

E
700
.R42



CERTIFICATE OF
MEMBERSHIP.



New York,

1888

This Certifies that

is a Member of the

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL SPELLBINDERS' ASSOCIATION

for the year commencing February 1st 1889.

Chauncey W. DePew,

President.

Amos H. Parker

Secretary.

Treasurer.

✓
Republican national spellbinders' association
"

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

RECEPTION & DINNER

UNDER THE TITLE OF



THE SPELLBINDERS' DINNER

DELMONICO'S
NEW YORK,
WEDNESDAY, NOV. 14, 1888.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
COPYRIGHT
APR 8 1889
2088
WASHINGTON.

GIVEN BY THE
REPUBLICAN ORATORS WHO ASSISTED
IN THE CAMPAIGN OF 1888

E 700
P 42

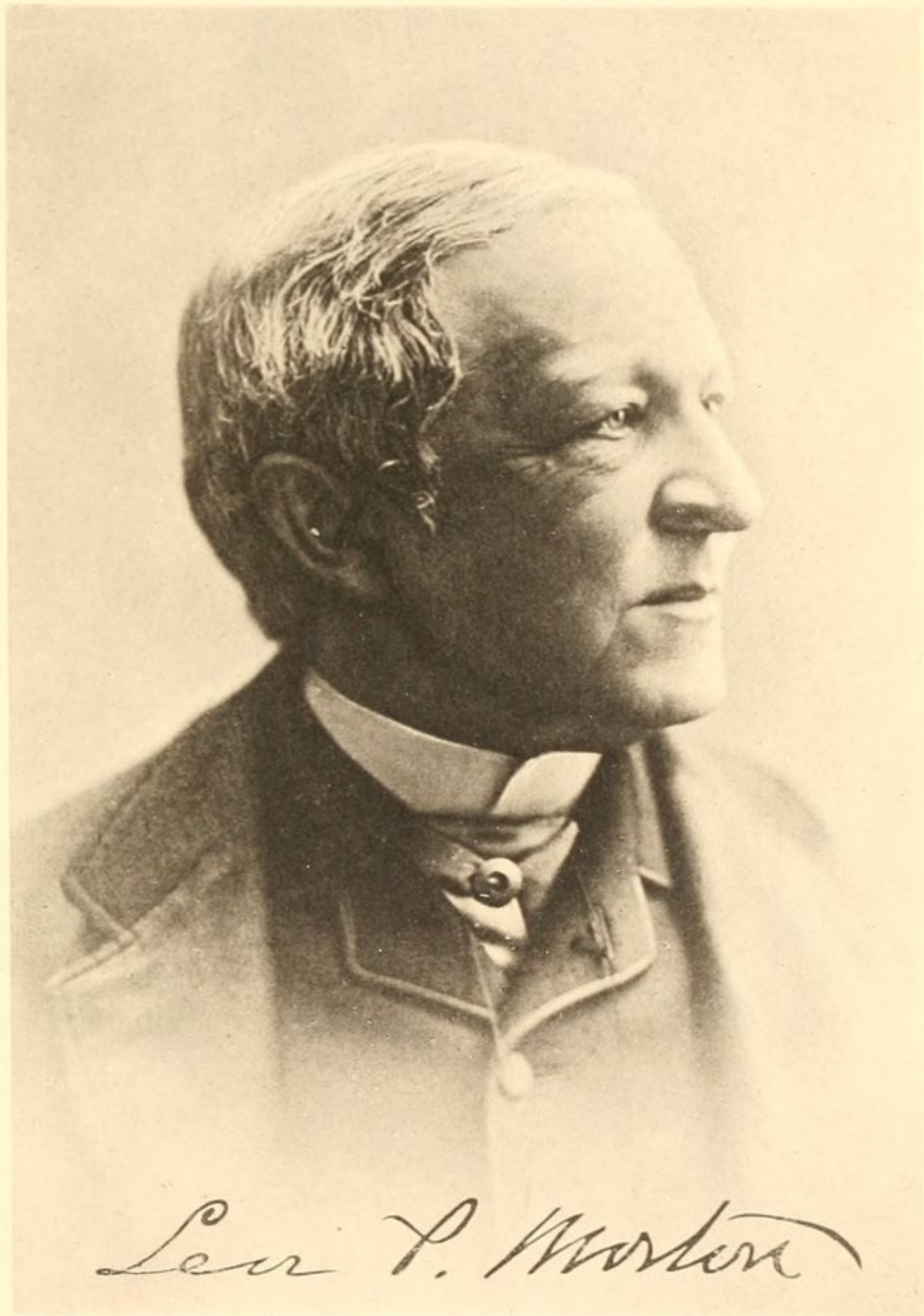
Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1889,
By C. F. JOHNSON,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

INDEX

PORTRAITS,				
BENJAMIN HARRISON,	S. V. R. CRUGER,	W. D. GUTHRIE,	J. S. CLARKSON,	
LEVI P. MORTON,	ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD,	GEORGE A. SHERIDAN,	J. S. FASSETT,	
CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW,	JOHN S. WISE,	J. A. ADAMS,	W. W. DUDLEY,	
WARNER MILLER,	ROBERT P. PORTER,	M. S. QUAY,	WM. CASSIUS GOODLOE.	
QUOTATIONS FROM ADDRESS OF CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW,				5
INVITATION,				7
ANNOUNCEMENT—(1, 2, 3,—our Poet's definition of "Spellbinders,"—4,)				9-11-12-13
LIST OF GUESTS,				15-16-17
LIST OF LETTERS OF REGRET,				19
MENU,				21
PROCEEDINGS—				
Prayer,				23
Songs—Professor Adams,				23-25-26
Letters of Regret,				28-29-30-31-32
ADDRESSES—				
Chauncey M. Depew,				33
Warner Miller,				40
S. V. R. Cruger,				46
Elliott F. Shepard,				47
John S. Wise,				51
Robert P. Porter,				67
George A. Sheridan,				73
W. D. Guthrie,				80
CLOSING—CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW,				82-83

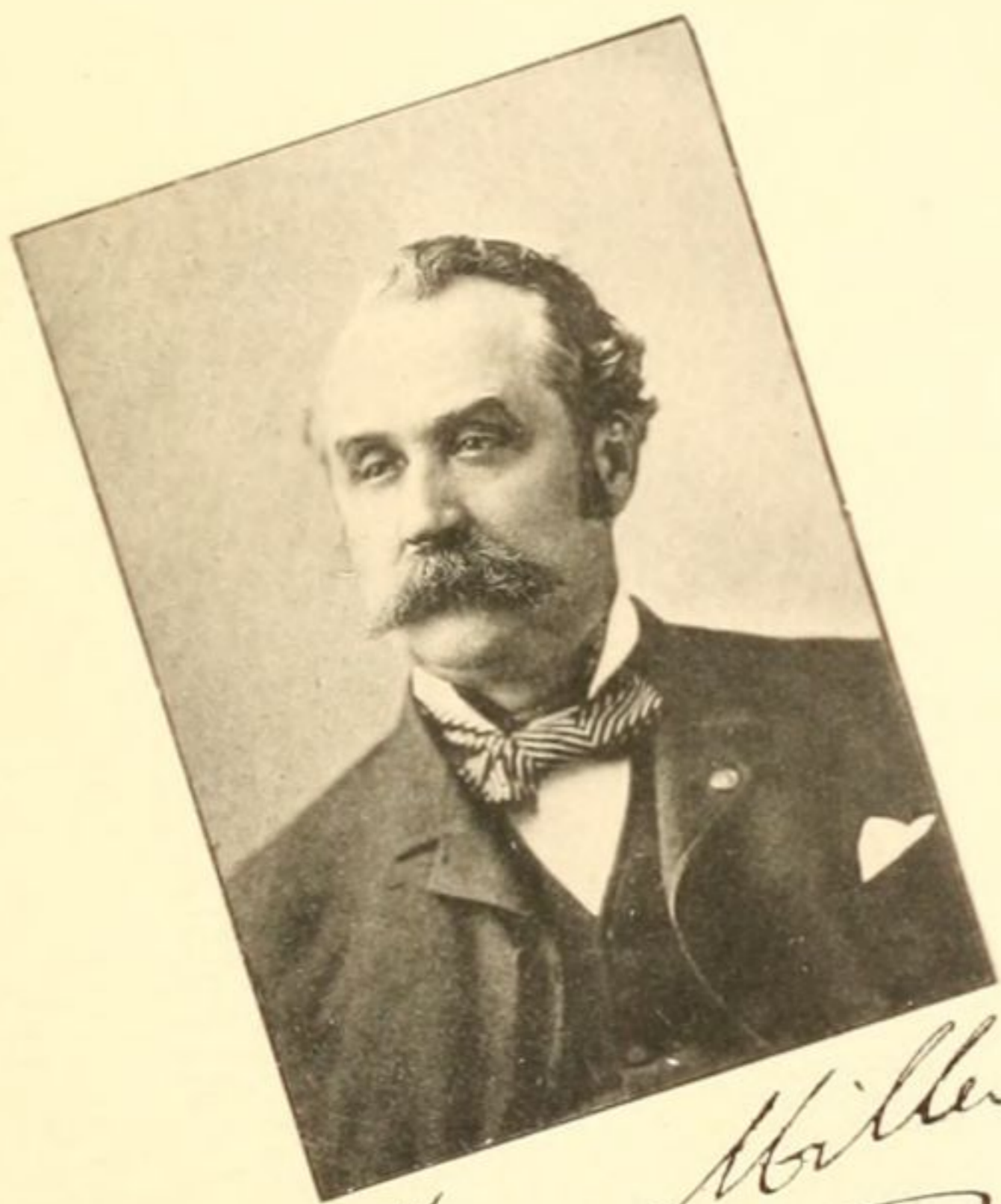


Bump Harrison

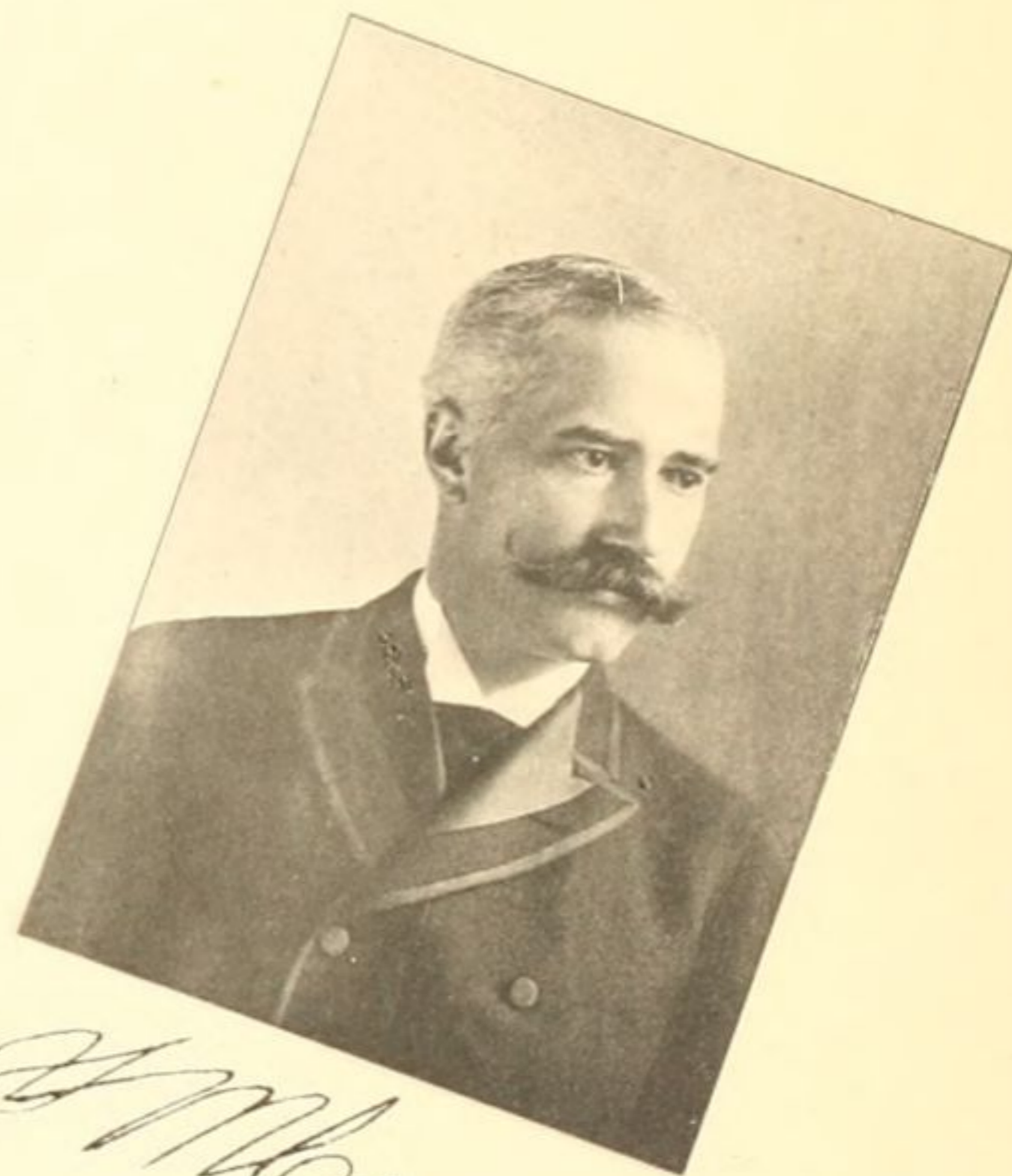




Charney W. Tappan.



James Miller
"



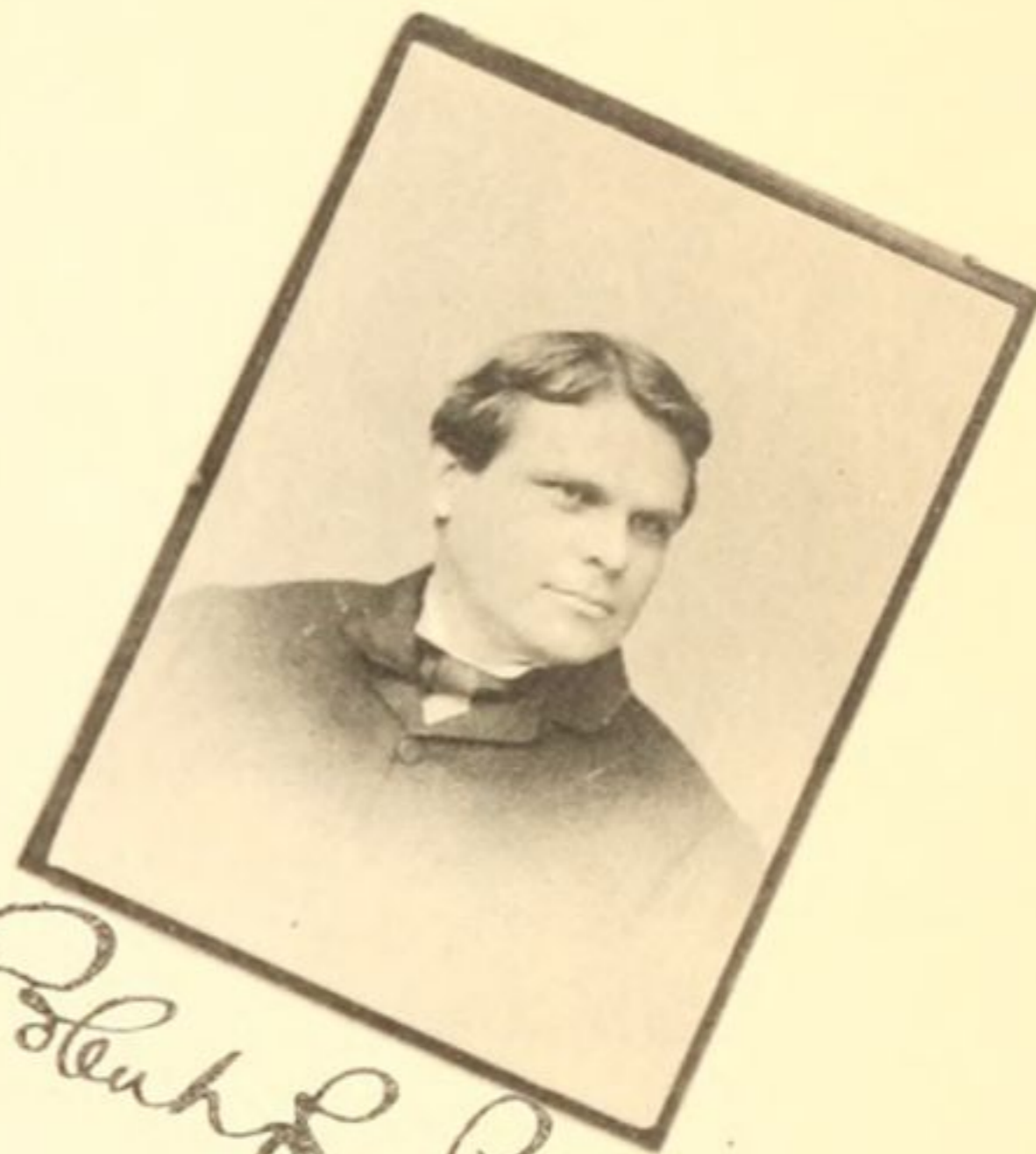
W. M. Morgan



Elliott F. Shepard



Prof. W. W. Morse



Robert R. Porter



Wm. D. Guthrie



Geo. A. Hendon



Prof. D. A. Adams



Mrs Lucy



J. S. Clarkson



J. S. Lasset



W. W. Dudley



Wm Casper Goodloe

THE most significant of inaugurations is that of the coming March. With the close of the administration of Mr. Cleveland ends an hundred years of American liberty; with the inauguration of Benjamin Harrison begins the second century. It is not an imaginary line of time which separates these cycles; it is, and will remain, a distinctively dividing line of national history, development, and policy. The century which closes with Mr. Cleveland, marks the death of the things we have most talked about; marks the burial of the issues we have fought over; it ends the Solid South; it cleanses the bloody shirt; it unifies all upon sectional and territorial divisions, in a grave which we trust, will never be reopened, and erects upon it a monument of eternal patriotism.—*Chauncey M. Depew.*

SO long as all conditions of humanity, of age, of race, of color, of nationality, and of sex can unite for such purposes as they wish to accomplish, or such principles as they believe in, and so long as any human being who can get nobody to agree with him can flock by himself, there is no reason why the campaign speakers of this Republic should not have a society.—*Chauncey M. Depew.*

THE Republican Party says to President Harrison, "Hail, Chief! Lead on; we follow."—*Chauncey M. Depew.*



NEW YORK, November 12th, 1888.

DEAR SIR :

The speakers of the campaign just ended will meet for mutual congratulations at a Dinner to be given at Delmonico's, on Wednesday, November 14th, at 8 P. M.

Chauncey M. Depew will preside, and toasts will be responded to by Col. Robt. G. Ingersoll, Dr. MacArthur, General George A. Sheridan, Robt. P. Porter, Whitelaw Reid, Col. Elliott F. Shepard, and other well-known Republican speakers. It is probable that Vice-President-elect LEVI P. MORTON will be with us, and also Hon. Warner Miller, Col. S. V. R. Cruger, Col. Joel B. Erhardt, and others of our leaders.

If you wish to join with us, you will forward to Delmore Elwell, Esq., 44 Broadway, N. Y., the sum of seven dollars (\$7.00), and your name and address, when a card to the Dinner will be immediately forwarded to you by messenger.

Please reply AT ONCE to this, so that we may know exactly how many guests to provide for.

Very respectfully yours,

EDWARD F. McCASKIE,
DELMORE ELWELL,
COL. LOUIS H. AYMÉ,
Committee of Arrangements.



SPELLBINDERS,

RECEPTION AND DINNER

AT DELMONICO'S

Wednesday, November 14th 1888,

AT 8 P. M.



The SPELLBINDERS.

ANNOUNCEMENT—2

HOW THE WORD WAS BORN.

CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD,
Our Spellbinder Poet.

“Such Fellows!” said Colonel Goodloe, with a curious smile on his face,
As he stood, ’mid the dire confusion, at a great political place
Where speakers were congregated to tell of the battle fought,
And how they could hold the masses deep-rooted to the spot.

“This is the way they tell it,” the great Kentuckian said:
“They come, with a hand extended, and a proud and lofty head,
And say: ‘Last night at the meeting there were speakers a half a score;
And, as each one ’rose on the platform, the people filed out at the door;

“But though to the last they held me, till the audience was worn out,
When I began on the Tariff and other issues to spout,
The people leaned toward me, and sat there with bated breath,
As, with my great oratory, I put Free Trade to death.

“The people paused in their leaving, and halted around the door;
Then turned, as my accents reached them, and sank in their seats once more;
And there, for an hour, I held them, as if by magnetic spell,
As, with my great thoughts outspoken, I sounded Democracy’s knell—

“Aye! *Spellbound* I held the masses, as they never were held before;
And applause that was really deafening was hurled at me o’er and o’er.’
“These men,” said the Colonel, smiling, “I meet upon every hand—
‘Spellbinders’ I’ve learned to call them.” And soon, all over the land,
That word “Spellbinders” was scattered; and now so great is its fame
That clubs of eloquent speakers will adopt the neat-fitting name.
To the Colonel belongs the honor of coining the famous word
Which now flies all over the country with the screams of our Eagle bird.



Toasts.

- “The Leading Idea of the Moment,”* CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW
- “The Successful Standard Bearer of the Party,”* COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL
- “The Influence of the Press in the Campaign,”* COL. ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD
- “The ‘Bowery Parrot,’ ”* ROBERT P. PORTER
- “The Soil under our Feet,”* GENERAL GEO. A. SHERIDAN
- “The Soil under our Hats,”*
- “The Political Future,”* WHITELAW REID
- “The Young Men in the Campaign of 1888,”* W. D. GUTHRIE



OPPORTUNITIES FOR OTHER SPELLBINDERS TO “SPELLBIND.”

SPELLBINDERS,
RECEPTION
AND DINNER.

RECEPTION COMMITTEE

WHITELAW REID, *Chairman.*

GENERAL JOSEPH C. JACKSON,
EDWARD F. BARTLETT,
WILLIAM H. BELLAMY,
GENERAL T. N. KNAPP,
H. K. THURBER,
JAS. P. FOSTER,
T. B. WILLIS,
D. G. HARRIMAN,
O. S. TEALL,
W. D. GUTHRIE,

A. R. WHITNEY,
WILLIAM H. WILLIAMS,
ERNEST H. CROSBY,
C. C. SHAYNE,
COL. FRED. GRANT,
E. C. FOSTER,
COL. W. W. DUDLEY,
THOMAS SLOANE,
JOHN F. PLUMMER,
JAMES W. BIRKETT.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

EDWARD F. McCASKIE,

DELMORE ELWELL.

COL. LOUIS H. AYMÉ.

List of Guests.

Adams, J. A.,
Ammidown, Edward H.,
Atkins, Addison,
Aymé, Louis H.,
Angel, James R.,
Appleby, Charles,

Bellamy, Albert,
Bellamy, W. H.,
Bachus, H. C.,
Barnum, H. A.,
Bussey, Cyrus,
Bowden, J. B.,
Birkett, Jas. W.,
Burnett, H. S.,
Butterfield, Daniel,
Barton, Geo. D. F.,
Baker, John F.,
Bigelow, Chas. C.,
Bogardus, W. H.,
Blau, Bernard,
Bridgman, Herbert L.,
Burton, O. F.,
Bigoney, N.,
Breslin, Jas. G.,
Bamberger, Peter C.,
Bold, Lewis H.,
Boomer, W. B.,
Brockway, H. H.,
Bartlett, Ed. F.,

Colcord, Samuel,
Chapman, Wm. H.,

Cruger, S. V. R.,
Conkling, George E.,
Collis, C. H. T.,
Cowles, Walter S.,
Crall, M. L. H.,
Crawford, Jack,
Cockerill, John,
Costello, P. C.,
Cronin, Charles G.,
Curtis, A. Sidney,
Case, Jas. S.,
Crosby, Ernest H.,

Depew, Chauncey M.,
Dickey, J. M.,
Donau, S. H.,
Dorcher, Wm. C.,
Dodge, Miles H., D.D.S.,
Dunning, William,
Derrick, W. B.,
Dakin, M. F.,
Dresser, Horace E.,
DeGraw, Geo. P.,

Evans, Thos. H.,
Elwell, Delmore,
Ellery, Channing,
Erskine, Chas. W.,
Evarts, Maxwell,
Earle, D. D.,
Edwards, Guy R.,
Ewing, Thomas,

Floyd, John G.,
Fowler, C. N.,
Fuller, W. B.,
Foster, E. C.,
Fanning, William, Jr.,
Foster, Alonzo,
Foster, James P.,

Gedney, Frederick G.,
Gibbs, Fred'k S.,
Gebhardt, Edward,
Gildersleeve, David H.,
Grant, F. D.,
Guthrie, Wm. D.,
Gleason, Henry,
Giffing, John C.,
Griggs, Henry T.,

Hume, Jas. H.,
Harper, E. B.,
Hayes, W. B.,
Hess, Jacob,
Horton, Dudley R.,
Hoyt, Jesse,
Haddock, John C.,
Hegeman, John R.,
Hawes, Gilbert R.,
Hazen, Geo. W.,
Henriques, Sydemham P. C.,
Hurlburt, Henry C.,
Hawkins, Eugene D.,
Hyatt, S. Burdett,
Harriman, D. G.,

Jackson, Joseph C.,
James, W. D.,
Johnson, C. F.,
Jacobus, John W.,

Jackson, R. C.,
Jones, A. Delmont,
Janes, W. D.,
Jenkins, John F.,

King, Jewell,
Knapp, Joseph,
Kimball, William,
Ketcham, F. S.,
Kimball, Charles,
Kelly, Jas. S.,

Lexow, Chas. K.,
Leaycraft, J. Edgar,
Lane, A. T.,
Lockwood, Jared,
Lems, J. N.,
Littlefield, John L.,
Lippincott, Jesse H.,

McNamee, D. H.,
Mitchell, David,
Mitchell, John Murray,
Mitchell, Edward,
McCracken, J. H.,
Miller, Gen. F. F.,
McCaskie, Edward F.,
Man, Edward C.,
McLean, Donald,
Miller, Warner,
Morris, Samuel,
Murray, Joseph,
Merritt, Gen.,
Moore, Chas. A.,
McAlpin, E. A.,
Meade, Clarence W.,
Magie, James H.,

Nichols, Geo. L., Jr.,

Ochiltree, Thos. P.,

Peck, Prof. Wilfred M.,

Porter, Robert P.,

Paulson, Leonard, Jr.,

Pratt, Gen. L. V.,

Pangborn, Z. K.,

Peixotto, B. F.,

Porter, David F.,

Parkinson, W. J.,

Parke, H. G.,

Parker, Geo. W.,

Reddy, William,

Rosenthal, Alexander S.,

Reed, T. T. B.,

Roberts, T. H.,

Rutter, Robert,

Roach, Stephen,

Roper, T.,

Randall, Samuel H.,

Rowell, Chas.,

Roberts, Timothy H.,

Robinson, Frank,

Shepard, Elliott F.,

Stevens, Henry E.,

Small, J. Henry,

Smith, Chas. W.,

Shayne, C. C.,

Sloane, Thos.,

Shaffer, O. P.,

Smith, John S.,

Smith, Clarence M.,

Sabin, C. D.,

Simms, Jacob H.,

Scherck, N. L.,

Streeter, S. T.,

Sperry, Frank,

Sheridan, Geo. A.,

Stone, A. R.,

Schwartz, Julius,

Teall, Oliver Sumner,

Taintor, Chas. N.,

Townsend, Jas. B.,

Tomlison, Harvey,

Tuthill, Theo. K.,

Taylor, Alfred,

Thurber, H. K.,

Teed, Rev.,

Van Meder, W. K.,

Van Gelder, J.,

Van Wormer, John R.,

Wise, John S.,

Whitney, A. R.,

Wilson, Jas. H.,

Walters, Henry,

Willis, T. B.,

White, S. V.,

Waring, Wm. H.,

Williams, William H.,

Whittemore, William L.,

Whittemore, H.,

Waterman, S.,

Worthington, Ralph,

Worthington, Geo.,

Wandling, J. L.,

Wormer, T. P.,

Young, S. Edward,

Young, Thos. H.

THE FOLLOWING LETTERS OF REGRET WERE RECEIVED :

Atkins, Addison,
Armstrong, William,

Baker, Charles D.,
Bliss, Cornelius N.,
Barnum, H. A.,
Bishop, C. F.,
Backus, Henry Clinton,

Cromwell, George,
Conkling, Alfred R.,
Clarkson, J. S.,
Claffin, John,
Carroll, H. K.,

Dudley, W. W.,
Davis, A. M.,
Dodge, Miles H.,

Erhardt, John B.,
Eckert, W. H.,

Foster, Mrs. J. Ellen,

Griffin, Albert,
Grow, John A.,
Gallagher, H. D.,

Harrison, Benjamin,
Hubbell, Charles L.,

Ingersoll, R. G.,
Ingersoll, Edward P.,
Ives, W. L.,

Landon, Henry L.,

Morton, Levi P.,
MacArthur, R. S.,
McCarthy, Rev. Chas. P.,
Murrell, William,
Matthews, H. A.,
Moss, Frank,

O'Farrell, Patrick,

Parsons, Henry,
Plummer, John F.,
Pierce, John H.,
Parkinson, Jas.,

Reid, Whitelaw,
Root, Elihu,

Shannon, Robert H.,

Thomson, F. A.,

Ulman, H. Charles,

Van Renssalaer, James T.,
Van Vorst, Hooper C.,
Valentine, Fred. C.,
Vernon, Harold,

Windom, William,
Warwick, J. H.

SPELLBINDERS,
 RECEPTION MENU AND DINNER.

	Huitres	
	POTAGES	
Consommé Columbus		Bisque de crabes
	HORS D'OEUVRE	
	Timbales à la reine	
	POISSON	
	Bass rayée, hollandaise vert-pré	
	Pommes de terre à la viennoise	
	RELEVÉ	
	Filets de bouef à la piémontaise	
	Tomates au gratin	
	ENTRÉES	
Petits pois au beurre	Poulets sautés à la Dumas	Choux de Bruxelles
	Ris de veau à la purée de marrons	
	Sorbet : Delice	
	RÔTS	
	Canards à tête rouge	
	FROID	
	Terrine de foies-gras à la gelée	Salade de laitue
	ENTREMETS DE DOUCEUR	
	Pouding aux bananes	
Gelée centerba		Charlotte parisienne
	Pièces montées	Glace : Fantaisies
Fruits	Petits fours	Café



CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW presided.

The proceedings were opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. Teall.

After a portion of the dinner had been disposed of MR. DEPEW said:

“ Professor Adams will begin the intellectual entertainment with a song.”

Song by Professor Adams:—

GOOD-BY, OLD GROVER, GOOD-BY!

(Tune—“ Good-by, My Lover, Good-by.” Key—C.)

The train is coming around the bend,
Good-by, old Grover, good-by!
It's loaded down with Harrison men,
Good-by, old Grover, good-by!

CHORUS—Bye, free trade baby!
Rock it, Grover, tenderly!
Bye, free trade baby!
We'll smash the cradle!
Good-by!

Free trade is busted, protection, we say !
Good-by, old Grover, good-by !
Roast beef to eat, two dollars a day !
Good-by, old Grover, good-by !—CHO.

The time has come fo' loyal men—
Good-by, old Grover, good-by !
To shoot the bandanna and vote for Ben !
Good-bye, old Grover, good-by !—CHO.

No rebel flags will be returned !
Good-by, old Grover, good-by !
Those veto cranks true soldiers spurn !
Good-by, old Grover, good-by !—CHO.

Your colors are out, the English rag !
Good-by, old Grover, good-by !
We still unfurl the American flag !
Good-by, old Grover, good-by !—CHO.

Tippecanoe, and Morton, too !
Good-by, old Grover, good-by !
If you can't remember, you will in November !
Good-by, old Grover, good-by !—CHO.

You are going away for the country's good !
Good-by, old Grover, good-by !
A case of innocuous desuetude !
Good-by, old Grover, good-by !—CHO.

You are going home to take a rest !
Good-by, old Grover, good-by !
We'll send you to England with Sackville West !
Good-by, old Grover, good-by !—CHO.

When the March winds blow the cradle will fall !
Good-by, old Grover, good-by !
Down come Grover, baby, and all !
Good-by, old Grover, good-by !—CHO.

MR. DEPEW:—Professor Adams said he never sang a second time until the intellectual repast was finished. In all American assemblies, canvas-back duck is recognized as an intellectual repast: therefore, I call on Professor Adams for Number Six.

Song by Professor Adams:—

CLEVELAND'S LAMENT.

BY PROF. J. A. ADAMS.

I am going far away, far away to leave you now,
And up Salt River I am quickly sailing,
And I'll take my tribe along, and we'll sing our parting song
As we sail back to Buffalo, my home.

CHORUS—Down in the corn-fields,
Hear that mournful sound,
All the Democrats are weeping,
Grover's in the cold, cold ground.

I am going far away, for I know I cannot stay,
And I'll use that old bandann-a while I'm crying,
And to wipe away those tears for the sins of many years,
As I stay there in Buffalo, my home.—CHO.

I am going far away, far away from Washington,
For I've heard some dreadful tidings from Chicago,
That the G. O. P.'s alive, and with Harrison will drive
Us away back to Buffalo, my home.—CHO.

I am going far away, for I've stayed four years too long,
And the people all insist upon my going;
For Protection is their wish, and they'll send me home to fish
In the ponds around Buffalo, my home.—CHO.

I am going far away, from November sixth to stay,
And by that time I'll have written my last veto :
For as Roger Mills has said, " You go home and soak your head ;"
I'll attend to that at Buffalo, my home.—CHO.

I am going far away, and I know not where to go,
Where myself and free trade can give satisfaction ;
To the cold Siberian hills I'll take Roger Qurius Mills,
For no friends have we at Buffalo, my home.—CHO.

I am going far away, for you know the reason why,
For the people of New York are daily singing,—
Poor old Grover's in the cold, and that when the votes are polled,
I'll be buried up in Buffalo, my home.—CHO.

MR. DEPEW:—Professor Adams will continue the intellectual repast by singing Number Five.

Song by Professor Adams:—

AND WE'LL ALL FEEL GAY.

(Tune—" When Johnny Comes Marching Home." Key—B flat.)

When " Johnny " comes marching home again,
Hurrah ! Hurrah !
The " Union " men will Hip ! Hip ! Hip !
Hurrah ! Hurrah !
Free trade will fly and freedom come,
Glad shouts ring out from every home,
And we'll all feel gay when Tippecanoe goes in.

Old Grover he will have to get,
Hurrah ! Hurrah !
For he can't stand the bayonet,
Boo-hoo ! Boo-hoo !
The " Johnnies " they have got the gout—
We'll have to turn the rascals out !
And we'll all feel gay when Tippecanoe goes in.

The lion will growl across the main,
Hurrah ! Hurrah !
While Grover echoes back the strain,
Yoo-hoo ! Yoo-hoo !
And over to England, in a pet,
Our Lion-clad President will get !
And we'll all feel gay when Tippecanoe goes in.

The Grand Old Party will not down,
Hurrah ! Hurrah !
Protection is its jeweled crown,
Hurrah ! Hurrah !
The eagle perches on its crest ;
The Lion cannot rob the nest !
And we'll all feel gay when Tippecanoe goes in.

The Stars and Stripes shall be our flag,
Hurrah ! Hurrah !
We'll have no red bandanna rag !
Hurrah ! Hurrah !
No Turkey red nor Rebel gray
Can steal our loyal hearts away !
And we'll all feel gay when Tippecanoe goes in.

Get ready for the " jubilee,"
Hurrah ! Hurrah !
For Home and Rights, and Liberty,
Hurrah ! Hurrah !
No " substitute " can win the day !
A Harrison now leads the way !
And we'll all feel gay when Tippecanoe goes in.

Three cheers from Oregon to Maine,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Morton, Harrison and Blaine!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Three rousing cheers for victory!
For Freeman's rights give three times three!!!
And we'll all feel gay when Tippecanoe goes in.

MR. DEPEW:—We will now have a telegram from the President-elect of the United States.

Col. Louis H. Aymé read the following telegram from President Harrison:—

Edw. F. McCaskie, Delmore Elwell, Louis H. Aymé,
44 Broadway, New York.

GENTLEMEN:—I am compelled to decline your invitation to attend the dinner at Delmonico's, this evening, given to the Republican Campaign Speakers. I cannot claim a place in this honorable company of great campaign orators. The principles they advocated were worthy of them, and the advocates were worthy of the cause.

(Signed) BENJAMIN HARRISON.

[Three cheers were given for Harrison. Cries of, "What's the matter with Harrison?" "He's all right!"]

COL. AYMÉ:—I have a letter in my hand from the Vice-President-elect of the United States, dated November 13th, 1888.

NEW YORK, November 13th, 1888.

Mr. Delmore Elwell:

DEAR SIR:—It is with extreme regret that I have to inform you of my inability to be present at the banquet at Delmonico's, on Wednesday evening, in honor of the speakers of the campaign just ended. The honor it is your purpose to show to them is thoroughly well earned. To the able manner in which they set before the people the principles advocated by our party at Chicago, and the policy of the Republican Party, is due the large measure of success, especially in New York State, for which we are now all rejoicing together. It would have given me great pleasure to express to them, in person, my warmest thanks, but, as I cannot do this, I beg that you will convey to these battle-weary warriors my high appreciation of their successful efforts, and believe me,

Very faithfully yours,

(Signed) LEVI P. MORTON.

[Cries of, "What's the matter with Morton?" "He's all right!"]

COL. AYMÉ:—Mr. President, I have another letter in my hand which, I think, sir, deserves the closest attention of every one of us present.

Mr. Delmore Elwell:

DEAR SIR:—Social conventionalities forbid my personal presence at your great gathering. From a heart deeply moved with the contest, and with the victory, permit a

written salutation. The campaign was dignified in method, elevated in tone, vigorous in action; the issues upon which it was fought were vital to the Nation's life. The victory was glorious, but chastened with the sense of responsibility which moral warfare always brings.

The full diapason of our Hallelujah chorus is even richer for the minor strain—the vox humana—from this Empire State, which failed to crown its heroic son,—Warner Miller. But the eternal years of God are Truth's, and Time's tribunal shall show him to have been as true a victor as is the Nation's chosen chief,—Benjamin Harrison.

Among the hundreds who will rejoice around your festive board (over the victory they helped to win), no woman's voice will be heard. God knows (and many women know) that they toiled up to the full measure of their ability and opportunity. He only knows how much their prayers weighed on the side of that Christian civilization of which the Republican Party is the political exponent.

The active support of Republican women was assured when the Chicago Convention adopted the resolution introduced by Congressman Charles A. Boutelle, of Maine: "The first concern of all good government is the virtue and sobriety of the people, and the purity of the home. The Republican Party cordially sympathizes with all wise and well-directed efforts for the promotion of temperance and morality." Upon that platform, and with Benjamin Harrison and Levi P. Morton, the party went to victory; and the Nation rejoices.

Gentlemen, we are with you still. Organizations of Republican women will be maintained, increased, and strengthened; we shall abide with you, not as dictators, but as helpmeets. With you we will labor to conserve the fruits of victory; and may the God of Nations—the God of our fathers—enlighten and guide.

Very truly yours,

MRS. J. ELLEN FOSTER.

COL. AYMÉ:—Mr. President, here is another letter in which we are all interested—from Col. Ingersoll.

400 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

Mr. Delmore Elwell, 44 Broadway, City:

DEAR SIR:—I regret to say it is impossible for me to be present with you this evening to celebrate the great victory. Benjamin Harrison and Levi P. Morton were nominated because the Republican Party had confidence in their ability and integrity. Benjamin Harrison has lived a useful life. He has discharged his obligations, stood by his convictions, and kept his word. He has hoed his own row, and made his own way as a soldier of the Republic and an American. For many months a multitude of men sought to find, out of the record of his life, some fault or flaw, some blot or stain; and I congratulate, not only the President-elect, not only the Republican Party, but the American people, because no fault or flaw, no blot or stain was found.

The life of Morton is that of an honorable, honest man. He has traveled from poverty to wealth, from obscurity to fame, not by the winding paths of trickery and fraud, but by the highways of honor; and has fairly won the place he holds. A great victory has been grandly won.

Thanking you for the invitation, and again regretting my inability to be present.

Faithfully yours,

R. G. INGERSOLL.

P. S.—I delayed writing as long as I could hoping that I might feel well enough to come.

[Three cheers were given for Col. Ingersoll.]

COL. AYMÉ:—I will also read a letter from Rev. R. S. MacArthur.

NEW YORK, November 12th, 1888.

DEAR MR. ELWELL:—Your courteous invitation is this moment received. I much regret that I cannot do myself the pleasure of being with you at Delmonico's, on Wednesday evening, the 14th inst. You will have a joyous time. It is in every way fitting that such an opportunity to express our joy for the past and our hopes for the future should be afforded. I have an important church engagement for that evening.

I am full of gratitude and joy. It was a brave fight; it is a grand victory. But, now, the victors and the vanquished will rejoice together in the great blessings which will surely come to our common country. We are patriots now; the Eastern sky is colored with the crimson and gold of a brighter day in our political sky than we have seen for some years at least.

Kindly express my regrets to the company; but neither you nor I can express my joy, hope, and enthusiasm.

Yours truly,

R. S. MACARTHUR.

MR. DEPEW.

There have been many gatherings in the United States, but, during the century of its existence, none like this; and for the coming century it may be a cause of thankfulness that this is the only one ever held.

To gather two hundred campaign speakers within one hall is an appalling thing to contemplate; [laughter] every one of them loaded to the muzzle with oratory, and only the restraining gavel of their chairman to prevent their firing it off. [Loud laughter and noise. Cries of, "Give him a chance!"]

When I arrived here to-night I received note after note saying, in almost the same form, "After the regular sentiments, give me a chance." When I came to count up the number of these appeals I found there were one hundred and eleven. The chairman is tender-hearted, and loves to oblige his friends—the janitor will please lock the doors. [Laughter and applause.]

So long as all conditions of humanity, of age, of race, of color, of nationality, and of sex can unite for such purposes as they wish to accomplish, or such principles as they believe in common; and so long as any human being who can get nobody to agree with him can flock by himself, there is no reason why the campaign speakers of this Republic should not have a society. They are a much-suffering, patient, and hardworking part of this industrial Nation. They believe in Protection, and wish whenever they speak they may be protected from any other speaker the same evening. The peculiar qualifications that go to make up the campaign orator are possessed by only a very small portion of the sixty millions of

Americans. He must have a constitution which can go without sleep, and a digestion that can stand any meal. [Laughter.] The railroad car must be for him a couch of ease, and the marvelous concoctions he must eat at private and public boards will threaten his internal peace for the rest of his days. He must be of the quality, physically, which defies everything that kills off the rest of mankind; and mentally, that can stand hostile criticism, the storm of adverse audiences, and the failure of the applause he most covets. Given these qualifications, and the campaign orator starts out to enter upon labors, the terrors of which are known to no others of the professional or working classes. The committee receives him at the depot with rosettes in the lapels of their coats, or, if he has come to fill the appointment of the favorite orator who was expected,—with curses and shot guns. If he is a distinguished man, there is an open barouche and horses with plumes upon their heads. There is a procession with a brass band in front and cannon behind, and a uniformed company. He is unfit for his place if he cannot follow that procession and breathe gallons of coal-oil smoke from the torches, and then talk in a clear tenor voice for two hours. He must never lose faith in his own eloquence, no matter what becomes of his audience.

I was once invited by a county committee to address a meeting at the capitol of the State, and through that meeting, the people of the Commonwealth; and they selected the most distinguished of their local statesmen to preside and make the introductory speech. The result was that, at the end of three hours and a half of this chairman's oratory, the only people left in the hall were the reporters, the band, the county committee, and myself. [Laughter.]

This organization receives its name from the fact that the campaign supplied speakers of high and low degree, whose common habit it was, in their modest

references to their efforts, to state that on every occasion they held "acres of auditors spell-bound." It has been a trite remark, for years past, that the orator has lost his place, and the speaker has no mission in life. It is true that the newspaper educates, and that the editor writes with a fullness of information and intelligence of opinion which prepares an audience, so that it knows quite as much as the speaker; but, if the speaker is gifted with the elements of the orator—the magnetic voice; the word painting of fact and illustration; the power of so stating what he believes that his hearers of the same party, from passive members become active enthusiasts; the tact to so impress and yet not offend the doubtful that they are thenceforth converts to his faith; and the talent to both irritate and dishearten the enemy—he demonstrates the perennial power of speech, and that there never can be any substitute for genuine oratory.

There is a belief that the great orators are dead and that they have left no successors. In the more primitive periods, when the people were not educated by the universal distribution of newspapers, magazines, and tracts, the orator's voice was the only way of impressing political principle. But the speech which, in earlier times, reached the multitude and roused enthusiasm could not be delivered to-day to any audience on the American continent. You read them now, with their wastes of words upon the primer of politics and history, and their stilted platitudes, with weariness and wonder. I have heard most of the famous men, the traditions of whose eloquence are the despair of the orator who never heard them. I have listened to Stephen A. Douglas, with his vigorous argument, slow enunciation, and lack of magnetism; to Abraham Lincoln, with his resistless logic [applause] and quaint humor; to Tom Corwin, with his rollicking fun and bursts of fiery eloquence; to Salmon P. Chase, William H. Seward, Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips. As

I look back and recall what they said, and the effects which they produced, and calmly estimate what they might be able to do with the highly cultivated and thoroughly informed audiences of to-day, there is only one of them who strikes me as possessing qualifications which are not duplicated by orators who could be named among our contemporaries. That one is Wendell Phillips. [Applause.] In the vigor of his pure Saxon; in the marvelous lucidity with which he stated his facts; in his own volcanic, yet suppressed passion which aroused the wildest enthusiasm in his audience; in the way in which he met and conquered the most dangerous and venomous audiences, he has left no equal or survivor.

The campaign speaker is, of all people, the worst plagiarist. He does not hesitate to steal anything he sees or reads. Some ten years ago, I prepared with great care, a speech that I proposed to deliver every day in a campaign of three weeks. After the third delivery I found that an orator from another State, with great reputation, who preceded me by two nights at my appointments, delivered my speech word for word. And to cold audiences, who looked and listened as though I was the champion fraud of the century, I repeated that speech twice before I found it out.

Ex-Governor Tom Ford, of Ohio, told me that he once went on a canvass with Salmon P. Chase, governor, senator, and chief justice. Mr. Chase had an argument prepared and committed to memory which he repeated every night. Governor Ford, a practical joker, with a marvelous memory, asked the privilege of speaking first, and he delivered Chase's speech. Chase came forward and, with great dignity, said, That he had listened to Mr. Ford on many occasions, but never before had he known him to seize the subject with a giant's grasp—that he had so completely covered and exhausted the case that there was nothing left for any

human being to say. But Ford said he never was able to resume his relations with Mr. Chase.

A distinguished English statesman told me last summer, that two politicians on that side went out campaigning together, and each delivered, on every occasion, substantially the speech with which he began. The Chase-Ford trick was played by the lesser upon the greater light. When they got back to their hotel, the man who had repeated the other's speech said to him, "It is singular that that speech of yours, which has been received everywhere else with such immense applause, caused none here; and those jokes of yours, which seemed so good, fell dead here." And the great statesman looked at him sympathizingly, and said, "I spoke here two weeks ago."

Now, the campaign speaker retires from the canvass into his business and disappears from the public eye. But there is something of the dramatic spirit aroused in him. He loves the platform, the cheering audiences, the wild acclaim; and it is difficult for him, if he has been a long time out, to settle back again into the trend and current of life. It is the peculiarity of this canvass that the professional speaker had little part in it, but that the great business community furnished the orators. From every profession and avocation volunteered men who felt that their highest duty to their country, and their best service to their business was to instruct their fellow-citizens in those principles to which they had pinned their faith.

That feeling of interest which brings together men of kindred views and enthusiasm will make this association memorable, not for to-day, but for all time; and adding to its membership those who hereafter come along and are worthy of the guild. We are not here to-night to explain how we won this fight. It is a peculiarity of politics, fortunately, that those who are victorious have no time to

waste in accounting for their victory, but leave to those who are vanquished the wearying task of vexing the ears of their listeners explaining how they got left.

We both, the campaign speaker and the listener, on an occasion like this, which is sympathetic, sentimental, and of hilarious character, cannot fail to note how the ordinary man describes the causes of his defeat. A statesman of the Grand Central Depot yard, leaning against a switch the next morning after election, said to his companion, "Moike, what do you think did it?" "Well," said he, "Pat, it strikes me that it was Mills' Bill." "Oh," said Pat, "you are wrong; it was the surplus." "Well," said Mike, "if it was the surplus, why the divil didn't old Cleveland take the surplus and pay Mills' Bill?" [Shouts of laughter.]

The most significant of inaugurations is that of the coming March. With the close of the administration of Mr. Cleveland ends an hundred years of American liberty; with the inauguration of Benjamin Harrison begins the second century. It is not an imaginary line of time which separates these cycles; it is, and will remain, a distinctively dividing line of national history, development, and policy. The century which closes with Mr. Cleveland marks the death of the things we have most talked about; marks the burial of the issues we have fought over; it ends the Solid South; it cleanses the bloody shirt; it unifies all sections and makes us one people; it buries partisanship, based upon sectional and territorial divisions, in a grave which, we trust, will never be reopened, and erects upon it a monument of eternal patriotism.

The administration which undertakes the beginning of a new century has a responsibility and duty larger than has fallen to any other administration save two; the first, Washington's; the second, Lincoln's. With the enormous power which now belongs to the presidency of the United States the President becomes the

party. The party cannot escape from his acts, cannot flee from his character, cannot deny his recommendations. It lives and triumphs, it falls into decay and is defeated by his grasp upon the needs of the present and the necessities of the future. The great questions which are to develop an industrial nation and keep it prosperous—the great questions whose proper settlement means credit or bankruptcy—are problems which will press upon the coming administration, and by the way in which it handles them the organization behind it will continue in power, or be forced into a minority. We, after this victory, with the smoke cleared away and calm judgment returned, look, with unquestioning confidence, to the future and the man who is to administer it. His courage has been tested; his judgment has been proved; his faculties have irradiated the Republic with their marvelous activity and steadiness; his integrity, character, and ability fill the full measure of the requirements of the presidential office. The Republican Party says to President Harrison, “Hail, Chief! Lead on; we follow.”

[Loud applause and cheers. Three cheers for Chauncey M. Depew.]

MR. DEPEW :—Gentlemen, we have with us a gentleman who is not on the regular list of speakers, but we all want to hear him : Hon. Warner Miller. [Loud cheers for Miller.] Though not mentioned in the list, where McGregor sits, there is the head of the table. I introduce him without any sentiment but himself.

MR. MILLER.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—I came here, gladly, to join with the Republican orators who for the past two months have been going up and down through the State, and by their words of wisdom, and by their privilege of speech, doing so much to arouse and enthuse our people; and I esteem it a great privilege to-night to be permitted to meet with these gentlemen, to receive their greetings, and to greet them. During all my campaign it was scarcely ever my privilege to listen to any voice save my own. I am not going to-night to take up the time of the campaign speakers—it belongs to them upon this occasion. As brother Depew has said, every speaker desires the whole evening for himself, and it certainly would not be proper that I should upon an occasion like this obtrude myself, or any lengthy speech, upon the gentlemen who are here assembled.

I have very few words to say, indeed. I believe that the victory that we have won in the nation far exceeds in importance anything that has happened in our day. This government has been restored to the men and the party that saved it. A reaction had set in, and this government had been turned over, absolutely, into the power of the men who sought to destroy it. Some of us had looked on in wonder to see what should become of a government like ours, which—within one-quarter of a century after a spontaneous war waged, on the part of a portion of our people, for its destruction—should be found, in all its powers of legislation, and in all its executive departments, absolutely under the control and genius of the men who had risen up in rebellion against it.

The four years have gone by, and the American people, looking on upon this strange and rare sight, have come to their senses and have restored this government,

I say, to the hands of the men and the party that saved it. The lesson that has been learned by our people in this campaign, arising from the threat that has been made against its industries, its prosperity, and its progress, is sufficient, in my judgment, to retain this government in the hands of the Republican Party for at least the next generation. We cannot measure the benefits that should come to us from this change. If we want to make a comparison; if we want to discover what benefits are to come from returning this government to the hands of the Republican Party, we have only to go over the history of this government, from 1861 down to the present time, and there to learn of the wonderful growth and development of this country under Republican rules and Republican principles, to be able to form some faint idea, at least, of what shall be the future growth and prosperity of this country under a continuation of that rule for a quarter of a century more.

As Mr. Depew has said, we are just ending the first hundred years of the rule of American presidents. During the past twenty-five years, while under Republican presidents, the growth of this country was four times as great as it had been during the whole twenty-five years preceding it; and now, with the accumulation of wealth; with the accumulation of capital; with the accumulation of experience and skill which we now have in this country, can any one undertake to foretell or forecast what shall be the growth of this country during the next twenty-five years?

The Republican Party has given this country every reform that has come to it during the past half-century. It has settled every great question that has been presented to the American people. First, it decided that the curse of slavery should be restricted and confined within close limits; and then, when one portion of our people rose up in rebellion against that proposition, the Republican Party not only

maintained unity and perpetuated the Union, but it went further, and settled the slavery question by abolishing it. During all the first seventy-five years of our history the idea, or the belief, of the right of a State to nullify the laws of Congress, or the right of a State to secede from this government if it saw fit, had found credence and belief throughout a large portion of this country. The Republican party settled that question by forever annihilating the idea that a single State could nullify a law of Congress, or could withdraw from this government if it desired to do so. It settled then the question of secession, and it settled it against it. Then, it has settled the great question of our finances. It has done what no other nation ever undertook to do; that is, to pay its debts incurred in war. In short, it has settled every public question that has been presented to it.

The last great question—and one not less important, in my judgment, than any of the others—it has settled in this country is the industrial question; settled it beyond any revocation or change—at all events, within the lives of the men here present. No party, no set of men will be bold enough, in the near future, to propose for the serious consideration of the American people, that our industries shall be broken down that foreign industries may be built up. No party nor set of men will, in the near future, advocate the idea that American labor shall be empty-handed and idle in our streets, in order that foreign labor may be employed in foreign lands. The Republican Party has settled this question and, in settling it, has restored the walls of progress in every part of this country. Every man knows to-night that he may with safety undertake any enterprise; every man knows to-night that if he has any capital saved up he may put it into American industries—American mines, American manufactures, and American products of every kind; and he knows that this growing sixty millions of people, growing constantly as it

is in numbers; growing constantly in intelligence; growing constantly in its increasing demands upon the industries of the country for the supply of the wants which come to a civilized people—I say, every man knows to-night that here in this land there is to be an abundant market for every product that can be produced in this country. And every laboring man knows, also, that he is to have security in his labor; he knows that in the future he is to have a rate of wages which will not only give him food and clothing, but one which will give him hope that he may one day become a capitalist himself. Such a condition lifts labor up and puts it upon a higher plane, for it makes it certain to our intelligent laboring men that they shall become the owners of their own homes; that they shall become independent in their callings.

And so, I say, no man to-night can, by any possibility compute, or even imagine, the great results that are to come to the American people—to all of us—because of the victory that we have won. It is not merely a victory which changes petty offices; it is not a victory which merely turns out this tide-waiter and puts in another tide-waiter; it is a victory which reaches every home and hearthstone in this country and which builds up and makes a greater, stronger, freer people. And this Republican Party, in my judgment, will meet in the future, just as it has in the past, every great and important question that may be submitted to it. I have no doubt of it at all. Just as it met slavery and secession, and has gone forward during all the many years of its life in which it brought success, so this party stands ready to-day to lift up every banner which may bear upon it an inscription which is in the interest of home and virtue and of all of our people.

The Republican Party has brought about every reform that we have had within the past fifty years, and we are to look to it for every reform that is to come

in the near future. First, it is bound to take hold of the great problem of ballot reform. We have witnessed, in the last few years, in this great State of ours which has now grown to be an empire, with its vast wealth and accumulations of money—we have witnessed treachery, corruption, bribery, in the highest offices and at the polls, unequaled in the history of this country, and, I judge, in the history of the world; and we are going to settle these questions, and see to it that the fundamental principles of this government are not overturned. We differ from other civilized nations to-day chiefly in this: That we appeal to the judgment and views of every man, and of every citizen, to say what shall be our government, and what shall be our principles, and how that government shall be administered; and, therefore, any corruption of the elective franchise, and any system which leads necessarily to the payment of large assessments by officeholders, no matter what their rank may be, and particularly when it shall affect the judiciary of this country, cannot fail to work serious and lasting evil.

The Republican Party has taken up this question. I want to say here that, in my judgment, it will never cease its agitation of it until it shall evolve a system of elections in this country which shall make corruption and bribery at the polls substantially impossible, so that, when the ballot-box has received the vote of the American citizen and it shall have been counted, all of the people will accept the decision without fear or hesitation, knowing it to be the unbought, unprejudiced, unterrified, and uninfluenced voice of all of our people. I believe it will meet that question, and I believe it will meet the other great question of temperance reform also, and meet it successfully. A free people, a self-governing people—where every citizen above twenty-one years of age is a voter—must be a sober people; otherwise it cannot be a safe government.

The Republican Party has met this great question of temperance reform in a majority of the States that are now under Republican rule. Whatever advance has been made in the last twenty-five years in this case has been made by the Republican Party, and the people must look to them for advancement or success in that direction also. I believe that here in the State of New York, notwithstanding the great power and influence of the saloon, that the cause which was advocated by the Republican Party in the late campaign—that of high license—is certain to triumph in the near future. The Republican Party is committed to it, and the Republican Party has never yet in its history, Mr. President, taken a step forward upon a question of reform and then gone back, and if it should now attempt to go back, it will end in the absolute and unquestioned dissolution of the party.

I believe, from what I have seen as I have traveled over this great empire of ours, and have stood before thousands and tens of thousands of people in the last six weeks, I believe that the tide is now rising in that direction, and that it is just as certain to overwhelm and destroy the opposing forces as the tide is to rise and fall in New York Bay to-morrow. At all events, the Republican Party is embarked in that great cause, and I do not believe that any considerable portion of its numbers desire to go back. I have enlisted in the cause, and I gave the opposing forces notice that, no matter what might be the result of the late campaign and election, this war would go on until a glorious victory had been won. I gave the opposing forces notice, since this election closed, that this last contest upon the State was simply the first Bull Run, and that it would go on until we received their unconditional surrender at their Appomatox.

[Three cheers for Warner Miller.]

MR. DEPEW:—A gallant soldier, a perfect gentleman, an ideal Republican, was the lieutenant under Warner Miller. He is not a speaker, and does not claim to be, but he can stand up and be counted: Colonel Cruger.

COLONEL CRUGER.

MR. PRESIDENT:—I think, sir, that you will confirm the statement that I am not one of that noble band of one hundred and eleven who have asked you to give them a chance; it would therefore be inappropriate in me to monopolize the time which it is your duty and pleasure to accord them. I came here to-night to enjoy the intellectual feast prepared for us by the Spellbinders of that most remarkable and interesting campaign which was brought to a triumphant conclusion on Tuesday of last week. While I was one of the wounded in that contest, I have so far recuperated, under the healing influences of the National victory, as to be able to stand up here to-night and rejoice as heartily as any one of you in the triumphant election of our gallant standard bearers—Harrison and Morton.

I feel that the Republican Party did itself honor in having the courage to inscribe on its banner “High License and Ballot Reform,” and that it acted wisely in selecting as its standard bearer in this State a man who had the courage of his convictions; who clearly stated those convictions to the people of almost every county. I believe that by this action of the Republican Party we will eventually see our cause triumphant in this State.

I will not detain these eloquent speakers who are here to-night by any further remarks; simply thanking you for calling upon me.

MR. DEPEW:—Gentlemen, I take special pleasure in introducing the next speaker. He took a newspaper, put into it his energy, behind it his fortune, and ran it as the only Republican evening paper in New York. Its admirable management and its intelligent discussion of the great questions was one of the marked elements of our success. In addition to that, in every way a man could assist in the canvass, he did not only his full share, but more than anybody could ask of him. I am very happy to present,—as you will be to welcome,—Colonel Elliott F. Shepard.

[Cries of, “What’s the matter with the *Mail and Express?*” “He’s all right!” “Three cheers for Shepard!”]

ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:—According to the printed list a text has been given to me, [laughter] which is, “The Influence of the Press upon the Campaign,” and, with your permission, I will stick to the text as a nailer does to his heads.

Firstly, then, I would say that the operation of the Press—that profession in which I am only a *parvenu*—has been, in this campaign, very much like that of a cotton-press. The resolutions of the Chicago National Convention of Republicans furnished the platform. The National Committee, the State Committees, and the

various County Committees furnished the frame-work, the uprights, and the cross-ties. The mills and factories and industries of the country furnished the machinery. The hydraulic engineers were that Titan of the Press, Whitelaw Reid; Charles Emory Smith, of the *Philadelphia Press*; Field-Marshal Murat Halstead, of the *Cincinnati Commercial*; Joseph Medill, of the *Chicago Tribune*; Robert P. Porter, of the *New York Press*; with their fellow-Republican editors; and they stood ready to turn on the power, which was the will of the people. [Applause.]

Then the Spellbinders all lent a hand. [Cheers.] They gathered up the free trade baby, they wrapped it in a bandanna, they wheeled it upon the platform, they adjusted it just under the timber bulkhead of the Press. When everything was ready the General Superintendent, General Harrison, of Indianapolis, [cheers] gave the word of command, "Turn on the screws!" Then, with the precision and certainty of an irresistible power, the ballots began to flow in, and down came the bulkhead of the Press upon this little form, wrapping its ribs around it several times over and crushing the very life out of it. Then the Spellbinders stepped up and, with bands, not of *anna*, but of iron, bound it. The machinery was then reversed and the little carcass taken out, shriveled like an Egyptian mummy, and hieroglyphed and frescoed over with the name of "Grover." [Laughter.] It was then put on the truck and shipped up Salt river to the Never-after. And the work having been done, we are here to-night having a good time. [Applause.]

Secondly, the Press is something like the phonograph and the graphophone, with the addition that, while with them you have to use an audiphone to hear what they have to say to you, with the Press you only have to pull the wool off your eyes and see. Nearly everything they print is something that has first been spoken by somebody. If you should desire to-morrow, or hereafter at any time,

to reproduce the speech of the American Cicero—[cheers for Depew] the gentleman who presides this evening—it would be only necessary to go to Hoe's cylinder—that cylinder with which we print two thousand papers a minute, and find it very far superior to the little cylinder of wax or of tin foil which the graphophone uses, and which takes twice the length of time to reproduce what it contains than it took to deliver the original—and you will have a speech which will be heard and listened to and admired by not only an assemblage of one hundred and eleven, but by a crowd much larger than that which he ever addressed at Binghamton, which covered a ten-acre lot; a crowd which will number millions of people, and which will cover the whole country. [Applause and cheers.]

Thirdly, the influence of the Republican Press will be very much strengthened if the good people will desist from patronizing the Democratic Press. They can find out everything that is necessary for them to know about what the other side says from the replies which the Republican Press make to it; and, if they are sustained in this matter, the Republican Press will be such an educator of the people that you will never need, in the future presidential elections, to stand trembling, wondering how the great State of New York is going. She will be on the side of the Republican Party by such an overwhelming and apparent majority that the Democrats will always give it up in advance. [Applause.]

Fourthly, the sentiment which runs through the Republican papers has the patriotic colors—red, white, and blue; [applause] and that is as true morally as it is true physically of the *Lockport Daily Journal*. This journal, [exhibiting it] on the morning after the election, had its first page covered with red, white, and blue stripes. It has downed the bandanna, and the Stars and Stripes are on the top. In this way that journal painted that city red on the recent Republican cel-

ebrations; and the joke of the matter is that it was the Democratic sheet in that city that had prepared to do this thing, and, finding it had no occasion to use its materials, persuaded the Republican paper to buy them. [Laughter and applause.]

Fifthly, and lastly; I think that everybody will concede that, if it had not been for the Republican Press, Harrison and Morton would not have been elected. [Loud applause and cheers.] And, therefore, with the assistance of the Spellbinders, whose audiences we make so much larger than can be reached by their single voices, in 1892 the Republican Press will again undertake to elect your Republican nominees. [Cheers.]

MR. DEPEW:—Gentlemen, a soldier with an historic name, identified with the best traditions of the oldest commonwealth—the mother of Presidents,—at seventeen followed the enthusiasms of his school and section, went into the Confederate army, was touched in the head by a Federal bullet, and has been the patriotic standard bearer of Republicanism in his State ever since. It affords me great pleasure to introduce to you one of those intellectual forces converted by material elements which are rapidly making Virginia a Republican State; a gentleman who has served with distinction in Congress as a southern Republican congressman, whose views are sound, and whose rare eloquence is inherited, and still all his own: Mr. Wise, of Virginia.

MR. WISE.

MR. CHAIRMAN:—I have heard to-night for the first time, a pleasant version of the influences which made me a Republican. The Democrats in my section give the little circumstance to which the chairman referred quite a different turn. Their contention is that I was shot in the head in the Confederate army, and my brain has never been right since. [Laughter and applause.] Be that as it may, I am here, in a fortunate position as to speaking because, following the toast to the Press, I can testify that its influence must be most powerful for good, seeing its infinite power for harm in the section from which I come. [Applause.]

Like my predecessor I had a text given to me, but it is very old. It is called the "Solid South;" a thing which we came here, not to praise, but to bury. It was in this room, if I mistake not, at a famous banquet of the New England Society, that we had great promise years ago about a new South. What it would do was painted in words that were matchless in their fit and in their sound, but they were as empty in results as the professions, politically, of the section from which they came. [Applause.]

I am here as a Republican who has left the South almost in despair; and yet ardent and staunch in the hope that the Republican Party, restored to power, will do its duty by the South, and make it honest in its elections. I come as one who cast his lot with the Confederate cause, and loves the memory of the Confederate dead, but who has lived to see and realize the final settlement of every aspiration of that struggle, and know that we have a perpetual Union for the future, broad enough and big enough for every honest man beneath its banner. [Applause.] I am here to say to the Republican Party of this country, in all seriousness, at the

most joyful period of its existence, and yet at a period more freighted with responsibility than any other, that the great, the overshadowing question which confronts it on its restoration to power is Whether it will give to the American people such guarantees of suffrage as will give them faith in the honesty of our form of government, and teach all Americans that the right of casting a ballot means the right to cast it, and that, when cast, it shall be counted at all hazards. [Applause.]

I do not come from the Solid South. [Applause.] I come from a State that has *cast* its vote with the Republicans since 1884, and has not been *counted* Republican merely because the Republican Party has not done its duty in seeing that the vote should be counted as it was cast. We belong to a party which, having won a victory, has shown itself honest enough to pay for it; catholic enough to forgive its bitterness; wise enough to administer the government liberally; strong in many things; reckless in few; and yet which was rash enough to invest a great mass of people with a franchise sufficient to overthrow its own power unless the new voters were guarded and guaranteed in the exercise of the rights which the party gave them. I have wondered, in the four years during which the Republican Party was out of power, at the patience and patriotism which have enabled Republicans quietly to stand by and see this government stolen by the very power which they had placed unprotected in the hands of the South. Yes, I say, stolen. Grover Cleveland, in his heart of hearts, knows he was never President of the United States. Grover Cleveland, in his heart of hearts, knows that the people know he was never President of the United States. [Cries of, "Yes," "Yes."] Yet the Republican Party—not revolutionary, not a shot-gun party, not a ballot-box-stuffing party, not a negro killing party—has patiently bided and waited its time, and been

rewarded with that restoration to power which it knew must come when the people pondered at the wrong of 1884. [Applause.]

Mr. Chairman, and gentlemen, the lesson which we have learned will not be lost. Through adversity comes wisdom, and through damage by past neglect comes caution against future recurrence of the wrong and injury. Such bitter experiences as we have had will teach us most valuable lessons, yet they have been mingled with absurdities which we have really enjoyed. Our little banishment at Elba has not been free from its amusements. It was really ludicrous to see a man, whose title was founded in a fraud which none knew better than himself, posing as the champion and exponent of a higher moral era. [Applause.] It has been an interesting sight to behold a Texas manager of "bucking bronchos" appear in the commercial metropolis of the nation to teach its people the first principles of political economy. [Loud and long applause.] The play has been worth the candle. It was refreshing to see a man who never knew any manufacturing industry except the making of turpentine from North Carolina pine knots, come up to the great spinning looms of New England to teach them what the real interests of manufacturers were. [Applause.] It has been novel and startling to see the kind of people raked up from the recesses of oblivion, who have masqueraded in major-general's uniforms in foreign courts, and gotten drunk abroad in honor of Democratic success. [Applause.] All this is fresh and refreshing, not having gone too far, and the country having been redeemed in time to prevent its becoming dangerous. The strut and pomp, the panoply and circumstances of latter-day Democracy has had no parallel since the day when Lincoln freed the Southern darkies. And the most amusing thing of all is that the happiest people at getting out of the trouble are the Democrats themselves. They have run the government just about

as far as they knew how. They are at heart immensely relieved at a result which puts an end to their responsibility. [Applause.]

I have heard our friends here to-night speak of many things which we Republicans did to defeat the Democratic Party. If they will pardon me for taking a little from their laurels, I will say that the most effective factor in this defeat has been the Democratic Party itself. Four years of administration was enough to put them into political bankruptcy. What have they done that was promised? They came into power upon the cry that "Public office was a public trust," and their chief who uttered this noble sentiment has wound up his career by paying ten thousand dollars to stay in that public trust, and dispense offices as a private perquisite. [Applause.] They came in with a cry against assessments for public office, and yet, I venture to assert that in the history of this government there never was so positive a signal given by the executive of this nation for "the boys" to "chip in," as when Grover Cleveland sent in his check for ten thousand dollars. [Applause.] They came into power pledged to Civil Service Reform; they go out, after four years, with a record of removals unparalleled in the history of partisan legislation. [Applause.] They came into office with the promise that the accumulated surplus would be distributed. They leave exactly twice the amount there that was in the coffers when they took charge. They came in denouncing the Internal Revenue system of this government. In four years they have made the perpetuation of Internal Revenue the bulwark and basis of the Democratic plan of taxation. They came in with the promise of a liberal education, and they three times defeated the Republican measures for the remedy of illiteracy. There is not one promise of Democracy which has been redeemed, from the reduction of the tariff to the production of a little President. [Laughter and applause.] Is it

surprising, then, that to every proposition of ours to discuss, in the last campaign, they said there was *no issue* in the canvass. [Laughter and applause.]

But, why read over the indictment? The prisoner has been arraigned, pleaded, been tried, convicted, and sentenced; and we are back! We are back, because the Democratic Party was glad to give up the thing. We are once more in power, because there are many Democrats who have found that they were disappointed in the triumph of Democracy, from which they expected so much. I confess that I have no sympathy for their misfortunes, and feel indescribable mirth at their sorry plight. Poor Cleveland's luck has failed them, and now they are piling their denunciations upon him. Amen! So be it. A Democrat asked me, a few days ago, what I thought was the cause of their defeat. I told him I did not know exactly, but may be it was because they did not have hog-killing at the right time last year. [Laughter.] Another one said, Well, he didn't care much about it anyhow; that he had come to the conclusion that Democracy rewarded its followers and workers with promises, and paid its old promises with new ones. He illustrated what he received for being a Democrat by a little story, with which, I have no doubt, many of you are familiar, but I will repeat it. There was a little darkey in our section who had been in the habit of playing on the street corner every evening with his friends. He disappeared for several days. When he came back one of the boys said, "Bill, you're not playing with the boys these evenin's; what's the matter?" He said, "I'm working now." The first boy said, "Who are you working for?" "Oh, I am working for my mammy." "Is she paying you?" "Oh, yes." "What are you doing?" "Well, I am cutting wood." "What does your mother give you?" "Two cents an evenin'." He said, "I don't believe you; I never see you have any money." "Oh, no, I ain't got no money; mammy

keeps it for me." "What are you going to do with the money you are earning?" "Well," said he, hesitatingly, "mammy says she's gwine to buy me another axe wid my money when dis here old axe wears out." [Laughter.]

Now, gentlemen, permit me to say that I am not here as the critic or the censor of the Republican Party, for great and wonderful has been its career in almost everything but its treatment of suffrage in the South. It was a problem, and a very grave one, whether the Republican Party when it had succeeded in maintaining the supremacy of this nation and, in furtherance of that object, had freed the slaves, should invest the colored man in the South with the franchise. But, having settled that question, it became the duty of every Republican in charge of its affairs to enact such legislation as that these poor people should not be exposed to danger and injury by having placed in their hands this suffrage. They were passive in the matter, and when the Republican Party made them voters it likewise made them the object of the animosity and antagonism of the Southern Democrat. It had not discharged its whole duty when it made them voters. The act of enfranchisement carried with it the duty to fortify them in the exercise of that franchise, and guarantee that it should be cast and counted. Failure to do this placed it in the power of the Southern Bourbon to use it as a stick with which to break your head. Had I been in the counsels of the Republican Party in that day I think I would have foreseen this possibility; that I would have thought long and anxiously whether that strength ought to be given to the South, whereby its electoral strength was augmented two-fold, and it was placed in a position where it was possible for it to regain so quickly the control of this Government in peace, which it had lost in war. But, in their wisdom, the Republican leaders solved that branch of the question and did invest the colored man in the South with a vote.

Thereby, and thereby alone, the electoral representation of the South was so increased that, under sinister manipulation of the franchise, it regained in 1884 a mastery in Federal administration. The Republicans themselves are responsible for a condition of our political affairs in which it was possible for the State of New York, backed by the insignificant pocket handkerchief of Delaware, and the States of New Jersey and Indiana, to unite with the fraudulent solid electoral vote of the Southern States and dominate this government for four years. No wonder that New York is called an empire! Of the immense vote she cast, the little majority of eleven hundred breathed into the nostrils of a fraudulent Solid South power and strength sufficient to absolutely control, for four years, the people who had less than twenty years before conquered it in arms.

No wonder that, at the sight of such rampant fraud, the men who really love the Republican principles on which our system of suffrage is based, trembled at the danger of a repetition of that crime! It involved, not only four years' administration of the government and the little offices which are distributed, but, if outrages like that of 1884 are to go on, the faith of our people in the honesty and permanency of our institutions is sapped and undermined each day that it continues. The pretense that our Government is based upon a fair and free expression of the will of a majority is a falsehood and a mockery, and we invite the seizure of the Administration by any individual or party who feels strong enough in force or fraud to make the attempt. As a Southern man I would look with great pride and satisfaction upon the South wielding great power and influence by honest means in every department of this Government. The South should, with her great and growing industries, hold a commanding position in our nation, and she doubtless will do so in the future; but, as an honest man, I loathe and scorn the disreputable methods

by which the Solid South of to-day is brought about, as degrading to the men who perpetrate the crimes and frauds there, as unworthy of the manly and honest traditions of that section, as a grave menace to our form of Government, and a strong temptation to those who are wronged by the outrage to resist it by like violence. [Applause.]

But, "time makes all things even." We have come back into power. The thunders have rolled along the heavens, and darkness has settled on them as the veil of the temple of Southern Bourbonism is rent in twain where they have mocked and murdered suffrage. The danger of their fraudulent supremacy is past. The Republican Party is strengthened and refreshed, rather than injured by its temporary reverses. It has learned much. It is not coming back with flame and sword, but with some things written in letters of light upon its victorious ensigns, so that the wayfaring man, though a fool, can understand them. Its triumph proves that, although the people condoned Grover Cleveland's violation of the seventh commandment in the year 1884, they will not submit to the continued breaking of the sixth and eighth injunctions of the Decalogue by his followers in the South. One is, "Thou shalt not steal," and the other, "Thou shalt not kill." Before we lose the control of this government again it is our purpose, I opine, to sink these solemn commandments into the hearts and brains of every man in America in such a way that nobody will forget them. [Long and loud applause.]

There are people all through the South to-day who still vote with the Democratic Party, who are longing for the opportunity to become Republicans. There are thousands and thousands of them in my State. Of the 205,000 white voters in Virginia, 70,000 of them voted for Harrison and Morton, and nothing but the theft of the black vote prevents that electoral vote from being counted as it was cast.

Each year witnesses a growing return to the sentiment of Virginia's first and greatest statesman and soldier. It was Washington who taught these people that their Nation was as dear to them as their State; it was Virginia's Marshall who expounded the great national compact in such a way as made all men love it. It was nothing but the sinister influence of slavery that ever led that State away from true Federal doctrine. With the death of slavery has come back a healthy and normal Federal feeling in the land which made this Union a possibility. But it matters not how many Republican votes we have if the Republican Party fails to perform its solemn duty and secure to us an honest count in the South, and an honest vote. This is second to no question; it lies right at the foundation of our system and concerns every man who sincerely hopes for the perpetuity of this Government. If an electoral vote may be stolen in Mississippi, it may be stolen in Massachusetts; if it may be stolen in Virginia, it may be stolen in New York. And, in my opinion, it was the righteous sense of indignation of our people, and the conviction that Grover Cleveland's support was based upon fraud, that made the people of this land rise up and put back the Republican Party into power, in the faith and hope that it would remedy this wrong. It is not the masses of the South who do these crimes; it is a few rascals who have charge of the political machinery in the South; it is a trade and a profession with them which they have found profitable. The great body of our people are right-thinking and honest, and deplore these things as much as you do. The newspapers, with a few honorable exceptions, and the cross-road politicians of the South, encourage and justify these gross outrages because they profit by them. The masses of honest, decent people, although they condone them by their acquiescence, are ashamed of them, and feel that they do our section infinite harm. It requires, simply, the heroic treatment of

the great party in power to eradicate this blight on our civilization and stamp it out. Whoever accomplishes this great result will receive the blessings of thousands who now, against their wills and inclinations, are acquiescing in these crimes, and merely by force of their surroundings passively submit to and condone them. [Applause.]

I left Virginia after I had remained to cast my vote for Harrison and Morton. I turned my back upon the old State, almost with tears,—the home of my people for over two hundred and fifty years. I went there, openly and avowedly, to enforce the ideas which are dear to us as Republicans, and the people welcomed me with open arms. But the Bourbon press of that community assailed me with characteristic brutality, and I feel honored by their abuse. If their teachings are followed, and their blackguardism is to set the key of public sentiment, the South will retrograde and degenerate so that, in two hundred years from to-day, instead of cheating and killing darkies at the polls, they will be eating each other for a daily amusement. [Applause.]

But I have no fear of ultimate results. The Southern people are right at heart and their instincts are high, rather than base. They have not made a record as cheats and sneak-thieves in the annals of the past. Their worst enemies will accord to them the merit of open and manly advocacy of the things for which they have contended in the past, and scorn for methods of fraud and deceit. The revulsion against the things that have been done there in elections for the past twenty years is as sure to come, and come with crushing vengeance upon the heads of those who have done them, as it is sure that the South retains in her bosom the germ of her past greatness and honesty. Her people will learn, if from no higher motives than those of selfishness, that they cannot afford to countenance the yearly commission of crime and fraud in her political affairs, because the inevitable result

must be crime and fraud, and lack of confidence in each other among themselves in private concerns, and the absolute shunning of a section where such things are done with impunity by the outside world. [Applause.]

The issue which the Republican Party makes with the South is not the issue of negro domination there. I know that the Southern Bourbon is instant and constant in contending that this is what the Republican Party demands. I know that he justifies his intimidation of and fraud upon the vote of the colored man under the plea that, if he permits him to vote, the negroes will control. But that is not the demand of the Republican Party, nor will that be the result, in my judgment, if the colored vote is cast and counted. Certain it is that I would never have become a Republican if I believed that in doing so I was uniting with those who sought to put my own race under the domination of the blacks in any State of this Union. Nor do I believe there is any considerable number of Republicans in America, of the white race, who, if they saw such results brought about after a fair test of the experiment of negro suffrage, would not aid in redeeming their own race from any such thralldom.

What the Republican Party demands, and what it intends to insist upon, is that Southern Bourbons shall be honest! [Applause.] Until they are honest there can be no intelligent decision as to the effect of negro suffrage. It was an experiment and whether it was a good or a bad one remains to be seen, when it has had a *fair* trial. It is not a very exacting demand upon any man, or set of men, that they shall be honest. Especially is the demand not exacting when it is made upon communities which were re-admitted to their rights in the Union upon the solemn pledge that they would recognize the civil and political equality of the negroes. This pledge was not only given by these people in the abstract, but every man who votes

subscribes this solemn oath when he registers himself; and so, when he participates in the notorious frauds upon the suffrage, he commits personal perjury. It does not follow that because a particular locality has a negro majority ignorant and incompetent blacks will obtain control. I can point out to you counties in Virginia in which the elections are honestly conducted; in which, notwithstanding they have a large preponderance of negro population, the Democrats refuse to blacken their souls with the crimes committed elsewhere; in which Democrats and Republicans, whites and blacks, will tell you there is no cheating, and that a healthy public opinion will not submit to it; yet in which, notwithstanding that in Presidential, Congressional, and State elections the colored vote is cast as a unit for Republican candidates, when county elections occur and offices of local responsibility are to be filled, it has been found impossible to make the negroes vote for candidates merely because they called themselves Republicans; but they choose the best men in the community even if they are Democrats. They do so because they know they will not be cheated, and that if they put inferior men in office the responsibility, as well as the loss, will be upon them. This is a practical illustration of what an honest dealing with the question of negro suffrage will bring about, and a refutation of the pretense that, if their votes are honestly counted, the result will be negro domination. Lest I be thought to be speaking without facts to sustain me, I cite the county of Amelia, whose negro population exceeds its white by about five hundred; a county in which there has never been any cheating; a county which gave Republican majorities—for Cameron, for governor, in 1881, for Blaine in 1884, for myself in 1885, for every Republican Congressman who has ever run, and for Harrison in 1888—ranging from two hundred to six hundred; and yet a county whose every officer, from Commonwealth's Attorney to Commissioner of the Revenue, except Sheriff, is a Demo-

crat; because the negro voters supported them in fair elections as better qualified than their Republican opponents, some of whom were excellent gentlemen, and some of whom were black. This is but one of many counties I might name. It is at once a refutation of the Bourbon pretense that cheating is a necessity, and proof of the time-honored saw that "honesty is the best policy."

But, suppose the doing of what these men are sworn to do shall bring upon them the woes they pretend to fear, is that an excuse for theft, perjury, and, if need be, murder? "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Is it not a thousand times better to give the experiment of negro suffrage a fair trial than to convert whole communities into the practice of murder, theft, and perjury? How shall a just and sympathetic nation ever be able to tell whether this thing of negro suffrage is right or wrong, if the people who clamor against it so loudly not only give them no chance to judge of it when honestly tried, but actually cheat the nation and exasperate the persons from whom they might expect redress if it be found unbearable when fairly tried. Are they not degrading themselves? destroying the whole moral tone of their own communities? wronging other constituencies? sapping public faith in the ballot system? rendering it utterly impossible to get honest redress from those who alone can give it if this suffrage, after fair trial, be found a failure? and laying the foundation of innumerable woes to the Republic by persisting in the criminal, immoral, and suicidal violence which has stamped the career of Southern Democracy since 1869?

It was on this issue that I broke away from Southern Bourbonism. I love my race. In any fairly drawn contest between the white and black race I would, most assuredly, be found with the whites. If Republicanism meant negro supremacy in the South, it could not carry a single Northern State on any such unnatural

issue. If the white North, after seeing a fair and an honest trial of this question of negro suffrage, saw all these fine and productive States pass out of the control of their own blood and bone, and beheld realized the horrible dreams of Southern Bourbonism, it would leap to the rescue of its Southern brethren; its heart not only warmed with the generous impulses of our race towards its suffering fellows, but swelling with admiration at the nobility of soul which had made us keep the faith and bear the hard terms of the trial placed upon us in a period of strife.

In that way, and in that way alone, can the wrongs of negro suffrage, if they be as great as is claimed, be redressed. Never! never! can this question be settled so long as it remains untried, owing to the dishonesty of those who demand judgment without trial. A Solid South—solid on such false and criminal lines as have made it solid in the past—will be met, in every demand it makes, by a Solid North; and every specious plea it makes for a redress of its grievances will be answered by the firm, cold, united breath of this people, “Let the South first be honest.” After that, peace and fraternity will come as surely as the night doth follow day. Until then there is not, there cannot, and there never will be, peace between the sections. [Applause.]

It was on this issue that I broke away from the Democracy of the South. I love the South—I love her people. I appreciate their good qualities and know her great possibilities, but I also know that the course of her politics is suicidal, and that there is no hope for her while she pursues the mad career mapped out for her by her politicians for many years gone by. [Applause.]

The election of General Harrison opens up a possibility of change. He is no alien to that section. He is bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. He is wise, conservative, and just; at the same time he is a man of great firmness. With these

qualities it may be possible that he shall impress the South with the great truth that the issue between that section and his party is the simple issue of common honesty, before which all others must retire until the South consents to be honest. That that point being settled, all others are easy of adjustment. When it is settled the whole nation, and no part of it more than the South, will bless him for destroying thereby the Solid South. It is nonsense to call the South disloyal in the sense of expressing an idea that any considerable number of people there would destroy or retire from the Union if they could do so. There is no such feeling. The negro question is the root of all the trouble. A thing occurred just as I was leaving Virginia which touched me inexpressibly; and was about as good an illustration of the utter subsidence of anything like the old war feeling as it was possible to have.

The last act of my residence in Virginia was to present a stand of colors to the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute. The boys had been brought down to the State Exposition—the same corps which, in the spring of 1864, had been ordered out in the Confederate ranks, (the “seed corn of the Confederacy” as they were called), and sent into the valley to fight with Sigel; the same corps which had gloried in those days in the success of the Confederate cause; that had marched to Richmond from the valley; that had wheeled proudly around the monument in the Capitol Square in 1864, to receive from the Governor of Virginia a stand of colors for gallantry in action on the Confederate side. And there in the midst of my old Democratic comrades, in 1888, I was honored by being selected to present the colors—which was not only the ensign of Virginia, but the Stars and Stripes. [Cheers.] It was a scene of great enthusiasm. It was one which stirred the blood of every man present; it was one which brought forth tears for its sacred memories of the boys who had died twenty-five years ago; and quickened the pulses of

the fathers who were present, as they saw their brave, bright boys in ranks. Twenty-five years ago I had been one of them, and to-day there stood my own oldest boy, in gray, in the place which I occupied so long ago. In presenting the colors, without belittling the glorious old ensign of Virginia, I said, in presenting the National ensign, "Dear boys; events of recent years occurring before you were born, set the dye of those stripes in the blood of your fathers to wave forever o'er a perpetual Union; and there lies your first duty. In that cloudless field of blue, by events which were determined ere yet you were begot, those stars were placed forever, with one for every State of the Union, and demanding your first allegiance to the ensign of your Nation." No sentiment I uttered received more genuine applause than that, and they were Democrats as well as Republicans. In our recent struggle, my brethren, it was not only the flag of our Nation, but of the Republican Party; that banner, that is good enough for every one, was carried by this party everywhere, and our principles were not based upon any such idea that we had to dodge around them by the subterfuge of a bandanna for certain uncertain sections. [Applause.]

Let us make it the flag of the Nation; let us make it the party of the Nation. We want to hear in these four years, and many years that are to come, from the lips of a Harrison no word of sectionalism. He is the Harrison of South as well as of North. He is the expounder of principles which are as dear to them as to us. Kindness and firmness, and adherence to the fundamental principles of our party,—not sectionalism,—but a firm, urgent, decisive demand for honesty which is not sectional, will make the Republican Party strong in every section of this country, and put at rest forever this hated word, the Solid South. [Loud and long applause.]

MR. DEPEW:—Gentlemen, if the Solid South breaks up and crystallizes into units “like-Wise,” [laughter] the war was not fought in vain. We expected here to-night our friend, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, who has conducted so admirably, during this canvass, the great Republican organ which has done such signal service for the party; but he writes me that he could not break another engagement which he was bound in honor to fill. But we have with us a gentleman who has established a paper for the masses. He has made it the infant giant of journalism. It talks in its own tongue, and then it repeats what the “parrot” has said. We have with us both the editor and parrot, and his name is Porter.

[Cries of, “He’s the young man that did it.”]

MR. PORTER.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—I regret very much to find that you have put me down to-night for a dead issue. The “Bowery parrot” and its cry, the “Tariff is a tax,” so far as the Democratic Party is concerned, is dead. My friend, Mr. Cooper, however, has informed me since I have been in this hall, that up in Buffalo they have a parrot which, I should think, at this time, would be more of a live issue than the “Bowery parrot.” Mr. Cooper’s parrot has learned to say, “I’m a liar; the tariff ain’t a tax.” [Laughter.] Battered by argument, humiliated by exposure, made ridiculous by aggressive statements, robbed of its pretensions to

economic wisdom by facts and figures, and plucked of its most loved and valued plumage, "the spoils," by the Republican eagle, the "Bowery parrot" rises from the doleful debris of the Democratic Party and shrieks, with the little voice it has left, "The tariff is a tax." [Laughter and cheers.]

In some respects, gentlemen, perhaps the tariff is a tax. It has certainly, during the period that we have enjoyed the present tariff, "taxed" the productive powers of this country until we find the population has increased 20,000,000. Under the tariff we have doubled the population of our cities. It has "taxed" our coal mines until, instead of producing only 14,000,000 tons of coal, we are now producing 100,000,000 tons. It has "taxed" the ingenuity and the enterprise of our capitalists until, in place of 35,000 miles of railroad, we now have 150,000 miles; it has "taxed" the carrying power of these railroads until, instead of hauling 70,000,000 tons of freight, we are now carrying 550,000,000 tons; it has "taxed" the powers of our ore mines and ore banks until, instead of producing as we were in 1860 but 900,000 tons of iron ore, we are now producing 10,000,000 tons, and a good deal of it in the South, where my friend, Mr. Wise, comes from—the new industrial South we hear so much about. [Cheers.]

Turning to our manufacturing interests, what has the tariff done there? It has "taxed" the metal industries until, instead of employing 60,000 people, they now give employment to 400,000; it has "taxed" our wool and woollen industries until we now employ 200,000 where we did employ but 60,000; it has "taxed" John Bull, out of 60,000,000 of customers, for his cottons and carpets, and we now make those products as well and as cheaply at home.

Turning from the manufacturing interests, (because I know my time ought to be short), what has this "vicious, illogical, and iniquitous tariff tax" done to the

farming interests of the country? It has "taxed" the poor farmer so that, instead of having 2,000,000 farms when it was first enacted, he has now 4,000,000; it has "taxed" the value of these farms to such an extent that, instead of being worth 6,000,000,000 of dollars as they were in 1870, they were worth 10,000,000,000 of dollars in 1880, and much more to-day; and, Mr. President, it has "taxed" the soil of this country to such an extent that, instead of producing 1,250,000,000 bushels of grain, we are now producing 3,000,000,000 of bushels; and, lastly, fellow-Spellbinders,—and you have all heard of this, and have had, I have no doubt, to explain it upon the stump,—it has "taxed" the poor sheep of the country until, instead of producing 60,000,000 pounds of wool, they are now compelled to produce 300,000,000 pounds. [Applause and cheers.]

But at this hour, and upon this joyful occasion, it is not necessary for me to go into any elaborate explanation of why the tariff is not a tax upon the consumers. The "Bowery parrot" was created to show the absurdity of the cry, the "Tariff is a tax," and facts and figures thoroughly establish the protectionist's position, that home competition brings down the price of all commodities manufactured in this country. But strong as these cold facts are your Spellbinders have, undoubtedly, found that among the wage earners of the land the tariff is a good deal a question of wages. They have looked into the subject carefully, and they judge it almost entirely from that standpoint. The American workman fully realizes that free trade means not only reduction of wages, but the employment of the women of his family in order to support the family. This idea is repulsive to him. The American workman knows that on the other side of the water his wife and mother, his sister and his sweetheart, have to labor in order to make sufficient money to maintain the family; and the American workman does not want to see his women folks work, as I

have seen them, barefooted, in the brick-yards of "Merrie" England; the workingman of this country does not want to see the women folks of his family sunburnt and bent, as I have seen them, with a rope over their shoulders, along the dykes and canals of "picturesque" Holland; the workingman of this country does not want to see his wife and mother hitched up like a beast of burden, as I have seen women in Austria-Hungary; the workingman of this country does not want to graduate his daughter as a filler of blast furnaces and a digger in coal mines, as I have seen them in "busy" Belgium; the workingman of this country does not want to see his wife and mother working around the coke ovens, as I have seen them in "sunny" France; and he does not want to see them bearing the heat and burden of the day, as I have seen them in the harvest fields of the Fatherland; and, lastly, thank God, he does not want to see them mixing mortar and carrying the hod to the scaffold where the builder is building, as I have seen them in that beautiful city of Stockholm, in Sweden. I say, again, the American workman does not want to see woman thus abased and degraded, even though, by so doing, we are able to manufacture and build a little cheaper. [Loud cheers.]

And now, Mr. President and gentlemen, having said a few words upon what I cannot help regarding the dead issue allotted me to-night, may I be allowed to say a few words upon what I regard as three living issues? [Cries of, "Go on! go on!"] First, then, I want to entreat you in regard to my first proposition, because I know you are all orators, and men who will take an active part in shaping the future policy of the Republican Party. [Cries of, "We are! we are!"] We, as Republicans, will soon be brought face to face with this tariff question, and then we have got to act; and I trust that the Republican Party, in acting upon the Senate Bill, or upon any bill that may come up for action, will be guided by the broadest

principles of Protection. I hope that wherever we can see an opportunity to strengthen an industry in this country, or, if necessary, to create one, that that will be done without hesitation. Remember, we have pledged ourselves to REVISE, not merely REDUCE, the tariff.

Our President has said to-night that this will end the Solid South. Let us hope so. And that brings me to the second living issue on which I want to say a word. This victory enables the Republican Party to take the next census. A census is a very important matter. Upon that census our representation in Congress hinges and the next electoral college is based. As a matter of fact, through mistakes in the census in 1870, the South, in the last apportionment in 1882, gained no less than fourteen Congressmen. Whereas the great manufacturing States of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and the New England States, with a population aggregating about the same, lost one Congressman. Now, relatively speaking, that abnormal increase will correct itself this time. The great Republican States will gain most of the new Congressmen, because the errors in the census of 1870 made the increase in population only nine per cent. between 1860 and 1870, and thirty-five per cent. between 1870 and 1880. The increase in population in the Western States did not exceed this during the last census decade. The coming census should show a much greater per cent. of gain in population in the Western Republican States than in the States belonging to the Solid South. This increased representation by increase in population, together with the increase resulting from the admission of at least three territories, ought, unless all signs fail, to break up the Solid South. [Applause.]

The last thing I want to say is this, and I say it from the bottom of my heart, because it is something we must at once face: We are told by our adversaries that

the campaign just closed has been an "educational campaign." We must continue this "educational campaign." The New York *Sun* does not like an "educational campaign," because, as the shrewd editor of that paper has long since discerned, when you educate a Democrat, you make a Republican of him. There is a gentleman sitting here on this platform, who deserves more credit than any other one man in this country for conducting that "educational campaign." I refer to Mr. Edward H. Ammidown, the president of the American Protective Tariff League. It affords pleasure for me to say, right here, before this distinguished audience that, when we were beaten in 1884, Mr. Ammidown and a number of other public-spirited citizens went to work and organized the Tariff League. By the aid of that League we have opened up avenues by which we can reach the masses of the people all over this country; we have opened up avenues of information in every State and Territory; and I beseech you to see to it that these avenues are kept open during the next four years, and that the people are properly educated on this great and vital question of the tariff.

I thank you very much for such courteous consideration at so late an hour, and bid you good-night. [Loud cheering.]

MR. DEPEW:—Gentlemen, the tax has done very well in producing young Republican journalists. There is among the Spellbinders one man, who, on all occasions for the last fifty years, has been held in reserve to keep the audience. If there is a statesman whose speech is long, a cabinet minister whose utterances are

prosy, an authoritative voice which nobody wishes to listen to, they keep this man in order that the audience will stay with the statesman. It has been his fate for half a century to fill this bill, and he has filled it well; and when he has come on afterwards, the audience has remained spellbound. He suffers to-night from the fact that the speeches which have preceded him have been good ones, a thing which never occurred to him before. I have the pleasure of introducing General George A. Sheridan.

GENERAL GEORGE A. SHERIDAN.

MR. SPEAKER AND FELLOW-SINNERS—Diners, I mean—[laughter]:—A few days ago I received an invitation to be present on this occasion. I did not doubt the propriety of my being here, but I had grave apprehensions as to the wisdom of coming. The only thing I have of any particular value in this world to me, is my life, and I have never willingly, nor consciously, put it in peril. My army record will certainly show that. [Laughter.] When I received the invitation I called upon the gentleman who sent it, to learn something of this matter. He told me that three hundred Republican Stump Orators were to assemble at Delmonico's. I asked him if he had made any arrangement with the police. He said, "No." I asked him if he had called upon the United States military forces. He said, "No; why should I?" "Well," I replied, "for protection." I said, further, "My friend, you are being mislead; this is a put up job; somebody is influencing you in the wrong direction; do you mean to tell me that you are going to get three

hundred stump orators together in one place, without military or civil protection?" He said, "Yes." "Well," I said, "the citizens of this great metropolis will rise in their might. They will murder the last one of us." He said he thought not; but I concluded he did not realize what he was doing, so I visited the chief of police, and asked him if he had heard anything of an uprising on Wednesday night; he said he had not, and wanted to know if I had any reason to expect one. I said, "Yes; at Delmonico's three hundred Republican stump speakers are to gather on Wednesday night." The chief looked thoughtful for a moment, and then said, "That certainly is a matter that needs consideration, I will immediately give it my attention." He then said to me, "Why do you take any interest in this matter; are you an orator?" I bowed my head and said, modestly, "Yes, sir." [Laughter.] "Well," said he, "You don't look like one." I asked him what I did look like, and he said, "Why you look more like a butcher." [Loud laughter.] I immediately concluded that man had heard me speak somewhere when I was murdering the King's English. [Laughter.] My visit, however, satisfied me that there was no personal danger to me in making one of the proposed gathering, so I determined to come, and I am here.

After I had made up my mind to come, I picked up a morning paper and saw a toast to which I was to respond: "The Soil under our Feet." I said to the gentleman who sent the invitation, "Do you think such a toast is the proper thing for such an occasion?" He said, "Why not?" I replied, "This is to be a banquet; I don't want to make a funeral oration, and, if I respond to that toast, I must. 'The Soil under our Feet'; that certainly means the Democratic Party. That party is certainly dead. I don't want to preach about it; I want to eat on this occasion." [Laughter.] He replied, that I had entirely misconstrued the tendency

and scope of the toast; that nobody but a born idiot or an inspired ass would have put any such construction upon the toast as I had. I am very glad I have come, and I will make you, one and all, happy, by promising that my speech shall be very short.

“The Soil under our Feet!” That is a good deal just now. The fact that a man owns a piece of soil on which he treads is a very satisfactory assurance to him; but, when three hundred men gather together, as we have to-night, with the conviction deep in our hearts that we not only own the soil under our feet, but are the owners in fee simple of the entire continent, and all that it holds, we may be pardoned for feeling very comfortable. “The Soil under our Feet” is the grandest soil that any party or nation ever trod upon, and it is the mission of the Republican Party to see that out of that soil the best development possible is made for the 65,000,000 people who have intrusted their destiny to its keeping. [Applause.]

The Republican Party, as Mr. Wise remarked, “has come back,” and he might have added, “it has come back to stay.” [Applause.] I like to see Republicans of his class come up from the South—if the Democratic view is right about the effect of the bullet that hit him on the head, if it did make him crazy, I have simply this to say: I would rather have one such crazy Republican as he is come from the South than a million sane Democrats. [Applause.]

Of course, this is a great, a splendid political victory; and when the question is asked, “Who accomplished it?” there is not one of us here who will not say, “I did it.” When I remember the mass of accurate and carefully gathered “Misinformation” that we three hundred men spread among the people of this country on the tariff question, it is astonishing to me that they know anything about it at all.

It was a magnificent opportunity; never shall we have such another. The people did not know anything about the tariff; we knew less, but we had the floor. [Cheers and laughter.] So we let them have our views, right and left—"high tariff," and "low tariff," "free trade and Protection," "tariff for revenue," and "revenue for tariff"—anything that hit. I think there is only one point that we made absolutely and perfectly clear to everybody who listened to us, and that was: The nature and character of "Raw Material." We gave them an object lesson every time we got up to speak. In us they beheld the "rawest" kind of material. I think, perhaps incidentally, too, we were the means of their securing some valuable information upon the tariff, because our statements taken together were so bewildering that a man of any common sense at all was forced into reading something on the subject, and thereby he gained a knowledge of it, at least to a certain extent. [Laughter.]

Now, my friends, I heard a great many speeches during this campaign upon the tariff, but of all the speeches I heard, the one that I think hit the nail square on the head and most completely and thoroughly demolished the Democratic position on the tariff was the one I had the honor of delivering something like one hundred times. [Loud laughter and applause.] Of course, I don't expect any one of these three hundred orators to agree with me on this point. I know that each one of them thinks that the really effective piece of work done in the campaign,—the speech that settled the matter conclusively,—was the little speech he fired off. I don't find any fault with anybody for so feeling; all the same, however, I am going to cling to the idea that I did it, because that is the only compensation that I have thus far had in this campaign for my work; and, as General Harrison knows me pretty well, I expect it is all the compensation I shall receive. [Cheers and laughter.] I do not find any

fault with anybody who thinks he did it, because I know Harrison is a kind-hearted man and if he becomes convinced that any *one man* in this country thinks he is the party who did it all, he never will disturb his contemplation of that fact by forcing upon him the cares of administrative office. [Loud laughter.]

The Republican Party has come back; it has the soil under its feet, and it has the Democratic Party there also. [Cheers.] Once more the banner of the Grand Old Party, leaping from the dust, confronts the skies in triumph, and all the stars upon its silken folds send glorious greeting to their sisters shining there. [Applause.] Once more the people of this country have proclaimed in thunder tones to the nations of this earth that America is for Americans, and that we do not need suggestions from lands across the sea as to how we shall be governed. [Applause.] Once more the Solid South has been taught that when it confronts the mighty North in conflict its strength is but as a babe's that wrestles with a giant. [Applause.] Once more the people of this country, in retiring Grover Cleveland and the party that nominated him, have affirmed their belief that the Democratic Party, the party that betrayed the Nation's trust, that maligned its soldiers—living and dead—is not the party in whose hands and keeping this Government is safe. [Applause.] Once more the people of this Republic have affirmed their belief in, and their love for, the men who saved the Nation in its hour of peril, by placing in a soldier's hand a sceptre such as never yet glorified the palm of czar or king—the sceptre of authority over 65,000,000 free people. [Cheers and applause.] That flag [pointing to the flag] is the American flag; and, my friends, you need not have the slightest fear that the Republican Party will forget that its mission is to see that no man under its folds is deprived of any right. [Great applause.]

The Republican Party is a great party; thus far it has met and mastered every

problem that has been presented for its action. It has stumbled sometimes, but every time it rose again, notwithstanding the fall; and it was a little further in advance than when it fell. [Applause.]

My fellow-citizens, there is one resolve planted deep down in the heart of the Republican Party,—and the heart of the Republican Party is the heart of the American people,—and that is the resolve that, wherever our flag flies upon this soil, wherever the white light of its stars shines down, there shall be three things: Free speech, a free ballot, and an honest count of that ballot. We will have it so, North, South, East, and West alike, or, by the living God, this continent will rock and reel, as it never yet reeled, in the shock of war. [Great applause.] And the sooner the people of the South realize this fact, the quicker this conviction forces itself into their hearts, the better, and the happier, and the safer it will be for them. [Applause.] It is impossible that the great North—the land of liberty, of progress, of industry—can be held in check by the few States constituting the Solid South. Thank God, one wedge has entered there already. Virginia—new Virginia and old Virginia—are coming, with drums beating and colors flying, to join their destiny with the Republican Party. We have broken their line of battle, we have the sweep, we have the momentum, and we have a man at the head of affairs, or will have on the fourth of March, who cannot be swerved from his duty by any Mugwump sentimentality. The Republican Party is soon to be in power; it has the Nation at its back; it has nearly everything it wants; and what it has not it soon will have. [Cheers.]

We, as speakers, according to our gifts and abilities, from the “King of us all”—Depew—down to the smallest voice that piped its song on the platform, contributed to bring about the blessed change that promises so much to the Nation. We cannot all speak alike—that is a blessed thing—[laughter] but there is one

thing in which we are all alike, absolutely. I was in Maine in the canvass of 1880. Maine is not celebrated for its good hotels, but there was one hotel—at Bangor—where the landlord was a genial, jolly fellow, and the speakers of both parties, whenever it was possible, met at that point to pass Sunday. There were good churches in the town—that was the loadstone that chiefly drew us there. [Laughter.] The landlord gave us a great big back room and plenty of cigars and ice water, (you could not get anything but ice water in Maine), and, after the afternoon service in church, we would gather there to compare notes. Well, the Sunday before election, there came a knock on the door. I, being nearest, opened it. I was confronted by a typical, old New England sea captain. He said, “You boys seem to be having lots of fun in there; I would like to get in.” I told him we were only a lot of political speakers, and we had nothing but ice water to drink. [Derisive laughter.] However, he came in, and we wrestled with that old fellow for two hours and a half to get him to commit himself upon a single point. He said, “I go and hear one of you Democratic boys talk, and I go home and say to myself, ‘Well, Hancock is a pretty good fellow; I guess I’ll vote for him.’ Then I go to hear a Republican, and I go home and say to mother, ‘Garfield is a powerful man; I guess I shall have to vote for him.’” We told him he would have to make up his mind pretty quickly. “Yes,” he said, “I will between now and election.” We asked him which side had the best speakers. He said, “Well, that is a pretty hard question to answer; you’re all mighty bright young men.” Well, is there anything about us on both sides that strikes you as peculiar? “Yes,” said the old chap, with a twinkle in his eye, “there is one thing I have noticed about all on you; that is that none of you ever spile a good speech because your facts gin out.” [Cheers and laughter.] In this respect, if in no other, my fellow-Spellbinders, we can claim to be alike as orators.

My friend, Mr. Depew, says I have been speaking for about fifty years. I remember once, when I was a little boy in knickerbockers, I went with my father to a political meeting. When we arrived, a tall, bald-headed, side-whiskered, pleasant-faced gentleman was making a speech; he told funny stories, said funny things, and completely captured my boyish fancy. I said to my father, "Who is that man?" He replied, "Why, my son, that's old Chauncey Depew, a man who has been the leading orator of this country for the last sixty years." So you see, old as I am at this business, I feel like a child in the presence of a man who first awakened my boyish enthusiasm, and fired me with the determination to become a *Spellbinder*.

Now, gentlemen, there are many waiting to have their little say, and so, out of consideration for these anxious ones—and for you also—I bring my *Spell* to a close, and resume my seat. [Great cheering.]

MR. DEPEW:—Gentlemen, we have listened to the veterans; now let us hear from the youths. As we have heard from the old, we will end with the young. Mr. Guthrie will pronounce the benediction.

MR. GUTHRIE.

MR. CHAIRMAN:—If there is one element which may be said to be characteristic of this election and to distinguish the campaign from preceding ones, it is the active part taken on both sides by the young men of the country. Men who were yet unborn or mere children when heroic Sheridan dashed along the road from Winches-

ter to Cedar Creek, now hold the power, by their votes, to shape the destinies of the Nation. It seems to be felt everywhere that the time has come for the new generation to prepare for the responsibilities of government. As the inauguration of President Harrison opens the second century of our constitution, it shall be the duty and ambition of the generation to which I belong to perpetuate throughout that century the prosperity and general happiness of the present. No grander task could be allotted to men.

The young "Spellbinder" must, indeed, be cold who does not feel his pulse beat faster to-night from the consciousness of association and alliance with so many men here present, who, thirty years ago were laying, and whose efforts cemented, the foundations of the Republican Party. The result of your devotion and your efforts will shape the fortunes of our children and our children's children. We will hold up for their emulation the example of your fidelity to principle and to country. But your work has been in vain, the immense sacrifice is futile, unless my generation is worthy of this great trust. You now leave and confide to us the obligation and the duty of maintaining and defending what you have built up. The responsibility of government must shortly descend to us. Will we do anything worthy to be mentioned with your work? Let us hope so. Let our ambition be to equal the record you have made. In so noble a pursuit let us stand as on a high mountain peak, lifted alike above our own local interests and selfish motives, and able, with a broader horizon, to see and weigh the needs and the demands of our country as a whole; so that to our national vision there shall be no State lines,—no North, no South,—but only "one country, one constitution, one destiny." And we shall ever hope that when the ebbing tide shall carry the last breath of our generation far away out into the sea of eternity, we may be able to lay at the feet of the immortal

leaders of the party,—Lincoln, Seward, Grant, and Conkling,—as the result of our life's work, the picture of a common country completely re-united, where, politically, there no longer exists any North nor any South.

Three hours of speeches are enough to exhaust even your enthusiasm. To continue further is to trespass on your patience. But before we break up let me voice one sentiment. In the last number of the *North American Review* General Sherman published an article on the Camp Fires of the Grand Army of the Republic. In that article runs a vein of sadness, as if the old warrior doubted the patriotism of the young men of to-day. He said that a great danger lurks over the land, namely (these are the General's own words): "That the next generation may conclude that the wise man stays at home and leaves the fool to take the buffets and kicks of war." I believe General Sherman is wrong. I believe that the heroism of the war has begot a patriotism in the young men of to-day strong and deep. We young men revere and worship the soldiers of that war as Pagans used to worship their gods. Every reference during the campaign to the heroes of the war, made by either Republicans or Democrats, was received with acclamations and cheers. We young men may truly say to General Sherman that there lurks no such danger; that we have inherited the spirit of the war; that the fires of patriotism still burn; and that this generation shall not be found wavering or halting if our country shall ever require the sacrifice of our lives.

MR. DEPEW:—Gentlemen, the first meeting of the Spellbinders has come to a close. For twenty-five years I have attended from twenty-five to fifty dinners,

annually, in this hall. This is the only one, during the whole period, where the large majority of the audience has staid until one o'clock in the morning. Half-past eleven usually closes the interest of the audience, and the speaker who remains speaks to himself. But the Spellbinder has demonstrated that he won this fight. He has held here not only himself, but a listening audience which has hung breathless upon his words. The base suggestion that all of them who join here to-night expected to speak, we dismiss; and, by the authority residing in me, I pronounce the first meeting of the Spellbinders a success, and closed.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 013 788 098 2

