

Republican
Club

1899.

Dinner
held at Delmonico's
on the
Ninetieth Anniversary
of the Birthday of
Abraham Lincoln
February 13th, 1899.

PROCEEDINGS

AT

THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL DINNER

OF THE

REPUBLICAN

CLUB

OF THE

CITY OF NEW YORK

CELEBRATED AT DELMONICO'S THE NINETIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE BIRTHDAY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN
MONDAY, FEBRUARY 13TH, 1899



NEW YORK
PRESS OF BEEKEN & LEAVENS
19 WARREN STREET

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 14TH, 1865

OFFICERS 1899

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW PRESIDENT

VICE-PRESIDENTS

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ROBERT N. KENYON

WILLIAM LEARY

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WILLIAM L. FINDLEY

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW
Ex-Officio

TOASTS AND SPEAKERS

HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, PRESIDENT.

GRACE, - - - REV. HOWARD DUFFIELD, D. D.

PATRIOTIC SONGS, - - - MR. CORNELIUS J. BUSHNELL.

“ABRAHAM LINCOLN,” - REV. HOWARD DUFFIELD, D. D.

“THE STATE OF NEW YORK,” -
GOVERNOR THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

“THE ARMY,” - MAJOR GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.

“THE NAVY,” - REAR ADMIRAL WINFIELD S. SCHLEY.

“THE REPUBLICAN PARTY,” - HON. HORACE WHITE.

DINNER
OF THE
REPUBLICAN CLUB.

THE Thirteenth Annual Dinner of the Republican Club of the City of New York was given at Delmonico's, Monday, February 13th, 1899, on the Ninetieth Anniversary of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln.

The President of the Club, Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, called upon the Rev. Dr. Howard Duffield to say grace.

God bless us. O thou who are our father's God, in whose name this nation was founded, and by whose favor it has been girt with strength, vouchsafe unto us the inspirations of thy presence. We are here to accord our gratitude unto thee for thy gift unto this people of Abraham Lincoln. May his spirit of fearless devotion to the right, his love of liberty, his sacrifice of self for the good of others, be made permanent elements in our national character. God bless the gallant and heroic men who in this very time, by sea and by land, are doing battle to enable this country which he saved to rightfully achieve its generous mission. Baptize us all with a fresh spirit of love for our native land and of loyalty to thee. For Christ's sake, amen.

MENU...



OYSTERS.

SOUPS.

CONSOMME BRITANNIA.

BISQUE OF LOBSTER.

SIDE DISH.

TIMBALES PERIGORDINE.

FISH.

SALMON ROYAL STYLE.

VIENNA POTATOES.

REMOVE.

FILLET OF BEEF WITH STUFFED OLIVES,

TREVISE TOMATOES.

ENTREES.

CAPONS STUFFED WITH CHESTNUTS,

FRENCH PEAS.

SWEET BREADS IN CASES WITH FINE HERBS,

MACEDOINE OF VEGETABLES.

SHERBET, AMERICAN.

ROAST.

RED HEAD DUCK.

TERRINE OF FOIES GRAS.

CHICORY SALAD.

SWEETS.

RICHELIEU PEARS

FANCY ICE CREAM.

FRUIT.

CAKES.

PYRAMIDS.

CHEESE.

COFFEE.

The souvenir of the evening, presented to each member and guest, was a copy of, a special limited edition of

“Lincoln and His Cabinet,” by Hon. Charles A. Dana,
privately printed from type, by the kind permission of Paul Dana, Esq.

At the conclusion of the dinner the appearance of the ladies in the gallery was greeted with applause, and President Depew arose amid enthusiastic cheers.

Address of Rev. Howard Duffield, D. D.

Mr. Depew: Gentlemen—I have here a letter from President McKinley. (Great applause).

Executive Mansion, Washington, Feb. 4, 1899.

“The Hon. William D. Murphy, Chairman.

Dear Sir.—The cordial invitation which your committee has been good enough to extend to me to be present on the occasion of the thirteenth annual Lincoln dinner of the Republican Club of the City of New York, February 13 next, has been received, and I am very sorry that the pressure of my engagements will prevent my having the pleasure of being with you on this occasion.

Lincoln’s wonderful career—his fortitude and self-sacrifice, his triumphs over poverty and adversity, his boundless faith in the people and devotion to their interests are among the priceless possessions of his countrymen. His name was long since numbered with the immortal patriots whose great deeds for mankind are the heritage of freedom and the hope of a nation’s future.

I sincerely appreciate the courteous invitation of your club, and trust that the dinner may be a most enjoyable one. Very truly yours,

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

Mr. Depew: And now, gentlemen, we are celebrating the thirteenth annual dinner of this club in memory of Abraham Lincoln—in memory of one of the greatest men, one of the foremost statesmen and the greatest Republican who ever lived. (Applause.) On these occasions, as they have annually occurred, we have had upon this platform representative men of the nation and of the party. It has often been the occasion of the movement of good measures for the country, and it has always crystallized the Republican sentiment of the hour. When we met here last year it was to celebrate in a measure the first year of the administration of William McKinley. We then extended to him our felicitations, because of what he had done in formulating and defending those industrial measures which

have done so much for our country. To-night we extend our felicitations to him and to the country for the wisdom which he has displayed in the conduct and the settlement of our war with Spain. (Applause).

It is the remarkable history of the Republican party that the measures which it has promulgated have been so far the good of the country, that the measures which it has promulgated as the dominant party have been so approved by the country that not one of them has ever been tampered with or repealed, but that the mandate of the people has compelled its being restored to the statute books. (Applause).

February the 12th, 1898, to February the 12th, 1899, is an epoch making year. When the historian comes to write up the story of our past he will give paragraphs to many a decade; but he will give chapters to the year 1898-99. (Applause).

When we met here a year ago we were celebrating the victory of Republican measures and the return of the Republican administration to power. We had fulfilled our pledges, we had re-enacted the protective tariff law for the protection of American industries; we had been unable to enact a currency law because of the obstruction in the Senate. But we had convinced the productive energies of the country and given them confidence, because Reed was Speaker and McKinley was President (applause) and the gold standard could not be interfered with. The party only deserves to live which meets the pledges upon which it gains power, and we kept our faith, and in keeping faith we restored the prosperity of the country and gave it what we promised would come. (Applause). Every boy in the Sunday school, and every boy who is taught at home, has had his imagination fired by the picture of the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night which led the Israelites through the wilderness to the promised land, and we, without a miracle, by the working of the true laws of trade and finance, have seen from the desert the distress of the unemployed, and now we see the pillar of cloud from the factories and the pillar of fire from the furnace stacks to lead a happy people, so that this country is once more the land of peace, of plenty and of hope. (Applause). General distress, which for three years led our industrial forces was removed from office, executed and embalmed (laughter) and general confidence has continued since in command. (Laughter and applause).

When we left this hall one year ago it was to join the army of peace for the triumphs of industry. To our mental vision the theatre of the world was to exhibit upon its stage the same Old World tragedies. They were to be enacted in the chambers of the diplomat or on bloody battle field: they were to be the parti-

tion of old empires, the wiping out of African tribes and the seizure of their territories; they were to be universal spoliation; they were to be the Turk and the Greek as the villain and the victim of the play. But when the curtain rose the scene was the Western hemisphere, and the scenery was the tropical islands of the Carribean Sea and the American continent. The actors in the old play were the crowned heads of Europe. The actors in the new play were not Nicholas of Russia, not Humbert of Italy, not William of Germany; none of those people. The actors in the new play of the Western hemisphere, a play for the relief and freedom of a people, were William McKinley, they were Gen. Miles and Gen. Shafter (applause) and the unknown commanders of the Spanish army (laughter); they were Admiral Sampson and Admiral Schley and Admiral Dewey (great applause), and when there was any halting in the movement of the drama, a secondary part was made a leading one by the genius, the brilliancy and the dash of Theodore Roosevelt. (Great applause.)

In 1848 we expressed through our Congress our sympathy for Hungary in her revolt against Austrian tyranny. We sent a man-of-war to the Dardenelles for the purpose of taking the fugitive hero Kossuth on board, and in spite of the protest of Austria, bring him to this free country. The protest of the mad monarch of Hungary was answered by Daniel Webster in the most brilliant and remarkable state paper ever penned, a paper which told of the American people's sympathy, because of their origin and because of their growth, for people struggling for liberty everywhere; told how it was impossible for America not to feel for people who were trying to be free and to govern themselves (applause) and in that extraordinary paper he said to the Austrian ambassador, you must remember, sir, and tell your imperial master that the United States occupies the richest and most fertile territory on the globe, in comparison with which the territory of the Hapsburg is only a patch on the land." (Applause). When Webster was criticised for the brutality of this diplomatic utterance, as we have been criticised since for the brutality of our diplomacy, Webster's answer was: "I put it brutally on purpose in order that Europe might know who we were, what we were and what we could do." (Applause). Now, that was '51, and it took the greatest statesmen that we had and a state paper to tell Europe what we were and what we could do. But when we carried out the doctrine of Webster's great letter in 1899 the world knew who we were and nobody dared object. (Applause).

In the mysterious dispensation of providence, great events are brought about by the smallest incident; mighty battles are

fought, hecatombs are slain and nothing is done, but when the world is ripe for revolution, when the nations are ready to climb and to grasp the good things which God has in store for them, then some little thing starts the fire and touches off the magazine. It was seven farmers dead upon Lexington Common that made these United States; it was a shell bursting against the walls of Fort Sumpter that emancipated four millions of slaves and made the Republic what it is and removed the stain from our flag. (Cheers). It was the explosion of a man-of-war in the harbor of Havana that roused (applause) that most resistless element of the forces of this world. In this hour the American conscience, the eyes of the American people were opened to the hideousness of the situation at our very doors, and in thirty days a million of men were clamoring to be led to the front, and two hundred and fifty thousand were being marshalled into the various commands; within thirty days Miles was organizing victory in Porto Rico and in Cuba. (Applause). Within thirty days Sampson and Schley had made a close blockade around the Island of Cuba. (Applause). Within thirty days Dewey (great applause), sailing over the Eastern sea with orders to find the enemy where he could, and when he found them destroy them, passed the forts and over the mines, found them, destroyed them, burned them, stamped them, and could have said with Caesar, I came, I saw, I conquered. (Great applause and cheers).

Aguinaldo, the ante-hero (laughter), builded better than he knew when he attempted to assault Manila, because he made impossible that empire of tyranny and of fraud and of villany, ruled by the autocrat who had sold his country for Spanish gold, then pocketed the gold and came home on an American ship and had gone against the people who had rescued him. (Applause.) He made possible that only government which can be had under such conditions—the government of American justice and American liberty—for his countrymen.

We all admit the grave responsibilities of this situation. We all admit that great problems are to be solved, but if government by the people and for the people is able to live in comparison with governments of hereditary and despotism, then the greater the peril the greater the opportunity to so solve every problem that out of the fire and danger shall come peace, prosperity, liberty and commerce. (Applause.)

These United states will never have a state in the Union or a star on the flag outside of the American continent. (Great applause and cries of "Good.") Possibly Cuba may be an exception, because she is only a hundred miles from our coast and a ferry will be running backward and forward. (Laughter). But Cuba will not be a state of the American Union until the

English language is the language of her press and of her courts, until American emigration has rejuvenated and transformed her so that she praises in every fibre of her public life American liberty, until she has a congress builded upon our model, statesmen who understand our institutions, and she knocks at our door a prosperous republic upon American lines fitted by experience to be an American state. (Great applause). So far as the Philippines are concerned, we will govern them as an heritage which has come to us in the rescue of an oppressed semi-barbarous and partly civilized people from the tyranny of three hundred years. When they learn, after the experience of the last few weeks and their submission that we mean not oppression, that we mean liberty and the love of law and protection of life and property, then will come the education of the American school house, then the education of the American court of law, and then we can organize native armies of native police with American officers, and the whole supported by the revenues of the Philippine Islands; then we can educate them gradually for larger and larger measures of self-government. We will, when Congress meets, enact laws under which those islands can be so governed and so held; we will enact laws under which those islands and their semi-barbarous people could never enter their products at home, nor could their people coming here interfere with American labor or American wages or American production. (Applause.) On the other hand, under the inspiration of our initiative, we will make those islands the market for American products, and standing on the Philippines and reaching to the far east we will enter the open door of China and we will make China the market for the surplus of American production. (Great applause.)

Abraham Lincoln has been freely quoted of late as against expansion and against the destiny of the American people. But Abraham Lincoln struck the key note of American growth when he made the declaration that this war, meaning the Civil War, must be kept up until the Mississippi flows unvexed to the sea—flows unvexed to the sea in order that there can be no bottling-up, no suppression of America's energy, and it must reach the sea on all sides of the land. And he struck the key note of expansion in this declaration, that with liberty goes commerce, and with commerce opportunity. He saw that, while the United States was the greatest market in the world, our productiveness in agriculture, our productiveness in manufactures was so great that there would be congestion unless there was freedom, and that freedom must come so that, with all other manufacturing and producing nations, we could enter the markets of the world for their conquest and for our benefit. (Applause).

The guns of our American navy and the guns of our American army destroyed the rule of Charles V., Philip II. and of Ferdinand and Isabella, and that empire became a mirage of history. The guns of Dewey at Manila (applause) made the United States a world power; the guns of Dewey at Manila the other day taught the way to the conquest and then the pacification and then the ruling of our outlying territories. The unknown Dewey of a year ago stands to-day in a line with Nelson among the great naval heroes of the world, and the unknown Dewey of a year ago, by his successful diplomacy with the German commanders, his successful diplomacy with the Spanish generals, his successful diplomacy with the natives, has shown that way across the sea in the east is another one of those born American statesmen. (Applause).

We look back over our past and we see—those of us who are old enough to remember—that the reconstruction problems coming out of the Civil War were thought to be too great for a free people and too great for a country rent by civil strife. We look at the present and we see that those problems were so solved that Union and Confederate, the rebel and the federalist, strive with each other only as to which shall be at the front under the old flag fighting the country's enemies. (Applause). And as we look over the future we have no fears, because the people who solved the greatest problem of civil war of modern times or of ancient times, will so solve the problem of expansion that it will tend to the promotion of civilization, the advancement of liberty and the growth and glory of the United States. (Great applause).

Now, gentlemen, I have a story to tell. We were to have had to respond to the toast of the evening, "Abraham Lincoln," Mr. Cousins, of Iowa. Mr. Cousins is not here, because he was not on the line of the New York Central Railroad. (Laughter.) He telegraphed at noon to-day that, detained by the blizzard and no trains running, it was impossible for him to come. We didn't have Cousins, but we had his speech, and the question arose, would we have a speech read in cold blood and serve cold meats at this banquet hall? Well, I had attended too many dinners for that. (Laughter). It suddenly occurred to the committee that there was a gentleman so full of the fire and fervor of American patriotism, who had so demonstrated by his eloquence that at any moment he was on tap and you could draw from him just what you wanted, if the subject was all right, that we said the subject is Abraham Lincoln, the occasion is his birthday, the night is Delmonico's, the guests are his friends—Dr. Duffield, will you come? Here he is.

Toast—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Dr. Duffield: Mr. President and Senator: It is altogether possible, sir, that the developments of history may teach us to reverse this order of address and address you as Mr. Senator and after that as Mr. President. (Applause.) It is not popularly supposed that a cannon of the church is a rapid firing gun. (Laughter) and cries of "You're all right.")

This committee has touched me off with very little warning to myself, and if the discharge should go wide of the mark, or if it should prove a blank cartridge, I hope you will credit that to the committee and not to myself. "Brethren," said an old negro minister, "I have a three dollar sermon and I have a two dollar sermon, and I have a one-dollar sermon, and before I preach I will have a collection taken up (laughter) to find out which is most appropriate for this audience." The fact is, that for the present audience there is nothing that can be too good, but tonight, fellow Republicans, you will have to take simply the best that I can hastily bring.

The toast, as the president of the club has remarked, is an inspiring one, and it is also an embarrassing one. The very name of Lincoln sets every drop of patriotic blood a-tingling. His story is the Iliad of our American history, and when the conflict of heroes upon the plain of Troy shall have been forgotten, many a heart with tear wept impulse will read the simple chronicle of the life of that humble man who was honored of God to equip this great nation for the mighty task to which to-day the same finger of God is beckoning her. I labor under the additional embarrassment, fellow Republicans, of never having come into personal contact with this remarkable individuality. That little cockade of red, white and blue that was pinned upon the lapel of my boyhood's jacket, the echo of the awful guns that roared upon Sumpter, the stately swinging tread of armed men hurrying into the front of battle, the shuddering dawn of that April morning when the country was plunged into sackcloth by the news that her beloved President lay dead—all these things are recollections of my earlier years that arise to perish never. But it was not my happy lot to look upon the face of him who carried upon his heart in those faithful hours the great destiny of this nation. And, gentlemen, to those who saw him then it seemed as though the vision of the eye somehow dulled the keener optic sense of the soul, and as we are carried from him by the passage of years he is lifted into clearer light and we can mark with truer measure the grandure of his outline. (Applause).

Mr. Lincoln was little known before the Chicago Convention

of 1860, when he was somehow to become the standard bearer of the Republican party in the throes of that great conflict which was beginning already to make itself felt throughout the land. At the bugle call of the new formed party there stepped down from an attorney's office in the far West a gaunt backwoodsman, who entered the arena where Titans were stripping themselves for the battle, and there went up from every quarter of the compass an instinctive cry, Who is Abraham Lincoln? And from every quarter of the heavens there ran back answers that peal strangely in our ears to-night. Who is Abraham Lincoln? And the East replied he is only an accident; he is a creature of the mob; he is lifted upon the cross of an unreasonable enthusiasm, for all of the delegates to the Chicago Convention from these eastern states were on their way homeward to this seaboard, trailing in the dust the banner of the Empire State, and they could only see in Abraham Lincoln in that hour one who had with uncouth hand dashed the chaplet from the hands of the polished and splendid William Seward, and they could not but look upon him as the accident of the hour. Who is Abraham Lincoln? And from the West came back the answer, he is an experiment. His neighbors had taken his measure; his friends knew that, though he was as shell barked as hickory, he was just as solid at the heart and just as tough in every fibre of his character, but they also knew he was all unused to government, that he was not schooled in the niceties of the technicalities of diplomacy, and they knew that his election had been largely a victory of merit and had been due to the pride of neighborhood, that he was a new creation of that then young and rising West, that, feeling the power of its strength, was rejoicing as a strong man to run a race. Who is Abraham Lincoln? And from the South there came back the bitter cry, he is the gauntlet flung in the very face of our most cherished institutions, he is the gauge of battle, for, remember, when Abraham Lincoln was nominated for the Presidency, it was that antedeluvian period in our history when the office of President was vacant, and a party named Jimmy Buchanan was drawing the salary (laughter and applause), it was the period in our national story when Adams, of Georgia, arose in the United States Senate and declared he would as soon kill the rest of his slaves at the foot of the Bunker Hill monument. But Mr. Adams forgot that where the Bunker Hill monument stands American liberty was born, and at her very birth she had strangled the twin serpents of tyranny and injustice, and that she had been clothing herself for all these years with the thoughts and sentiments of freedom, and all she needed was to be aroused to plant her war shod foot upon the hydra-head of disunion and of slavery. (Applause). But

those, friends, were the days when the South was spoiling for a fight and the days when the North was spoiling in its efforts after compromise, and so the nomination of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency was regarded in the South alone as the pretext for unbuckling the sacred girdle of our national union. There was another curious answer to this question, it came from the abolitionists in the Republican party itself. Abraham Lincoln was not an extremist and therefore political fanatics branded him as a traitor.

Abraham Lincoln was of all things a practical man, and he stood in politics for the best that could be had, not all that might be desirable, and, therefore, he was anathematised by political visionaries, and that little group of men whom you cannot but regret, high of thought, pure of feeling, strong in speech, voicing the emotions of their hearts through the lips of Wendell Phillips, great orator as he was, shrewd, shrewish, able to scold in periods of polished rhetoric and to utter sentiments that had in them more of the venom of Xantippe than of the wisdom of Socrates, when he heard of the work of the convention said, "What, that wolf hound?" Oh, friends, ask to-day who is Abraham Lincoln. Go the wide world through and ask any man who believes in simple manhood and bares his brow before the grandure of character, who is Abraham Lincoln, and there will spring instantly into the mind a vision of that well known and widely loved face, that massive brow on which dark care seemed ever seated, those lustrous, deep-set eyes with a wistful far-off look as though they pierce the minds of lesser men, that shaggy mane of unkempt hair, those cheeks sunken and scarred with sorrow and with sacrifices, that jaw so strongly set and hinged, all uniting in features over which the cloud and sunshine play across the depths of the unfathomable sea. (Cries of "Good" and applause). And the passing of years haloed that head with a more beautiful light, and we are learning the truth of what Walt Whitman long ago said, "Lincoln is the supremest character upon the crowded canvas of this nineteenth century." (Applause.)

Mr. Lincoln was a lonely man. He can be put into no class. He rises in our history with the hauteur, dignity and grandeur of an obelisk. He is the Melchiesidek of our story, with no lineage and no ancestry. He towers above the rarely eminent men which God gave to his time. Round about Mr. Lincoln in his cabinet sat a trio of marvellous statesmen; there was his courtly Secretary of State, Mr. Seward; there was his profound and sagacious Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Chase; there was his indomitable Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton. (Applause). Mr. Seward was a skilled and an experienced diplomat, but he simply learned that he was only Prime Minister

after all and Mr. Lincoln was President. Sagacious and experienced was that Secretary of the Treasury, but Mr. Chase came to learn that the President was taking soundings in deeper waters than his plummet could fathom. Most indomitable, like a god of war, was that mars-like Stanton, clad in complete male, but that inflexible resolution, when the kindly purpose of Mr. Lincoln's views came sweeping down on that iron plane—the miracle of the scriptures was repeated and "The iron did swim." (Applause).

Mr. Lincoln was privileged to have on the field of battle a train of warriors worthy of being mentioned beside the royal fighters of King David of the old scripture days. There was that silent, sphinx-like man, whose tongue was still, whose sword was eloquent, whose deeds speak to the generations to come, who fought the fight of humanity in the dark glades of the Wilderness, and who fought the fight of the hero on the lonely summit of Mt. McGregor. (Applause.) There was the gallant Sheridan whose fiery heart (great applause) and earnest ardor out-ran the fleet footed coursers of his command; Sheridan, that splendid cavalier sans peur et sans reproche, the hero of the American army. There was the Cromwellian figure of Grant.

Mr. Chairman, this splendid mirage of triumph has at last reached the eternal sea, and its memory shall never grow dim in the hearts of the lovers of their country. Grand men! But we know now, whatever we thought then, that Mr. Lincoln was sweeping a wider horizon and was more nearly to the heart of things and understood better the impulses and the issues of that day than these great leaders of men.

He was a lonely man. He was born to loneliness as a heritage. He was a great deal of the time in the dim recesses of the Western forests. He learned what the wilderness and the streams could teach him, and he grew up far from the conventional restraints of society; he grew up under conditions where nothing was recognized as worthy except inherent manhood, and from his boyhood he drew the breath of loneliness. He was created with a hunger for knowledge, in his coon skin hat and buskin suit he marched back and forth every day nine miles to the school house. He touched every side of life until he came to be the martyred President. He was a hostler, a surveyor, a Mississippi boatman, a store keeper, he was entered in a lawyer's office. He was like some great pine tree that winds its roots into a soil that is little but a rock, and feeding upon its inhospitable condition raises its columnar top into the sky, defying the storm and deriding the hostilities of the tempest. (Great applause).

Let me tell you about the first speech that Mr. Lincoln is

said to have made. His friends thought he would be a good candidate for the Legislature, so they put him into nomination; he came from his retreat in the woodlands to a country town where he was to meet his opponent. As he approached the town he passed the house in which his antagonist dwelt. He saw rising from the roof a thin spire of iron, and he says, "What's that?" "Oh," said his friend, "that is a lightning rod," and he explained the uses of the lightning rod. Mr. Lincoln had never before seen such an appendage to a dwelling, and he thought over it a good deal until his time came to speak. The man against whom he was running was the first to occupy the platform, and he addressed his fellow citizens by saying that he hoped they would not throw him overboard for this unknown man, whose life they didn't know and with whom they were not acquainted, who had come up here from the unexplored tracts of the wilderness. Mr. Lincoln arose and said, "Friends, you don't know very much about me. I haven't had all the advantages that some of you have had," but, he said, "if you did know everything about me that you might know, you would be sure there was nothing in my character that made it necessary to put on my house a lightning rod to save me from the just vengeance of Almighty God." (Laughter and great applause.)

There are three great papers in the story of English speaking peoples that mark the progress of the race. One is the Magna Charta, and one the declaration of independence and one the emancipation proclamation. The Magna Charta was produced by a company of belted knights with glittering steel, swords bared and lances in rest; the declaration of independence was uttered to the world by the splendid company of scholars; but the emancipation proclamation was wrought out by one lonely man sustaining a burden that might have borne to earth an ancient Atlas. It was the time when disaster and reverse was hovering over the American arms, when the great efforts that had been made to go on to Richmond resulted only in going back to Washington, and Lincoln, one eventful day, called together his cabinet. Said he to them, "Gentlemen, I have called you together to state to you what I propose to do." He said, "I do not ask any advice as to the doing of it, but I shall be very glad to hear from you as to the best method in which it may be done, but I intend to issue this proclamation." He then read to them that paper which he had wrought out in solitude. A great hush fell upon the company of his advisers. Soon Mr. Seward suggested the change of a sentence. Mr. Bates said, "I think that this will cost you the fall election." Mr. Chase told how that he thought certain parts of it might be made stronger. Mr. Seward finally said, "Mr. Lincoln, if you issue this proclama-

tion just at this present time it will sound like a cry of despair. Wait until we have won a great victory and then let loose this thunderbolt." Mr. Lincoln then said, "very well, gentlemen, I will wait," and, like Siegfried in the play, who in the hollow of the mountain forged the sword with which he should do to death the dragon, Mr. Lincoln in quiet tempered that bolt with which he was in one blow to strike off the shackles of millions of souls. Well, by and by came Wednesday, and the Cabinet sat on Saturday and the proclamation went forth on Sunday, and the sons of men throughout the world shouted as if they were the witnesses of a new creation, for there comes to us a new heaven from which the dark cloud of judgment was rolled back, and a new earth that was printed with no foot of a slave, and the Americans could say for the first time that their land was not only the land of the brave, but the home of the free. (Thunderous applause and cries of "Good, good.")

Mr. Lincoln was a profoundly religious man, he subscribed to no particular "ism;" he enrolled himself in no special church. It would have been to my thinking almost a false note for this unique and solitary character to have done so. In society he always looked to manhood rather than to etiquette; in law he always consulted common sense more than he did the statutes; in diplomacy he was always guided by intuition more than by prestige, and in religion he asked for a sincere heart more than for a mere creed. (Applause). Mr. Lincoln refused to wear the straight jacket of a bigot who says I am holier than thou, and he just as strenuously refused to wear the mantle of the fool who says in his heart, or he will say it with his lips if you make it a sufficient financial inducement for him to do so, he will say there is no God. (Applause). But from the very moment that he took the cars at Springfield and tracked through the snow fields of that late springtime and asked his neighbors and his whole people to pray to God for him, until the hour when his great spirit went back to the giver of it, he followed the teachings of God as though he saw that pillar of cloud and of fire at all times.

There was a delegation that went to Mr. Lincoln at one time in a dark day of our story, and they wanted him to abandon the conflict; they wanted him to give up his unequal warfare, as they called it, and restore peace to this unhappy land. His reply to them was, "Gentlemen, you remind me of an experience of my early life. I was working for a farmer, as a farm hand for old Deacon Jones. In the middle of the night I heard him call to me 'Abraham, Abraham, get up, the world is coming to an end.'" Says he, "I looked out of the window in my little attic room in the old log cabin and I saw the stars raining from their places in the heavens, and my heart gave way within me, and I

trembled with fear, feeling that the judgment hour had come. But, gentlemen, as I looked I saw behind that blinding meteoric shower the old North star shining just where it always had been, and the dipper which I knew was there in all its glory, and I came to the conclusion that the world was not at an end, and I would steer by the stars that God had set to remain in his heavens." (Applause).

Friends, we are at another hour when opinions are divided. There are those that make the air to quiver with apprehension; there are those who tell us that we violate the constitution and that we are false to the declaration of independence, but yet through the shower of meteors, through the roar of all the disturbances of this time, we will still behold the star of American independence, the star that shines for the right of liberty, the right of political liberty and religious liberty, that star is still fixed and immovable in God's heavens. By that we steer, by the light of it our fathers saw over the sea to lay the course of the Mayflower, until its prow had touched on Plymouth Rock. By that star Washington laid his course from Bunker Hill until it led to victory and Yorktown. By that star our martyred President guided his course from Sumpter to Richmond. And that star is now sending its beams into the waters of a far off sea, it has risen above the horizon of the Orient, it is hanging like a beacon above those distant islands, and its shining will tell the world that a new day, a day of liberty for man, has arisen upon the face of the earth. (Great applause and cheering.)