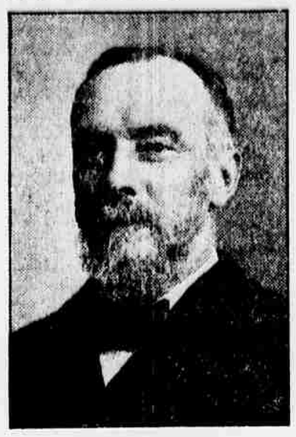
# Sons of the Pilgrims Observe Forefathers' Day.

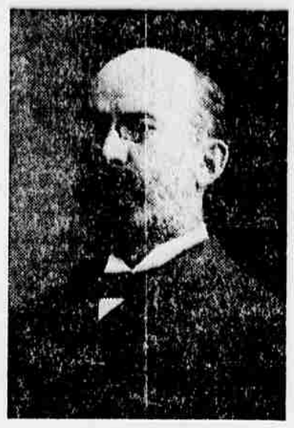
## BRILLIANT DINNER

### Distinguished Assemblage Surrounded the Tables in the Board of Trade Assembly Room.

COLONEL H. M. BOIES, President.



C. H. WELLES, Vice-President.



A. C. FULLER, Treasurer.

H. A. FULLER, Wilkes-Barre.

THE FIFTEENTH annual dinner of the New England society of Northeastern Pennsylvania was held at the board of trade assembly rooms last night. No previous banquet of this society excelled it in any of the features that tend to the success of an affair of this kind, and in many of its features none of the previous banquets could compare.

In the matter of attendance, it was the largest ever held, and the number of new members to sit for the first time with the society was in excess of any previous year.

Comparisons of toast responses is not gracious. Suffice it to mention the speakers. Besides our own forceful and eloquent Colonel Henry M. Boies, who delivered the president's address, there was:

Hon. Charles E. Littlefield, the eminent political orator, statesman and scholar, who succeeded Nelson Dingley in congress and has already achieved a reputation for statecraft that gives promise he will, with Dingley's years, be, at least, not less famed among the nation's big men.

Rev. Joseph H. Twitchell, D. D., of Hartford, Conn., who is regarded as one of the greatest of the living products of Yale and who from among all her nine thousand alumni, was selected to deliver the bi-centennial sermon.

Hon. William U. Hensel, of Lancaster, who was attorney general of Pennsylvania during Governor Pattison's second term and who is regarded very generally as the biggest man Pennsylvania Democracy boasts.

Hon. H. A. Fuller, of Wilkes-Barre, lawyer, orator and wit, whose fame as an after-dinner speaker became so widespread that he had to deny himself to all who sought his company at banquets, so heavy became the demands. Last night was the first time in years he has been heard at a formal dinner.

A prime feature of the recurring New England banquets is the souvenir. Usually it is some tasty embellishment of the programme, generally an artistic allegory and print suggestive of Forefathers' Day, the occasion of the celebration. This year, the fifteenth or Crystal anniversary of the society's formation, the committee hit upon the happy conceit of a cut glass goblet of special design and appropriately decorated. The goblet is of the best Bohemian glass, and the product of the famous Dorflinger works at Honesdale. The gilt decorations were by the Honesdale Decorating company, the only institution of its kind in this country. The design, it is stated, will never be duplicated, and the goblets, in consequence, are worthy of being highly prized as mementos.

## Setting Exquisite.

The setting of the banquet was in exquisite taste. The luxuriously appointed board of trade assembly room never looked prettier. Everything in the rich store of table decorations the Scranton club affords was impressed into service in making the banquet board beautiful, and in augmentation of this was the most unsparing handiwork of the florist.

The mural decorations were mostly of trailing smilax festooned gracefully at the frieze and ropes of evergreen wound about the pillars. To the rear of the president's chair was draped two large American flags, and resting against the wall was a flag on a staff, with which the salute was given.

The tables were arranged in a hollow quadrangle, with two shorter tables at right angles with the end tables, and extending within the enclosure to within a few feet of a richly decorated center table.

The head of the board was the side of the long table farthest from and just opposite the entrance. In the center sat Colonel Henry M. Boies, president of the society and toastmaster. To his right and left, respectively, were seated the following officers, ex-officers, guests and their individual hosts:

Right—Hon. Charles E. Littlefield, Major Everett Warren, Hon. Wm. U. Hensel, Wm. A. Wilcox, ex-Judge Alfred Hand, James H. Torrey, Charles H. Welles, vice president; Dr. Frederick C. Johnson, Colonel George Sanderson, James Henry Fisher, secretary; Arthur C. Fuller, treasurer; James Edward Burr.

Left—Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, D. D., Hon. Henry A. Fuller, Rev. S. C. Logan, D. D., Rev. Dr. James McLeod, Rev. Dr. George E. Guild, Homer Greene, Edward Baker Stanger, Rev. H. F. Y. Pierce, James A. Lansing, George B. Smith, Thomas Henry Atherton, Hendrick E. Paine, historian.

**Other members' guests were: William McClave, J. L. Crawford, James Gardner Sanderson, G. Clark Guild, Dr. W. G. Fulton, J. B. Woolsey, H. R. Kinsley, Rev. I. J. Lansing, D. D., W. D. Zehnder, P. B. Welles, of Scranton; Carl F. Prosch, of Honesdale; S. B. Buckley, of Dunmore; Horace Brewster, of Montrose; Rev. Charles Lee, of Carbondale.**

Members of the society in attendance other than those above mentioned were:

SCRANTON.

John W. Aitken, D. B. Atherton, J. L. Atherton, J. S. McAnulty, Wm. A. Avery, John R. Atherton.

Albert S. Baker, Dr. F. D. Brewster, David Boies, James Blair, jr., A. P. Bedford.

H. H. Coston, A. L. Collins, E. P. Chamberlin, Russell Dimmick, J. Benj. Dimmick, Francis H. Deane.

P. B. French, Frank C. Fuller, Arthur Frothingham, John W. Fowler, Rufus J. Foster, Mortimer B. Fuller.

Dr. L. M. Gates.

S. P. Hull, Colonel F. L. Hitchcock, Dr. G. E. Hill, Sidney R. Henwood, G. B. Hinds, Ralph S. Hull.

Henry M. Ives.

Hon. W. H. Jessup, Cyrus D. Jones.

C. R. Kingsley, William P. Kennedy, Dr. Lucius C. Kennedy.

John S. Luce.

L. F. Megargel, E. L. Merriman, Colonel Charles C. Matter, Roy C. Megargel.

Levi J. Northrup.

W. H. Peck, R. H. Patterson, Dr. A. D. Preston, Harry O. Pond, R. E. Prendergast, Ernest L. Paine, Dr. Welland A. Peck, F. L. Peck.

Charles C. Rose, G. F. Reynolds.

George Sanderson, W. R. Storrs, George B. Smith, Chas. R. Sanderson, Chas. Dudley Sanderson, George S. Sturges, Clarence B. Sturges, James G. Sanderson, James G. Shepherd, Dr. R. M. Stratton, E. T. Sweet.

Frederick K. Tracy, William J. Torrey, Arthur C. Twitchell.

T. C. Von Storch, Hon. Alton A. Vosburg.

O. B. Wright, C. L. Whittemore, C. S. Wadsworth, Dr. Claude W. Walker.

Wilkes-Barre—H. H. Ashley, Charles D. Foster, H. H. Harvey, F. M. Kirby, Oliver A. Parsons, A. A. Sterling, Lewis H. Taylor.

Honesdale—L. M. Atkinson, Thomas B. Clark, Dwight C. Dorflinger, Homer Greene, Frank P. Kimble, Henry Z. Russell, W. F. Snydam, A. T. Searle.

Dunmore—A. D. Blackmore, Robert M. M. Law.

Carbondale—Dr. D. L. Bailey, William J. Hamilton, George S. Kindell.

Pittston—C. C. Bowman, Frederick C. Bennett, William J. Peck, Hon. Theodore Strong.

Jermyn—J. D. Stocker.

Tiffany—John H. Law.

Plains—D. Scott Stark, jr.

## Short Reception.

It was only a little after the appointed hour for the beginning of the feast, 7 o'clock, that all the guests were assembled. A brief reception for introductions being over with, the guests proceeded to the dining room, to the strains of a patriotic march by Bauer's orchestra, headed by President Boies, and the other officers escorting the guests.

The diners being gathered standing about the tables, the orchestra struck up "The Star Spangled Banner," and, led by C. F. Whittemore, the whole assemblage fervently sang the stanza:

Oh thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and foul war's desolation;
Blessed with victory and peace, may the heaven rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation;
Then conquer we must, for our cause, it is just;
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust;"
And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the Land of the free, and the home of the brave;

As the last couplet was being sung Captain D. B. Atherton seized the flag that was resting behind the president's chair and waived it too and fro while all saluted with the regulation military salute.

Rev. Dr. George E. Guild invoked the blessing and then the discussion of the substantials was entered upon.

The serving was done by H. T. Wilkins, the new manager of the Scranton club. It was a very excellent menu and served in a manner that did credit to Mr. Wilkins and his able corps of assistants.

What to some few inconsiderate souls—not New Englanders—is the main feature of the banquet is allowed to speak for itself as appended:

Blue Points.

Green Turtle Soup. Kennebec Salmon.
Celery. Radishes. Pimolas.
Montreal Turkey Stuffed with Chestnuts.
Mashed Potatoes. Onions. Cranberry Sauce.
Sweet Potatoes.
Rasberry Sorbet. Sweet Cider.
Cigarettes.
Oyster Pie. Endive Salad.
Pumpkin Pie. Mince Pie.
Roquefort Cheese.
Ice Cream. Cake. Coffee.
Cigars.

More than two hours was given over to the dining. As it was proceeded with, Bauer's orchestra, in the adjoining reception room, rendered a choice selection of classic and popular music.

"Cigars" being reached, President Boies rapped the assemblage to order and with a few timely prefatory remarks proceeded with the annual address of the president. It was an extremely interesting document, replete with thoughtful paragraphs on appropriate topics and couched in the vigorous, but withal polished language of which Colonel Boies is the master. His eulogies of the members who have died since the last dinner gave every evidence of very careful preparation. The address in full follows:

## President's Address.

Gentlemen of the New England Society of Northeastern Pennsylvania, and Welcome Guests:

Now that we have encircled our souls with this old-fashioned repast, we are as well prepared as we are likely to be for the intellectual entertainment which our efficient committee has provided to beguile the hours of its digestion. Your president will therefore assume the prerogatives and gavel of his high and distinguished office, with an expression of his grateful appreciation of the honor which your predecessor has conferred upon him; and as is customary, endeavor to break up the ice of reserve and constraint which embarrasses this end of the table, so that the illustrious speakers whose names appear upon the cards may have an open sea to launch upon. This icy metaphor of the initiative suggests not only the letting loose of the floods of wit and eloquence, but also the special distinction which dignifies your president upon this crystal anniversary of our society, which I beg to acknowledge with humility, and which the fertile genius of our committee has signalized by these beautiful glasses, the product of one of our esteemed members. Our annual dinner cards have increased in artistic value and ingenuity, with our years, and the larger experience of our committee makes "each future the fruit of all the pasts." They have already become both the records and the monuments of history. Their value, like that of good wine, not only grows with age, so that they are already worth more than they first cost us, but each year adds some novel excellence above all predecessors. I trust we shall be able to get these fragile souvenirs home in safety, and preserve them as successfully as we have their forerunners, and to keep a good watch on our crystals when we take "a little more cider" from them.

Our fifteenth year has shared the general prosperity of our country. Our turkey was as fat, as well cooked, and eaten with as good appetite and cheer as anybody's. We number now—a larger roll than ever before. Our treasury bulges with a surplus of $296.77; corresponding in fit ratio to that of the nation, which our prudent treasurer and our ambitious historian are waging a windy warfare over, like our congressmen over theirs, but you may all possess your souls in peace, and sacrifice no sleep for fear that either they or congress will fail to relieve us of all surpluses.

This year of marvelous national prosperity and boundless hope, in which we have shared with all our fellow citizens, whose last week boons just before us, was shadowed by a shocking national tragedy. Like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky the atrocious murder, by a contemptible fool of an anarchist, of our truly great, wise and patriotic president, the divinely endowed statesman, the leader and true husband, the honest man, and politician, the Captain of unwavering faith, the immortal William McKinley, cast the pall of affliction over all our people. "But being dead, he yet speaketh." Great as was, and is, the services he rendered the nation living, his sublime transition conferred an infinitely richer heritage upon it than even his life. That week of suffering and unfaltering trust in God at Buffalo, did more to check and destroy the growing scepticism and infidelity of the age, and turn the minds of men from materialism to spiritualism, than any event of modern times.

We, likewise, were called to mourn the relentless strokes of the insatiate archer in our own narrow circle.

William Frink, who for many years managed the freight business of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad company at our city so affably and courteously that every business man here came to esteem him as a friend, died Jan. 15, 1901. He was born in Susquehanna county, Feb. 22, 1825. Identified for forty years with the Washburn Street Presbyterian church, he served it faithfully as an elder and trustee for twenty-five. He was always active in all Christian and benevolent work, a good citizen, a true New Englander in the whole motive of his life. His modest and consistent record is a goodly heritage to his family and to us.

On April 1, Theodorus Hart passed to his reward. He was born Sept. 10, 1817, at Athens, Bradford county. At the time of his demise he was postmaster at Pittston, and the owner and editor of the Pittston Gazette, though the columns of which he had impressed his strong personality on a wide circle of readers. He was prominent in county and state politics; had been a member of the legislature; a delegate to the National Republican committee in 1896, which first nominated McKinley, and chairman of the Republican county committee. He was an earnest Christian, an official of the Laverne Baptist church, president of the Young Men's Christian association of Pittston, a director of the Keystone academy at Factoryville. A worthy representative of our society.

Prof. Willard W. Gram was stricken down in the midst of his labors and usefulness, just as he finished reading to a class, the sentence, "Young people, we will have our reward for our fidelity, in the next world." In the High school of which he was principal, May 10, 1901. He was born in Northern New York, in 1836, graduated high in his class at Harvard in 1860, and had devoted himself with zeal and ability to the education of the young—that most important of all employments—for thirty active and successful years, and is now enjoying his immortal reward.

Within the last brief year from our small numbers

"There all have turned the golden key
That opens the palace of Eternity."

Let us rise and drink in respectful silence, the cup of kind remembrance to them, and to all who in former years have gone before from our board. May our annual recollection of their virtues preserve their influence upon their successors.

But, gentlemen, the real intrinsic utility of the New England society, its golden sociological value and province to us, its peculiar heaven and essential function to the American state, is not solely the enjoyment of a yearly meeting and dinner, nor to honor and perpetuate the memory of a noble ancestry, however laudible these ends may be for their descendants, but the preservation of the vital energy of their political and religious principles, which have hitherto shaped the course of our empire. The worship of ancestors has been deemed worthy of adoption as the religion of the four hundred millions of Chinese, but they are content to sleep with their fathers, like Solomon, and derive no inspiration to progress from living with the dead. It is a grave mistake to be buried alive. There is no more truthful adage than this, that every man must lie while he lives, in such a bed as he makes for himself. It is, indeed, a supreme folly to lie down content with our fathers and invite an elusive repose under a muscle of testamentary virtues. The honor of a New England ancestry is not the accident of birth, but the priceless heritage of the strenuous, patriotic, philanthropic, altruistic spirit which has been transmitted from generation to generation by the virile Pilgrim Fathers.

The controlling motive of the commonweal, supreme over every personal and selfish desire, that was the foundation of the commonwealths of New England; that was the inspiration of our declaration of independence; that was the mighty bond of our constitution, the irrepressible and unconquerable power which has made our nation what it is, and which illumines our future. It is not for us, yet, to sleep with our fathers, to sluggishly enjoy the fruit of their toil, their toiling, and sacrifice, but rather to acquit ourselves such living indomitable men as they were; to fan the sacred fire of patriotism till it warms and energizes the hearts of all our rapidly multiplying millions, so that their future may be as secure and blessed as our present, and "the government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." There is no honor in hereditary glory. The impulse of the pilgrim spirit is ever forward. That way only lies our honor.

"The lightning bug is brilliant,
But he hasn't any mind.
He blunders through existence
With his headlight on behind."

Let us ever keep our headlight to the front. There are two reasons why fools do not mind their own business; one is that they have no business; the other, that they have no mind. We have both, for which the Lord be thanked.

The dangers which confront us are the reactions of nature against the luxurious beneficence of our social fruitage. Marvelous prosperity, unparalleled accumulations of wealth, general plenty have generated and cultivated materialism in the heart of spirituality; have kindled the wild fire of selfishness and heedless egoism on the hearth of altruism, and smitten the people with an insane struggle for personal profit, oblivious of the general welfare, and sometimes regardless of private rights. The negative, destructive forces are encroaching upon the positive constructive patriotism of the Pilgrims. Statesmanship and public service are degenerating into a political profession which men study and practice for gain only. Official station is bought and sold according to the value of the patronage it carries.

The most skillful and wealthy manipulator rises to the distinction and power of a "boss," where he maintains his control with a strong and relentless hand on the throttle of his "machine." By a cunning dispensation of rewards and punishments, he gradually substitutes a bigoted worship of the fetich of party, and an insatiate lust for boodle as the inspiration and motive of political activity, in place of that patriotic devotion to the general welfare, which is the birthright and duty of the good citizen. Every political service, from the polls up, he pays for in cash, or place, or promises. He strives to make every officeholder his tool and obedient servant, to run the machinery of government to subserve his own purposes, and to procure the betrayal of public trusts for private gains. Our public assets and interest are exploited and made the prey of political pirates by the corrupt traffics, whom they fool the people into trusting with the power of protecting their property. The political conditions of some sections of our country resemble those of England when individuals were gobbling up their great commons years ago, as bewailed by the bard:

"The law locks up the man or woman
Who steals a goose from off the common,
But lets the greater villian loose
Who steals the common off the goose."

Commercialism in politics is a virus, the progenesis of whose course, unchecked, is certain social death. We were educated sons of New England, in our youth, to scorn pay for public service, as bribery and corruption. Let us bring up our children to scorn to be the hirelings of the politicians. Our birthright is vital to Republican institutions. It is the root of popular sovereignty, the main stem of patriotism. Pennsylvania has the reputation of having sunk to deeper civic degradation than any other state of our Union. Massachusetts of having maintained from the beginning the purest and highest level of political morality.

This, too, notwithstanding that 80 per cent. of the population of Massachusetts is of foreign parentage, while we have only 32 per cent. in Pennsylvania. The most plausible explanation of this to us, disgraceful difference, seems to be found in the opposite spirit which dominated their first settlers and impressed itself upon their institutions and people. William Penn founded the City of Brotherly Love in the quiet, peaceful, quaker principles of non-resistance, which always resignedly submits to every imposition, and lately to the devil's own dance. In Boston the Pilgrim Fathers composed their souls for hanging the Quaker, and trundling objectors too into the harbor. A strenuous, aggressive spirit, intolerant of wrong, combative for right, characterized the New England Puritans who carried their guns to church with them. They did this for a quite different reason than the fourth-of-July orator, when pithily asked by a missionary if her husband was a God-loving man, replied: "I guess so; he never goes out on Sunday without taking his gun along."

What Pennsylvania politics needs today is a purification in the fires of a righteous, Puritan indignation, wrath, and conviction, a courageous assertion of the manhood of the great majority of its people, a renaissance of patriotism.

Another portentous cloud which is swelling in our social firmament as a natural and logical consequence of present conditions, is the tremendous combination and combination of its material and industrial elements. The substitution of consolidation and community of interest and ownership of industrial corporations for competition and commercial warfare is as sound and correct in its commercial and business sense. It not only saves the wastes of war, reduces the cost of production and increases profit, but it decreases the expenses of comfortable living to all the people far below the possibilities of the absolute competitive methods. The Standard Oil Trust supplies the world at one-quarter the price it would have been obliged to pay under former conditions. The railroad consolidations freight on commodities, our meat and flour, at a quarter of the cost which prevailed a few years since. The "Coal Trust" has strained its capacity to the utmost to furnish a twenty per cent. increased consumption without an unusual increase of price.

The stupendous "Steel Trust" is satisfying an unparalleled demand without a restrictive advance in its prices, as are the car building, locomotive building and other great combinations. The stockholders and the consumers are equally profited and benefited by them because they are able to command and secure the highest ability and intelligence for their management; men who recognize and are governed by the law that mutual prosperity is essential to particular success in their enterprises. Such unions give steadiness, impartiality, uniformity, profit and security to business. These are the logical safeguards of the public. They should make "trusts" popular with it instead of diabolical.

Its unprecedented concerning them arise from the opportunities and temptations they offer for the secret, selfish and dishonest manipulation of their enormous properties or their stocks by their officials for the gain of private wealth; the misuse of the power of great capital for political purposes, contrary to the public interests; and the incentive which they constitute for the organization and array of their employes and all the wage earners for self-protection against their overweaning strength. Labor unions seem immediately to assume an attitude of opposition to their employers, which unwise, socialistic or selfish leaders—blind leaders of the blind—soon warp into one of open hostility. The man who earns is taught that the man who pays is his enemy instead of his friend, as he must be of necessity.

The immutable social laws that every member suffers and prospers according to the general conditions of the whole body, the whole body feeling the pain and prosperity of every member; and that a house divided against itself cannot stand, are ignored and violated. When the man who pays makes money, the man who earns of him gets regular and full pay; when the man who pays loses money, the man who earns can only earn less, or nothing. The men who [illegible] know that the more they can give to the many who earn, the more these will buy and spend, and save; the more business there will be; the more money will be gained with which to increase the earnings of the consumers, and so on to the limit. That is the true political economy of the relation between capital and labor, in a nutshell. The despot of the union, on the contrary, denies his fellow citizen work and bread, except as the price of his freedom, and his blind obedience to debasing rules. He puts an iron collar on the neck of skill, ability, enterprise, invention and industry, and yokes them into step with indolence and incapacity. His whole purpose appears to be to reduce the produce and therefore the earnings of labor, of the man who earns as well as the man who pays. Every incentive to excel is rooted out, and the laborer's life is made a weary, hopeless, tread-mill existence.

Strikes to display power, and maintain the office of leaders become frequent, disturb and destroy business, and dry up the sources from which earnings can be paid. Violence and intimidation, dynamite and murder, lawlessness, riot, and the infernal boycott shake the foundations of social order and prosperity. The red flag of communism inscribed "Pull down every one to the level of the lowest" is hoisted where the glorious banner of American liberty has hitherto flashed its inspiration and help to every striving soul to rise to the highest places.

These dangers are no fiction of a fevered imagination. They are real; they are actual; they are serious and imminent. Their threatening portent has already swept into nothingness one-half the salable value of every man's house and property in this lately thriving city, and it is likely, if not dissipated by the immediate united action of every citizen who loves his home and his country, to utterly destroy the hard-earned life-time savings of the thousands of workingmen whose pleasant habitations have advanced us in half a century to the thirty-eighth place among the cities of our country.

This crisis is so serious that it has compelled me to depart from the appropriate lighter vein of an after-dinner speech, and to endeavor to excite your interest in and attention to it. The Sons of New England have never yet failed to respond to the call of patriotic duty. The duty of the hour is a revival of an unselfish, patriotic spirit in the hearts of the people, a return to the first principles of the fathers, a disenthrallment of public sentiment from the corrupting domination of materialism, commercialism and selfishness. These mark the crest of the wave of prosperity. Self-indulgence and luxury lead the decline down the other side, which ends in the valley of national and social destruction. "Noblesse oblige" compels us especially, first of all to see to it that independent, wise, honest and courageous men are elected to public office, who will hold it as a public trust, and not a private opportunity. The inherited spirit of our fathers calls us to action and not repose. The very soil where we live was once theirs and claims its birth rights. The commonweal entrusted to our care commands attention, and protection from commercial politics and communistic anarchy. There is no more sublime satisfaction in human life than that of free, unselfish service to our fellows. Riches and honors, luxury and splendor are ephemeral baubles compared with that immortal joy. It is has long been sung, "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori." How far sweeter to live for one's country. To serve well one's day and generation, to do the duty of the hour without thought of reward, that is the blessing which flows in our blood, the crowning glory and joy of life.

## Drank Two Toasts.

At the conclusion of the president's address, the diners joined in singing two stanzas of "America," to the accompaniment of the orchestra. Then followed the toast "Our Beloved Country and Our President." This was drank in cider from the souvenir goblets, with a "Hip, hip, hurrah!" The customary toast to "Our Deceased Members," was drank standing and in silence.

At this juncture R. J. Foster arose and proposed the sentiment: "The memory of William McKinley, and confusion to all anarchists." The diners arose again to drink to this toast.

Then followed the speechmaking according to the following order, the toastmaster reading the several poetic sentiments attached to each toast at the conclusion of each introduction:

The Original New Englander—
Hon. C. E. Littlefield, M. C.

A new country is never too young for exertion
—Push on—keep moving—go ahead.
—Sam Slick.

Yankee Notions. Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, D. D.

There's many an excellent Saint,
St. George with his dragon and lance;
St. Patrick so jolly and quaint;
St. Vitus the saint of the dance;
St. Dennis the saint of the Goal;
St. Andrew the saint of the Scot;
But Jonathan, youngest of all,
Is the mightiest saint of the lot. —Saxe.

The Pennsylvania Dutch—
Hon. William U. Hensel.

I sing the pilgrim of a softer clime
And nobler speech than those brave men's who brought
To the ice and iron of our winter time
A will as firm, a creed as stern, and wrought
With one nailed hand and with the other fought.
—Whittier.

The Scotch-Irish.....Hon. H. A. Fuller

In this great state of William Penn
There are no nobler braver men
Than the Scotch-Irish Puritan.

L'ENVOY.

Very good in its way
Is the Verzenay,
Or the Sillery sec and creamy,
But Catawba wine
Has a taste more divine,
More dulcet, delicious and dreamy.
—Longfellow.

## Men of Renown.

In the case of all four speakers who responded to toasts their reputations had preceded them, and most of the auditors had at one time or another heard each of them. Congressman Littlefield, it will be remembered, delivered the principal address at the big mass meeting in the armory during the last presidential campaign. Rev. Mr. Twichell was heard here at a New England banquet, six years ago. Mr. Hensel and Mr. Fuller being neighbors, had been heard on several occasions by many of the diners.

These facts coupled with the happy introductions of Colonel Boies, resulted in each of the speakers being given a big ovation as he rose to respond. Each, too, was enthusiastically applauded as he proceeded with his speech and in each case the speech was followed by hearty, genuine applause that must have been very gratifying to the speakers.

"The Original New Englander" proved a happy theme for Congressman Littlefield.

"The heroism, courage, patriotism, religious zeal of our Pilgrim forefathers," he went on to say, "has always been and always will be a most absorbing and interesting topic to us, their children and to the 76,000,000 people who now enjoy the fruits of their planting.

"As told in Governor Bradford's history they went first, in 1608 to "ye low countries," where they heard there was religious freedom. When they left England, it was 400 years after the magna charta had been signed at Runnymede. It was when there was no liberty of thought in England not attended by a slit nose, a cropped ear or a felon's cell. They staid in Holland twelve years. Such distresses did they suffer that some of them were willing to return to England. Still seeking religious liberty they resolved to go to America. After a day of prayer and humiliation they embarked in the 'Speedwell.' The hazzards they undertook, the perils they faced and the hardships they endured are pathetic to contemplate.

"When they first started for Holland they declared for religious freedom. Leaving Holland for America they avowed they were content to be mere stepping stones to the culmination of their idea. The constitution written in the cabin of the Mayflower, the most important political transaction on earth, as Senator Hoar has declared, had religious freedom for its corner stone. In the compact with the New Haven and Massachusetts colonies, religious freedom was declared to be the main purpose of their colonization. These two instruments were the foundations of our forefathers' law. The Pilgrims formed our present government. And yet there are those who will say to us 'where is the God in your constitution'?

"In 1637, on the Thames, were seven vessels ready to start for the new world. An order was issued against their sailing. Later they did sail and carried all of their original passengers except three. Two of these three were John Hampton and Oliver Cromwell. Charles would not have interdicted the sailing of those ships if he could have foreseen that they would have carried with them the scaffold on which he lost his head. It is scarcely possible to even suggest what would not have happened in England and what would have happened in America had those two men not left the ships.

"The Pilgrims builded better than they knew. The experience of more than two centuries has demonstrated beyond peradventure that a Divine wisdom inspired them. They made liberty the corner-stone of their government, but they also prescribed constitutional limitations; they averred that a government that is not a government based on law is a despotism. A government that is not a government of laws is a government of men. The pilgrim of the Pilgrims was a landmark in the progress of civilization."

## Eulogy of Pilgrims.

Rev. Mr. Twichell's address was also a glowing eulogy of the Pilgrim fathers. One of the first thoughts he developed was that not only did the New Englander exert a vast influence on America but also on old England, and consequently on the whole world. He said, in part:

"The subject of the Pilgrim forefathers is one that forbids frivolity and invites to sober thought. What reverence can equal their just merits! What praise can encompass their heroic deeds! How nobly, and with what self-sacrifice, they stood by the flickering light of their imperishable truths! How richly and speedily fruitful was the seed by them sown!

"It is said that 'Westward, the star of empire takes its way.' The first vital power to be exerted from New England moved eastward. Behold that colony in its infancy—if, indeed, it had an infancy. A Hercules in the cradle, it stretched forth a succoring hand across the seas to the new English commonwealth. Mason's life of Milton tells that seventeen New Englanders were prominent and potent in England at that time. Palfrey says: 'They performed parts of consequence.' New Englanders were on Marsden Moor and Naseby. The emigration to the west ever since that time has not been so great a factor in the world's uplifting as was the propagation eastwardly of New England ideas.

"The forefathers were a power on earth from the start. They had a masterful quality of mind and spirit. They believed it was the property of man to have opinions and stand by them; to have convictions and live up to them. They knew what they thought. Their's was a creed of things they didn't doubt. This constitutes their feature. This made them fruitful to all generations.

"It has been said our forefathers were not literary. They were not literary, but they were apt when they spoke to make themselves understood. They spared people the trouble of guessing what they were driving at.

"As declared by Archbishop Hughes, a Roman Catholic, in New York, in 1852, speaking of the New England forefathers: 'Next to religion, they prized education.' It was because of their desire to be able to the better defend their convictions that they valued education so highly."

Rev. Mr. Twichell's conclusion was a happy one. After commenting for a time on those who are fond of spying out blemishes of the New Englander, he declared: "It is the saints who are always in the wrong. Long may New England be such as to make her an object to find fault with, and such she will be as long as she is true to her principles, as long as her patriotism springs from a consciousness of right that springs from a consciousness of duty. 'Man liveth not by bread alone,' but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

## Pennsylvania Dutch.

Toastmaster Boies introduced former Attorney General William U. Hensel, the next speaker, as one of the greatest citizens of the state, "even though he is a Democrat," as he added.

Mr. Hensel responded to the toast "The Pennsylvania Dutch," and explained in beginning his remarks that he believed the returns of the last election in Lackawanna and Luzerne counties justified him in being proud to be able to say "I am a Democrat." After telling a few stories that set the gathering into roars of laughter, he had something to say about Pennsylvania's needs.

"What Pennsylvania needs most of all," said he, "is a better understanding of her own history, a greater unity of feeling and more state pride. And what has stood in the way of these things? Perhaps it is what is, by a strange paradox, her proudest boast, namely, the development of her magnificent natural resources.

"I venture that there are very few in this gathering tonight who have a comprehensive knowledge of the settlement of this state over two hundred years ago by the men whom some are wont to sneer at today—the Pennsylvania Dutchman. Perhaps it will surprise many of you to know that one-third of the original stock of this commonwealth were Dutchmen.

"Behind these sturdy Dutchmen, as behind the Pilgrim Fathers, burned the fires of religious persecution. Like the Pilgrims, too, they brought with them the spirit of religious toleration, with the difference, if you will pardon me for saying it, that, whereas the Puritans insisted upon their right to worship God in their own way, they also insisted upon everybody else worshipping in that same way, the Pennsylvania Dutchman so tolerated other denominations that no less than thirty-six sects arose in one-quarter of a century.

"The Pennsylvania Dutchman is essentially a farmer and his tenacity for land has been such that he has not only kept the land of his forefathers but has also taken most all the land of the Scotch-Irish and has made one county in this state the greatest agricultural tract in these broad United States. That, gentlemen, stands for something. It stands for stability and steadfastness of purpose and it stands for industry.

"Deep down under the apparent uncouthness of the Pennsylvania Dutchman lies a vein of sentiment, sweet and beautiful. Some day there will arise among these plain set people a poet or romancer, who will do for the Pennsylvania Dutch what Mary Wilkins has done for New England, what George W. Cable has done for Louisiana and what James Grant Allen has done for Kentucky. There is no such virgin field in imaginative literature.

"The history of Peansylvania, my friends, is as yet unwritten. The Pennsylvania German society is at present doing an historical work in the compilation of the history of the Dutch in this state that for completeness, and accuracy is unequalled. Let local societies like yours and like the one I have just mentioned continue in this work of compiling the history of this grand old commonwealth of ours and some day some master hand will weave the story all together. Thus can state pride be cultivated and unity of action, of thought and of feeling become a reality.

"As Peansylvanians we concede intellectual and literary leadership to New England. But, gentlemen, though there is a divine decree that man shall not live by bread alone, there is also an unwritten decree that he cannot live without bread. I want to tell you that pig iron plays as important a part in the progress of the world as poetry.

"Here on the very walls of this room are emblazoned the things which stand for Pennsylvania's greatness, agriculture, mining, industry, manufactures, electricity, transportation, and commerce. When the story of Pennsylvania is written I venture to say that these things which have turned the balance of the world's trade in our favor will be accorded an equal place with the dramas of Shakespeare and Sheridan or the beautiful verses of Shelley or of Keats.

"Let us ever be Pennsylvanians for Pennsylvania. Pennsylvanians in Scranton or Lancaster, Pennsylvanians in Pittsburg or Philadelphia, always for Pennsylvania, but while for Pennsylvania, all for that country, which stands among the nations the brightest beyond compare."

## The Scotch-Irish.

The concluding toast of the evening was "The Scotch-Irish, which drew forth the following response from At-

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