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publican press that roused the north to action; the call to arms was made through its columns. In cities and towns the press took up the cry. Even the little city of Plattsburgh of that day had its republican press and six hours after the news of the fall of Sumpter reached the city, the patriotic paper published a call for volunteers, and in answer to that call came the men who formed the first organized company in Nebraska that marched to the front, "company A, first Nebraska regiment," under command of him who sits an honored guest at this banquet tonight—John M. Thayer. [Great cheering.]

The work of the republican press from the time when its party entered into power, is the history of the country for twenty-five years. It has upheld the party and the party representatives in sunshine and in storm.

It has published the way and statehood and nationality have walked therein.

It has fought the common enemy with the vigor of manhood, and the common enemy has snapped and snarled and prophesied vainly to finally come trailing along twenty years behind the times, [laughter] in the path that the republican press blazed through the forests of fruitfulness. The republican press has a grand army of representative men, both dead and living. Following on in a well defined progressive policy, it surrounds itself with progressive men and progressive thought, that imprints upon the future as well as passing events. From the ranks of the republican press the nation has received in public service some of its brightest and strongest men.

There are men in every walk of life who stand alone giants of strength, but it remained to republican journalism to furnish to the world of public life, James G. Blaine, [tremendous cheering] the grandest man in the grandest nation God's sun ever shown upon.

In the wonderful progress of journalism that has produced the climax of prophecy, "Behold a flying scroll," the time has come when nations shall learn war no more, when the arts of peace shall be king and the art preservative of arts shall be prime minister. Public opinion henceforth shall meet armies and depart without bloodshed, and the press that moulds and enforces and speaks for public opinion, is the press that has its mission.

The republican press is as distinct today from the press that draws its inspiration from barbarism, as it has been in the past. In contradiction to a press that is content with public affairs as they have existed in the past, stands the republican press defining the actions that shall be of the future.

The republican press dares today, demand in its platform, that foreign interference with the struggling governments in the western hemisphere, cannot be tolerated, [applause] and the inspiration that came in the Monroe doctrine has been waiting a day of fulfillment that only a republican press, endorsed by a republican press, could make possible for it. Where is not a struggling people today, who look for light and liberty and for freedom from serfdom with its shackles, that make men no better than slaves, but that in the republican press, a power exercised in their behalf, which shall bring to them a harvest time.

Because the republican press moves in the highway of progress, with its face to the front, content not with the glories of previous achievements, but intense in its eagerness for the possibilities of the future, because of this, it has scarcely entered upon its mission and the summit of its power has not yet gleamed in the most distant horizon. And yet there will be a time when the republican press, with the republican party, will walk in the afternoon shadows of an existence; but it will not be so long as there is a cry in the broad earth for freedom, nor so long as there shall be one serf or one exile homeless and friendless. In these latter days of our nation, will be past and forgotten and the children of its wrath will be gathering wild flowers, innocent, that beneath the sod lies those who refused them freedom.

The voice of the bourbon press will be lost, and the world have forgotten that its obstructive policies once blocked the highway.

With the height of human government reached there will be a time for recollection. Every mile along the way those who look backward will see the posts set by the republican press and in one of the brightest spots of the journey there will be a long marble column shining in the sun, right and those who run will read that it was erected in the reign of Grover Cleveland, first and Grover the last—[Great applause] that it was a monument to the progress of good government whose builder was the Young Men's Republican club of Plattsburgh. [Continued applause.]

Mr. Bushnell's address was followed by an excellent toast entitled, "The Grand Army," by

JUDGE H. L. HAYWARD

of Nebraska City, which was as follows: MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE YOUNG MEN'S REPUBLICAN CLUB:

To speak of the Grand Army to young republicans, is a theme and an occasion that should open the lips of the dumb. It is a subject that demands hours, instead of moments. I have been thinking to-night how the republican party must look to you, who only know it in its strong manhood, and of how it looked to us who were boys, thirty years ago. Born and raised among the dough-faced democracy of the north, that cringed before the haughty south, taught that slavery was a divine institution, protected by our constitution, and guarded by the majesty of the law, we felt as we heard our fathers read, "All men are born free and equal," that somewhere there was a great wrong. We looked at the slave following his master through our streets, and said "no, the flag does not float over the land of the free." Our souls were filled with a great discontent, but where could we look for better things? You tonight complain of democratic imbecility, rottenness and fraud; and yet you know that in two years your grand old party can and will brush aside that em-

bodiment of incompetency that calls itself the government. In our time there was no party to whom we could turn. The know-nothings offered nothing and died. The whig party had for ten years been ready for its funeral. From the prairies of Illinois we heard the voice of Lincoln, pleading for better days. In the Empire state the eloquent Seward pointed to a nobler future. From the senate chamber we heard the solemn warning of Sumner. As we looked away to the south we saw old Ossawatimie Brown, holding Virginia in his right hand and Maryland in his left and shaking them until from both there went up a howl of rage and fear which we heard in the Adirondacks! It was the first rebel yell! [Laughter.] Into our lives of discontent came the first platform of the republican party. It was to us all that the star in the east was to the wise men—a hope, a promise of something purer, higher, nobler!

When this young party sent us forth to fight for the republic, it inscribed upon our banner but a single line: "NO MORE SLAVE TERRITORY!" How strange to you would sound our orders: "Go put down the slaveholder's rebellion, but protect slavery; whip but do no injury to the south." To take from a Virginia fence a rail with which to cook his supper or to keep the frost from his limbs, meant to the soldier a night in the guard house. When the master came to our camps hunting his slaves, we were ordered out to help him find and tie them, and saw them taken back to bondage. In summer heat and winter rain, we paced our beat guarding the property of naughty rebels, until it was no wonder the very slaves learned to despise us and said the world was afraid of their masters. Again we were filled with discontent. We could not know that God had written upon our banner, with invisible ink, a grand amendment! As we bore that banner up the Peninsula with McClellan, into the fire of the guns of Seven Pines and Malvern Hill, as we followed Banks through the carnage at Cedar Mountain and held the banner in the storm of death at Second Bull Run, brought out by the fierce heat of the conflict, the writing became visible, and the world read in great letters of living light, God's amendment, "NO MORE SLAVERY, NO MORE SEPARATION, BUT A UNION COY. SOLDIERS, JUST AND FREE." Mr. Lincoln copied that set four millions free. Up to that time we had achieved no great victory; from that hour we sustained no crushing defeat. Flanked at Chancellorsville, the army rallied and a few days later at Gettysburg dealt its enemy a death-blow. Rosecrans was outgeneraled at Chickamauga, but stalwart Thomas held the Army of Tennessee together, until Grant and Sherman led it to victory. When that banner floated over our Army, no threat of foreign powers could intimidate, no rebel army could check its march; "the gates of hell could not prevail against it," for the soldier knew that by his side marched and fought the God of battles. For long years the world looked upon that banner—looked and saw it floating from the walls of Vicksburg; looked and saw it borne by the freedmen before our great president, through the streets of the rebel capital. Blood was water, money was leaves, and human life only common air, until that banner floated over the republic, without a master and without a slave.

A few days ago I listened to the speeches of three rebel officers. With solemn voices they declared that henceforth they could know but "one country and one flag." Every rebel brigadier thanks God that slavery is a thing of the past, and secession in its tomb. In a letter to his son Gen. Lee said, "Secession is nothing but revolution; it is idle to talk of secession." Why did it take four years of war, untold millions of money and the lives of thousands of brave men to teach these men truths so self-evident that in 1861 they were understood and discussed by the boys in every northern school district? The only answer is, that power intoxicates its holders until they lose their reason.

Blind old Homer, who sang by the shores of the Aegean sea thousands of years ago, the wonderful songs that still stand unequalled in all the writings of men, in his history of the travels and toils of wise old Ulysses, that much enduring man, sings of the Goddess Circe, who sat in her island home and, by her songs and beauty attracted admirers to her banquets and by magic drugs placed in their wine, turned them into brutes and with rods drove them forth as wolves and swine. All their nature changed, hair to bristles, hands to brutish feet. In our country, slavery and aristocracy, working together for evil, seem to have been endowed with the power of old Circe. By their baleful influence, men once brave and noble became cruel as hungry lions, doing the bidding of hideous slavery, until they became as changed as Circe's victims. Side by side with savage blood hounds, they followed the track of a fellow-man, and gloried in the horrid chase. In temples of justice they sat upon the highest seat, and after prating about the scales that hung suspended from the eyes of Heaven to detect right from wrong, they gravely announced to a wondering world that man, made in God's own image, was not a being, but a chattel. In legislative halls the Nineteenth century, they enacted that man might buy and sell, whip and starve his fellow-man, and that if the lordly owner desired, he might bring to our northern homes and parade in chains before our very eyes, the victims of their accursed laws. Nay, more than this; it was solemnly declared, and at our expense printed and published, that if the victim, while being dragged in bondage over the free states, felt the inspirations born of purer air, and made a rush for life and liberty, he or she who should aid this poor fugitive by giving him so much as a cup of cold water, should be punished as for crime. To this the people submitted and the law-makers further proclaimed that if in all our north-land, among our free hills and peaceful valleys, the slave-hunter blew his horn, the free men and their sons should forthwith forsake their honest toil and go forth to do for the slave-driver the office of his absent hounds.

They prated of chivalry, but sold to the cotton fields their own flesh and blood, when darkened a shade by their peculiar institutions. They stood before the world infamous, but contented. At last, in God's own time, when He had grown weary of the cry that arose from our burdened land; these monsters, made mad that they might be destroyed, proclaimed that in the free territories, upon the very soil where we now stand, slavery should find a home and landed aristocracy a new stronghold. Their laws were followed by acts. To this territory they brought their human chattels; in the streets of Nebraska City they erected their auction block and sold their slaves. Then when the savagery of the lash, the barbarism of the chain and the insanity of secession confronted the civilization of our country, the question, "Will the great republic defend itself?" trembled on the lips of every lover of mankind.

Then the north, filled with intelligence and wealth—fruits of liberty—marshalled her hosts and from a million happy homes sent forth the Grand Army of the Republic. The soldiers of this army were not seekers after vulgar glory! They were not animated by hope of plunder or the love of conquest—they fought for the "homestead of liberty" and that their children might have peace. They were the defenders of humanity, the destroyers of prejudice, the breakers of chains; and in the name of the future they saluted the monsters of their time. They finished what the soldiers of Wolfe and of the revolution commenced. They relighted the torch that fell from their august hands, and filled the world again with light. They blotted from the statute books laws passed by hypocrites at the instigation of robbers; and tore with indignant hands from the constitution that infamous clause that made men the catchers of their fellow-men. They made it possible for judges to be just and statesmen to be human. They broke the shackles from the limbs of slaves, from the souls of masters, and from the northern brain. They kept our country on the map of the world and our flag in heaven. They rolled the stone from the sepulchre of progress and found therein two angels, clad in shining garments—nationality and liberty. These soldiers were the saviors of the nation. They were the liberators of mankind. In written proclamation of emancipation, Lincoln—greatest of our mighty dead, whose memory is as gentle as the summer air "when reapers sing 'mid gathered sheaves," copied with the pen, what Grant and his brave soldiers wrote with swords. These soldiers, nobler than the Greek, grander than the Roman, with patriotism "shoreless as the air," fought for the nobility of labor, fought that mothers might own their babes, that arrogant idleness should no longer scar the back of patient toil; that our country should not be a many-headed monster of warring states, but a nation sovereign, great and free.

For four years this Titanic struggle between the cavaliers of the past and the round heads of the future went on, our grand old army winning victory from the hands of unwilling fortune, until at last after Sheridan had sent Early up the valley, after brave old Farragut had battered down the walls of Mobile; after Sherman had dug his fiery way to the heart of Georgia and the brave old army of the Potomac, that army hardened and toughened by the blows it had received, until it had the solidity of iron and the elasticity of steel, whose lines would sometimes bend but never broke, had stretched out its left flank and seized in its relentless grasp the heroic army of northern Virginia, the last army of all rebellion, then the work was done; and when the rebel Lee accepted the unconditional surrender of indomitable Grant, the inscription upon our banner became living truth. The glorious record of these soldiers did not end at Appomattox; they were as honest in peace as brave in war. They went home to their waiting wives, to their glad children, and to the girls they loved. They went back to the fields, to the shops and the mines. They had not been demoralized, but they were enabled. Mocking at poverty they made a friend of toil. When the question was asked what the nation pay its debtors; the soldiers said we have saved the nation's life, and what is life without honor; and so they voted, wrought and saved with all of labor's royal sons, until today every promise of the war has the ring of gold. Will all the wounds of the war be healed? I answer yes. The south has submitted not to the will of the north, but to the will of God and the verdict of mankind. They were wrong, and the time has now come when they can say, "They are victors still who are conquered by the right." Freedom conquered them, and freedom will cultivate their feelings, educate their children and people; weave for them robes of wealth and fill their land with happy homes. Already the results of the war have brought to the south a rich harvest; her cities and towns are ringing with the strokes of honest toil; the banks of her streams are lined with busy factories; her valleys are checkered with iron rails and her hillsides dotted with school houses. Half a million Grand Army men died to free the south as well as the north; died to deliver us from the curse that poisoned the blood, rotted the bone, and palsied the brain of the nation.

It is a great thing for a nation in all periods of its fortunes to be able to look back to a race of founders in whom it might see the realized idea of true heroism. That felicity, that pride, that help is ours. Our past, all its great eras; that of settlement, that of independence, and that of regeneration, should compel a wise, moral and glorious future. Those heroic men should not look down on a dwindled posterity. They who keep the graves, bear the names and boast the blood of men in whom the loftiest sense of duty blended itself with the fiercest spirit of liberty, should add to their freedom, justice, integrity, honor, and which freedom, valor and power are but vulgar things. And yet the past nothing—under it, an American citizen at home or abroad, on land or sea, in the shadow of the stars and stripes was protected in his citizenship and guaranteed the exercise of all his civil and political rights. It remembered the debt of gratitude to "heroic living and the unforgetting dead, and gladly gave of the nation's treasure that the old age of the helpless and dependent should at least be free from want.

In the light of this history, why is it

praise, are with the years beyond the flood. "The sleeping and the dead are but as pictures." Yet gazing on these long and intently and often, we may pass into the likeness of the departed; may emulate their labors and partake of their immortality.

The Glee Club of this city, then sang, "The Green Fields of Erin," which was, as is their custom, rendered with surpassing excellency, and for it they were heartily encored, to which they responded with "The Buccaneer's Bride."

The next on the programme was "Democracy and Reform" by

ATTORNEY-GENERAL WM. LEESE

of Lincoln. Mr. Leese hit right and left at the democratic party, and rebuked Judge Bartlett for speaking favorably of such a party. He said the party was simply a sham and had by promising prohibition in the south, whisky in the north, free trade in the west, high tariff in the east, etc., they had succeeded in getting a president. Mr. Leese was greeted with applause throughout his toast.

The next address was entitled "1888" and given by

HON. JOHN M. THURSTON

of Omaha. He spoke as follows:

GENTLEMEN OF THE YOUNG MEN'S REPUBLICAN CLUB:

Eighteen hundred and eighty-eight is the year when the motion of the Democratic party for a new trial will be overruled by the deliberate judgment of the American people. [Applause.]

The cause which will then be finally ended is of ancient origin.

It has been represented on the one side by the Republican and on the other by the Democratic party.

It was first brought into the tribunal of public conscience to determine as to whether or not the institution of human slavery could be maintained upon American soil in the noon of the nineteenth century.

The Bible and the spelling book, assisted by the eloquence of William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, won the first decision in accordance with the law of God.

In 1860 the case was retried at the bar of public opinion.

Championed by Abraham Lincoln the ballot box returned a verdict in favor of the Republican party and the equality of man.

The Democratic party then reformed its issues, and amended its pleadings by asserting that each state could defeat execution of the national judgment by secession from the Union. Ulysses S. Grant and his marching millions, under the apple tree at Appomattox, settled that question forever. [Applause.]

Eighteen hundred and eighty-eight will be known in history as the graveyard of the Democratic party. Thereafter, at stated intervals—on moonlight nights—some of the unquiet ghosts of the departed dead may be seen by observant watchers, but that will be all. In the daylight of intelligence, loyalty and patriotism there will only be seen the grave-stones and the record.

After Appomattox the Democratic party behaved itself pretty well for a while. Like a jointed snake, struck by a club, it was broken into pieces and scattered in a thousand directions. It could not readily reform.

As time went on some of the scattered pieces wiggled together and on various occasions more or less of the same old snake presented itself to public view, but it was many years before there was enough of it to do any harm.

For almost a quarter of a century the Republican party took charge of the nation it had saved.

During this time it administered a government which gave security to its citizens on land and sea.

It maintained its honor and credit at home and abroad.

It freed the slaves and rehabilitated them in the robes of citizenship and equal rights.

It made the declaration of the fathers, "all men are created free and equal," a living truth.

It extended to the conquered South the sympathy of the great, generous, loyal, American heart, and forgetful of the past restored to its people all of the rights, privileges and possibilities they had forfeited by rebellion.

It laid the foundation of future greatness wide and deep.

It re-established the credit of the government and redeemed its every pledge.

It fostered the agricultural interests, and by wise protection multiplied the industries of the people.

It maintained the national honor in every portion of the globe. It redeemed its promises to pay in honest gold, and laid the burden of taxation so that it fell lightest upon those who could least afford to pay.

It opened its doors to the oppressed of every nation.

It made of its vast agricultural territory free homes for the homeless.

It built the great trans-continental railway, opening up its rich domain to settlement and commerce, and bringing the extremes of our country into close and advantageous relations.

It welcomed to our shores all people of whatever birth and gave to all the inestimable blessing of citizenship in a government of the people.

It gradually paid off the great war debt and reduced taxation.

The administration of this great loyal, heroic party was wise, patriotic, economic, nation extended its power abroad and its prosperity at home in an unparalleled degree.

During its labor received its just reward. All industrial and commercial enterprises were fostered and encouraged.

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It was first brought into the tribunal of public conscience to determine as to whether or not the institution of human slavery could be maintained upon American soil in the noon of the nineteenth century.

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