

# REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION.

ST. LOUIS, MO.  
JUNE 1896.

IT WILL SEAT 14,000.

ST. LOUIS AUDITORIUM THE LARGEST CONVENTION HALL.

How the Proceedings of the Convention Will Be Handled—Number of Delegates and National Committees—Routine Work.



ST. LOUIS is a hot city in June, but so was Chicago in 1888 and Minneapolis in 1892, as Republican delegates will testify. Over-crowding and inconvenient accommodations are more to be dreaded during National convention week than hot weather. St. Louis, according to all reports, will furnish better facilities than ever before have been accorded to a National convention.

The immense new auditorium, where the Republican National Convention will be held, will accommodate 14,000. There will be 909 National delegates in the convention this year—more than ever before—and the same number of alternates. There will be 53 members of the National Committee present, and the rest of the vast audience will consist mainly of "rooters" for the several candidates whose names are to be presented for the highest honor in the gift of the American people.

According to recent estimate, there will be none too much room. It is customary to give to the city in which the convention is held, the largest block of seats. St. Louis will have more seats in the auditorium than any convention city ever obtained before.

It has put in a modest request for 8,500 seats, and will probably receive 2,500 at least. Ohio and Iowa, being near by and both having prominent candidates, will probably send the two largest State Delegations. Ohio, it is estimated by zealous Republicans of the Buckeye state, may have as many as 20,000 Republicans in St. Louis, but, of course, only a small part of them will get seats in the auditorium.

Timothy E. Byrnes of Minneapolis, who has been elected sergeant-at-arms of the convention by the National Committee, will have charge of the distribution of tickets for admission. Each National delegate and alternate will receive two tickets—and as many more as they can get. The member of the National Committee from each state will make out a list of all Republicans in his state who may want to attend the proceedings, and the tickets will be distributed among the different states, pro rata. Under the system of distribution which Sergeant-at-Arms Byrnes will employ it will be practically impossible for the friends of any one candidate to "pack" the convention hall, despite the fears of such an event which have been expressed. Mr. Byrnes has said that so far as he has the power, the friends of all the candidates will be treated alike.

The real work of the convention, leading up to and providing for the selection of the National ticket, is done in committee rooms. Spacious accommodations for committee work have been provided in the auditorium, and the newspaper facilities will be especially convenient.

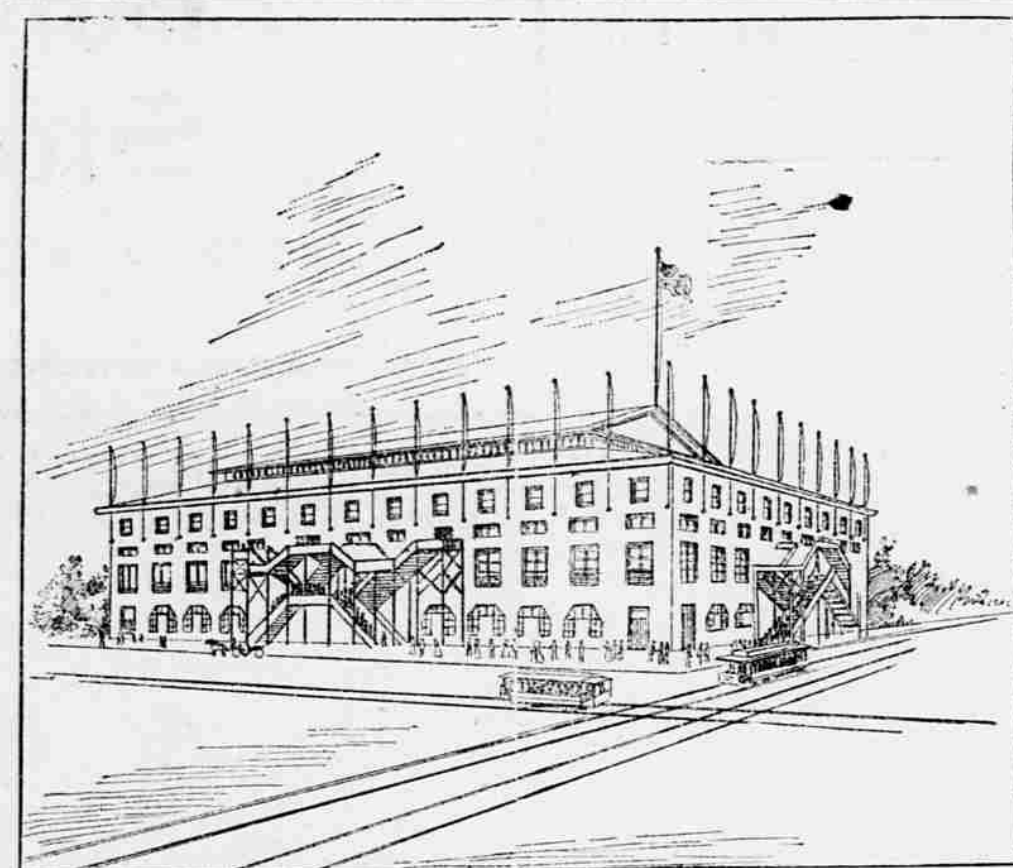
A novel scheme is to be put in opera-

recognizing delegates who think they have a duty to perform by claiming the attention of the convention.

The telegraph facilities for dispatching to every corner of the Nation the names of the nominees will be ample. Nine new copper wires are strung from St. Louis to Chicago and six from Chicago to New York. About fifty loops will be run into the Auditorium. Worn-out delegates can repair for refreshment to any number of gardens and open-air restaurants and cafes, where the best that St. Louis can offer will be placed before them at prices that may make them complain. But what is the loss of a few hundred dollars to an enthusiastic Republican, fired with interest in his party's welfare, and perchance, in some instances, with iron of his own in the fire?

Thomas H. Carter, of Montana, chairman of the National Committee, will call the convention to order. But important work of the convention will have been done by the National Committee even before the delegates assemble in their seats.

On the day preceding the convention a temporary roll of delegates has to be formed, for manifestly no State can have the advantage of another in representation. Some states will send contesting delegations, but only one set can be seated. It would not be proper, on the other hand, to shut a state out entirely because of contests. Each must have representation in the organization of the convention. General Clarkson of the National Committee from Iowa says there will be about 110 con-



REPUBLICAN CONVENTION HALL AT ST. LOUIS.

tested seats out of the 909, and that the nomination may really hinge upon the results of these contests.

It should not be supposed that the National Committee reserves to itself the power to decide contests; that must finally be done by the convention itself. This much, however, the National Committee will do, and its action may have an important bearing on the result in the convention—the National Committee will meet, and a sub-committee on contests will be selected. Each member of the committee will report to this sub-committee the list of delegates from his state, and if there be no contests these names will be placed on the temporary roll by the

The importance of these decisions in committee cannot be overestimated, for while they are in no way binding upon the convention, the action of the committee, based generally on good and sufficient grounds, is seldom overturned.

The National Committee selects also by a majority vote the temporary and permanent chairman of the convention; that is to say, it selects a name for each position, to be presented to the convention. A bitter contest may arise within the National Committee over these selections. Sometimes, as in 1892, the minority may withdraw their candidate, and make the selection of temporary chairman unanimous, as they did for J. Sloat Fassett. Again, as in 1884, a majority and minority report may be presented and the fight brought to a head in the opening of the convention.

As the Democratic National Convention in 1892, after Mr. Cleveland's friends, who controlled the Committee on Resolutions, had prepared a tariff plank under Mr. Cleveland's supervision, the convention, which afterward turned to and nominated Cleveland, broke away at one word from Henry Watterson and rejected the tariff plank as presented by the Cleveland committee. No better example of the American principle in politics—that the sovereign will of the people must govern—is accorded than in a National convention.

## CONKLING STOPPED TO TALK.

That Incident Prevented Windom's Nomination for the Presidency.

From the Minneapolis Journal: In the political history of the state "Windom Ten" has been written down as a burlesque incident. When the campaign for the republican nomination for president in 1880 was in progress Minnesota was an overwhelmingly enthusiastic Blaine state. Senator Conkling's daring ambition was to defeat Blaine, and he was shrewd enough to see that Minnesota could not be swerved from Blaine save by springing a "favorite son." Mr. Windom was flattered by Conkling's suggestion and the poison spread to his friends, with the result that Minnesota went to Chicago solidly instructed for Windom. At that time Minnesota only had ten delegates to the national convention, and during the four days' balloting the reading clerk would announce in sten-

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"CONSOLATION IN TROUBLE"  
LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Subjoined Text: "And the Lord Brought an East Wind Upon The Land all That Day and all That Night"—Ex 10:20.



THE reference here is not to a cyclone but to the long-continued blowing of the wind from an unhealthy quarter. The north wind is bracing, the south wind is relaxing, but the east wind is irritating and full of threat. Eighteen times does the Bible speak against the East wind. Moses describes the thin ears blasted by the east wind. The Psalmist describes the breaking of the ships of Tarshish by the east wind. The locusts that plagued Egypt were borne in on the east wind. The gourd that sheltered Jonah was shattered by the east wind; and in all the six thousand summers, autumns, winters, springs, of the world's existence the worst wind that ever blew is the east wind. Now, if God would only give us a climate of perpetual nor-wester, how genial and kind and placid and industrious Christians we would all be! But it takes almighty grace to be what we ought to be under the east wind. Under the chilling and wet wing of the east wind the most of the earth's villainies, frauds, outrages, suicides, and murders have been hatched out. I think if you should keep a meteorological history of the days of the year, and put right beside it the criminal record of the country, you would find that those were the best days for public morals which were under the north or west wind, and that those were the worst days for public morals which were under the east wind. The points of the compass have more to do with the world's morals and the church's piety than you have yet suspected. Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander, eminent for learning and for consecration, when asked by one of his students at Princeton whether he always had full assurance of faith, replied, "Yes, except when the wind blows from the east." Dr. Francia, Dictator of Paraguay, when the wind was from the east, made oppressive enactments for the people; but when the weather changed, repented him of the cruelties, repealed the enactments, and was in good humor with all the world.

Before I overtake the main thought of my subject, I want to tell Christian people they ought to be observant of climatical changes. Be on your guard when the wind blows from the east. There are certain styles of temptations that you cannot endure under certain styles of weather. When the wind blows from the east, if you are of a nervous temperament, go not among exasperating people, try not to settle bad debts, do not try to settle old disputes, do not talk with a bigot on religion, do not go among those people who delight in saying irritating things, do not try to collect funds for a charitable institution, do not try to answer an insulting letter. If these things must be done, do them when the wind is from the north, or the south, or the west, but not when the wind is from the east.

You say that men and women ought not to be so sensitive and nervous. I admit it, but I am not talking about what the world ought to be; I am talking about what the world is. While there are persons whose disposition does not seem to be affected by changes in the atmosphere, nine out of every ten are mightily played upon by such influences. O Christian man! under such circumstances do not write hard things against yourself, do not get worried about your fluctuating experience. You are to remember that the barometer in your soul is only answering the barometer of the weather. Instead of sitting down and being discouraged and saying: "I am not a Christian because I don't feel exhilarated," get up and look out of the window and see the weather vane pointing in the wrong quarter, and then say, "Get thee behind me, Satan, thou prince of the power of the air; get out of my house! get out of my heart, thou demon of darkness horsed on the east wind. Away!" However good and great you may be in the Christian life, your soul will never be independent of physical condition. I feel I am uttering a most practical, useful truth here, one that may give relief to a great many Christians who are worried and despondent at times.

Dr. Rush, a monarch in medicine, after curing hundreds of cases of mental depression, himself fell sick and lost his religious hope, and he would not believe his pastor when the pastor told him that his spiritual depression was only a consequence of physical depression. Andrew Fuller, Thomas Scott, William Cowper, Thomas Boston, David Brainerd, Philip Melancthon were mighty men of God, but all of them illustrations of the fact that a man's soul is not independent of his physical health. An eminent physician gave as his opinion that no man ever died a greatly triumphant death whose disease was below the diaphragm. Stackhouse, the learned Christian commentator, says he does not think Saul was insane when David played the harp before him, but it was a hypochondria coming from inflammation of the liver. Oh, how many good people have been mistaken in regard to their religious hope, not taking these things into consideration! The Dean of Carlisle, one of the best men that ever lived, and one of the most useful, sat

down and wrote: "Though I have endeavored to discharge my duty as well as I could, yet sadness and melancholy of heart attack close by and increase upon me. I tell nobody, but I am very much sunk indeed, and I wish I could have the relief of weeping as I used to. My days are exceedingly dark and distressing. In a word, Almighty God seems to hide his face, and I trust the secret hardly to any earthly being. I know not what will become of me. There is doubtless a good deal of bodily affliction mingled with this, but it is not all so. I bless God, however, that I never lose sight of the cross, and though I should die without seeing any personal interest in the Redeemer's merits, I hope that I shall be found at his feet. I will thank you for a word at your leisure. My door is bolted at the time I am writing this, for I am full of tears."

What was the matter with the Dean of Carlisle? Had he got to be a worse man? No. The physician said that the state of his pulse would not warrant his living a minute. Oh, if the east wind affects the spleen, and affects the lungs, and affects the liver, it will affect your immortal soul. Appealing to God for help, brace yourself against these withering blasts and destroying influences, lest that which the Psalmist said broke the ships of Tarshish, shipwreck you.

But notice in my text that the Lord controls the east wind: "The Lord brought the east wind." He brings it for especial purpose; it must sometimes blow from that quarter; the east wind is just as important as the north wind, or the south wind, or the west wind, but not so pleasant. Trial must come. The text does not say you will escape the cutting blast. Whoever did escape it? I was in the pulpit of John Wesley, in London, a pulpit where he stood one day and said: "I have been charged with all the crimes in the catalogue except one—that of drunkenness," and a woman arose in the audience and said: "John, you were drunk last night." So John Wesley passed under the fall. I saw in a foreign journal a report of one of George Whitefield's sermons—a sermon preached a hundred and twenty or thirty years ago. It seemed that the reporter stood to take the sermon, and his chief idea was to caricature it; and these are some of the reportorial interlinings of the sermon of George Whitefield. After calling him by a nickname indicative of a physical defect in the eye, it goes on to say: "Here the preacher clasps his chin on the pulpit cushion. Here he elevates his voice. Here he lowers his voice. Holds his arms extended. Bawls aloud. Stands trembling. Makes a frightful face. Turns up the whites of his eyes. Clasps his hands behind him. Clasps his arms around him, and hugs himself. Roars aloud. Hollas, Jumps, Cries. Changes from crying. Hollas and jumps again." Well, my brother, if that good man went through all that process, in your occupation, in your profession, in your store, in your shop, at the bar, in the sick room, in the editorial chair, somewhere, you will have to go through a similar process; you cannot escape it.

When the French army went down into Egypt under Napoleon, an engineer, in digging for a fortress, came across a tablet which has been called the Rosetta stone. There were inscriptions in three or four languages on that Rosetta stone. Scholars studying out the alphabet of hieroglyphics from that stone were enabled to read ancient inscriptions on monuments and on tombstones. Well, many of the handwritings of God in our life are indecipherable hieroglyphics; we cannot understand them until we take up the Rosetta stone of divine inspiration, and the explanation all comes out, and the mysteries all vanish, and what was before beyond our understanding now is plain in its meaning, as we read, "All things work together for good to those who love God." So we decipher the hieroglyphics. Oh, my friends! have you ever calculated what trouble did for David? It made him the sacred minstrel for all ages. What did trouble do for Joseph? Made him the keeper of the corncribs of Egypt. What did it do for Paul? Made him the great apostle to the Gentiles. What did it do for Samuel Rutherford? Made his invalidism more illustrious than robust health. What did it do for Richard Baxter? Gave him capacity to write of "Saint's Everlasting Rest." What did it do for John Bunyan? Showed him the shining gates of the city. What has it done for you? Since the loss of that child your spirit has been purer. Since the loss of that property, you have found out that earthly investments are insecure. Since you lost your health, you feel as never before a rapt anticipation of eternal release. Trouble has humbled you, has enlarged you, has multiplied your resources, has equipped you, has loosened your grasp from this world and tightened your grip on the next. Oh! bless God for the east wind. It has driven you into the harbor of God's sympathy.

Nothing like trouble to show us that this world is an insufficient portion. Hogarth was about done with life, and he wanted to paint the end of all things. He put on canvas a shattered bottle; a cracked bell; an unstrung harp; a sign-board of a tavern called "The World's End" falling down; a shipwreck; the horses of Phobus lying dead in the clouds; the moon in her last quarter, the world on fire. "One thing more," said Hogarth, "and my picture is done." Then he added the broken palette of a painter. Then he died. But trouble, with hand mightier and more skillful than Hogarth's, pictures the falling, falling, mouldering, dying world. And we want something permanent to lay hold of, and

we grasp with both hands after God, and say, "The Lord is my light, the Lord is my love, the Lord is my fortress, the Lord is my sacrifice, the Lord, the Lord is my God."

Prayer God for your trials. Oh, my Christian friend! keep your spirits up by the power of Christ's Gospel. Do not surrender. Do you not know that when you give up, others will give up? You have courage, and others will have courage. The Romans went into the battle, and by some accident there was an inclination of the standard. The standard upright meant forward march; the inclination of the standard meant surrender. Through the negligence of the man who carried the standard, and the inclination of it, the army surrendered. Oh! let us keep the standard up, whether it be blown down by the east wind, or the north wind, or the south wind. No inclination to surrender. Forward into the conflict.

There is near Bombay a tree that they call the "sorrowing tree," the peculiarity of which is it never puts forth any bloom in the daytime, but in the night puts out all its bloom and all its redolence. And I have to tell you that though Christian character puts forth its sweetest blossom in the darkness of sickness, the darkness of financial distress, the darkness of bereavement, the darkness of death, "weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Across the harsh discords of this world rolls the music of the skies—music that breaks from the lips, music that breaks from the harp and rustles from the palms, music like falling water over rocks, music like wandering winds among leaves, music like carolling birds among forests, music like ocean billows storming the Atlantic beach: "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." I see a great Christian fleet approaching that harbor. Some of the ships come in with sails set and bulwarks knocked away, but still afloat. Nearer and nearer eternal anchorage. Haul away, my lads! haul away! Some of the ships had mighty tonnage, and others were shallops easily lifted of the wind and wave. Some were men-of-war and armed of the chunders of Christian battle, and others were unpretending tugs taking others through the "Narrows," and some were coasters that never ventured out into the deep seas of Christian experience; but they are all coming nearer the wharf—brigantine, galleon, line-of-battle ship, long-boat, pinnace, war-frigate—and as they come into the harbor I find that they are driven by the long, loud, terrific blast of the east wind. It is through much tribulation that you are to enter into the kingdom of God. You have blessed God for the north wind, and blessed him for the south wind, and blessed him for the west wind; can you not in the light of this subject bless him for the east wind?

Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee,  
Even though it be a cross  
That raiseth me,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

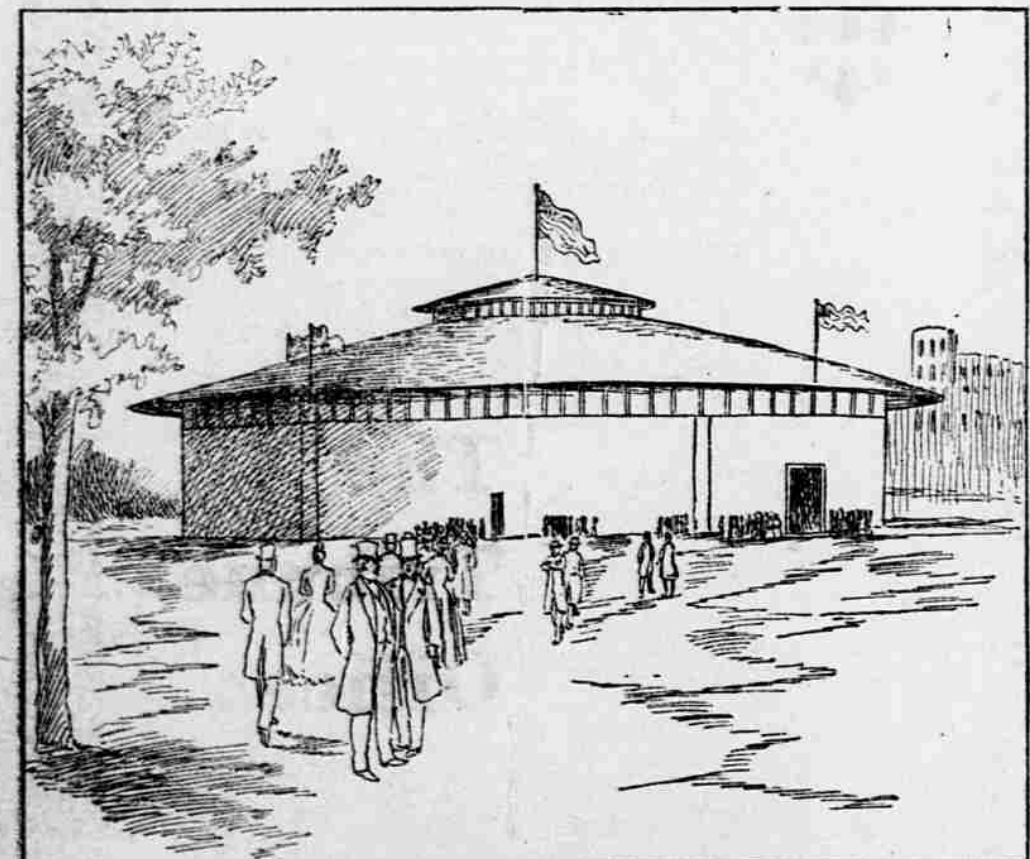
## THE QUESTION OF RELIGION.

Matthew Arnold Criticizes a Brilliant Skeptic.

We find a brilliant mathematician, Prof. Clifford, launching invectives, which, if they were just, would prove either that no religion at all has any right to mankind's regard or that the Christian religion, at all events, has none, says one of Matthew Arnold's letters. He calls Christianity "that awful plague which has destroyed two civilizations and but barely failed to slay such promise of good as is now struggling to live among men." He warns his fellow-men against showing any tenderness to "the slender remnant of a system which has made its red mark on history and still lives to threaten mankind." "The grotesque forms of its intellectual belief," he scornfully adds, by way of finish, "have survived the disorder of its moral teaching." But these are merely the crackling fireworks of youthful paradox. One reads it all, half-sighing, half-smiling, as the declamation of a clever and confident youth, with the hopeless inexperience, irredeemable by any cleverness, of his age.

Only when one is young and headstrong can one thus prefer bravado to experience, can one stand by the Sea of Time, and instead of listening to the solemn and rhythmical beat of its waves, choose to fill the air with one's own whoopings to start the talk. But the mass of plain people near such talk with impatient indignation and flock all the more eagerly to Messrs. Moody and Sankey. They feel that the brilliant free-thinker and revolutionist talks about their religion and yet is all abroad in it—does not know either that or the great facts of human life—and they go to those who know them better. And the plain people are not wrong. Compared with Prof. Clifford, Messrs. Moody and Sankey are masters of the philosophy of history.

Men are not mistaken in thinking that Christianity has done them good, in loving it, in wishing to listen to those who will talk to them about what they love and will talk of it with admiration and gratitude, not contempt and hatred. Christianity is truly, as in "Literature and Dogma" I have called it, "the greatest and happiest stroke ever yet made for human perfection." Men do not err; they are on firm ground of experience when they say that they have practically found Christianity to be something incomparably beneficent. Where they err is in their way of accounting for this and of assigning its causes.



THE FAMOUS WIGWAM CHICAGO.  
(Where Lincoln was nominated in 1860.)

tion in the convention hall. Each section of the hall where individual State delegations are seated, will be connected by telephone with the chairman's desk, that he may easily ascertain the name of every delegate who may claim recognition. The scheme, it is said, will do away with the usual annoyance and worry in

secretary of the National Committee. In states where contesting delegations have been elected the claims of both sides will be heard, and the National Committeeman from the state will give his version of the contest. The sub-committee will decide and instruct the secretary which delegates are entitled to representation.

An Old Loaf.  
The Soar family, of Ambaston, Derbyshire, England, have a curious heirloom in the shape of a loaf of bread that is now over six hundred years old. The founders of the family, it appears, were great friends of King John. When that monarch died he made several land grants to the Soars. One of these tracts, it appears, had always been conveyed with a loaf of bread along with the "writings," and the deed and the loaf are both kept to this day as sacred relics.

Bryton Early—I thought you were going to save so much money by resigning from the club. Minos Coyne—Well, just look how much I'm not in debt.—Life.