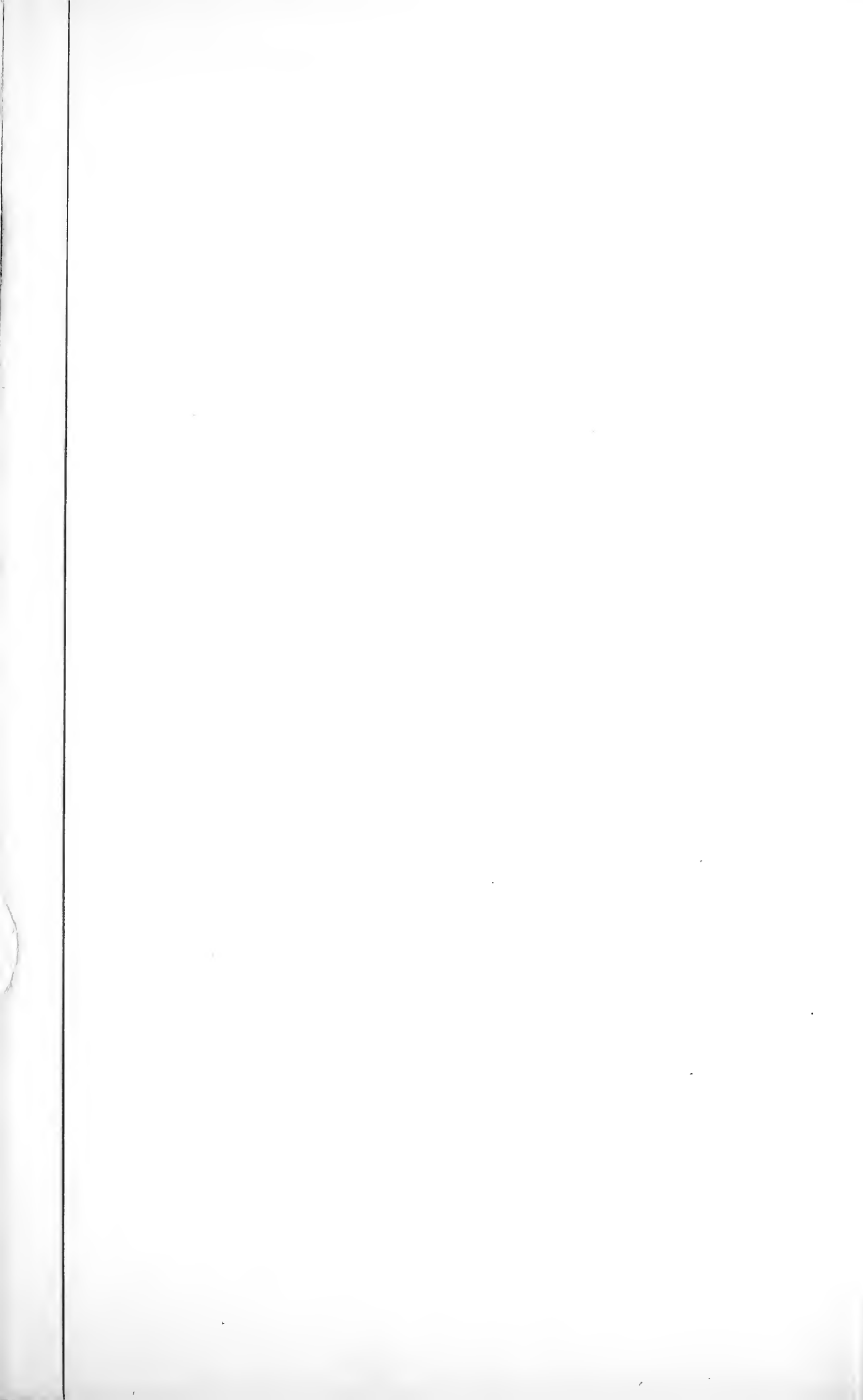


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REPUBLICAN

— CLUB

DINNER
HELD AT DELMONICO'S
ON THE
EIGHTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE BIRTHDAY OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN
FEBRUARY 12TH, 1894.





Republican Club of the City of New York.

Lincoln Dinner.

Delmonico's, February 12, 1894.

GUEST TABLE.

| | |
|----|------------------------------------|
| 17 | Hon. Lemuel E. Quigg. |
| 15 | Hon. Warner Miller. |
| 13 | Hon. William P. Hepburn. |
| 11 | Hon. Serebo E. Payne. |
| 9 | Hon. John Dalzell. |
| 7 | Hon. Thomas J. Henderson. |
| 5 | Rev. Robert S. MacArthur, D.D. |
| 3 | Bishop J. P. Newman, D.D., L.L.D. |
| 2 | Edmund Wetmore, <i>President</i> . |
| 1 | Hon. Frederick T. Greenhalge. |
| 4 | Hon. J. G. Cannon. |
| 6 | Hon. Henry D. Estebanoke. |
| 8 | Hon. John G. Nicolay. |
| 10 | Hon. Frank Hineock. |
| 12 | Hon. D. H. Mercer. |
| 14 | Hon. John L. Wilson. |
| 16 | Hon. Edward T. Bartlett. |

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|----------------------------|---------------------------|---------------------------|-------------------------------|----------------------------|--------------------------|------------------------|---------------------------|
| Hon. H. B. McClellan, 25 | 24 Hon. Wm. H. Arnoux, | Hon. Chas. N. Taintor, 21 | J. Van Vechten Olcott, 20 | Chas. Gulden, 21 | 20 James P. Foster, | John Sabine Smith, 21 | Hon. Chester S. Lord, | Hon. Bradford Rhodes, 21 | 20 Hon. Joseph Coult, | John D. Norris, 25 | 24 Theodore G. Peck, |
| Wm. I. Bogart, 26 | 23 Hon Wm. H. Arnoux (guest). | Henry Elliot, 22 | 19 Thomas Sturgis, | Hon. A. B. Hepburn, 22 | 19 Edward Schenck, | Robert J. Kimball, 22 | Hon. Loren Fletcher, | Hon. Geo. M. Robertson, 22 | 19 Hon. Franklin Murphy, | Hon. C. V. Wemple, 26 | 23 Gen. Ira M. Hedges, |
| Wm. M. Cohen, 27 | 22 W. H. Perkins, | A. H. Gleason, 23 | 18 Gen. Thomas Eckert, | J. Reynel, 23 | 18 Hon. E. O. Leech, | Hon. C. W. Fairbanks, 23 | Henry Gleason, | C. H. Young, 23 | 18 Edward C. Jones, | James M. Wandling, 27 | 22 C. S. Shayne, |
| Benjamin Stearns, 28 | 21 C. A. Blood, | J. McKinley, Jr., 24 | 17 W. Babcock, Jr., | H. C. Conger, 24 | 17 W. J. Dixon, | Hon. T. C. Platt, 24 | Hon. Irving P. Wanger, | Robert N. Kenyon, 24 | 17 E. C. Jones (guest), | Henry C. Post, 28 | 21 Mayor Wanser, |
| Leois Stearns, 29 | 20 C. A. Winch, | Alfred K. Wright, 25 | 16 Geo. Clinton Batcheller, | E. H. Conkling, 25 | 16 H. F. Randolph, | Hon. George B. Shaw, 25 | Hon. George W. Smith, | Rev. E. K. Young, 25 | 16 James W. Perry, | Wm. Filsinger, 29 | 30 Geo. B. Inman, |
| J. G. Kugelmann, 30 | 19 Hon. A. J. Englehardt, | Clarence W. Bowen, 26 | 15 Charles H. Langdon, | E. J. Carter, 26 | 15 Hon. Jno. W. Vrooman, | Hon. Henry E. Tiepke, 26 | 15 Hon. H. C. Loudenslager, | O. J. Whitlock, 26 | 15 Thomas R. Harris, | Julien T. Davies, 30 | 30 Julien T. Davies, Jr., |
| James Phillips, Jr., 31 | 18 Hon. L. L. Van Allen, | Wm. H. Rockefeller, 27 | 14 Abram B. Knapp, | Col. E. M. L. Ehlers, 28 | 14 Hon. C. P. Lounsbury, | Benjamin F. Carpenter, 27 | Hon. Warren B. Hooker, | Henry Lampson, 27 | 14 Frank C. Loveland, | Benj. F. Fairchild, 31 | 18 J. A. Robinson, 31 |
| Dr. Horace T. Hanks, 32 | 17 Hon. Donald McLean, | O. M. Chase, 13 | 13 Frank Arnold, | Col. E. M. L. Ehlers, 28 | 13 Geo. H. Wooster, | T. Astley Atkins, 28 | H. A. Thomas, | Thomas H. Hubbard, 28 | 13 John O'Connell, | Frank R. Crumie, 32 | 17 C. C. Brown, |
| Alfred H. Mason, 33 | 16 W. H. Cannon, | Geo. W. English, 20 | 12 Wm. C. Roberts, | Hon. Garrett A. Hobart, 29 | 12 Hon. C. W. Adams, | Rev. George F. Clover, 29 | E. H. Shattuck, | Col. C. H. Dennison, 29 | 12 Henry Bissell, | Oscar Hoffstadt, 33 | 16 Emil Rinke, |
| George J. Seabury, 34 | 15 Thos. B. Underhill, | W. F. Wakeman, 30 | 11 J. B. Lutz, | Hon. E. B. Harper, 30 | 11 Hon. Theo. E. Hancock, | Stephen W. Roach, 30 | A. W. Griswold, | Hon. Joseph M. Deuel, 30 | 11 Alexander Caldwell, | Thomas R. Crumbie, 32 | 17 C. C. Brown, |
| A. L. Merriam (guest), 35 | 14 Hiram Merritt, | John W. Sisson, 31 | 10 Hon. Thos. E. Stewart, | Hon. Thos. H. Carter, 31 | 10 Jos. Mullin, | Hon. John Van Voorhis, 31 | Samuel W. Bowne, | George H. Page, 31 | 10 Samuel G. French, | Henry C. Post, 28 | 21 Mayor Wanser, |
| F. M. Fray, 36 | 13 O. M. Chase, | John H. Knapp, 32 | 9 Judge Follett, | Col. H. L. Swords, 32 | 9 D. E. Ainsworth, | George H. Wyckoff, 32 | S. S. Stewart, | A. B. Atkins, 32 | 9 Otto Irving Wise, | Wm. Filsinger, 29 | 30 Geo. B. Inman, |
| A. L. Merriam (guest), 37 | 12 A. L. Merriam, | Charles P. Lincoln, 33 | 8 George R. Fitch, | Jno. Jay Burke, 33 | 8 L. L. Seaman, | Joseph Corbit, 33 | Capt. E. M. Shepard, U. S. N. | William D. Murphy, 33 | 8 John D. Campbell, | Wm. Filsinger, 29 | 30 Geo. B. Inman, |
| H. A. Rogers, 38 | 11 F. C. Rogers, | John Stewart, 34 | 7 John E. Wilbur, | C. Godfrey Paterson, 35 | 7 W. H. Hume, | W. M. Este, 34 | Col. A. C. Chase, | H. R. Demitt, 34 | 7 William L. Findley, | Henry C. Post, 28 | 21 Mayor Wanser, |
| W. H. Bailey, 39 | 10 Charles H. Loring, | Gen. John T. Lockman, 36 | 6 D. O. Wickman, | 5 Chas. E. Bidwell, | 6 J. E. Morse, | Andrew Little, | W. L. Strong (guest), | E. W. Bloomingdale, 35 | 6 Hon. E. B. Hinsdale, | Wm. Filsinger, 29 | 30 Geo. B. Inman, |
| Geo. H. Stover, 40 | 9 George A. Rogers, | Pierre J. Smith, 35 | 5 Geo. S. Redfield, | 4 Geo. S. Redfield, | 4 George Hayes, | Samuel Shethar, 36 | 5 W. L. Strong, | John Proctor Clark, 36 | 5 Allen Schenck, | Julien T. Davies, 30 | 30 Julien T. Davies, Jr., |
| F. B. Robinson, 41 | 8 G. B. Haight, | Dr. Thos. M. Dillingham, 37 | 3 Col. I. G. Gardner, | John McDonald, 38 | 3 Henry Deeves, | Thomas Mack, 37 | 4 Fred. W. Hollis, | Col. A. G. Mills, 37 | 4 James S. Lehmaier, | Frank R. Crumie, 32 | 17 C. C. Brown, |
| G. J. Henry, 42 | 7 Robert Driscoll, Jr., | John R. Tresidder, 39 | 2 Hon. A. B. Colvin, | John R. Tresidder, 39 | 2 Dr. J. Clark Thomas, | Seth M. Milliken, 38 | 3 Hon. Alfred R. Conkling, | James A. Blanchard, 38 | 3 Mortimer C. Addoms, | Oscar Hoffstadt, 33 | 16 Emil Rinke, |
| R. B. Hight, 43 | 6 B. B. McAlpin, | 2 Dr. J. Clark Thomas, | 1 Col. E. A. McAlpin, | 2 Dr. J. Clark Thomas, | 1 Edward Lauterbach, | 3 Seth M. Milliken, 38 | 2 Hon. Anson G. McCook, | William Brookfield, 39 | 2 Geo. Samuel Thomas, | Henry C. Post, 28 | 21 Mayor Wanser, |
| Job E. Hedges, 44 | 5 W. Scott Pyle, | 1 Col. E. A. McAlpin, | 1 Col. E. A. McAlpin, | 1 Col. E. A. McAlpin, | 1 Edward Lauterbach, | 4 George Hayes, | 2 Hon. Anson G. McCook, | 2 Hon. Anson G. McCook, | 2 Geo. Samuel Thomas, | Henry C. Post, 28 | 21 Mayor Wanser, |
| G. L. McAlpin, 45 | 4 W. C. Wiley, | 1 Col. E. A. McAlpin, | 1 Col. E. A. McAlpin, | 1 Col. E. A. McAlpin, | 1 Edward Lauterbach, | 5 E. A. Newell, | 2 Hon. Anson G. McCook, | 2 Hon. Anson G. McCook, | 2 Geo. Samuel Thomas, | Henry C. Post, 28 | 21 Mayor Wanser, |
| H. C. Brewster, 46 | 3 Col. I. G. Gardner, | 1 Col. E. A. McAlpin, | 1 Col. E. A. McAlpin, | 1 Col. E. A. McAlpin, | 1 Edward Lauterbach, | G. Holland Leavitt, 38 | 2 Hon. Anson G. McCook, | 2 Hon. Anson G. McCook, | 2 Geo. Samuel Thomas, | Henry C. Post, 28 | 21 Mayor Wanser, |
| Hon. J. A. Roberts, 47 | 2 Hon. A. B. Colvin, | 1 Col. E. A. McAlpin, | 1 Col. E. A. McAlpin, | 1 Col. E. A. McAlpin, | 1 Edward Lauterbach, | F. F. Hume, 39 | 2 Hon. Anson G. McCook, | 2 Hon. Anson G. McCook, | 2 Geo. Samuel Thomas, | Henry C. Post, 28 | 21 Mayor Wanser, |

G

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|----|------------------------|
| 17 | Wald. |
| 16 | Mail and Express. |
| 15 | Tribune. |
| 14 | Recorder. |
| 13 | STENOGRAPHIC. |
| 12 | United Press. |
| 11 | C. W. Hackett. |
| 10 | C. W. Hackett (guest). |
| 9 | J. Edgar Leacycraft. |
| 8 | Hon. Robert P. Porter. |
| 7 | J. H. Sutton. |
| 6 | Carl O. Peters. |
| 5 | A. B. Hammond. |
| 4 | M. J. Cornell. |
| 3 | W. R. Kenyon. |
| 2 | Reserved. |
| 1 | Reserved. |

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PROCEEDINGS

AT

THE EIGHTH ANNUAL DINNER

OF THE

REPUBLICAN

CLUB

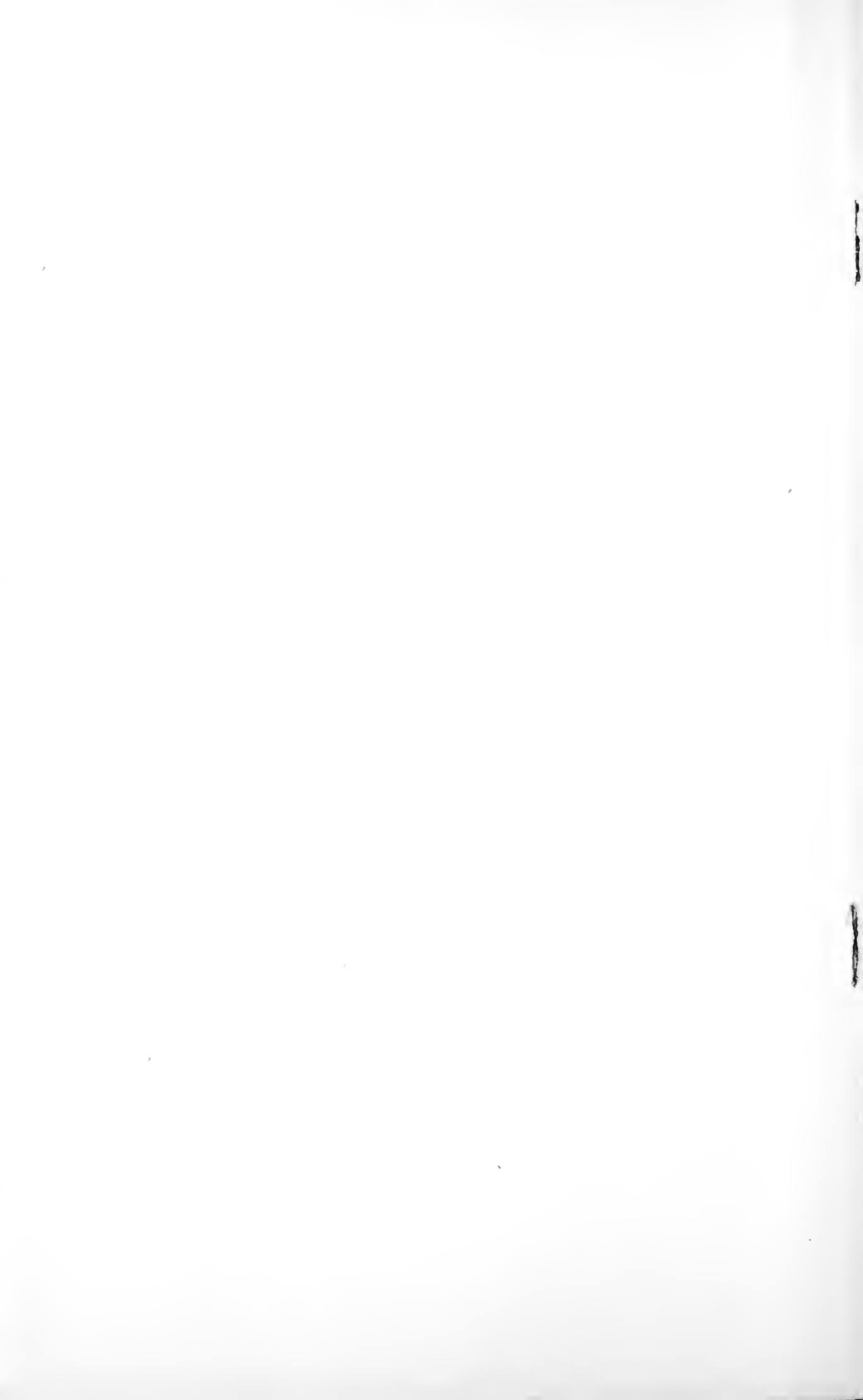
OF THE

CITY OF NEW YORK

HELD AT DELMONICO'S ON THE EIGHTY-FIFTH ANNI-
VERSARY OF THE BIRTHDAY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN
FEBRUARY 12TH, 1894



NEW YORK
PRESS OF THOMSON & CO
55 DEY STREET
1894







Abraham Lincoln

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

EMANCIPATOR

MARTYR

BORN FEBRUARY 12TH, 1809

ADMITTED TO THE BAR 1837

ELECTED TO CONGRESS 1846

ELECTED

SIXTEENTH PRESIDENT

OF THE

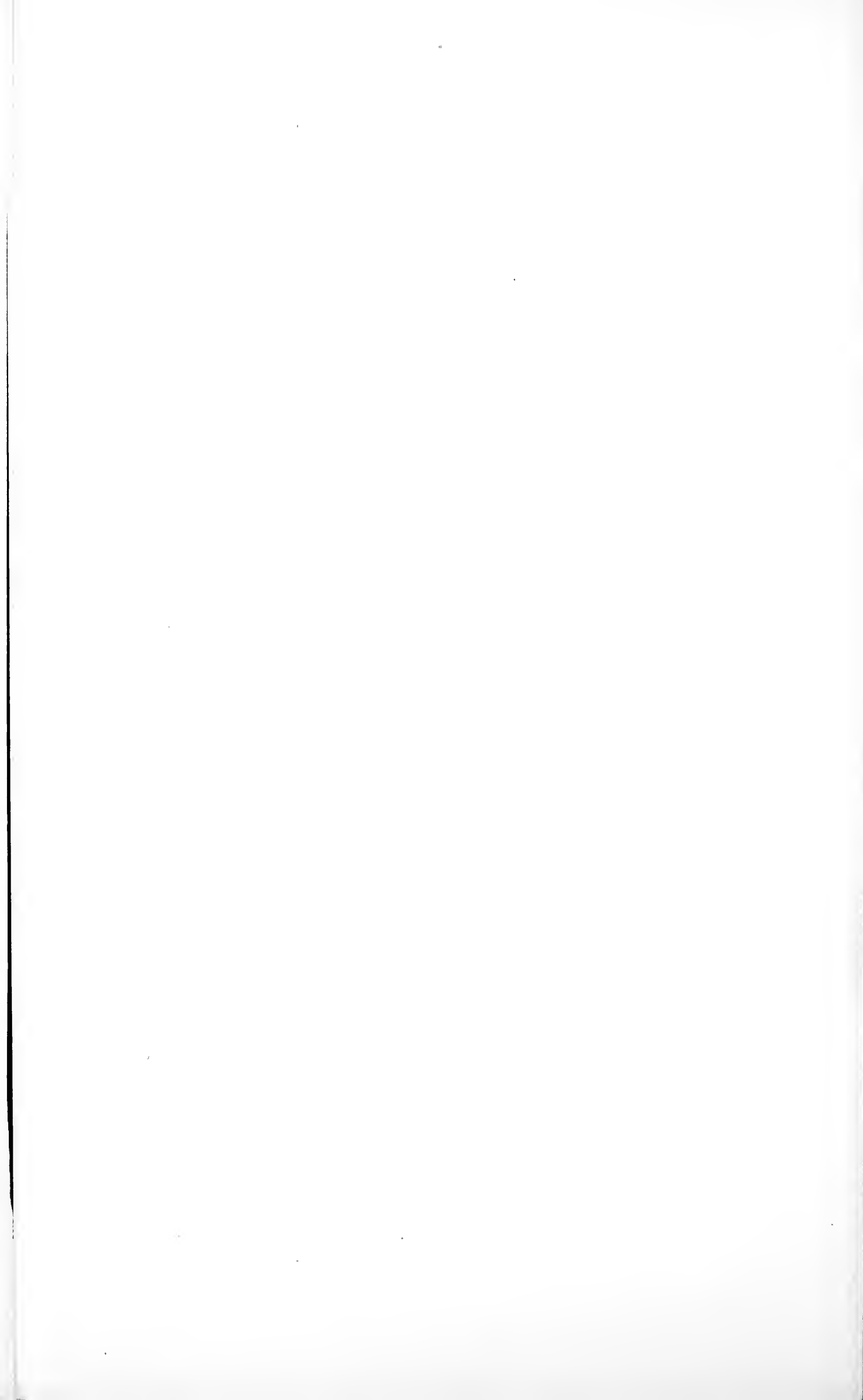
UNITED STATES, NOVEMBER, 1860

EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

JANUARY 1ST, 1863

RE-ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE
UNITED STATES, NOVEMBER, 1864

ASSASSINATED, APRIL 14, 1865



The Club hereby tenders its sincere thanks to Mr. Frank B. Carpenter, the Artist, for the loan of his celebrated painting, known as "The Historical Lincoln," so faithful and life-like of the illustrious President.

DINNER COMMITTEE.

JAMES P. FOSTER,

Chairman.

EDWARD B. HARPER,

Treasurer.

HENRY GLEASON,

ROBERT P. PORTER,

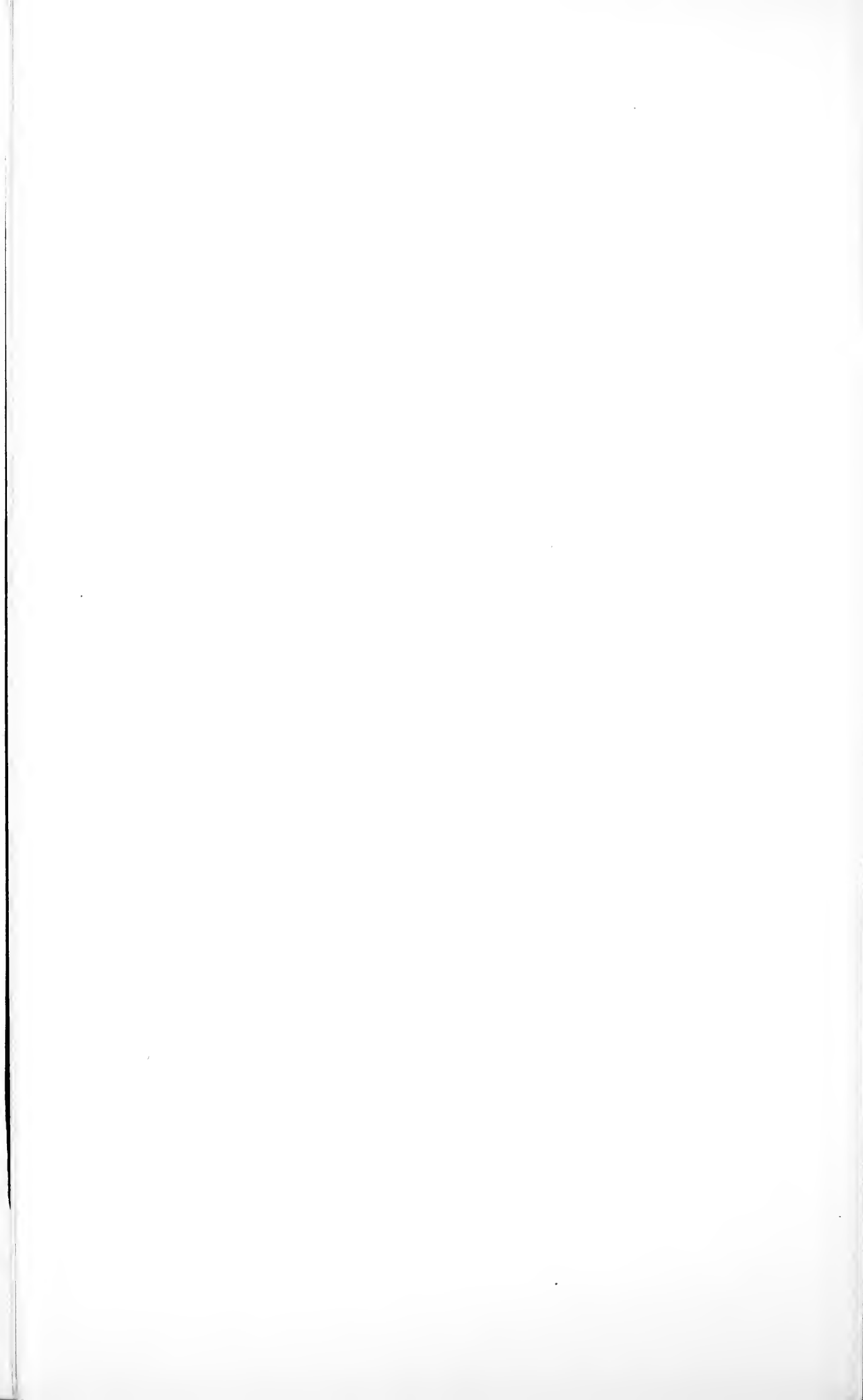
JOHN SABINE SMITH,

J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT,

Secretary.

EDMUND WETMORE,

Ex-Officio.



LIST OF GUESTS.

- Bishop John P. Newman, D.D., LL.D.,
Honorable Frederick T. Greenhalge,
Honorable J. G. Cannon,
Honorable Thomas J. Henderson,
Honorable John Dalzell,
Honorable Henry D. Esterbrooke,
Honorable John G. Nicolay,
Honorable Sereno E. Payne,
Honorable Frank Hiscock,
Honorable William P. Hepburn.
- Honorable D. H. Mercer,
Honorable John L. Wilson,
Honorable Edward T. Bartlett,
Reverend Robert S. MacArthur, D.D.,
Honorable Warner Miller,
Honorable Lemuel E. Quigg,
Honorable Phineas C. Lounsbury,
Honorable George M. Robertson,
Honorable H. C. Loudenslager,
Honorable Thomas C. Platt.
- Honorable George W. Smith,
Honorable Irving P. Wanger,
Honorable Loren Fletcher,
Honorable Chester S. Lord,
Honorable Henry E. Tiepke,
Honorable John Van Voorhis,
Honorable C. W. Fairbanks,
Honorable D. E. Ainsworth,
Honorable Theodore E. Hancock,
Honorable C. W. Adams.
- Honorable E. O. Leech,
Honorable A. B. Hepburn,
Honorable J. A. Roberts,
Honorable A. B. Colvin,
Honorable Charles R. Skinner,
Colonel E. M. L. Ehlers,
Honorable Garrett A. Hobart,
Honorable Thomas H. Carter,
General John T. Lockman,
Honorable H. B. McClellan.

TOASTS.

1. ABRAHAM LINCOLN BISHOP JOHN P. NEWMAN, D.D., LL.D.

"A leader whose trust was unfailing in the wisdom of the Almighty and the patriotism of the people."—L. E. CHITTENDEN.

2. THE REPUBLICAN PARTY - HON. WM. P. HEPBURN, M. C.

Iowa

"I have no fears for the future of the Republican Party. Its principles knocking at the door of the conscience of the people will regain admission."—JOHN A. LOGAN.

3. REPUBLICAN NEW ENGLAND, HON. FREDERICK T. GREENHALGE

Governor of Massachusetts

"Where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit."—DANIEL WEBSTER.

4. PROTECTION - - - - HON. JOHN DALZELL, M. C.

Pennsylvania

"If we should place the industry of our country upon a solid and unshakable foundation, we must adopt the protecting policy, which has everywhere succeeded, and reject that which would abandon it, which has everywhere failed."—HENRY CLAY.

5. REPUBLICAN NEW YORK - - - HON. FRANK HISCOCK

New York

"The State of New York: not the envy, but the admiration of her 'Sister States'."—DANIEL WEBSTER.

6. VENGEANCE OF THE FLAG - HON. HENRY D. ESTERBROOKE

of Nebraska

"Every man should take off his hat when the Starry Flag moves by. It symbolizes a free Republic, it symbolizes a Nation, not an aggregation of States, but one compact solid Government in all its relations to the Nations of the earth."—BENJAMIN HARRISON.

DINNER

OF THE

REPUBLICAN CLUB.

THE Eighth Annual Dinner of the Republican Club of the City of New York was given at Delmonico's, February 12th, 1894, on the Eighty-fifth Anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln.

The President of the Club, Mr. Edmund Wetmore, called upon Rev. Robert S. MacArthur, D.D., who said grace.

Almighty and Everlasting God ! Thou wert the God of our fathers, Thou art our God, and Thou wilt be the God of our children. We give Thee humble and hearty thanks for the noble men who laid the foundations of our great Republic, and for the bravery, patriotism and wisdom of those who have guided it in all the years of its history. Especially at this time do we thank Thee for the great soldier, the patriotic President, the good citizen and the true friend whose birthday we to-night celebrate. We praise Thee for his heroism in battle, his moderation in victory, his modesty amid the world's honors, his tenderness in his family, his sublime courage and unquestioning faith in sickness, and his Christian triumph over death, the last great enemy. We beseech Thee to bless his widow in her advancing years, and his children and grandchildren in their inheritance of his honors.

Grant, we pray Thee, that we may live for the perpetuity of the great principles for which he fought. Make us a peace-loving, law-abiding and God-fearing nation. May we love righteousness which exalteth a nation, and

eschew evil which is a reproach to any people. Be pleased to give us peace within our borders and with all the nations of the earth, and thus hasten the time when the prophetic song of the angels, the night that the Christ was born may be fulfilled all over the earth: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men." And to God—Father, Son and Spirit—shall we praise and glory, world without end. Amen.

MENU.

OYSTERS.

SOUPS,

Consommé Sévigné. *Bisque of Lobster.*

SIDE DISH,

Timbales, *Périgordine.*

FISH,

Oregon Salmon, *Green Hollandaise,*
Potatoes, *Fondantes.*

JOINT,

Fillet of Beef, with Mushrooms, *Lima Beans.*

ENTREÉS,

Pullet, Vienna Style, *Peas, Parisian Fashion,*
Sweetbread Cutlets, Modern. *Tomatoes, Trévisé.*

SHERBET: SHERMAN.

ROAST,

Ruddy Ducks, *Escarolle Salad.*

SWEETS,

Savarin, with Cherries,
Fancy Ice Creams,
Fruit, *Cakes,* *Coffee,*

After the dinner the President of the Club arose and was greeted with long, continued and enthusiastic cheers and applause, and began the speech-making of the evening.

ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT EDMUND WETMORE.

GENTLEMEN OF THE REPUBLICAN CLUB :

To one and all and to honored guests I bid a hearty welcome. I see there has been no need of the services of a sergeant-at-arms to get a full quorum. Nor has the presence of detectives in evening dress been necessary, as I am authorized by the Dinner Committee to say that there is no man here "better than his party." Nor need we fear to exercise our privileges as American citizens, and to give free expression to our pride in our common country, for there is no authority here to haul down the American flag. (Applause.)

We have met to honor the sacred memory of Lincoln, to express our devotion to the Republican party, to reassert its principles, to recall its history, and to derive from its glorious past renewed faith in its yet more glorious future.

A year ago we met under the shadow of a great defeat, but it has proved a darkness that is melting in the light of approaching victory. Never before in the history of our country within the short space of one year have the events which bring about the rise and fall of parties succeeded each other in such swift succession, or their results been so dramatic, so instructive, or so remarkable, as within the past twelve months.

After thirty years of obstruction, a party, once great, but now merely numerous (Laughter), has again obtained possession of the Government, and we have seen that event preceded by a wave of popular delusion which, sweeping over intelligent communities, has led them in their temporary aberration, to tear down the barriers that protected their own workshops and homes, and vote into power men pledged only to destroy. These have abandoned their platform, but they have redeemed their pledge.

The Democratic majority in Congress has well earned the title which Burke bestowed upon the National Assembly of the French Revolution: "They are the ablest architects of ruin the world has ever seen." (Great applause.)

They have even surpassed their French prototypes. The National Assembly at least swept away feudalism with its abuses, abolished class distinctions, and struck off the shackles of the poor, but the revolutionists at Washington, in the reign of terror which they have inaugurated, have torn up the roots of industry, have taken the bread from the mouths of the poor, and are now seeking, by throwing the weight of taxation upon the intelligence, the thrift and honesty of the nation, to build up a privileged class, a new aristocracy, that shall share the public benefits and shirk the public burdens. (Applause.)

We have seen a campaign of education, so-called, followed by the amusing spectacle of the repudiation by those who conducted it of everything they professed to teach; protection denounced as robbery (applause), and then adopted and embraced in a form so twisted and deformed that it is robbery indeed. (Laughter.) The necessity for revenue proclaimed as the only constitutional measure of a tariff, and then a tariff proposed that utterly fails to meet the revenue, and plunges the Nation into the gulf of a deficit. (Laughter.)

Platitudes about the sacred trusts (applause and laughter), of office followed by performances that show that offices are used as the reward of unostentatious campaign benevolence or else to maintain the royal forces in a Senatorial civil war. (Cries of "Good!" "Good!")

The high spirited and patriotic policy which protected our sailors in Chili and upheld the honor of the flag, derided and reviled, and then in its place, upon a story about the marines that would not have received credence even if told to the marines (cries of "Hear, Hear"); a line of policy, or rather duplicity, conscience proceeding from political errors to political crime, from blunders born of ignorance to violations of the Constitution born of vanity, until at last it reached a culmination where it met with a failure that would be ridiculous were it not humiliating, and leaves us to wonder which is the most to be condemned the spirit which dictated the attempt, or the servility which seeks to excuse it. (Applause.)

Well may we say of this Administration what Junius said of Lord Grafton: "Its distinction is not that your lordship always does wrong by design, but that you should never do right by mistake." (Laughter.) Other significant events followed this spectacle of political inconsistency.

For many years throughout extensive localities, the Republican vote has been suppressed by violence or fraud. (Cries of "Good!" "Good!") The efforts of the Republican party through the enforcement of just laws to obtain redress for this great wrong have encountered the unfailing and solid opposition of those who benefit by the wrong until the long toleration of evil produced its legitimate and logical effect.

Methods which, when practiced at a distance, politicians justified as honest, and reformers ignored because they could not defend, were brought nearer home and made to alter the constitution of the highest Legislative body in this State. Nor was that all. The principal instrument of that crime was rewarded with the spotless ermine of the Bench, and then with an audacity that Cateline might have envied, an appeal was made to the people to sanction the proceeding. We all know how that appeal was answered. A hundred thousand majority vindicated the outraged majesty of the law and bestowed its highest judicial office upon that honest citizen, that wise counselor, that able and honored fellow member and former head of our own Republican Club. (Great applause, during which there were cries for "Bartlett," to which he responded by standing, after which he was twice given three cheers).

Principles are greater than men. In these times fundamental but often frequent political truths are brought home to us. No party can permanently retain its power that has not its foundation in the conscience of the people. (Applause.) The people may go wrong. They do go wrong; but however wrong they may be, left to themselves, with freedom of discussion and freedom of the ballot, that saving common sense which is more than the wisdom of any man, and that honest desire to do right, an innate love of country, which predominates over all the contrary powers of weakness and evil, is sure to bring them right at last, and that is the reason why the final voice of the people is the voice of conscience and therefore truly the voice of God. (Great applause).

No one appreciated this truth more deeply than he whose birthday we have assembled to celebrate. A shrewder politician than Abraham Lincoln this country has never seen. (Applause.) No one could forecast majorities more closely, or conduct a campaign more sagaciously. But rising above the sharpness of the politician he saw with the penetration of a Statesman that permanent political success can only be gained when it is founded on principles and not on pretenses. (Great applause.) And it is because our adversaries have acted upon the reverse of this truth that their house is now tottering upon its foundation of sand. (Applause).

Anxiety and distress rest heavily on the land. Many are the causes suggested as the sources of our evil. It is the alleged folly of a former Administration. It is political disturbances that affect the whole civilized world. It is the recoil of excessive and feverish prosperity. Not so. There is but one single cause for our trouble. Think of it, my college mate and Free-Trade professor, as you bend in your library over your books and find out that your slender salary is to be diminished because the hard times have so lessened the number of your students; think of it, my complacent Mugwump friends, who think that the divine government lacks somewhat of success because it was formed without your counsel (applause) and find the diminished or discontinued dividends from your stocks leave you barely sufficient to meet your wife's drafts for weekly housekeeping expenses. (Laughter.) Think of it, my poor brother, who even here as we sit to-night, is walking the cold streets in the storm with despair in your heart and hunger in your home. There is but one cause for all your misery, and that is the utter and irretrievable incapacity of the Democratic Party as at present constituted to control and administer the Government of the United States. (Great Applause.) And there is but one remedy, and that is to re-man the ship of state with Republicans from quarter deck to fore-castle. (Applause.) And turning her aside from the breakers take her once more upon her old course of prosperity and safety. And we will do it. (Great Applause and Cheers.)

Friends are fearful and enemies exultant because they mistake our differences for dissensions. Wait until the day of battle, and the cry that will then pass down the ranks will not be, "Who made up the muster rolls", but "Down with the Wilson Bill and

up with the banner of American Protection." (Prolonged applause.) And would you know the result of that contest? Forecast it from the battle that took place upon the historic field of Harlem Heights, when the young volunteer from our own regiment headed the slender band that stormed the very stronghold of our foes, and planted the Republican flag before the shattered rags of the 14th District. (Prolonged applause and "Three cheers for Quigg.")

With malice towards none ; with charity for all ; hoping to perform our duty as we see it as citizens and Republicans, we enter upon the labors and duties of a coming most eventful year. (Prolonged cheers, and cries of "What's the matter with Wetmore." "Three cheers for President Wetmore.")



ADDRESS OF BISHOP JOHN P. NEWMAN, D.D., LL.D.

THE PRESIDENT :

The benediction I have quoted, gentlemen, fitly introduces our first toast.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN :

(Cheers.) "A leader whose trust was unfailing in the wisdom of the Almighty and the patriotism of the people."

L. E. CHITTENDEN.

No one can more fitly respond to this than he who knew Mr. Lincoln in his lifetime, who was the friend and pastor of the great soldier, upon whom he leaned for support, and who speaks with the spirit of a patriot and the charity of the Church, Bishop Newman.

(Bishop Newman was greeted with great applause, and prolonged cheering.)

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE REPUBLICAN CLUB OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK :

On this memorial occasion let us call the roll of honor, recount the great benefactors who have blessed mankind, and call up the great Statesmen of the past, and you will agree with me that there is one name that is worthy of immortal renown and deserving of imperishable fame, and that name is Abraham Lincoln. (Cheers.) Human glory is sometimes as fickle as the winds, and as transient as a summer day, but some things are fixed beyond revocation. Lincoln's place in history is assured. Empires may rise and fall ; Republics may be born and die ; Liberty may be a homeless wanderer among the tribes of men, but so long as men shall revere wisdom and admire patriotism and love

liberty, so long will they recall his illustrious name with acclamations of gratitude and delight. (Great applause.)

He has all the symbols of this world's admiration, embalmed in song, recorded in history, eulogized in panegyric, cast in bronze, sculptured in marble, painted on the canvass, loved in the hearts of his countrymen, and alive in the memories of mankind, he is destined to live among the few mortals God has ordained into immortality thereunto. (Applause.)

Some men are eminent while living, but their memory passes from the vision of the world because their words and deeds are of little worth to history, their fame is buried with them largely because their mission was limited and transient, because the world has taken possession of greater thoughts, because documents have been discovered that revealed their selfishness. The sun of many a conspicuous man has gone down while yet it is day; but Lincoln's fame can never suffer from either of these causes (applause), for his life mission was this great country, and vast as humanity and enduring as time; and it is not possible, gentlemen, that any thought can occupy the mind of humanity greater than obedience to law in opposition to rebellion, or greater than freedom or liberty in opposition to slavery. (Cheers and applause.)

Knowing him as we did in private ways and public walks amid the sanctities of home and the duties of the Presidential chair, in social correspondence and in public utterances the grave does not contain ought against his fair fame as a man, a citizen or a President. (Great Applause.) Some men are not honored by their contemporaries, benefactors of mankind though they have been. They die neglected, unsung and unmonumented, but future generations call their memories forth and embalm them in affection and gratitude. Lincoln had a three-fold greatness; great in life, great in death and great in the history of the world. (Cheers and Applause.)

And why was he great? What had he accomplished to merit this renown? Ask the old flag that floats over a unified Republic; ask this prosperous country of ours with its happy homes, its fertile fields, its metallic mines and mineral mountains, its splendid commerce and its hitherto prosperous manufactories. (Cheers and Applause.) Ask the Grand Army of the Republic. (Cheers.) Ask millions of freedmen advancing to a better civil-

ization; ask the nations of the old world who now have a profound respect for this proud and glorious country of ours. (Applause.)

Great men appear in groups and in groups they disappear from the vision of the world. Isolated greatness is a stranger to our race. Solidarity is the law of national progress. Wherever there is one who is eminently great, around him are coadjutors. Take for instance that magnificent group of historic characters in the sixteenth century—Maximilian I. and Charles V.; Francis I. and Henry VIII.; Isabella and Ferdinand; Columbus and Luther; and then as contemporaries, Napoleon in France, Wellington in England and Washington in America (Great Applause and Cheers); and all the Galaxies of glory that have been resplendent in any country. Remember that historic group of our own country, Lincoln and Grant (Cheers and Great Applause); Seward and Chase (Applause); Stanton and Sumner (Applause); Morton and Conkling (Applause); Sherman and Sheridan (Applause); Porter and Farragut (Applause). Beat that if you can. (Prolonged Applause and Cheers.)

We are to measure Lincoln by the greatness of his associates. Some men are great because of the littleness of their surroundings. (Laughter and Cheers.) He only is great, Mr. President, who is great amid greatness, and this law of historic groupings is true of our day in piping times of peace. Genius is not aflame and greatness is not apparent; but when the crisis comes God lifts the curtain from obscurity and the man or the hour comes forth. The crisis is upon us. It reminds us of the darker days of 1860, but on the throne of the universe is the God of our fathers, and we have nothing to fear (cries of "Good," "Bravo," with applause and cheers), with a Sherman in the Senate (applause), and Reed in the House (great applause), and McKinley in Ohio (great applause and cheers), and God over all.

Our English cousins remind us of the lowliness of the birth of Mr. Lincoln, of his neglected childhood, of his terrible struggles against poverty, but we are not ashamed of the lowliness of his birth; we are proud of his greatness as illustrative in him of the possibilities of the American citizen. (Applause.) We never placed a premium upon neglected childhood. Of the nineteen Presidents of this Republic, fourteen were University men having graduated with the highest honors, and, with two or three except-

ions, all occupied a high social position from the cradle to the grave. But I confess to you, my honored friends, that I would rather be the rail splitter of Illinois, or the canal boat driver of Ohio, or the tanner of Galena (applause), and die the honored President of the United States, than to be born a royal prince and die a royal scoundrel. (Great and prolonged applause and cheers.)

Lincoln was a providential man, but he had so much humility that while he believed that God had raised him up to save a great Nation and to advance the great interests of humanity, he never had pride enough to suppose that he was greater than Congress or greater than the American people. (Cheers.) His character was strangely symmetrical; temperate but not austere; brave but not rash; constant but not stubborn; he laid caution over against hope, lest hope should be premature, and hope over against caution, lest caution should fail in the hour of dread and danger. (Applause.) His love of justice equalled his love of compassion; his self-abnegation found its highest expression in the welfare of the people, and his honesty was never suspected; his integrity was never questioned. (Applause.) The beauty of his moral character has thrown into the shade the splendor of his intellect. The time will come when the severest critic of mental philosophy and mental development will sit in judgment of admiration upon the splendid furniture of that great mind. He was a logician by nature. His terse and beautiful rhetoric rivals the utterances of the greatest orators of the past and present; and when the orations of the Roman Forum, and the Greek Bema and the British Parliament have ceased to inspire the admiration of the scholar, Lincoln's inaugurals and his Gettysburg panegyric will excite the admiration of the critic and the scholar in all lands and under all circumstances. (Great applause.)

We are to measure him by the obstacles he surmounted; by the results that he achieved. It is not philosophy, gentlemen, for us to judge of a man aside from his surroundings. Every age has its heroes, every crisis has its master. Every man must stand on his own pedestal of renown. It will not do to say that Talleyrand was greater than Lincoln, or Pitt was greater. We do not know what Talleyrand would have done if he had been in Lincoln's place, or what Pitt would have done, nor do we know what Lincoln would have done had he been in the position of

either. We must, therefore, judge of a man's greatness by his own surroundings, by his own age.

He entered political life amid the most virulent convulsions in the annals of time. He was in death grapple with a people that we had as companions of a hundred years; a proud, chivalrous people with an army of the bravest soldiers, commanded by generals that were equal to the marshals of France, backed by a people that had been educated in treason and by a womanhood schooled in rebellion. Nay, more than this, in all these terrible purgatorial years through which the Nation passed his hopefulness inspired the despondency of the North when our armies were defeated in the South. He arose in supernal majesty against foes abroad and copper-headed democrats at home. (Prolonged applause and cries of "Good, Good.") You are therefore to judge of him by these great achievements. Nay, more than this if there is anything that places him highest in our estimation it is the singleness of his purpose as the President of the United States. He knew the philosophy, Mr. President, of a supreme thought, and that supreme thought was to maintain the Union of the United States. His guide was the Constitution. He would consent to no compromise. He would not abate one jot or tittle. He would have the Union or nothing. He would have the Union with slavery or without slavery. (Great applause.) As a great constitutional lawyer he grasped this fundamental fact: he said the slave would be better off in the Union of the United States than in a Confederacy with a live slave for its chief corner stone. (Applause.) The emancipation of slavery was a subordinate consideration with him, and all other cognate thoughts were subordinate. But like a magnificent vision the perpetuity of the Nation arose before him and he bent all his energies for that preservation. (Applause.)

Would you ask for a higher and nobler standard? Remember his rare discrimination, his sagacity in selecting men to maintain that union, to perpetuate it, which I trust will be perpetuated until the last syllable of recorded time. And in nothing more is the greatness of his mind displayed than in his persistent and enthusiastic support of General Grant to crush the rebellion. (Great applause.) Jealousy and ambition were rife. Wild passions of war had given birth to a pandemonium of defamation. Grant was opposed at every upward step. He was neglected or

left without a command ; he was maligned, and in every possible way obstacles were thrown in his path. But Lincoln stood firm by him, and these two men go down hand in hand into history amid the benedictions of a grateful people. (Prolonged applause and cheers.)

It is well, therefore, Republicans, that you gather here once a year around this festive board to commemorate the character of this illustrious man. Gather here to rekindle the fires of patriotism ; gather here to protect the purity and the freedom of the ballot in the North and in the South. (Cheers and applause.) Gather here to swear by the better angels of your nature, that the Republican party shall have a new baptism of patriotism, and once more control the interests and destinies of this country. (Great applause.) That by your voice and your energies and your patriotism you shall see to it that those great principles advocated by Mr. Lincoln shall never be neglected, and above all that the free trade of the South shall not destroy the protected industries of the North. (Cries of "Good !" and "Bravo !" amid great and prolonged applause and cheers.)



ADDRESS OF HON. WILLIAM P. HEPBURN.

THE PRESIDENT :

Gentlemen, our friends the enemy sailed into power upon very much inflated promises and predictions, which having since totally collapsed, have left them somewhat in the condition of the Irishman, who was asked what made him bow legged, "Faith," said he, "I went to the State Fair, and I went up in a balloon, and I walked back." On the other hand, the predictions of the Republican party have been fulfilled to the letter, and the people are now only awaiting the chance to turn the false prophets out and put the true prophets in, and that brings me to the next regular toast,

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY :

"I have no fears for the future of the Republican Party. Its principles knocking at the door of the conscience of the people will regain admission." (Applause.)

JOHN A. LOGAN.

Iowa has always been ready to answer the call of the Republican party, and once again does she answer it through the voice of her faithful and honored representative in Congress, the Hon. William P. Hepburn. (Cheers.)

MR. PRESIDENT, GENTLEMEN OF THE CLUB :

The traveler who traverses our western plains on the farther limit, skirting the foot hills of the Rocky Mountains, and sees the grander peaks that are before him, notices how imbedded they are in solidity, their rugged sides of granite, the knarled trees that mark the timber land, and the summit embraced in eternal snows, gets a mental picture of what he sees that no description of later times can change or efface, no matter how graphic it may

be. The man who knew Abraham Lincoln, the environment of his early life, the vicissitudes through which he passed, the grand things that he did, and the noble thoughts that he uttered, has a mental picture of that man that no eulogy of after times can change.

So, too, the man that was present at the birth of the Republican party, that has known all that it has accomplished, that has traveled along the lines of time with it, that knows something of its purposes and much of its wonderful achievements, has a mental estimate of that party that no eulogy that I can utter can change or modify. (Applause.)

Allow me to suggest that there are two factors in the career of the Republican party that have given it its preeminence, and that has endeared it to the great heart of the American people. First, it has always stood close to the people. It has recognized the fact that the masses of men were those who toil, and it has been the purpose of the Republican party to throw its protection around these men, and make the possibilities of life more enduring to them. (Applause.) The next great factor of its success is the complete fidelity with which it has adhered to all of the pledges it has ever made to mankind. (Great applause.) In its earlier days, true to its love for the people, recognizing the great fact that it was its mission to dignify labor and elevate the laborer, it pledged its energies to see to it that the incubus of servile labor should be spread over no more new States; and, lo! there are near a dozen free states since that day that have found their places on the flag. (Applause.) Recognizing the fact that free labor should not compete with the slave, it said that there should be no more slaves, and, lo! the slave took the stature of the free man. It said that there must be equality before the law in all of the people, and it gave the ballot to the negro and placed him upon a level in political life, and started him upon the same plane with all others in the race of progress. (Great applause.) It said that there must be but one Nation within the jurisdiction of our flag. It pledged itself to the unity of the States, and it summoned its patriotic children, it created vast armies, it built vast navies, it brushed aside the alleged sovereignty of half hostile states, it crossed with its armies broad rivers, and scaled the mountains, and penetrated the canons, and fought grand battles, and buried its dead up almost mountain

high, and spent its treasuries as though it were water, but it preserved the Federal Union. (Applause and Cheers.)

It said that the credit of the Nation must be preserved, and it adopted such wise policy that the National credit went higher, and higher, and higher, until it became the admiration of the financiers of the world. (Applause.) It said that the prairies of the west should be dedicated as homes to the poor, and it passed the Homestead Bill, and now a million happy, prosperous homes fleck the prairies of the far West. It pledged itself that the currency should be abundant, and the 435,000,000 of thirty-five years ago has grown, until now 2,400,000,000 of currency do the business of this country, and every dollar is maintained at parity, or was by the Republican party. (Laughter and applause.)

All of its pledges have been kept, and there has been a fulfillment of the pledge equal in certainty to the fulfillment of God's prophecies.

But, gentlemen, the Republican party is not to live alone in the past. In the future lie its duties to which you have met again to-night to dedicate your future lives. (Applause.) In this matter of a tariff there is something more than mere economics. Enraptured in that question, in my humble judgment, lies the perpetuity of this Nation that we love and the social order that is dear to us. (Applause.) Think of it! There are 14,000,000 of men among us. A little more than half that number own their homes; they are anchored to our political institutions by the fact that they own their homes, but the non-owner of homes increases much more rapidly than do those that possess them. This must not be. Remember that all political power is lodged in the hands of these fourteen millions of men. Seventeen millions of wage earners are in our midst. Two hundred and fifty thousand laborers come here among us seeking places in our labor field every year. Six hundred thousand of our own youth grow into the stature of laborers every year. Think of our wonderful capacity for labor. I am told that in the State of Massachusetts, with only five hundred thousand men through the result of their invention, their mechanical machines and their motors, that five hundred thousand men are capable of performing the labor of a hundred millions of men working with their hands. (Applause.) Think of it! this wonderful capacity for labor, with

this vast army already in the field, with nearer a million men and women crowding into the field every year, is it not the first duty of statesmanship to so lengthen and so widen the labor field that within its ample limits every man who wants to toil may find a place and remunerative wages? (Applause.) Upon this depends the future of our Institutions. Our homes must be happy and prosperous homes if this Government is to endure. Whenever they become the homes of discontent; whenever they cease to be the homes of prosperity; whenever there is not an abundance for wife and child, the American will strike against the Institutions that forbid these comforts to those he loves. (Cheers and applause.) If we would preserve these Institutions, if we would continue this social order, we must so widen and broaden the labor field that all may have a place where they can toil.

I do not agree with that man who knowing these facts, recognizing their serious significance upon our future, says: We will patronize the labor of other peoples. I do not sympathize with him whose affections and whose interests are devoted to the labor fields and extending them and increasing the wages of those who are alien to us. Gentlemen, it is our mission to restore that which we once accomplished. (Prolonged applause.)

The Republican party, true to its love for the people, inaugurated those political methods that set the spindles turning, and set ablaze in the heavens the light of the forge, and gave us everywhere the music of the loom, and made happy, prosperous homes because of an employed people all over this broad land. (Great applause.)

It is your mission to restore those conditions. In all ages, and in all climes, and under all forms of Government, there have been political parties. I care not where you look, you will find that that is the truth. But, gentlemen, among them all, all of which have been placed in the annals of history, there is none that has done so much to entitle it to the esteem and blessing of mankind as your own party, the Republican party, in whose honor we are gathered to-night. (Cheers and long continued applause.)

ADDRESS OF HON. FREDERICK P. GREENHALGE.

THE PRESIDENT :

In one of the hard-fought fights of the Revolution, Washington rode down his Continental ranks, and passing a place where they had stood like a rock before shot of the enemy, exclaimed, "God bless the Massachusetts Line." (Cries of "Hear!" "Hear!") In many a time of stress and trouble since, have patriotic citizens from all over the country turned to New England and repeated that blessing, "God bless the unbroken ranks of New England." We give you, therefore, as our next toast,

REPUBLICAN NEW ENGLAND :

"Where American liberty raised its first voice and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, where it still lives in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit."

DANIEL WEBSTER.

That spirit will receive fit utterance from the lips of the Chief Executive of that great commonwealth, the Governor of Massachusetts, the Hon. Frederick P. Greenhalge. (Governor Greenhalge was greeted with great enthusiasm and prolonged cheering.)

MR. PRESIDENT AND REPUBLICANS OF NEW YORK :

I have listened with pleasure and profit to the remarks which have been made throughout the evening. I have listened to the eloquent and powerful presentation of Hepburn. I have listened also to the strong, eloquent and artful presentation of some issues by the great Bishop. I think really he ought to be called the Archbishop. (Laughter and applause.) I do not know whether the rules of his denomination will permit that title; but when he burst into that splended eulogy of our New England man,

Tom Reed, of Maine (great applause), my heart went out to him in every word ; and then when he followed that by an equal eulogy upon that Knight, without fear and without reproach, McKinley (great applause), again I said, I keep equal pace with the good Bishop. And then, when he said "God was over all," I was in some doubt as to whose nomination he favored. (Great laughter.) That ecclesiastical invocation is unknown (renewed laughter) to the politicians of Massachusetts (laughter), I gathered from what my clerical friend said, this great truth, that whoever is nominated by the Republican party, God will be over all, and will conduct us to victory. (Great applause.)

I do not boast very much, gentlemen, of the euphonic character of the savage, uncouth name which I bear (laughter), but I have learned within a very short period to find beauty and euphony in the name of Quigg. (Great applause.) (Cries of "What's the matter with Quigg? He's all right!") I know he is all right, because the people have said so. (Laughter.)

Now, my friends, I am asked to speak upon the subject of "Republican New England." I thank you, first, for the cordial reception, and secondly, sir, for the subject you have assigned to me. There is in that subject, "Republican New England," a meaning, a power, a charm, which must make up for the lack of these qualities in my poor words. Yes, my friends, New England is Republican to-day. New England will, and must remain Republican (applause), in order to correct, in order to remove the evils of bad administration, in order to give to their individual citizens their full right, and to bring prosperity to the whole country of the United States. (Applause.) New England, to-day, I say, is a political unit. There has always been some question about Connecticut ; but I do not think there is any question to-day. (Pointing to Governor Lounsbury.) Take the vote tomorrow and Lounsbury will tell you what the result will be. (Great applause.) I say, never was there a time when a greater need was upon New England as a unit to exercise her power and her influence promptly and in the most effective manner. Consider for a moment, my friends, the situation by which New England and Republican New England is confronted. Less than a year ago, the Democratic party entered into power. Not quite a year of Democratic administration is completed. No prince or potentate, from London to Peking, was ever invested with more

responsibility, with more moral influence and power, than Mr. Cleveland was March 4th, 1893. A Democratic flood seemed to have inundated far and wide the whole country. The victory of 1892 seemed only to confirm and enlarge the results of the victory of 1891. Only the white peaks of New England rose above the turbid tide (cries of "Hear!" "Hear!"), the Ararat upon which the rock of the Republic might soon find a safe resting place. God-speed the day when that comes. (Applause.) Mark, I say, the result of that year of administration. Where can any patriotic citizen turn with satisfaction or pride? Look where you will, at home, abroad, on land or sea, and tell me if the party in power has brought anything of glory, anything of strength, anything of credit to the United States of America? (Cries of "No!" "No!") Look, I say, at the men put in control of the administration. We have some interesting samples of statesmanship furnished by the Democratic party—and let us give them all credit, even if they amuse the people. (Laughter.) Why, my friends, consider the farce which is now being played in Washington. Your own Senator Hill, actuated, I suppose, by the purest kind of desire (laughter), to keep the ermine of the Judiciary immaculate, is playing Cassius to the Caesar of Mr. Cleveland, and, at least, we must give him credit for playing that part with a good deal of energy and courage, though, perhaps, with no better result. Then, of course, you know that Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Voorhees have inspired Wall Street with perfect confidence in their financial opinions. (Laughter.) Then look at that unhappy case of the woolen manufacturer, who, sitting upon the Ways and Means Committee, is forced actually, to look unfavorably upon the very bill which he helped to make, and like that bird pierced by an arrow tipped with a feather from its own breast, views with pain, and sees that he himself has winged a shaft that quivers in his heart. We all sympathize with the man in that condition. Then the party furnishes us with a sample of rhetoricians—rhetoricians of the Democratic party, the apostles of verbiage, who, after severe denunciations of Caesarism, bowed down in abject servility to that same Caesarism. It is easier to break the fetters of the soul than the fetters of the body, and I am afraid some of your own Representatives from New York City have discovered that fact and that truth. (Applause.)

Now, my friends, I think we ought to touch lightly upon

that little episode of diplomacy at Hawaii. (Laughter.) I think, in mere charity, and in a spirit of patriotism, we need not dilate upon that. The quadrilateral formed by Mr. Blount, and Mr. Willis, and Mr. Secretary Gresham, and Liliuokalani, does not form a very imposing or impressive spectacle. I remember that our great Senator Hoar from Massachusetts (applause) who, with the younger giant Lodge, upholds the ancient renown of Massachusetts in the Senate of the United States, once characterised a line of policy as "Swagger, bluster, failure." I think that history will write upon that diplomatical episode of the Sandwich Islands, "Swagger, bluster, failure." (Applause.) But, my friends, I want to point out this significant fact, that there is a dangerous tendency in a certain direction. It is the tendency to exalt the State at the expense of the Nation, and if you will consider every act of the party in power, you will find that it can be referred to that principle, ancient, musty, dusty, dead and obsolete, as we supposed, it is still the principle which is controlling the action of the present administration. (Cries of "Good!" "Good!") Why, my friends, the same spirit which lowered the flag at Honolulu, would remove it from the Capitol at Washington. (Cries of "Right!" "Right!") That same spirit is opposed to the pension system of the United States. (Applause.) That same spirit opposes a national banking system, or any national system of finances. That same spirit is opposed to anything which tends to consolidate or to advance the glory of the whole United States. That same spirit is cold or indifferent or hostile to the industrial interests of the whole country, whether centred in New England, in Indiana, or anywhere else. (Applause.) That spirit, my friends, we have to deal with still. It is a question of the development and the aggrandizement of the State in contradistinction to the development of the whole Union of the United States of America. Ah, they did not understand, these people, the glory of the Union. That narrow, mean, selfish, low spirit, which would exalt a single state at the expense of the Union; they do not comprehend the grander truth, that there is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the stars, and yet neither glory conflicts with the other, but each one reflects glory upon the other, and so, while we do not take away a single power from a state, while we do not take away any lustre, any chance or opportunity for development, we still say that the full glory of the state is found in the fuller,

more splendid and powerful development and expansion which is found blended and centred in the great Union, known and called the United States of America. (Great applause.)

What we need to do, what you men of New York need to do, what we men of New England mean to do, is to take young, fresh intellect of the South, because you can do nothing with the musty, dried-up, old Bourbon men. (Cries of "Good!" "Good!") They are absolutely irreclaimable; but take that young, fresh, strong uprising man of the south, and pointing to Atlanta, Birmingham, the New Richmond, and every town and city developing under the spirit of union, and let them learn of the full, the greater glory of the United States, and we shall win them to the Republican party. (Great applause.)

My friends, there is another danger. Let me illustrate briefly, for I know the time is short. We find there are measures already proposed to-day, the coinage of the seniorage, the proposition at one time made, now withdrawn for the present, of paying treasury notes in silver, the attack upon the gold reserve, patched up temporarily by the proposed sale of bonds. We find all these things going on, and then we find a revenue bill constructed as it were to make a deficit, so far as tariff revenue goes, to be supplemented by an odious and objectionable income tax—everything, my friends, which tends to make a deficit—everything which tends to attack the treasury, leads only in one direction, and that is in the direction of the debasement of the currency and the free coinage of silver, and that means the destruction of the great standard of value. There we have the two dangers which confront us to-day. So, as I stand here, and ask you to look at the present condition of things in the United States, when we see the present business depression, the depleted treasury, when we hear the cry of distress ringing more shrilly every day, I say, is it not time that the beacon fires of Republican principles should blaze upon the White Mountains of New England? (Applause.) I say, my friends, is it not time that her intellectual resources, that her force, her energy, should be brought to bear upon the vicissitudes of the country at this tremendous moment? Yes, my friends, the Republicans of New England are not men devoid of common sense. They are sound, practical, thoughtful men; men who have elevated this country in the era of manufactures higher than ever known in the history of the world with the same limit,

the same power, and the same population. They are not men, my friends, who would throw away financial capital for the sake of making political capital. They are men who would not throw away dividends, shut up their mills, lose their dividends for the sake of punishing the workingmen who might have voted the Democratic ticket, or to give an object lesson on the evils of free trade in advance. And yet there are some minds, narrow, cross, inspissate (I use that word in order to stimulate the intellect of certain Democratic newspapers in New York, in the line of inquiry) (laughter), who believe, and no mind but such as I have characterised would believe, or state that New England manufacturers, Republican or Democratic, would close their mills for the sake of making political capital, because that logic would not work in both cases, and business, my friends, is always logical, particularly when it is conducted by intelligent men.

Now, my friends, I say it is upon such a day as this, that the message of New England should be brought home to the Republicans of New York. I remember an episode during the darkest days of the Rebellion. It was in 1862, when Maryland was invaded, Kentucky threatened, when it was not Richmond that was in fear, but Washington, and when the victorious legions of Lee were ready for a defense, that a conference of Governors was held at Altoona, and the great Massachusetts's Governor, John A. Andrew, appeared there (great applause), and sent out his message to the President and to the country. Verily, it was as if Aaron were upholding the arms of Moses. It was Andrew supporting and encouraging Abraham Lincoln. And so, my friends, in this day, the spirit of Republican New England must make its heart felt. Therefore, I say, my friends, that I will, as it were, call up the spirit of the great typical New England Republican to do honor and reverence to the great freemen of the United States, the great freeman of the world, Abraham Lincoln. These two men represented the Republican party. Is there a single thing, a single principle, a single idea which they loved, which they fought for and which they died for, which is not imperilled to-day? They loved, my friends, freedom for every man, they loved the great Union, they loved their own states, they loved the Flag with love which turns even the coward's heart to steel, the sluggard's blood to flame. They loved the glory of every individual state, but they loved ever the glory of the United

States. And they loved beyond and over that the right of every free man, white, red or black, so that he might stand up in the majesty of his own manhood, and in the face of mankind, and say as his proudest boast, and as the declaration of his legal and political right, "I am an American citizen."

Therefore, I say, let us to-night renew our pledges to these two mighty spirits, Andrew and Lincoln. (Great applause and cheers.)



ADDRESS OF HON. JOHN DALZELL.

THE PRESIDENT :

I will now propose the next toast, Protection. (Applause.) He who is to respond to it is the eloquent Representative from Pennsylvania, the Hon. John Dalzell, who is known to you all. (Cheers and continued applause.)

PROTECTION :

"If we should place the industry of our country upon a solid and unshakable foundation, we must adopt the protecting policy, which has everywhere succeeded, and reject that which would abandon it, which has everywhere failed."

HENRY CLAY.

MR. PRESIDENT :

I dislike to have to introduce myself, or be introduced by another, with an apology. But I think it due to myself to say to you that I have been suffering so much to-day, and am suffering so much to-night, that only an appreciation of the honor of a place on your program leads me to make an attempt to fulfill what would otherwise be a very pleasant duty. (Applause.)

There are so many things to be said about protection that I hardly know where to begin. Shall I start back at the first substantial act of the First American Congress, and call into your presence the august Washington desecrating a Fourth of July by signing an unconstitutional protective tariff act? (Laughter and applause.) Or, shall I, in a milder and more hesitating tone speak of a more recent event, when the free men of Ohio, with more than eighty thousand majority, swept into the Gubernatorial chair the man who stood sponsor for the infamous law which has enlarged our commerce, foreign and domestic, and quickened every pulse in the living organism of the nation? (Applause and cries of "Hear!" "Hear!")

Shall I tell you what, unfortunately we all too well know of, a withering blight on factory and field, of unhappy homes, unhappy men and women, that the accession to power of the Democratic party has brought, in paralyzing the industries and the energies of a prosperous people? (Cheers and applause). Or shall I tell you, in brief terms, something of that principle, which divine and human law point out as the most potent factor in the material development of our people, and the moral development as well? For, let me say to you, my fellow citizens, that the question of protection was never so much a burning question as at this moment. It is now high noon, the hour has struck, the parting of the roads has been met, and the American people henceforth must choose between customs duties and direct taxes as the source of federal revenue. (Cheers.) The same contending forces meet to-day that met in July, 1863, and crimsoned with blood the fair fields of Pennsylvania, at Gettysburgh. (Prolonged applause.) The same opposing, not principles, my friend from Massachusetts, but the same opposing civilizations that then battled for the supremacy (cries of "That's Right!"), met (applause); then, on the first day the Northern star was lost to view in the darkness of a seeming defeat, only in the end to mount the heavens resplendent in the blush of victory, and pointing the way to the triumph of that Government which Mr. Lincoln called the People's Government, and which was to span in its magnificent arch the length and breadth of a continent. (Great applause.)

In the conflict now on, protection has had only its first day of its Gettysburgh. That it will have the last, and the fruits thereof, is as sure as is the iron degree of an irreversible or irresistible fate. (Applause.)

What is protection? It is God's own law for the harmonious development of man and matter. (Applause.) When, in His infinite wisdom, He peopled this western continent with men of brains and force, when He guided the Mayflower, freighted to the sides with civil and religious seceders at Plymouth rock, when He poured the tide of Scotch and Irish immigration upon the fertile fields of Pennsylvania, when, with other lovers of liberty, He brought new recruits to various parts of this country, He intended that the predominating virtues of Saxon character should prevail, and that from this Continent as their vantage ground they should exercise a controlling influence in the march of the world's civiliz-

ation. (Applause.) Hence, He gave us to that end the elements out of which to work the grand result. He gave us a territory that stretches from sea to sea, from winter's blast to summer's bloom. Take down your map, cut out the space that represents Great Britain, Ireland, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Switzerland, and Greece; lay it down upon the space that represents the magnificent sweep of your imperial domains, and see how much space will remain uncovered. (Applause.) Then listen to the greatest living Englishman, Mr. Gladstone (cheers), when he tells us that we have the natural base for the greatest continuous empire that was ever established by man. What does that empire itself include? Great lakes, unsalted seas that contain almost one half of all the fresh water on the globe; a system of water ways that measures in miles five times the water ways of Europe, lacing and interlacing our territory, and wedding both oceans to the heart of the continent. (Long continued applause.)

Is there any element of wealth? Do you know of any element of wealth that is not contained upon the surface, or lies underneath our soil? A million and a half square miles of arable territory, with their wheat and corn, their hay and oats, their cattle and sheep, their timber and stone, and many other things representing the surface, and underneath that surface is nature's storehouse of precious and useful metals, gold and silver, copper, iron and coal; add to this nature's laboratory in the bowels of the earth, whence are free petroleum and natural gas, heat, light and power ready made. Will any man dare to say that here is not nature's suggestion, nay, nature's command, that all these resources shall be developed? Will any man dare to say that the people possessing such possibilities should not be the people possessing also the most diversified industries upon the face of the earth? (Loud and long applause.)

In point of fact and of history, we, the possessors of all these advantages during a hundred years and more of our history under a policy for the most time protective, have become the greatest agricultural, manufacturing and commercial nation on the face of the globe. (Applause.) Do you inquire, then, and the inquiry is a natural one, what necessity there is for protection by law, when we have that protection by nature? I answer you, none at all if the function of Government is to deal only with

the product, not with the producer. (Great applause.) But it is an essential of American civilization that its care is of the producer rather than of the product—man, not merchandise, save as merchandise has to do with the welfare of man. (Applause.)

I agree with a modern economist, who says: Social superiority instead of doing away with the necessity of protection is the very thing that makes protection necessary, for it is of social importance that the industry should be retained and advanced. I have already suggested to you the social superiority of the men in possession of the resources of this western continent. They are men of that stock whose birthright is English liberty, whose jewels are the traditions of his conquest, in whose veins courses the blood of the many generations of those by whom freedom was won, men who cannot breathe in any air but independence. (Prolonged applause.) He fails to distinguish the finger marks of God Almighty who fails to discover that there was a grand plan for the development along parallel lines of both material and moral wealth, of both man and matter. (Applause.) At the very base of American civilization lies the political equality of individuals. (Applause.) That being granted, it necessarily follows that upon individual intelligence and worth depend the character and stability of the State. Whatever tends to good citizenship, tends to good government; whatever detracts from good citizenship detracts from good government. Hence it follows as night the day that the welfare of the State, the future of the Republic, depend upon the social condition and the advance of the individual. But the social condition of the individual depends upon his freedom from competition under unequal conditions with a lower civilization than his own. (Applause.) Between the conditions surrounding the American producer and the conditions existing elsewhere, there has always been a variance. Modern science has increased it by utilizing time and space. Steam and electricity have married Continents; New York has become the neighbor of London; Liverpool will outrun San Francisco in a race for Boston, Philadelphia or Baltimore. The ocean grey hounds will lay down at a given place, at a less cost for cartage, and in less time, foreign products than the inland railway will lay down the same amount of domestic products, at the same place. Pittsburgh and Sheffield touch elbows. They are competitors for the same market, but the civilization of Sheffield

is the civilization of low wages, a starved life, rented homes, lack of culture and aspiration. The civilization of Pittsburgh is a civilization of high wages, of land proprietorship, of free common schools, and of manhood suffrage. (Long continued applause.)

I leave out of sight, I care nothing about the cause and the origin of these existing differences. Suffice it for me that they exist. For me the vital, crying, living demand is that if they cease to exist they must cease to exist by Sheffield's moving up to Pittsburgh and not Pittsburgh moving down to Sheffield. (Prolonged applause and cheers.)

Protection, you will observe, therefore, is at once the creation and the shield of American civilization. I do not purpose to say anything about its results. You will find them on every page of that splendid chapter that America has contributed to the industrial history of the world. They are known and read of all men, save of those who will not know and will not read. (Cheers and applause.)

Now, then, one word more, and I am done. (Cries of "Go on!" "Go on!") I wish I could. What has this protection, that has to deal with the social condition of the producer, to show by way of fruit? I have already quoted one Englishman. Now let me quote you another, James Bright, than whom no more intelligent and observant writer upon our institutions ever existed, says that America marks the highest level not only of material well being, but of happiness and intelligence that the race has ever attained, and will be the judgment of all of those who look not at the favored few for whom the world heretofore seems to have made its institutions, but at the whole body of the people.

Do not misunderstand me. I do not claim that all the good things we have are the result of protection, but I do claim that American civilization outranks all others, and that it has been fostered and maintained and depends for its future maintenance upon the policy of protection. (Great applause.)

Mr. President, it was this civilization that bred and nurtured and perfected the man whose birth anniversary we celebrate tonight. The plain man of the people, to the royalty of whose manhood all the world brings tribute, and whose name shall be like a sweet incense throughout all generations until time shall end. (Applause.) Gentle and strong, self reliant, unflinching in the

performance of every duty and never forgetting the humble people from whose ranks he came, he rose as necessity called, and while with strong hand upon the helm he guided the Nation through the tempest of civil war, he at the same time wrought the undoing of the wrongs of centuries, and wrote his name amongst the noblest benefactors of the human race. (Applause.)

There was a wideness in his mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea,
There was a kindness in his justice,
Which was more than liberty.

(Loud and prolonged applause and cheers.)



ADDRESS OF HON. FRANK HISCOCK.

THE PRESIDENT :

Gentlemen, New York contains within its boundries the Democratic stronghold in this city, and the Republican strongholds in the country districts, which illustrates the saying, that "God made the country, and man made the town." Our next toast is "Republican New York," and we shall be glad to have it responded to by one who has done so much in that State for the Republican party, Senator Frank Hiscock. (Great applause.)

REPUBLICAN NEW YORK :

"The State of New York : not the envy, but the admiration of her 'Sister States'."

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN :

The sentiment that you have given me to respond to marshals before us a long line of statesmen and leaders who have achieved hearty success for the Republican party in the State, and success for the Republican party in the Councils of the Nation. It brings before us, Mr. Chairman, and gentlemen here assembled, every single important leading issue that has been solved since 1861. And we recognize the fact, that each and every one of those issues was solved by the votes and the voice of the imperial State of New York. (Applause.)

I believe that there is no one who will gainsay that upon any issue which has been presented to the people of this country, the voice, the conscience, the material force, and the sword of New York, was not decisive of the conflict. And, my friends, we can recognize that, in the solution of all those questions, it was a Republican voice that was heard, and a Republican sword that was wielded. (Great applause.)

But I shall spend but little time in reminiscences here to-night. The Democratic party has been often enough in power to mark well the contrast here between Republicanism and Democracy. The issues have always been clear and well defined. Democracy, perhaps, it is as well should come in power now and then, at rare intervals, as a public lesson to the people that they might recognize that it was only in the Republican party that they could trust, and with it only charge their own prosperity, and that of the State and of the Nation. Democracy, sir, has meant this to the people of the State of New York. It has meant the trampling upon the rights of the people. It has meant the wresting from the people the offices which were in their gift. It has meant stifling the voice of the people by the ballot. It has meant the giving of aid and support of this great State to a national government that seemed to be charged with the destruction of the prosperity of the people.

Mr. President, I submit to you this question here to-night :

It is February, 1894. Who is there that so hates his fellow man? Who is there so great an enemy to his country, that he would not exchange it for any February in the administration of President Harrison? (Cries of "Hear!" "Hear!") I have said, Mr. President, that it is well now and then that we should have a Democratic victory, and a Democratic administration, as an object lesson to our people. It is true, I think, truer here than elsewhere, for fewer of our citizens are engaged in watching politics, in giving political directions, than elsewhere.

It is true, that here in this State of ours, where there is a chance for large rewards in business, that there are fewer people who seek public office and their honors and their emoluments. Our constituency is the farmer, who has but little time to devote to politics, if he would make both ends meet, and the mechanic, whose days are passed in toil in the shop, and whose nights must be given to repose and slumber. Those who are engaged in transportation, who have no time to indulge in the luxury of political management, and the bankers who are intrusted with large affairs, that consume all their time and their attention; the lawyers who are not briefless, and physicians who have patients; these classes, my friends, care but little about politics, and pay but little attention to politics, except when the call is made upon them that their rights, their prosperity is in danger, that the fair fame of

their State is assailed, that there is a great political end that should be achieved, or is fraught with blessing to the country, and then they respond one and all, and truly, sir, then it may be said that the voice of the people is the voice of God.

I am not to stand here and spend much time to-night, gentlemen, in passing in review the events of the past. I am not one of those that believe that Republican New York, like a lost civilization, is to be buried under the debris of centuries. On the other hand, I believe that New York, Republican as she has been in the past, will be more sturdily Republican in the future. (Great applause.)

It is true that we have met with party disaster in various states, that we have been driven from power where we supposed we were strongly intrenched. But here in New York we have redeemed our party, and we are again to the front, and New York heralds an approaching day. (Applause.) Our own State has been redeemed from the domination, and from the control of the other party. We are to join in the ranks of the other States of the Union and march on until we have accomplished at the National Capitol, what has been accomplished within our own borders, and at our own Capitol. We have had in this State too many object lessons, for the people to sleep and rest quietly under the impress and under the wrongs to which they have been subjected, during the period that the Democratic party has been in power. A Republican victory in New York—New York is a Republican State, it is necessary for the achievement of all, that my distinguished friend from Pennsylvania is so vitally laboring for. I say to you, and I feel it, without a Republican New York, the Republican party at a national election is doomed to defeat and disaster. New York State, Republican, is necessary, and whenever a national convention shall be called, if there are those there that talk of the achievement of a national success without New York State, I want to say to you, that when they return to their homes, from that day onward until the sun shall go down upon the day of election, their ears will be open and they will be listening to the news that shall come from the State of New York, to learn what the prospects are, and what the election news is there, and what may be expected in this Imperial State. And whenever it shall be flashed over the wire that New York has gone Democratic, they will retire from the places where they have convened

to hear the news of the election returns, to their homes, gloomy at a great party disaster, and of the ills to be perpetuated by the Democratic Administration. But I desire to say to you, my friends, here to-night, that I have no fear of the result of the next national election. (Applause.)

And I desire to say to the members of this Club, that party success in that contest, is not to rest with, or depend upon clubs, leaders, party organization, in the strict sense, convention or party leaders, the organization has already commenced at the bottom, and among the people, and is going onward and upward, and leaders and clubs and political organizations, must quicken their paces if they would be in at the victory, or the mass that is organizing behind them will push them one side, and take it without their presence and without their consent. (Applause.)

Mr. Chairman, and gentlemen here assembled, as I have already told you, I shall spend no time to-night in indulging in reminiscences of the glory of the Republican party, and I shall not name to you those distinguished Statesmen of our State who have helped to achieve it. As I have already said, I do not believe that Republican New York is only a subject of history, but I will leave reminiscences of the past to the speaker who shall stand here in my place ten years from now with the Republican victories that are sure to transpire here between now and then, and leave him to recount the glories of the Republican party and of the Republican State of New York. (Great applause.)

ADDRESS OF HON. HENRY D. ESTERBROOK.

THE PRESIDENT:

Gentlemen. The portrait behind me is the historic portrait of Abraham Lincoln, painted by our artist friend and guest, Frank B. Carpenter. It is appropriately draped with the flag for which Lincoln died, and the starry banner is appropriately, therefore, the last toast which we have to offer, "The Vengeance of the Flag." The vindication of the principles that it symbolizes may be fitly uttered by the lips that represent the broad patriotism of the Great West. I have the honor of introducing and welcoming the Hon. Henry D. Esterbrook, of Nebraska. (Great and prolonged applause and cheers).

"VENGEANCE OF THE FLAG."

"Every man should take off his hat when the Starry Flag moves by. It symbolizes a free Republic, it symbolizes a Nation, not an aggregation of States, but one compact solid Government in all its relations to the Nations of the earth."

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

MR. PRESIDENT, FELLOW REPUBLICANS:

I am quite sure that Shakespeare did not mean to be facetious, much less slangy, when he made the gentle Imogen to say:

"In the world's volume
Our British seems as of it, but not in it."

(Laughter.)

If, after this visit to the City of New York, my first visit to America's great vortex of population, I still think that in my country's volume Nebraska, like New York and Massachusetts and Iowa and Pennsylvania is not only of it but distinctly in it, I have not been encouraged to think so by anything I have heard in the City of New York.

Crossing the plains I have often amused myself gazing out of the car window at some particular spot on the earth's surface, and observing how the whole landscape seems to wheel around it as if on an axis, and it is easy for any one to constitute himself a pivotal point and fancy that the universe revolves about him. It seems especially so, if you will pardon me, for a New Yorker to indulge this hallucination. (Laughter.) Facing a certain star in the heavens, he calls all to the left of him west, vaguely west, all to the right of him east, and yet, let him travel far enough and his ultimate west, becomes his uttermost east, and he finds himself, returned to the initial point, with several new ideas in his head, and an average supply of modesty (laughter) large enough to last him perhaps a year amidst a Knickerbocker environment. Since my arrival in your City I have been introduced to several gentlemen, with an invariable postscript to the introduction, to the effect that I hail from Nebraska, wherever that may be. Some of these gentlemen at least have lifted my hand to a level with my nose (laughter and applause), have given it a sort of twiddle, intended, it may be, for a shake and murmured something about wild and woolly. Now, I am not particularly sensitive, and if I were this alliterative *Jeu D'esprit* about the wild and woolly west would long ago have ceased to annoy me. For, as a joke, it is not new. As a matter of fact, it is, alas, no longer true. I say alas, for time was, and I have witnessed it, when Nebraska *was* wild as Nature's self, when individuality meant something, something more than nice longings and introspective philosophies, and when personality had not been merged into humanity *en masse*; when men stood forth the microcosm. Then was realized the longing of that poet of personality, that sublime egotist, Walt Whitman (whose "barbaric yawp" was, after all, but an echo of the Indian's hello).

"O, to be self-balanced for contingencies,
To confront night, storms, hunger, ridicule, accidents,
Rebuffs, as the trees and animals do."

Then, too, all creeds, all dogmas, all theologies, the Golden Rule and the Thirty-nine Articles were focused in two words, Fair Play. (Applause.)

I do not say that this primeval age could last, nor that it ought to last; I do say that one year of its savagery and zest, its

lion-mettled quiddity, its tang of nature, its chrism of tingling life—its perpetual novelty of living—was worth a cycle of our platitudinous Cathay!

But, bless you, several years ago my reverend friend, the Bishop and fellow townsman of whom I am always proud, swooped down upon us, and since then we have become as civilized and uninteresting as anybody. (Laughter and applause.) As near alike one another as shoes and shoes, or fish and fish. It may be that in God's providence, the day of individualism is past and the age of Christian communism is at hand. It may be that the problem of personal liberty being solved, the problem of social liberty is now pressing for solution. If so, it is time for the pioneer, the bell-weather, the pathfinder, the "Westerner" to go, and with him all things that are wild and woolly. That problem must be wrought out in the cities of our country—cities like New York, Chicago, San Francisco and, in all humility, Omaha; where impact is closest and social life the fiercest. But for the spirit of liberty, in its essence and regality, where should we look for it if not in the hush of unconquered forests, breeding their mysteries and their centuries of power? On pathless praries, roofed by the blue immensity of heaven, and horizoned by the brink and margin of the world? Freedom! It is the voice of the soul, the cry of nature, the scream of the eagle, the yell of the Indian, the ego of the universe! From the fields came Cincinnatus at the call of Rome. Forth from the wilds came Patrick Henry, like John the Baptist crying in the wilderness. And whence that noble suicide, John Brown? Out of the West, I tell you; out of the West? Out of the West, Ulysses Grant (great applause), whose only strategy was to fight, whose sole negotiation was "unconditional surrender." (Applause and cheers.) Thence, also, Lincoln (loud and prolonged applause), wise as a serpent, harmless as a dove; the dearest name, save one, on earth; at whose mention the heart quickens and grows soft, yearning to be like his in courage, patience, gentleness and love.

Fellow citizens: We have gathered in the name of millions to bless the day which gave him birth. No political equator separates the zones or temperments of our Republic; for Abraham Lincoln gave to his country a new geography, and a compass which points neither north nor south, but only upwards. Nebraska,

child of the Rebellion, over whose cradle was waged the mournfulest warfare since the revolt of Lucifer; Nebraska whose Alma Mater was the Republican party, whose birthright was free and happy soil—so free that the footprints of a slave has never rankled its clean earth—so happy that God has only to pitch the key and it sings with a harvest; Nebraska, for reasons particular to herself, will keep this day forever holy, and as for this month (applause) which chronicles this day, February, blest of all the calendar—she joins her voice in the shout of the Republic, “To Triumph!” For February is an American holy month. In it were born Washington and Lincoln—two names so blended in popular affection that to mention one is to recall the other. Washington the patrician, whose mind and heart like the cups of a chemist’s balance, seemed to weigh each other, to whom religion was a rule of action, a Divine command. Lincoln, the plebian, whose mind and heart had been fused in the crucible of love, with whom religion was a passionate intuition. Of these twins of destiny we are to speak to-night of Lincoln, and I have chosen to relate the manner of his death and the vengeance of the Flag.

Was it, my friend, an inspiration or caprice, when, on the very threshold of that most sombre, sullen story of colonial life, “The Scarlet Letter,” Hawthorne suddenly stoops and plucking a rose which grew beside the prison door presents it to his reader? It was a graceful act, a propitiatory act, and withal an act of deep significance. For somehow the perfume of a flower seems to pervade the entire story; so when at last you close the book with the mist still in your eyes and fain would murmur “a sad, cruel, useless sacrifice,” lo! the fragrance of that rose, like an exhalation from an unseen altar, breathes through your spirit, and you sigh instead, “perhaps, after all, ’twas best, yea, perhaps, ’twas necessary.”

With something of the motive I have attributed to Hawthorne, I wish to relate an incident which befell me in the City of Chicago, as a prelude to my recital of the darkest page in American history. It was in Lincoln Park the statue of Liberty’s great martyr had recently been unveiled, and I had come to study it. To my mind, unskilled in the niceties of criticism, the work seemed perfect. The dear, homely, lovely face, with its wilderness of wrinkles, those hieroglyphs of character, the tall,

angular, awkward figure, to which the garments clung hopeless of adaptation—*ecce homo*, behold our kingly rail splitter (great applause), himself a sort of human rail, cleft from a genealogical tree, as yet uncatalogued, sound to the core, with the bark still on, and all the splinters left as God had left them. It was Abraham Lincoln as I had dreamed of him (great applause) in boyhood, as I had read of him in history—simple, majestic, actual, as if his immortal spirit had clothed itself in a vestment of immortal bronze. There in the restful quiet of a park already dedicated to his memory, a sort of noble bird among the mighty vibrations of a great city, a little continent bounded by the “unsalted sea,” called Michigan, and the vast ocean of life called Chicago; there ’midst the green twilight of arching trees and whispering leaves towered the beloved form of Liberty’s messiah. (Applause.)

As I lowered my eyes to trace the words embossed upon the pedestal (the words of that short speech destined to live so long, at once the episode and the epitaph of Gettysburg), I became aware of an old gentleman who stood gazing upon the dark benignant face that bent above us. He was a quaint old man, lusty, thick set, smooth shaven, wearing a wide-brimmed felt hat, and a homespun costume, neat enough, but far from fashionable, his bright ruddy face glowed from out its snow drift of white hair like a live coal among its ashes. There was certainly nothing in his physiognomy to suggest melancholy, and yet, as he gazed, the tears streamed down his cheeks unheeded.

I confess that the spectacle touched my sympathies and roused my curiosity as well. With perhaps unpardonable rudeness I attempted to discover the secret of his perturbation. I ventured to ask if, in his opinion, the statue before us was a good likeness of Mr. Lincoln. He replied simply: “I presume it is; I never met him.”

“And yet,” I persisted, “the contemplation of the statue seems to singularly affect you.”

The old gentlemen turned to me impressively, and said:

“Young man, I am a Kentuckian, born and reared, and hoping to die in the old blue-grass commonwealth. If Kentucky had left the Union, I should have followed and fought for her. All through those frightful years, and for long years afterward, I looked upon President Lincoln as a tyrant and a despot, and when the

news came of his taking off, I flung up my hat and echoed the yell of the assassin, '*Sic semper tyrannis*'. Not until recent years have I come to realize that Abraham Lincoln was the best, the truest friend that the South or humanity has ever had. (Great applause.) And now I can never think of him, never hear the mention of his name, that my heart does not well within me and overflow my eyes."

I had already seized his hand and was wringing it in both mine. "Sir, I cried, if what you feel is the true disposition of Kentucky, I swear to you, I voice the sentiment of Nebraska when I say that in the name of Lincoln, we are once more and forever friends. God bless, you, brother." (Great applause.)

And then and there, in presence of sacred effigy, Kentucky and Nebraska crossed hands across the bloody chasm, while the great bronze statue smiled down its benediction.

How often have I appealed to this incident, when in reading the particulars of Lincoln's assassination I have felt my teeth clinch and my sinews harden with rising anger. I commend it to you, now that I am about to recall the circumstances of that fatuous and apparently senseless crime. I say that the crime was apparently senseless, although could we fathom the divine motive in human history, I doubt not that involved in this catastrophe there was more than human wisdom, for have I not already called Lincoln Liberty's messiah?

It was on the night of April 14th, 1865, that the shot was fired, and its reverberation will last forever. On the morning following, at precisely 7.22 of the clock, Abraham Lincoln yielded up the ghost. The fatal moment is notched on the scythe of time. Even the watch makers, those wardens of the hours, have embalmed that moment in the sign of their calling. In every city of the Union, North and South, East and West, you have seen those great, dumb, wooden horologes pointing backward to the dread event.

Look at them whenever you will, it is always 7.22. Could Coleridge describe a thing more idle than those painted hands upon a painted dial? Idle? No, not unless a cathedral spire, a marble shaft, or the cross itself is idle, for those idle hands hold out a memory which only pardon asked, and pardon given, can ever sweeten.

The murder of Lincoln was the most appalling tragedy ever

witnessed in a theatre. History, as if despairing of another Shakespeare, dramitized itself. We are told that his death interrupted a comedy, but what death has not? Among all the chimeras and phantasms of this life, death, a thing seemingly the most unreal, is the one inexorable reality. And yet, let it come, when or how it will, there is always in the event a mocking incongruity. But this, this immolation of Abraham Lincoln, was the very masquerade of death, grotesque, spectacular; I would almost say fantastic. The glare of the footlights, the fripperies of a play house, the tinsel and pasteboard of a stage, the gallery and the green room, the mummery of the actors—it was into this realm of fiction that the awful fact obtruded. It was the *coup de theatre* of death. And must we call this fate? Alas! I can almost hear the frantic cry of Victor Hugo: “Fate—Sinister burst of laughter?”

It was on this mortal night that the President had sought to be amused. He wished to laugh, to be made to laugh, and for this he has been criticised. Why should he wish to laugh, when every click of the telegraph was the death tick of a soldier? Why should he? Why should he not?

“There is no laughter in the natural world
Of beast, or fish, or bird, though no sad doubt
Of their futurity to them unfurled
Has dared to check the mirth-compelling shock.
The lion roars his solemn thunder out
To sleeping woods; the eagle screams her cry;
Even the lark must strain a serious throat
To hurl his blest defiance at the sky.
Fear, anger, jealousy, have found a voice.
Love’s pain or rapture, the brute bosoms swell,
Nature hath symbols for her nobler joys,
Her nobler sorrows. Who had dared to foretell
That only man, by some sad mockery,
Should learn to laugh, who learns that he must die?”

(Great applause.)

President Lincoln was not only aware that he must die, but he had every reason to believe that his death would be at the hands of an assassin. He had been repeatedly warned that such would be his fate; indeed an attempt already had been made up on his life, and that he knew of it was shown by papers found in his desk revealing the plot, and by himself labeled, “Assassina-

tion." Discussing the subject with his friend, Father Chiniqui, he had said : "I see no other way than to be always prepared to die. I know my danger, but man must not care how or when he dies, provided he dies at the post of honor and duty." (Great applause.)

And still he laughed, and his laughter was the music of his heart, the sweet expression of his sweet humanity. Such a man can afford to laugh, for, thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, human laughter is a challenge to death, a clarion of immortality. (Prolonged applause.) Moreover, the President had earned a respite from the anxiety which, for four years, like four eternities, had brooded over him.

The volcano of war had ceased to vomit forth its lava of human blood. The vertigo of death had passed. The thunder of battle in baffled roar was muttering over the distant field of Appomattox. There had been too much of tragedy, and now this laughter-loving man would gain surcease from the long tension on his heart strings, by forgetting fact in fiction, the real in the apparent.

The box which the Presidential party was to occupy had been appropriately draped with the Union flag, so arranged as to frame the portrait of George Washington, whose serene and august face smiled from out its ample folds, as from an oriole of glory. When the President and his guests entered this box, the whole audience rose to greet him. It was a shout of jubilee, of gratitude, of reverence, of love, of adoration, and God was not jealous of it. (Cries of "Good!" "Good!")

Midway of the performance, and shortly after 10 o'clock, a young man came down the outer aisle and presented his card to the President's messenger. Before the messenger could fairly glance at the card, the young man had pushed past him and entered the narrow passage immediately behind the box in which the President was seated. The door of this passage was not locked, for the lock had only that day been removed to prevent such a contingency. The young man, however, fastened the door behind him with a wooden brace, which he had previously prepared for the purpose. He next went to the door opening into the box and peered at the occupants through a small aperture, also previously made for the purpose.

Surely the noble Lincoln must have felt some vague con-

sciousness of this propinquity. If the very atmosphere of this incarnate devil did not herald his approach, that basilisk eye, framed by a gimlet hole, must have sent a shudder through the victim's heart. We may never know. In a moment the door was open; the murderer entered; then, ah! then.

There was a sharp detonation, a moment's dread paralysis, a wild commotion, a clutch at the fleeing assassin, a fierce imprecation, and the savage slash of the knife, as he freed himself from the detaining grasp, his leap to the stage, his mock heroics, his rehearsed magniloquence, his Chauvinistic bravado, and the startled, bewildering cry, "The President is murdered!"

Holy God! How could'st Thou suffer it? He so loving and so lovable, so gentle, patient, brave, and true; so slow to anger, so eager to forgive.

Throughout our National eclipse his great heart was stayed on Thee; his sole purpose to fulfill Thy will. Only a little while before, he had said to the people of the South:

"We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies, though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection."

Was this the language of a tyrant, the fiat of a conqueror? History has no parallel to this sublime, unasked for condonation, save, when on Calvary, that divine whisper faltered through the darkness: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

Instantly, with the pistol shot, the President had fallen forward; the dear head dropped, never to rise again; the loving heart fluttered into rest, and Abraham Lincoln, offered by the All-Wise as a mediator and an exemplar to his distracted countrymen, was with the undying dead.

But what of the assassin?

Maniacally bold as now seems this murder, the chances of capture had been weighed by the murderer and reduced to a minimum. His route to the South had been chosen and carefully studied. His confederates were numerous and discreet. His finances were ample, his equipment complete.

As for the leap from the proscenium box, that was a matter so insignificant as scarcely to have entered into the calculation, for the assassin was a trained athlete, exulting in his prowess. In his histrionic career he had often sprung upon that very stage from

twice the height, simply to startle the audience into applause. And yet, we are told that, except for the accident of his feet catching in the flag, a strip from which was torn out and fluttered at his heels as he dragged his wounded leg across the stage, his escape would have been inevitable.

But why call it an accident? Does not Plato tell us that even granite rocks have souls that shape their appearance and give them individuality? Shall a heathen philosopher grant such an attribute to stocks and stones, and a patriot deny all sensibility to his country's flag?

It was no accident but a miracle of gratitude, the vengeance of the flag. (Prolonged applause and cheers.) Washington was there. Washington, the father who begat, and brought it forth, seemed for the moment to live again in its embrace. (Applause.) Lincoln, the saviour, who had redeemed it from the sin of slavery was even then dying that it might live, the last quiverings of his heart pulsing in all its breathing folds. Long (continued applause.)

It was no accident. In the absence of human intervention, the flag itself became an actor. It reached forth and grappled with the assassin; it clove to him like the bloody garment of old mythology. It shrieked, and was rent in twain, but clung, clung, clung, writhing about and binding him like a python in its coils. (Applause.)

The flag was the captor, the flag was its country's Nemesis. So I say: All hail the flag, our proud and happy flag; radiant in its beauty, sparkling with its stars, conscious of itself, its God, and its America. (Prolonged applause.) Look up, my countrymen! Look up, poor human race, look up to it with reverence and with a prayer of gratitude. Behold it unfurled above the nations of the earth, the splendor of its sheen, as lambent as the sunlight that plays upon it; its undulations as billowy and voluminous as the clouds of heaven, its gorgeous colors painted upon the air as impalpable as the rainbow, hope's phantom flag. (Great applause.) What wonder that it seems like a gift from the spirit world, as though Father Abraham had reached it forth from beyond the stars, and said: "Take it, my children, take and keep it in remembrance of me. Study its history, learn its lesson, know its value, study it, learn it, know it, and love it always." (Applause and cheers.)

And shall we not, where the blood of thousands has been spilled in its defense, no, not spilled, for within its crimson arteries that heroic blood still flows, giving strength and vitality to our Nation's emblem, making it not an emblem merely, but a living creature. Its bars of white, as chaste as unsullied snow, have never yet been sullied with the stain of shame. (Loud applause and cheers.)

The golden stars that irradiate the night, are not more lustrous than these sister stars which constellate its azure firmament. Our noble flag! And so long as it shall float the sky, laugh in the sun, nor droop an alien in the sight of God, so long shall free men, free homes, free schools, free churches, yea, freedom itself, find refuge in the shadow of its strength. God bless our flag! His own harbinger of universal peace, the standard of humanity, the oriflamme of liberty. God bless our flag! (Long and continued applause and cheers, and "Three cheers for our flag.")



ADDRESS OF HON. LEMUEL E. QUIGG.

Hon. Lemuel E. Quigg having been repeatedly called upon for an address, responded as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT, GENTLEMEN:

I cannot think that you would wish to hear from me now, and I should be dismayed at the task of speaking to you. Nevertheless, I thank you all very heartily for this expression of your friendship, and especially because I know that it means something more than gratification at the victory which has been won for Republican principles at the polls in our City on the 30th of last January. Such a kindly greeting as you have given me now given elsewhere than here would have nothing in it that I could take to myself.

I know very well that the voters who presented themselves at the polls two weeks ago have not in their minds the personality of the candidates. They did not vote for me, they did not vote against my opponent; they voted for or against the Wilson Bill. They took an aye and no vote on the question before Congress, and they said that as for them they would have none of it. I do not misunderstand their action in the least. None the less do I fail to see in your comment upon it—to hear your comment upon it—the grateful note of friendship and the message of those who are glad for their country's sake than an obstacle has been placed in the path of reckless and ruinous legislation, who are glad for their party's sake that spirit and courage and confidence have been imparted to its adherents in every community, and the sure pledge given of its grand triumph next November. (Applause and cries of "Good! Good!") And glad, also, I am sure, for the sake of the candidate in whose good fortune you are as well pleased I know as he will ever be in yours. (Applause.)

When the Democratic Legislature of 1892, corrupt in its origin and vicious in its purpose, arranged the City of New York in Congress Districts, the deliberate purpose was disclosed of disfranchising the Republican voters of the City of New York. (Applause.) Nowhere is this purpose more obvious than in the construction of the 14th Congress District. That District lies on the west side of town, from 52d Street, between Seventh Avenue and the North River, straight on up to Spuyten Duyval, a distance of nine miles. If it had been left in that shape, all the requirements of the law as to population would have been answered, and the Republicans would have been given a fighting chance; but the programme of the Democratic party was to destroy any and every such chance, and so they went over to the east side of town, and they took twenty streets over there, from 59th Street to 79th Street, between Central Park and the East River, containing a very large population of workingmen, as they calculated a sure Democratic majority of 5,000, and they tacked these twenty streets on to the western district and called that the 14th Congress District. The same partisan purpose, the same partisan mathematics, controlled them in carving up the rest of the City, and the first election under this re-arrangement was held in the Fall of 1892. I have some figures with regard to that election that I always carry around with me. That is, I have been doing so since election, for they are to me extremely interesting. I hope I have them here. I love to show them to my friends and my foes. The Congress Districts of New York, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th and the 16th, ten in all, and in 1892 the 7th gave a Democratic majority of 5,511; the 8th of 8,155; 9th of 9,722; 10th of 6,228; 11th of 8,425; 12th of 8,809; the 13th of 7,798; 14th of 8,825; 15th of 11,869; 16th of 3,829.

Now, it was in the 14th and 15th of these Districts that we had an election on the 30th day of January. Only fourteen months had passed since the last election had been held, but in these fourteen months many things had occurred. Things full of bitterness but profound with instruction. The Siren of free-trade had sung a witching song and the boatman had fixed his rapped eyes on her, and had inclined his ear to listen to her melodies, and had given no thought to the rapids and whirlpool that were drawing him on, but now his craft is in the torrent and

the waves are dashing high against him. What has happened is bad enough. What may happen is dreadful to contemplate.

But we of the City of New York have this comfort. We have the comfort of knowing that the boatman is giving less and less attention to the witching Siren and her song, and more to the waves that are breaking against his craft. We know that at least, and we have an evidence of an election to prove it, whatever the explanations may be, and I have heard a great many explanations, a great many explanations, Mr. President, from Democrats concerning the deplorable condition of business in which we are surrounded. They have said a lot of things about it. Mr. Cleveland himself had his explanation just as soon as Chicago gas began to decline in Wall Street. (Applause.) He said we were troubled because we were adding fifty millions a year to our stock of silver. Well, if that was all there was of it, the remedy surely was very easy to supply for he and his party had denounced hotly the law under which the silver purchases were being made, and had promised to repeal it, but they were in office six months before he called Congress together to do what should not have occupied it more than six weeks at the very outside; and the explanation he gave of his delay was that he had to argue with his party in order to induce it to redeem its promises; and so while the argument proceeded the principal advocate of free silver coinage being argued with by a place in the Cabinet, the Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee who had advocated free silver all his life being argued with by a gift of the Danish mission. (Laughter.)

While this kind of argument went on to the disgust of the country, the Secretary of the Treasury was reviving the apprehension of financial circles by declaring that he was to dishonor one form of our currency, and the President himself was restoring confidence in industrial circles by declaring that as soon as he got rid of the silver question he intended to make war on them to the death.

Now, sir, whatever the explanations they gave, this one fact they can never get away from, that at the very instant of time when it was clear to the country that the Democratic party was in a position to pass a law, when it was apparent that they had obtained not only the Presidency and the House, but the Senate as well, whatever the form under which the apprehension of the

people took shape, whatever the particular act or acts were they stood in dread of, at that very second of time the safe doors closed with a bang on the money of the country, the fires were drawn from under the furnaces, the mill wheels slowed down, and the workingmen, the working people of both classes, the working people by thousands and tens of thousands were thrown out of employment. And why not? Why not?

Has not the apprehension of the country been more than justified? Is there any possible, any conceivable act of folly that they might have perpetrated which they have omitted to perpetrate? Is there any single act of wisdom that they might have performed the opportunity for which they have not refused or neglected?

Their administration has been one long, constant, rapid succession of follies and scandals. The silver fillibuster, the Hawaiian infamy, an attempt to uphold a Monarchy with American bayonets, the sale of an Embassy for a campaign subscription, and disgracing the highest place in the American Judiciary to make it a foot-ball to be kicked about, and last and worst of all the Wilson Bill.

And what is the result? Well, sir, we have given them one example of the result right here in New York City. A Congress District—did you notice the figures that I read out here a minute ago? Of all these ten districts in the City of New York there are only two with a greater Democratic majority in 1892 than the majority which confronted us in the 14th District. And is not the result in that District plain enough?

The people of that District voicing the sentiment of the whole country, speaking not only for themselves, not only for the magnificent metropolis of New York—speaking for the State and the Nation, speaking for the manufacturers of the East and North, speaking for the grain growers of the West and South, speaking for the miners of the Rocky Mountains, speaking for the fruit culturists of the Pacific Slope, speaking for the whole industrial soil of the Continent, have said this party of shame and dishonor and destruction must go. (Prolonged applause and cheers.)

ADDRESS OF MR. NICOLAY.

THE PRESIDENT :

Before we part, I shall ask the old friend and secretary of President Lincoln to at least rise and give us his voice. (Loud and prolonged cheering.)

MR. NICOLAY :

Mr. President and fellow Republicans of New York: A man who has for twenty-five years been trying to learn how to write, is not properly qualified to make you a speech.

I merely rise to thank you for your kind invitation to sit with you here to-night, to thank you for the opportunity you afforded me of extending to you the right hand of Republican fellowship; to thank you for the evidences of love, affection, devotion which I have seen so abundantly manifested here to-night to that great chief who first led the Republican party to victory, and instead of anything that I can say to repeat an admonition and determination possibly which he wrote after that long and memorable debate with Douglas in 1858 when he was cheated out of the Senatorship of Illinois by the unfair apportionment then existing, when he wrote that the cause of Civil Liberty must not be surrendered at the end of one or even one hundred defeats. (Prolonged applause and cheers.)

THE PRESIDENT :

It has been moved that when this assembly adjourn it adjourn until the next Election Day. With that qualification a motion to adjourn is now in order. (Cheers.)



LETTERS OF REGRET.

Following the address of Hon. William P. Hepburn the President requested the Secretary to read a few of the very many responses of the distinguished Republicans who were unable to be present at the banquet.

STATE OF OHIO,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR,
COLUMBUS, January 25th, 1894.

Mr. J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT,
The Republican Club of New York,
New York City.

My Dear Sir:—Governor McKinley is in receipt of your favor of the 16th inst., and directs me to say that while highly appreciative of the compliment of your invitation he is unable to accept, for the reason that he addresses the Lincoln Day Banquet of the Ohio Republican League at Columbus on that day.

Very respectfully,
JAS. BOYLE, *Private Secretary.*

COLUMBUS, O., February 12th, 1894.

Hon. J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT,
Republican Club, 450 Fifth Avenue.

Please convey to the members of the New York Republican Club my great regret not to be with them to-night. Lincoln's name should inspire Republicans everywhere, and Lincoln's principles are good enough for Republicans anywhere.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, ST. PAUL, MINN.
January 25th, 1894.

Hon. J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT.

Dear Sir:—I regret very much, that owing to important engagements incurred some time ago, I cannot accept your kind invitation to attend the Lincoln Dinner of the Republican Club of the City of New York. I beg leave, however, as my representative, to enclose you a copy of the remarks made by me at the Lincoln Banquet of the Loyal Legion of this City in February, 1893.

Yours truly,
KNUTE NELSON.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,

CONCORD, January 27th, 1894.

J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT,

Secretary of the Committee.

My Dear Sir:—I am in receipt of the kind invitation of the Republican Club of the City of New York to attend the Lincoln Dinner of 1894, at Delmonico's, on the anniversary of the birth of the great emancipator. I regret that on account of pressure of duties, official and otherwise, I shall not be able to accept. I assure you I am in hearty sympathy with the occasion, and rejoice that as the years go by this great man is held in such increasing honor and esteem by the American people.

Truly yours,

JOHN B. SMITH, *Governor.*

STATE OF MONTANA, EXECUTIVE OFFICE,

HELENA, January 27th, 1894.

Hon. J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT,

Secretary, The Republican Club of the City New York.

Dear Sir:—Acknowledging the receipt of your kind invitation to attend the Lincoln Dinner of 1894, please convey to the Club my regrets that official business will prevent me from being present to join with you in paying tribute to the grandest name in American history. In honoring the memory of the man who was foremost in promoting the unity of the sections and the welfare of all the States, may that patriotism be kindled anew which inspires in the hearts of our people unity of effort and affinity of purpose in promoting the prosperity of the Nation. With respect,

Yours, very truly,

J. E. RICKARDS,

Dictated.

Governor, Montana.

SENATE CHAMBER,

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 9th, 1894.

Hon. J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT,

Secretary of the Republican Club,

New York City, N. Y.

My Dear Sir:—I very much regret that it will be impossible for me to be present at the Eighth Annual Dinner in commemoration of Lincoln's Birthday by the Republican Club of the City of New York. It will, indeed, be an opportune time for the Republicans of the City of New York, and other guests outside of the city to say something for the cause of Republicanism. Everything is dark for the people of the United States to-day; but the clouds have a silver lining, for the recent State Elections, and the Congressional Election in your city a few days ago, signify that the eyes of the people are open, and that they will not again be fooled as they were in 1892.

Thanking you very much for your kind invitation, I am,

Very truly yours,

JOSEPH M. CAREY.

SOUTH DAKOTA, EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,

PIERRE, January 29th, 1894.

Mr. J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT,

No. 450 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Sir.—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the invitation of the Republican Club of the City of New York, to attend the Lincoln Dinner of 1894, to be held at Delmonico's, on the 12th day of February, which you have so kindly sent me.

I regret exceedingly that circumstances over which I have no control, deny me the pleasure of accepting the invitation. I am so intensely Republican, so intensely American, so much an admirer, almost worshiper of Lincoln, that to be present with you upon that occasion would afford me a world of pleasure. These are Democratic times, and it makes us Republicans of the West feel that we cannot be too earnest, or too zealous, in the support of those principles which mean the upholding of the industries of this country, the development of its resources, and the corresponding prosperity of its people.

I hope you will say for me to the Club, that nothing would have given me more pleasure than to have been present with them upon that occasion, and that when the time shall come for another expression of the will of the people, the great Northwest will not be found wanting.

Yours, very truly,

CHARLES H. SHELDON,

Governor of South Dakota.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, MICHIGAN,

LANSING, January 24th, 1894.

J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT,

Secretary The Republican Club of New York City,

450 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir.—I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of an invitation to attend the Lincoln Dinner of your Club, February 12th. I assure you that it would give me great pleasure to be with you upon that occasion, but my duties here will prevent my absence from the State.

Respectfully yours,

JOHN T. RUSH.

STATE OF NEBRASKA, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,

LINCOLN.

Mr. J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT,

New York City.

Dear Sir.—I regret that I shall be unable to attend the Lincoln Dinner to be given by the Republican Club of your City, February 12th, to which I have your kind invitation.

With thanks to the Club for its courtesy, I am,

Yours truly,

L. CROUNSE.

STATE OF IOWA, EXECUTIVE OFFICE,

DES MOINES, January 26th, 1894.

Hon. J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT,
450 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

My Dear Sir:—Your kind invitation for me to be present as a guest of the Republican Club of the State of New York, on the 12th day of February, has been received, for which please express to your committee my thanks, and at the same time my regrets that owing to the fact that our Legislature is in session at this time, I would not feel that it would be possible for me to leave the State for so long a time.

Again thanking you for the honor conferred, I am,

Yours, very respectfully,

FRANK L. JACKSON.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,

SACRAMENTO, CAL., February 3d, 1894.

Hon. J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT,
450 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Dear Sir:—I acknowledge receipt of your invitation to be present at the Lincoln Dinner of 1894, and desire to express my thanks for the honor of the invitation which, owing to circumstances, it is impossible for me to accept. It affords me pleasure, however, to say that the prospects of the Republican party in this State have perceptibly brightened since the last election, and that I anticipate beyond a doubt that California will be found enrolled in the Republican columns this fall, and again in sympathy with the principles which the immortal Lincoln taught, and of which we are all so proud.

Yours, very truly,

H. H. MARKHAM.

STATE OF VERMONT,

OFFICE OF SECRETARY OF CIVIL AND MILITARY AFFAIRS,

BRATTLEBORO, January 24th, 1894.

Mr. J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT, Secretary,
Committee of the Republican Club,
450 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Sir:—I am directed by his Excellency, Governor Levi K. Fuller, to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation of the 16th (forwarded from Montpelier), for the Lincoln Dinner of your organization to be given on February 12th.

Unless unforeseen circumstances prevent, he will take great pleasure in accepting and in being present upon that occasion in honor of him whose name stands second only to that of the immortal Washington.

Very respectfully,

J. H. GOULDING,
Secretary of Civil and Military Affairs.

STATE OF MAINE, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,

AUGUSTA, January 25th, 1894.

J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT, Esq.,
Secretary, &c., New York City.

Dear Sir:—I regret exceedingly that my engagements will prevent an acceptance of the very cordial invitation extended by the Republican Club of the City of New York, to attend the Lincoln Dinner at Delmonico's on the 12th of February.

Fully appreciating the courtesy extended, I am,
Very truly,

HENRY B. CLEUNS.

OFFICE OF THE MAYOR,

PHILADELPHIA, February 1st, 1894.

Mr. J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT, Secretary,
Republican Club of the City of New York.

Dear Sir:—I regret exceedingly my inability to accept the kind invitation of the Republican Club of the City of New York, to its Eighth Annual Dinner in commemoration of Lincoln's Birthday, February 12th, owing to an engagement to be present at the Fourteenth Anniversary Dinner of the Young Republicans of Philadelphia, on that date.

Yours truly,

EDMUND S. STUART.

MAYOR'S OFFICE,

BROOKLYN, January 31st, 1894.

J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT, Esq.,
Secretary, The Republican Club.
450 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City.

Dear Sir:—Mayor Charles A. Schieren begs to acknowledge your courteous invitation to attend the Eighth Annual Dinner in commemoration of Lincoln's Birthday, to be given Monday, February 12th, 1894, at Delmonico's, and regrets that an engagement previously made will prevent his presence.

Thanking you on his behalf, I am,
Very respectfully,

C. P. DIXON, *Mayor's Secretary*.

UNITED STATE SENATE,

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 1st, 1894.

J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT, Esq.,
Secretary, 450 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Dear Sir:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of an invitation from the Invitation Committee of the Republican Club of the City of New York, to be present at its Eighth Annual Dinner, in commemoration of Lincoln's Birthday. I regret that a previous engagement and my official duties at Washington prevent me from accepting the invitation.

Yours truly,

J. M. DOLPH.

STATE OF IDAHO, EXECUTIVE OFFICE,
 BOISE CITY, IDAHO, January 31st, 1894.
 THE REPUBLICAN CLUB,
 New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen.—I have your kind invitation to the Lincoln Dinner to be given by your Club at Delmonico's, on the 12th of February, at 6.30 in the evening.

It is with regret I advise you that owing to previous engagements, it will be impossible for me to be present.

The time is propitious for such a gathering; "the object lessons" of the day will carry back the minds of the older guests at your board, to that other day, when the man whom God gave to his Country, the man whose memory you assemble to honor, was called upon to meet economic conditions similar to those which now confront us.

If the judgment of offended Deity which condemned the Israelites to a sojourn of forty years in the wilderness was just, what penalty would be commensurate to the act of a people who voted to restore that party to power, whose last retirement was marked by the wreck of American industries, and the smoke of traitorous cannon?

I respectfully suggest that the New York Republican Club set apart a day for thanksgiving and prayer, and that they invite all similar clubs and churches in the United States to join with them in returning thanks to Divine Providence for His leniency in limiting our sojourn in the "wilderness" to only four years.

Very respectfully yours,

W. J. McCONNELL,

Governor of Idaho.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
 PROVIDENCE, February 2d, 1894.
 Hon. J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT,
 New York City.

My Dear Sir.—I duly received your kind invitation to attend the Lincoln Dinner on the 12th of this month, and have delayed reply in the hope that I might be able to send a favorable response. I now regret to find that it will be impossible for me to be present, as our General Assembly is in session at this time, and it will be impossible for me to get away.

Thanking you for the courtesy, I remain,

Yours, very truly,

D. RUSSELL BROWN.

UNITED STATES SENATE,
 WASHINGTON, D. C., February 10th, 1894.

Dear Sir.—It would give me great pleasure to accept your invitation to the Dinner of the Republican Club, February 12th, only that no Republican Senator can afford now to be absent from the Senate.

Very truly yours,

Mr. J. V. V. OLCOTT, Sec'y Repub. Club,
 New York.

JUSTIN S. MORRILL.

SENATE CHAMBER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mr. Proctor very much regrets that, owing to the press of public affairs, he is obliged to deny himself the pleasure of attending the Eighth Annual Dinner of the Republican Club of New York City, in commemoration of Lincoln's Birthday, February the 12th.

February 1st, 1894.

UNITED STATES SENATE,

WASHINGTON, D. C., January, 3d, 1894.

My Dear Sir:—I have received your kind invitation for February 12th, and regret very much that I cannot be present.

Very truly yours,

JAS P. FOSTER, Esq.

H. L. LODGE.

SENATE CHAMBER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Senator Higgins begs to return his thanks to the Republican Club of New York for their kind invitation to attend their Annual Dinner, on the Anniversary of the Birthday of Abraham Lincoln, and very much regrets that other engagements here will deprive him of the pleasure of accepting.

February 1st, 1894.

SENATE CHAMBER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mr. Edward O. Wolcott regrets that a previous engagement prevents his accepting the kind invitation of the Republican Club of the City of New York for February 12th, 1894.

UNITED STATES SENATE,

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 2d, 1894.

J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT, Esq., Secretary,
450 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

My Dear Sir:—I have received the invitation of the Republican Club of the City of New York, to be present at its Eighth Annual Dinner in commemoration of Lincoln's Birthday, and return my thanks for the same.

I regret exceedingly that the state of my health and my engagements here will not allow me to be present on this occasion.

Again thanking you for the invitation, I am,

Yours truly,

JAMES F. WILSON.

SENATE CHAMBER,

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 3d, 1894.

Dear Sir:—I regret that it is impossible for me to accept the courteous invitation of the Republican Club of the City of New York to be present at the "Eighth Annual Dinner" in commemoration of Lincoln's Birthday.

Very truly,

WM. P. FRYE.

UNITED STATES SENATE,

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 31st, 1894.

Mr. M. S. Quay regrets that he will be unable to attend the Eighth Annual Dinner of the Republican Club of New York on the 12th of February.

SENATE CHAMBER,

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 1st, 1894.

Mr. J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT.

My Dear Sir:—I have received the kind invitation of the Republican Club of the City of New York, to attend its Eighth Annual Dinner in commemoration of Lincoln's Birthday, on the 12th of February next. I regret to say that my official duties here will not permit me to accept.

Very truly yours,

JOHN SHERMAN.

WASHINGTON, February 1st, 1894.

Dear Sir:—Accept my sincere thanks for your kind invitation to the Eighth Annual Dinner of the Republican Club of New York City, on February 12th, in commemoration of Lincoln's Birthday. I very much regret that my duties and previous engagements render an acceptance impossible. I feel it a misfortune.

J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT,
450 Fifth Avenue.

Yours truly,

J. R. HAWLEY.

SENATE CHAMBER,

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 31st, 1894.

J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT, Esq.,
Secretary.

Dear Sir:—I am sorry that my engagements here will prevent my accepting the invitation of the Republican Club of the City of New York, to be with them upon February 12th.

Yours truly,

FRANCIS B. STOCKBRIDGE.

UNITED STATES SENATE,

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 1st, 1894.

My Dear Sir:—I regret that I cannot attend the Dinner of the Republican Club in the City of New York, on the 12th of February. I am engaged to attend a like commemoration of Lincoln's Birthday at Jersey City.

It is gratifying to know that Republicans are celebrating Lincoln's Birthday, not by empty honor to his name, but by putting in practice the principles he believed. There is nothing that he stood for, there is nothing that he gave his life for, which you and I do not believe and stand for to-day. There is nothing that you and I believe and stand for to-day which would not have had the heartiest support of Abraham Lincoln. I am,

Faithfully yours,

J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT, Esq.

GEO. F. HOAR.

HOTEL BON AIR,

AUGUSTA, GA.

Mr. Edmunds sincerely regrets that distance prevents his having the pleasure of accepting the kind invitation of the Republican Club of N. Y. for its Dinner on the 12th inst. in commemoration of the Birthday of Abraham Lincoln. He wishes for the Club every felicity that can flow from great and just principles, and earnest work in their support.

February 5th, 1894,

Augusta, Ga.

COMMITTEE ON CORPORATIONS IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA,

UNITED STATES SENATE, January 6th, 1894.

My Dear Sir:—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your very kind note of recent date, inviting me to speak at the Annual Lincoln Dinner of the Republican Club, on the 12th of February. I regret that I shall not be able to comply with your request, as it is probable that the Tariff Bill will then be under consideration in the Senate, and it would not be possible for me to find the necessary time for preparation.

Thanking you for your kindness, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

Mr. J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT, Secretary,

NELSON W. ALDRICH.

450 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 2d, 1894.

Mr. J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT, Secretary,

The Republican Club of the City of N. Y.

450 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Dear Sir:—I am in receipt of the invitation from the Committee of the Republican Club of the City of New York, to attend the Eighth Annual Dinner to be held in commemoration of Lincoln's Birthday, Monday, February 12th, 1894. Owing to a previous engagement for that date, I regret to say that it will be impossible for me to be present. Thanking you, I am,

Yours truly,

JOHN E. REYBURN.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 3d, 1894.

Mr. JAMES P. FOSTER, HENRY GLEASON, and others

of the Republican Club of New York City.

Gentlemen:—I have to acknowledge your esteemed invitation for the Eighth Annual Dinner in commemoration of Lincoln's Birthday, on the 12th inst., and regret that an engagement in the City of Boston prevents my acceptance.

Very truly yours,

ROBERT G. COUSINS.

LETTERS OF REGRET.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 2d, 1894.

Mr. OLCOTT,

Dear Sir:—I regret that public engagements will prevent my attending the Annual Dinner of the New York City Republican Club, February 12th.

Truly yours,

A. DINGLEY, JR.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mr. W. F. Draper regrets that a previous engagement prevents him from accepting the Republican Clubs' invitation to their Eighth Annual Dinner, on February 12th, 1894.

February 2d.

COMMITTEE ON WAR CLAIMS, HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 2d, 1894.

J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT, Secretary,

Republican Club of New York.

Sir:—I am in receipt of the Club's invitation to the Annual Dinner, February 12th, 1894, and sincerely regret my duties here will prevent my accepting.

Very respectfully,

JNO. AVERY.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 3d, 1894.

Mr. J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT,

450 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

My Dear Sir:—Mr. E. M. Woomer regrets his inability to accept the invitation of the Republican Club of the City of New York, to their Dinner on February 12th, 1894, as his official duties require his presence at Washington on that day.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, WASHINGTON.

Mr. J. W. Wadsworth regrets exceedingly that absence in the West will prevent his accepting the Republican Club's very kind invitation to its Eighth Annual Dinner in commemoration of Lincoln's Birthday.

February 2d, 1894.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 5th, 1894.

J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT, Secretary,

450 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

My Dear Sir:—I regret exceedingly that I shall be unable on account of pressing engagements in Washington, to accept the very kind invitation of the Republican Club of the City of New York, for February 12th.

Very sincerely yours,

CHAS. T. JOY,

M. C., 11th District of Missouri.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 6th, 1894.

J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT, Esq., Secretary,
450 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

My Dear Sir:—I am in receipt of the invitation of the Republican Club of the City of New York, to be present at the Eighth Annual Dinner in commemoration of Lincoln's Birthday, to be given on February 12th. I exceedingly regret that a prior engagement will prevent my attending.

Thanking you for the courtesy of the invitation, I am

Very truly yours,

CHARLES W. STONE.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 9th, 1894.

Mr. J. V. V. OLCOTT, Secretary,
Republican Club.

My Dear Sir:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the invitation of your Club to attend its Eighth Annual Dinner on the 12th instant, and exceedingly regret that I shall be unable to be present. Your Club is doing a good work in a commendable way, and I wish it every success.

Very respectfully,

H. M. BAKER.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 3d, 1894.

REPUBLICAN CLUB OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT, Secretary,
450 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Dear Sir:—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the kind invitation of the Republican Club of the City of New York, to be present at its Eighth Annual Dinner, February 12th, and to express my sincere regret that a previous engagement for that date makes it impossible for me to accept.

Thanking you very much, I am,

Very truly yours,

WM. A. STONE.

Mr. Chas. S. Randall thanks the Republican Club of New York City for the invitation to the Annual Dinner, February 12th, and regrets that he cannot be present.

WASHINGTON, February 2d, 1894.

Mr. Gallinger regrets that he is unable to accept the polite invitation of the Republican Club of the City of New York, to its Eighth Annual Dinner in commemoration of Lincoln's Birthday, Monday, February 12th, 1894.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 8th, 1894.

Mr. C. K. Davis presents his compliments to the Republican Club of the City of New York, with his regrets that public business prevents his acceptance of the Club's polite invitation to the Eighth Annual Dinner in commemoration of Lincoln's Birthday.

WASHINGTON, February 1st.

Hon. J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT, Secretary,
Republican Club, 450 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—I regret very much that public duties here have deprived me the pleasure of accepting your kind invitation to the Annual Dinner on the 12th inst. With thanks for the invitation, I am,

Yours, very truly,

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 3d, 1894.

W. COGSWELL.

Mr. JAMES P. FOSTER
and others, Committee, &c.

Gentlemen:—Hon. H. L. Dawes will not be able to be present at the Eighth Annual Dinner, given Monday, February 12th, in commemoration of Lincoln's Birthday, as he is at present in the Indian Territory.

PITTSFIELD, MASS., February 5th, 1894.

Mr. Manly regrets that he will be unable to accept the invitation of the Republican Club of the City of New York, at its Eighth Annual Dinner, in commemoration of Lincoln's Birthday, to be given Monday, February 12th, 1894.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, February 5th, 1894.

Mr. Allison with thanks acknowledges receipt of invitation of the Republican Club of the City of New York, to its Eighth Annual Dinner, to be given on the 12th of February, and regrets that because of pressing engagements here it will be impossible for him to have the pleasure to accept.

SENATE CHAMBER, WASHINGTON, D. C., February 2d, 1894.

COMMITTEE ON THE JUDICIARY, HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 6th, 1894.

J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT.

Dear Sir:—I am in receipt of your invitation to attend a Dinner of the Republican Club of the City of New York, to be given the 12th of February. I regret that other engagements make it impossible for me to accept. It would give me great pleasure to meet with your distinguished Club, and join in rejoicing over the late Republican victory in your City.

Thanking you for your very kind invitation,

Very truly yours,

THOS. UFDEGRAFF.

Mr. Henry H. Bingham sincerely regrets that public business requiring his presence in Washington will prevent his acceptance of the polite invitation of the Republican Club of the City of New York, at its Eighth Annual Dinner, in commemoration of Lincoln's Birthday, Monday, February 12th, 1894, at Delmonico's, 6.30 P. M.

WASHINGTON, D. C. February 2d, 1894.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 7th, 1894.

J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT, Secretary, &c.

Dear Sir.—Venerating the memory of Mr. Lincoln as the President, second to no other of the United States, as I do, I am very sorry that I shall be unable to be present on the commemoration of his Birthday by the Republican Club. But imperative duties here prevent me from being present on this occasion when the future of our party requires energetic and faithful service to ameliorate the present industrial embarrassment of our country.

Respectfully yours,

CHAS. DANIELS.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 4th, 1894.

Mr. JAMES P. FOSTER,

and others, Committee, &c., New York,

Gentlemen.—I beg to acknowledge receipt of an invitation to be present at the Eighth Annual Dinner of the Republican Club of the City of New York, to be given in commemoration of Lincoln's Birthday, on the 12th inst., and to say, with great regret, that it will be impossible for me to be present.

Very truly, &c.,

J. FRANK ALDRICH.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 10th, 1894.

EDMUND WETMORE, Esq.,

President, New York Republican Club.

My Dear Sir.—The American people have abundance of good sense, but they don't seem to have it always with them. They left it at home when they went to vote in 1892. Only one real slip in thirty-four years, and what a punishment! Hard times at home, and Hawaii abroad.

But as bad as the last year has been, and dubious as the next are to be, if this misfortune in its outcome means another twenty years of America for Americans, and for all who are fit to be Americans, the average may still be high.

How lucky for us that Hope never got out of Pandora's Box. With full hope that New York will be in the front line of those who will rescue us from the wreckers, I am,

Truly yours,

T. B. REED.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 3d, 1894.

My Dear Sir:—I beg to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of an invitation to attend the Eighth Annual Dinner of the Republican Club of the City of New York, in commemoration of Lincoln's Birthday, to be given on Monday, February 12th, 1894, at Delmonico's.

I very much regret that engagements of a character which I cannot postpone will prevent me from being in attendance on your dinner.

With hope that the gathering may be successful, and a fitting celebration of the birthday anniversary of that typical American whom we all delight to honor, I am, Sir,

Very truly yours,

J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT, Secretary,

S. M. STEPHENSON.

No. 450 Fifth Avenue, New York.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 3d, 1894.

Hon. J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT, Secretary, etc.,

No. 450 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

My Dear Sir:—I am in receipt of your letter inviting me to the Eighth Annual Dinner given by the Republican Club of New York City, in commemoration of Lincoln's Birthday. Perhaps all that you will require is to receive my sincere regrets, but that is not enough for me to say. I have several times been the recipient of similar invitations from the Republican Club of New York City, when, as now, the invitations found me in a condition where I was not able to accept. I am at present on crutches, and have been for some months, suffering from an old army wound, and dare not undertake the trip necessary to accept the invitation of the Club. I regret it all the more since any tribute to the memory of Abraham Lincoln is not only desired by his memory, but is due from every American. The greatest country on earth can always afford to remember its greatest citizen.

Thanking you, and through you the Club, I am,

Sincerely yours,

D. B. HENDERSON, Iowa.

1412 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE.

Justice Brewer acknowledges with thanks the receipt of an invitation from the Republican Club of the City of New York, to attend the Eighth Annual Dinner, in commemoration of Lincoln's Birthday, on Monday, February 12th, and regrets that his engagements are such that he cannot accept.

Thursday, February 1st.

1720 SIXTEENTH STREET.

Mr. Justice Brown regrets that his engagements in Washington are such as prevent his acceptance of the courteous invitation of the Republican Club to attend its Banquet in commemoration of Lincoln's Birthday.

February 5th.

UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT OF APPEALS, FOURTH CIRCUIT,
CLARKSBURG, W. VA., January 30th, 1894.

My Dear Sir.:—Very much indeed do I appreciate your kind favor of 27th inst., with the remembrance of the Republican Club of the City of New York, that it brings me. Also, more than I can express to you, do I regret that it will not be possible for me to attend the Annual Dinner of the Club on the occasion of the anniversary of the birthday of Lincoln.

Our Circuit Court of Appeals commences its regular session on February 6th prox., at Richmond, Va., and will be in session for some weeks, and it will not be possible for me to be absent, &c.,

Accept my thanks for your kindness, please.

Most truly,

Hon. JAMES P. FOSTER, Chairman, &c., N. Y.

N. GOFF.

TEANECK, NEAR ENGLEWOOD,

NEW JERSEY, September 28th, 1893.

My Dear Sir.:—I am flattered at the kindness of yourself and the Committee, and wish to thank you and them for it. But I cannot accept the invitation, as I expect to be in the South at that date on account of my health.

Yours truly,

To J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT, Esq.,

WM. WALTER PHELPS.

Secretary, etc , etc.

JUDGES' CHAMBERS, UNITED STATES COURTS,

PITTSBURGH, PA., February 3d, 1894.

Gentlemen.:—I am reluctantly compelled by stress of engagements to decline your esteemed invitation to join with you on the 12th instant in honoring the memory of Mr. Lincoln. I trust the day will never come in our history when those commemorations will cease, so long as Abraham Lincoln's life is studied, and his virtues revered by us as a Nation, the well wishers for the future of the Republic need not fear.

Very respectfully, your servant,

To Mr. J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT,

JOS. BUFFINGTON.

Secretary, etc., New York.

Mr. Justice Shiras regrets that his engagements will not permit him to accept the kind invitation of the Republican Club of the City of New York, to attend its Eighth Annual Dinner, in commemoration of Lincoln's Birthday, on Monday, February 12th, at Delmonico's.

February 5th, 1894.

Judge Wallace regrets exceedingly his inability to accept the kind invitation of the Republican Club for February 12th, at dinner, owing to engagements out of town at that date.

February 2d, 1894.

Mr. Alfred C. Coxe regrets exceedingly his inability to accept the invitation of the Republican Club, for Monday Evening, February 12th, 1894.

33 CHARTER OAK PLACE, HARTFORD.

Judge Shipman regrets that he is unable to accept the kind invitation of the Republican Club of the City of New York, to dinner on Monday, February 12th.

February 4th.

Judge Benedict regrets that he is unable to accept the invitation of the Republican Club, to the Eighth Annual Dinner on February 12th, 1894.

HOTEL BRISTOL, January 31st, 1894.

Mr. Hoyt H. Wheeler much regrets that engagements and duties prevent accepting the very kind invitation of the Republican Club of the City of New York, to its Eighth Annual Dinner in Commemoration of Lincoln's Birthday.

BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT, February 7th, 1894.

Judge Andrews regrets that other engagements prevent his acceptance of the invitation of the Republican Club of the City of New York, to the Annual Dinner in Commemoration of Lincoln's Birthday, on Monday February 12th, 1894.

ALBANY, February 3d, 1894.

CINCINNATI, O., January 30th, 1894.

HON. JAMES P. FOSTER,

New York City, New York.

My Dear Sir:—I am in receipt of your letter of the 27th inst. Be assured I appreciate most highly indeed, your kind and complimentary expressions, and that I esteem it a great honor to be invited to the discharge of any duty in behalf of our party by the Republican Club of New York City. It is, therefore, with unusual regret that I find myself unable to accept your invitation. If it were otherwise, I would take great pleasure in renewing my acquaintance with an organization which I have so much occasion to gratefully remember. My disappointment at not being able to accept is heightened by the fact that it makes me unable to accept the very kind invitation of yourself and Mrs Foster to become your guests.

With sentiments of highest regard, I remain,

Very truly yours, etc.,

J. B. FORAKER.

BENJAMIN HARRISON, 674 NORTH DELAWARE ST.,

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., February 6th, 1894.

General Harrison regrets that he will not be able to accept the kind invitation of the Republican Club of the City of New York, at dinner, on the evening of February 12th, 1894.

General Horace Porter regrets exceedingly that absence from the City will prevent him from accepting the kind invitation of the Republican Club, to attend its Eighth Annual Dinner in commemoration of Lincoln's Birthday, February 12th, 1894.

Thursday, February 1st, 1894.

231 SECOND AVENUE.

Mr. Evarts regrets extremely that personal circumstances will prevent his accepting the kind invitation of the Republican Club, to attend the coming celebration by the Club of the Birthday of Abraham Lincoln on the 12th inst.

February 6th, 1894.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF ASSESSORS,

DETROIT, MICH., February 3d, 1894.

J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT, Esq., Secretary,
450 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

My Dear Sir:—I regret exceedingly that I am again obliged to forego the pleasure of accepting the invitation of the Republican Club, for its Eighth Annual Dinner. For several years I have promised myself the great pleasure of attending one of these famous banquets of your famous Club, but have been prevented from doing so.

Your Club has done and is doing noble work. And all Republicans in "this neck of the winds," wish you God speed.

Very truly yours, FRED. E. FARNSWORTH.

MICHIGAN CLUB.

Gentlemen:—I would rather go to your Banquet than dine with the Queen (Victoria—not Lil.), or even with Grover.

You have so splendid a Club and are doing in your way such excellent work, that every Republican would like to sit at your board and get some of your zeal.

If it were not for our own Annual Dinner on Washington's Birthday, (with the preparation of which I am charged) I would most gratefully accept your flattering invitation, be on hand early and stay late.

But I am forced, for the reason parenthetically indicated to decline—none the less gratified however for being remembered.

I know you will have a good time. Such events are useful, and this one of yours, if I mistake not, will be significant.

With many thanks, gentlemen, I am, Very sincerely yours,

DETROIT, February 6th, 1894.

HENRY A. HAIGH.

To Mr. FOSTER, Mr. GLEASON and others of the

Invitation Committee, Republican Club of New York.

DOVER, NEW HAMPSHIRE, February 6th, 1894.

Mr. J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT, Secretary,
Republican Club of the City of New York,

450 Fifth Avenue.

Dear Sir:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your courteous invitation, to be present at the Lincoln Club Dinner, at Delmonico's, on the evening of the 12th inst. I very much regret that other engagements will prevent my attendance.

Kindly excuse the delay of reply. I had hoped that matters would shape themselves so that I could return a favorable answer.

Yours, very truly,

C. H. SAWYER.

GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,

CHELSEA SQUARE, NEW YORK, February 8th, 1894.

Dean Hoffman regrets that he will not be able to accept the invitation of Republican Club to its Eighth Annual Dinner in commemoration of Lincoln's Birthday.

BELLEFONTE, PENNA.

419 WALNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA., January 24th, 1894.

My Dear Sir:—I regret very much that a previous engagement to attend the Lincoln Banquet at Erie, on the 12th of February will deprive me of the pleasure to accept your kind invitation to be present at the Lincoln Dinner to be given by the Republican Club of the City of New York.

Faithfully yours, D. H. HASTINGS.

THE CHICAGO CLUB, September 24th, 1893.

My Dear Sir:—I am very greatly obliged by the compliment of this invitation in your letter of the 21st inst., and I regret that I do not feel able to comply with it. It is perhaps needless to say that I have a peculiar interest in the celebration of my father's birthday, of which that of the Republican Club of New York is probably the most noted, but it has always appeared to me the proper course that I should not myself attend them. I know that my gratification as a son in reading the addresses delivered on such occasion would be very greatly increased by actually hearing them if I could do so unnoticed; but that is of course impossible I have always declined these most highly appreciated invitations, and it is a controlling feeling with me that it is better that I should continue to do so.

Begging that you will express my most hearty thanks to the Committee, I am,
J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT, Very sincerely yours, ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

HARTFORD, January 23d, A.D., 1894.

Mr. J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT, Secretary, &c.

My Dear Sir:—I thoroughly appreciate the honor the New York Republican Club has done me in inviting me to its Lincoln Dinner, to be held February 12th, and sincerely regret my inability to accept the kind invitation. My first vote was cast for Mr. Lincoln, and three years before reaching the voting age, I heard and obeyed his call for the first instalment of the flesh and blood offering which the Southern revolt demanded. But apart from these considerations I have had an ever deepening conviction of his genius as a writer, a politician and even as a military strategist. So that I can think of no man, living or dead, whom it is easier for me to revere.

I hope your banquet may be in every way a success.

Yours very truly, JNO. J. MCCOOK.

THE TROY TIMES, TROY, February 3d, 1894.

Mr. J. VAN VECHTEN OLCOTT, New York.

Dear Sir:—Mr. J. M. Francis will be unable to accept your kind invitation to be present at your Eighth Annual Dinner in commemoration of Lincoln's Birthday, to be given on Monday, February 12th, as he is at present in Southern California.

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES S. FRANCIS.

(Dictated.)

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