"DEWEY DAY" IN WHEELING GREATEST OF ALL EVENTS

In the History of the City, Has Come and Gone, and Although the Weather Was at Its Worst

THE CELEBRATION WAS A HUMMER THROUGHOUT,

And the 25,000 Visitors and the Home Folks Enjoyed the Day's Doings to the Utmost—The Parade Was Cut Down by the Rain and Snow, but 2,500 Marchers Turned Out—The Admiral and Lieutenant Doddridge Received a Continuous Ovation Along the Line of March—In the Evening the Lieutenant Was Banqueted at the McLure by the Sons of the Revolution—The Admiral and Party Left for Washington at Midnight—The Closing Scenes.

"Dewey Day" has come and gone, and although the weather was of as poor a quality as the forecasters could possibly have furnished, it can be said that the occasion was the greatest and grandest in the history of the city of Wheeling. It is estimated that between 20,000 and 25,000 strangers were in the city. Wednesday night fully 5,000 had come, and the trains yesterday morning brought thousands upon thousands more—they came from all parts of the tri-state radius, on trains special and regular. The electric roads were unable to handle the traffic that was offered them, and from the near-by towns hundreds showed their patriotism by walking to town, while hundreds of others from the country-side drove in. And all of this despite the weather.

During the early hours Thursday morning the rain continued to fall heavily. It continued through the morning, and in the afternoon turned to a wet snow that was as disagreeable as the rain. The weather conditions were a great disappointment to the "Dewey Day" committees, and to the thousands who had assembled to do honor to the Nation's Hero, but the situation was faced with the best grace that could be summoned, and the demonstration that followed was one that did credit to the city.

The opening function was the parade, and it was certainly creditable under the circumstances. At noon an order was issued, declaring this feature of the celebration off, but owing to the demands from the out-of-town bodies that had come especially for the street demonstration, Grand Marshal White was induced to rescind his order, and issue another, calling the parade for 2:30 in the afternoon. Of course this created considerable confusion, and scores of organizations that had entered for the parade were not in line. Notwithstanding all this, 2,500 persons were in line, and marched through a blinding snow storm, with Admiral Dewey and Lieutenants Doddridge and Caldwell occupying carriages. Under the circumstances, the Wheeling people can congratulate themselves that the admiral consented to face such weather.

After the parade came the speaking in the Carroll Club auditorium, where a crowd that filled the hall had assembled. Admission, of course, was by ticket, and not one-fiftieth of the people could witness the exercises. The enthusiasm manifested here was remarkable, and appealed powerfully to the admiral and Lieutenant Doddridge, who were its recipients. The scene enacted when Admiral Dewey handed the Intelligencer sword to the young lieutenant was one that will be remembered by all who were fortunate enough to be present.

After the speaking, Admiral Dewey retired to his car, and, as events turned out, this was his last public appearance in Wheeling. He had accepted an invitation to be the guest of honor, with Lieutenant Doddridge, at the annual dinner of the Society of the Sons of the Revolution, of West Virginia, but he declined to attend this function, owing to the fatigue of the day he had gone through. He feared the crush he would encounter in the journey to the hotel and at the hotel, and at 9:30 o'clock he retired for the night.

In the morning the admiral visited the Loan Exhibition, and of course there was a great crush. The visit of the admiral is described in another column.

All the outgoing trains last night were filled with departing "Dewey Day" visitors, and although all of them expressed their disappointment, still it was conceded that Wheeling had battled exceedingly well under very trying circumstances. It was generally agreed that, had the weather been good, everything would have come off like clock-work, and that the number of visitors would have been fully 50,000 instead of 25,000. Many of the visitors remained in town over night, and all the hotels were packed.

A BRILLIANT SPECTACLE

Was the Parade, Despite the Most Adverse Weather Conditions—It Was Viewed by Thousands—Umbrellas Were a Side Feature.

The parade, over whose arrangements Grand Marshal White and his able assistants had spent many an hour, and to which thousands had looked forward to for weeks in the fondest expectancy, was given under conditions as adverse as the weather bureau at Washington could furnish. The rain, which began falling on Wednesday, continued almost without interval until yesterday morning, when it was succeeded by snow of a decidedly disheartening character, which kept up with more or less force until after the demonstration was over, letting up then as if to mock the hosts of visitors and the entire population of Wheeling.

Good weather had been prayed for by all concerned, and this includes every man, woman and child for many miles around. When the rain came on Wednesday night there was still hope in the morrow, a liberal interpretation of the weather indications inspiring this hope, but it gave way to gloom of the densest calibre as the sunless canopy above turned loose its snow spouts shortly before noon and from that until the parade was a thing of the past, the old town was showered with the unwelcome flakes. Had it been an ordinary snow, there would have been less cause for protest, but it was of the soft, slushy kind, threatening pneumonia to the paraders and forming an almost impenetrable veil to the spectators.

It was a sad blow to the committee, and to the community in general, and also to the citizens of surrounding towns in the tri-state radius who had been attracted here by the promised spectacle, in which the Hero of Manila was to be the central figure. The weeping of the elements caused many a heartache and sigh of disappointment, and throughout it all, the yards of flag and bunting shed crimson tears, so to speak.

Off; Then On Again.

In the face of the rain and snow the prospects for the parade were slim, and at noon Grand Marshal White, after consultation with his staff, decided to abandon it. Later a consultation was held with Admiral Dewey, who was told that his pleasure in the matter was entertained, and the admiral replied that he was willing and agreeable to appearing, snow or sun, if it was the wish of the people. So then the announcement was made that the parade would take place at 2 o'clock, an hour later than the time originally set. This decision was communicated to an anxious public by bulletins posted at the newspaper offices, and was hailed with delight, for the previous announcement that the parade would be called off was particularly depressing to the thousands that had stood, some of them for hours out in the rain and the snow, so as to command a good view of the passing pageant.

Naturally some confusion followed in the efforts to effect the formation of the column, by reason of the changed hour for assembling, and several organizations got lost in the shuffle, though the fault was chargeable to no source other than the weather, as had all been notified, but the enthusiasm had been drenched out of these bodies and they scattered into fragments.

At 2:35 o'clock Grand Marshal White had his forces in shape and they moved off in a most creditable array, undaunted by distressing weather conditions and determined to do honor to the city's distinguished guests. The starting point was the corner of Twelfth and Chapline streets, thence the column moved down Twelfth and along Market to Twenty-second, to Chapline, to Twenty-seventh, to Main, to Seventh, to Market, to Twelfth, to Chapline, to the Carroll Club, where it disbanded, the latter point being reached about 4 o'clock. It moved in the following order:

Platoon of Police.
Chief Marshal White and Staff.
Opera House Band.
Linsly Institute Cadets.
Escort of Linsly Cadets.
Linsly Cadet carrying Admiral's Pennant.
Admiral Dewey, Governor Atkinson and T. M. Garvin, in carriage, drawn by four horses.
Meister's Band.
Lieutenant Doddridge, Mayor Sweeney and John Waterhouse, in carriage, drawn by four horses.
Governor Atkinson's Staff, in carriages.
Carriages containing members of the city council, board of education, board of county commissioners and city and county officials.
G. A. R. Drum Corps.
Holliday Post, G. A. R.
Stephens Post, G. A. R.
Caldwell Post, G. A. R., of Moundsville.
Drum Corps.
Doddridge Cadets.
Wheeling High School.
Clay School, with Drum Corps.
Mayer's Band.
Company G., of "Immunes."
Company A., West Virginia National Guard.
Company D., Second West Virginia.
Summerfield Company, Seventh Ohio.
Grand Army Band, of Canton.
Couer de Leon Company, No. 1, U. R., Knights of Pythias.
Bernard Shanley Company, No. 29, U. R., Knights of Pythias.
James T. McGee Company, No. 31, U. R., Knights of Pythias.
Battery A., U. R., Knights of Pythias, Visiting Brass Band.
Bellaire Company, U. R., Knights of Pythias.
Canton Company, U. R., Knights of Pythias.
Manley's Band, of Bellaire.
Knights of St. George.
Heatherington's Band, of Bellaire.
Knights of St. John from Wheeling, Parkersburg, Mannington, Benwood, Wellsburg and Bellaire.
Hackett's Band, of Bellaire.
A. O. H. of Wheeling and Benwood.
Carrolton, Ohio, Band.
German Societies of Wheeling and Martin's Ferry.
Summers' Band.
Sr. O. U. A. M. Councils.
Brass Band.
Jr. O. U. A. M. Councils of Wheeling.
Mechanics' Band, of Bellaire.
Six boys dressed as Uncle Sam, carrying large American flag.
Wheeling Co., Uniform Rank, Jr. O. U. A. M.
Drum Corps.
Rock Council Jr. O. U. A. M. of Rosby's Rock.
Grand Opera House Band.
Shield of Honor Division, embracing Zane, Wheeling and Fort Henry Lodges.
Cavalry Division, numbering about seventy-five Ohio county horsemen.

Thousands Witness It.

Many thousands of people witnessed the parade, and they were deeply massed all along the line of march. In braving the unpropitious elements they suffered nearly as much as the marchers. Fortunate were those who enjoyed shelter, for window spaces were at a premium. In comparison to the main body of spectators, these individuals were a small drop in the bucket. The great army of the unterrified had no other shelter than that afforded by their umbrellas, and such an array of rain-protectors was never seen in this city before. Umbrellas to the front, to the rear, and to the right and left—it was a case of umbrellas everywhere.

The crowd that first gathered on the streets was thinned considerably by the time the parade started, but at that, it was the largest that ever looked on a street demonstration in Wheeling, which is saying a great deal, and it was enthusiastic to the limit. Cheers and wild applause greeted the admiral and Lieutenant Doddridge, while the old soldiers and volunteers came in for no small share of popular acclaim, and the friends of each organization gave it the glad hand as it passed in review.

Unfortunately, the admiral's carriage was a closed conveyance, and only a small proportion of the crowds on the street caught a full view of the greatest sea-fighter of modern times. This was another result of the unfavorable day, and the regret was softened by a philosophical summary of the situation, for the crowd was eminently a good-natured one. Lieutenant Doddridge sat in a carriage, whose windows were down, and he was recognised in full uniform without difficulty. He was kept bowing to the incessant plaudits and his open countenance and manifest modesty endeared him still closer to his townsmen. He bore in his hands a large and handsome floral bouquet, the gift of admirers. The sight of the admiral's carriage was the signal always for spontaneous cheering, and he responded graciously by lifting his hat or a wave of his hand.

It was a brilliant spectacle, and is deserving of all the more credit when it is realized what handicaps were suffered. Business houses and residences along the route were bathed and swathed in color, in a system of unparalelled decorations in West Virginia. The street arches, trimmed with green pine, were illuminated and formed a pleasing contrast to the snow-covered rooves, and under them passed the uniformed marching hosts and bands of music, above and all around were flags and tons of national bunting, and to either side were the long lines of significant umbrellas. The arrangements were perfect, but the weather was not, and thereby hangs the tale. The parade was, therefore, all the more to be praised, and it stands as a glittering testimonial to all who assisted in making it such a success.

LAST NIGHT'S BANQUET

It Was a Brilliant Affair, Sons of the Revolution Having Daughters of the Revolution as Their Guests. Lieut. Doddridge's Speech.

The last feature of the "Dewey Day" celebration was the annual dinner of the West Virginia Society of the Sons of the Revolution in the evening at the McLure, at which Lieutenant John Sehon Doddridge was the guest of honor, with the members of the Daughters of the Revolution also honor guests. Admiral Dewey was expected, having accepted the invitation to be a guest of honor last November, but he sent his regrets by the committee that had been detailed to escort him to the hotel, making the plea of over-exertion during the day. This was received, of course, with regret.

General Alfred Caldwell acted as toastmaster. The opening feature was the presentation of a Sons of the Revolution flag, and two American flags to the society as a stand of colors by President C. W. Brockunier. General Caldwell accepted, on behalf of the Sons, in an eloquent five-minute speech filled with patriotic sentiment.

The menu discussed was as follows:

Blue Points.
Deviled Olives. Pickled Mangoes.
Celery.
Green Sea Turtle, au Madere.
Solera Admirable Sherry.
Planked Potomac River Shad, a la maitre d'Hotel.
Pommes Croquettes.
Sweetbread Patties, in Cases.
Brandy Punch, a la Cerises.
Broiled Quail on Toast.
Asparagus Tips.
Pontet Canet Claret.
Filet de Boeuf Pique, aux Champignons.
Cliquot Champagni.
Chicken Salad, escarole de tomato.
Individaul Ices. Fancy Cakes.
Cafe Noir. Cognac Pony.

The first toast on the programme was "Our Guest," responded to by Mr. A. P. Tallman, of Pleasant Valley, who did himself proud.

"The Ladies" was responded by by Prof. Brown, of the West Virginia university.

Dr. Sooy's Response.

Rev. J. L. Sooy, of the Fourth Street church, responded to the toast, "The Clergy and the American Revolution." He said:

Humanity hungers for heroes, and happy the nation that can bring up its children and youth in the memory of the noblest heroic deeds of patriots and poets, of sages and statesmen and martyrs. Sir Walter Scott describes Old Mortality—the leading character in his famous book—as going through the cemeteries of Scotland, chiseling anew upon the tombstones the names that years and time had well nigh obliterated. When asked to explain his zeal for the memory of these worthies the old men replied that he wished to see the heroes of yesterday march forward side by side with the youth of to-day. That nation suffers a great calamity whose children and youth have separated themselves from yesterday's battle fields and victories, and have forgotten to celebrate the statesmen, the sages and the fathers from whom we have received our priceless heritage.

Among the heroes of the American revolution none espoused the cause of freedom with greater fearlessness and energy than the clergy of that day. It is an incontrovertible fact that the fervid Puritanism of the pulpits of New England had a very important bearing upon the character of that struggle. When forebearance on the part of the colonies was no longer a virtue, they turned their backs upon Great Britain and prepared for war. In this movement Massachusetts took the lead. The Provincial Congress called upon the clergy to preach liberty from their pulpits, and most hearty were the responses. The sermons of such men as Jonathan Mahew, Andrew Eliot, Samuel Cooper, Charles Chauncey and Mather Byles did much to stimulate resistance. These men were not only strong frineds and advisers of the political leaders, but were themselves often political leaders, foremost in all public meetings and active in private. It should be so to-day. The minister must not forget that he is a citizen as well as a preacher, and that he has certain civic responsibilities which must not be overlooked. In those days political preaching was almost universal. The few clergymen who abstained from introducing politics into the pulpit were looked upon with great suspicion or dislike.

Unceasingly Active.

Not only was this true of the New England clergy, but throughout all the colonies the great body of the clergy were unceasingly active in promoting hostility to the rulers. They fearlessly proclaimed from the pulpit the principles of liberty. They wrestled in prayer for their country, and I reverently believe they prevailed with Him who holds the destiny of the nations in His hand. Public meetings were held in the various churches; proclamations were read from the pulpits; fast days were held, which intensified and consecrated the spirit of resistance and gave a semi-religious tone to the whole movement. The minutemen were drilled in the various towns—the deacon of the parish was often elected captain and the minister his lieutenant. And the company, after its field exercises, would repair to the meeting house to hear a patriotic sermon.

Some of the ministers, like Dr. John Witherspoon, president of Princeton college, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, gave their wise counsels and espoused the cause of freedom with great energy in our legislative halls. Others accompanied their parishioners to the field of battle. Some went as chaplains, like Dr. John Woodhull and Dr. James Caldwell, of New Jersey. The latter suffered almost everything for the cause he espoused. Toward the close of the war his church was burned and his wife murdered by the enemy. In the old historic burial ground of the First Presbyterian church, on Broad street, Elizabeth, N. J., where repose the remains of many distinguished men of the revolution, stands the monument erected to the memory of Rev. James Caldwell and his wife, citizens of Elizabethtown.

Others still, like Parson Allen, of Pittsfield, better known as the bellicose parson, led their parishioners and were found in the fiercest of the fight. Allen's bellicose ardor was of the most glowing kind, as was shown at the battle of Bennington Heights. Before daylight and while rain was yet falling, the impatient shepherd, who had many of his flock with him, went to General Stark and said: "General, the people of Berkshire have often been summoned to the field without being allowed to fight, and if you do not now give them a chance we have resolved never to turn out again." "Well," said Stark, "do you wish to march now, while it is dark and raining?" "No, not just this minute," replied Allen. "Then," said the general, "if the Lord will once more give us sunshine, and I do not give you fighting enough, I'll never ask you to come out again." Sunshine came with the morrow, and "fighting enough" was also given the parson and his men. The fight, as Stark described in his official account, "lasted two hours, and was the hottest I ever saw. It was like one continued clap of thunder."

Courage of the Clergy.

The heroic courage of the clergy on the field of battle was not excelled by that of any other class of men. I am reminded of the Rev. Dr. Daggett, at one time president of Yale college, who, when wounded and made prisoner, and his captors were cruelly piercing him with bayonets, was asked, if released, would he again take up arms against them, and he replied: "I rather believe I shall if I get an opportunity." Such heroism was only equalled by the sacrifices of many who did not go to the front. I recall the experiences of Rev. David Caldwell, of North Carolina—one of the most ardent Whigs from the time of the Regulator movement. During the war, this pure patriot and his family were great sufferers for "conscience sake." Cornwallis ordered everything destroyed but the buildings on the plantation of Dr. Caldwell. "Every parcel of fence on the premises was burned; every article of provisions was consumed or carried away; every living thing was destroyed, except one old goose; and nearly every square rod of ground was penetrated with iron ramrods, in search of hidden treasure." By command of the officers, the doctor's valuable library and papers—even the family Bible—were burned in an oven near the house. Thus the clergy of those days were frequently made the special objects of assault—they being held responsible largely for much of the resistance that was inspired into the people. But the ardor of their patriotism and the heroism of their devotion to the cause of freedom never faltered.

Some of these men of God rose to high rank and great honor in the service of their country. Who does not recall the name of John Peter Muhlenberg — a Lutheran minister of Woodstock, Va? In 1774 he was chairman of the committee of safety in his county, and was also elected a member of the house of burgesses. In 1775, his ardent patriotism and military spirit induced him, at the solicitation of General Washington, with whom he was on the most intimate terms, to accept a colonel's commission in the army. It is said that after he had received his appointment he preached a valedictory to his congregation, in the course of which he eloquently depicted the wrongs our country had suffered from Great Britain, and then said that, in the language of Holy Writ, "there was a time for all things; a time to preach and a time to pray," and then, in a loud voice that echoed like a trumpet through the church, he said: "but there is also a time to fight, and that time has now come!" Then, pronouncing the benediction, he deliberately laid aside his sacerdotal gown, and stood before his flock in the full regimental dress of a Virginia colonel. Proceeding to the door of the church he ordered the drums to beat for recruits, and almost his entire male audience, capable of bearing arms, enlisted under his banner that day. In 1777 Congress promoted him to the rank of brigadier-general, and he was with Washington in all his movements till 1779, including the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, the sufferings of White Marsh and Valley Forge, and the dangers and responsibilities of Monmouth, Stony Point and Yorktown. At the close of the war, before the army disbanded, he was promoted to the rank of major-general, and he afterwards rose to high positions of honorable trust in the gift of a grateful nation.

Influence of the Pulpits.

Much has been said of the influence of the pulpits of that day in stimulating the patriotism of the people. Too much credit cannot be given to the character and inspiration of the discourses which the private soldiers received from the lips of their chaplains in the field. Take an example of the kind of preaching they listened to. The Rev. David Jones, General Wayne's chaplain, while on duty with Col. St. Clair at Ticonderoga in October, 1776, when the enemy was hourly expected from Crown Point, delivered that characteristic discourse to his regiment that has come down through history. Let me give you an item or two from that sermon. After setting forth the merits of the struggle, he proceeded somewhat after the manner of Holy Writ:

"Blessed be that man who is possessed of true love of liberty, and let all the people say Amen.

"Blessed be that man who is a friend to the United States of American; and let all the people say, Amen.

"Blessed be that man who is resolved never to submit to Great Britain; and let all the people say, Amen.

"Blessed be that man who in the present dispute esteems not his life too good to fall a sacrifice in defense of his country; and let all the people say, Amen.

"On the other hand, as far as is consistent with the Holy Scriptures, let all these blessings be turned into curses to him who deserts the noble cause in which we are engaged, and turns his back to the enemy before he receives proper orders to retreat, and let all the soldiers say, Amen.

"Let him be abhorred by all the United States of America. Let him be accursed in his outgoing, and cursed in his incoming; cursed in his lying down and cursed in his uprising; cursed in basket and cursed in store. Let him be cursed in all his connections, till his wretched head with dishonor is laid low in the dust; and let all the soldiers say, Amen."

The man who preached that sermon was so active in the cause of freedom that a reward was offered for him by General Howe, and a detachment was sent to the Great Valley, on one occasion to arrest him.

Under such sermons, American soldiers did not go to sleep. Neither did the enemy. When the American army entered Philadelphia in June, 1778, after the evacuation by the British troops, they were hard pressed for ammunition. The whole city was ransacked in search of cartridge paper. At length, in the garret of Dr. Franklin's old printing office, a vast collection of paper was discovered. Among the mass was more than a cart load of sermons on defensive war, preached by the famous Gilbert Tennent during the British and French war, to rouse the colonies to indispensible exertion. These appropprate manifestoes were immediately employed as cases for musket cartridges, rapidly sent to the army and came most opportunely, for they were firing away at the battle of Monmouth against our retiring foe. For once, at least, sermons were hot shot.

Ideal Patriotism.

Edward Everett once said: "The genius of those times was the genius of patriotism." And what an ideal type of patriotism it was! Samuel Adams, one of the grandest figures among representative Americans, when debating on the Declaration of Independence, said: "I should advise persisting in our struggle for liberty, though it were revealed from heaven that nine hundred and ninety-nine were to perish, and one of a thousand were to survivie to retain his liberty. One such freeman must possess more virtue and enjoy more happiness than a thousand slaves; and let him propagate his like, and transmit to them what he has so nobly preserved."

In conclusion, I look upon the efforts of the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution to dedicate this day and hour to the incitement of the lofty sentiment of old time patriotism as worthy of great commendation. All honor to the men and women who hold by their vineyards because of their father's memories. History has its beacon lights. Yonder is ours. As at the gateway of this new world, greeting the traveller on his journey home, a cloud by day and a fire by night, is the statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World"—so at the beginning of our national life when a storm-tossed generation of men in gratitude placed their weary feet upon the solid ground, stands the colossal figure and the shining name of Washington. I never study that model of American manhood without being impressed with the fact that there is something here beside himself. He himself felt this. There was in his matchless career the constant hint of the existence of God's throne—a steady voice that, in the night time and in the storm, in the great darkness and the horrible tempest, said, The Lord reigneth! And that has been the secret of our history. In that faith the Pilgrim fathers founded this republic; in that faith Washington led his armies; in that faith the national constitution was framed; in that faith, when the century had completed itself in 1876, and the nation assembled in the persons of its senators, councillors and chief executive, with thousands of her people, surrounded by the banners of Pagan nations and Mohammedan empires, and hallowed the gifts of a hundred years with her Christian song:

"Our father's God, from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one."

Let us then strive to keep our bearings. With faith in the past, and hope for the future, let us so live and act that we may be worthy Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, and that worthily we may be called citizens of the country which was established, governed and guided by the first and greatest American, George Washington.

Lieut. Doddridge.

When Lieutenant Doddridge was called upon to respond to the sentiment, "Naval Heroes of the Revolution," he met with a flattering reception. He said:

When asked to respond to this patriotic toast, I had great hesitancy about accepting, as I am entirely without experience in the art of speech-making; but I felt that I would like to say something about those grand old sailors of 1776, so I must crave your indulgence. "Naval Heroes of the Revolution!" What a world of memories these words recall to our mind! What illustrious names are brought to our recollection, and the names of the grand old ships, how they cause our pulses to quicken with patriotic pride!

At the outbreak of the Revolution, we had no navy, and scarcely any preparations had been made for carrying on the war at sea. We had no regular men-of-war, but were obliged to fit our old merchantment as makeshifts. The officers and men with rare exceptions, were drawn from the merchant service, and naturally that esprit de corps which is so essential to the well-being of a great service was lacking. With a few poor ships and untrained men to attempt to oppose England, the boasted "Mistress of the Seas," seemed like sheer madness, but our sturdy ancestors, nothing daunted, put their love of country before everything, and ships were built and officers chosen; and a more devoted, braver body of men never served a country.

The American flag was first hoisted on board a national ship by John Paul Jones, and, from that day to the present time, it has never been struck to equal or inferior force. Our privateers swarmed on the seas and many prizes were taken, inflicting great loss on the Mother Country. As the war proceeded, our vessels, not content with remaining on our coast, appeared off the British Isles, and engaged the enemy. John Paul Jones was a name which struck terror to the British heart. With his ship, the famous "Bon Homme Richard," old and undermanned, he captured, after a desperate fight, the "Serapis," a splendid British frigate, and this was done in sight of the British coast. There were many other sailors, although not as well known as Jones, who performed deeds of equal valor—Dale, Wickes, Johnson, Conyngham and Barron were also brilliant Americans and distinguished fathers of the United States navy.

Many times when the future of our country seemed in doubt, when the British held New York and Philadelphia, and Washington was at Valley Forge, the glorious news of some brilliant naval victory would reach our struggling forefathers and cheer their sinking hearts to further efforts. When we see the great results accomplished by our navy under such difficulties, and so many obstacles in the way and against such overwhelming forces, it is with patriotic pride that we reflect that these were Americans.

Not only were their gallant efforts so instrumental in bringing the war to a happy issue and in securing to us and our posterity the blessing of liberty, but their example has set for our navy a high standard of honor, patriotism, and valor. They have shown us the way, and we have followed in their footsteps; so emulating their virtues, we compel respect for the Stars and Stripes on all the seas by all the nations of the earth. Only let our national legislators build the ships apace with the progress of the times, and our officers and sailors will keep the nation as one of the greatest sea powers of the world; and this must be the heart's desire of all liberty-loving Americans.

Washington.

Dr. Frank L. Hupp responded to "The Natal Day of Washington," and it was a great effort. The doctor said:

Honored Guests, Mr. Toastmaster, Sons and Daughtres of the Revolution:—It was with hesitation that I obtained my own consent to respond to a toast at this, the most notable meeting in our society's history. Immediately upon receiving General Caldwell's polite invitation, I laid my limited powers of invention under tribute, but I never knew them to pay any tax imposed upon them with such reluctance. A subject which, in my humble opinion, deserves a year rather than a few hours and a volume rather than a five minutes response.

I might well have desired that so important a task should have fallen into other and abler hands. I could have wished that it should have been executed by some Son whose character and experience give weight and influence to his opinions, such as cannot belong to a humble follower of Aesculapius.

But certainly, Mr. Toastmaster, with such a subject one might be expected in his originality to change the wild grasses of revolutionary times into world feeding grain of to-day; but has this not been done, and well, too, by Marshall, Sparks, perhaps best of all, by Washington Irving?

It was way back in 1619, while meditating in solitary winter quarters, that Descartes made that famous resolution to "take nothing for truth without clear knowledge that it is such," the great practical effect of which is the sanctification of doubt. If there is one thing, ladies and gentlemen, more than another in American history, which can be taken for truth and which is unimpeachable, it is, that this great commonwealth of Virginia produced a George Washington, and that he was born at Wakefield, on Pope's creek, across the mountains in old Westmoreland county, the 22nd day of February, 1732. This is the joyous anniversary we celebrate, and like our Independence day, it is to be remembered as was the Jewish Passover day of old, to be regarded by every citizen of this nation, as well as the hero-worshipers of all nations.

On this day, then, it becomes the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, with grateful enthusiasm, to honor the memory of one, who, "more than any other individual, and as much as to one individual was possible, contributed to found this, our wide-spreading empire, and to give to the western world independence and freedom."

In a signal manner, an all-wise Providence preserved the life of this man—at the time of Braddock's defeat—with two horses shot under him and four bullets through his coat, and a special target for the enemy's rifles, not a single abrasion, told upon his person.

In 1770, here, in our Little Mountain State, an aged Indian chief journeyed from his distant lodge, to see, once more, the favorite of the Great Spirit, against whom his own gun and those of his warriors, were so often turned in vain.

So was Washington preserved at Stony Brook, after the gallant Mercer's body had been bayoneted, in the midst of the fight, endangered by the random fire of his own men, and the artillery and musketry of the enemy. It was here that Fitzgerald cried aloud to Heaven, "Thank God, your excellency is safe" as his idol emerged from the cloud, commanding and encouraging his fatigued, discouraged and barefooted regiment.

Do you wonder for one moment that the Prussian, Frederick the Great, sent Washington his picture and said: "From the oldest general in Europe to the greatest general in the world."

In leading the colonial arms successfully through a seven year's war, he displayed the most self-sacrificing spirit. Like William, of Orange, he laid all his fortune out for the cause which he loved better than his life. Hear his words: "I believe, or at least hope, there is public virtue enough left among us, to deny ourselves everything but the bare necessities of life to accomplish this end."

His genius was the genius of character, "The purest figure in history," said Gladstone. "Never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man, an everlasting remembrance." (Jefferson).

Then later as this great father marched to the balcony of that old government building which still stands on Manhattan Island, to be made the chief executive of the united colonies, he became himself the event, the peopl saw only Washington. Beside him visible were many of the signers of that death knell to British tyranny, and the torn and weary heroes from Trenton, Monmouth, Princeton, Valley Forge and Yorktown. But what of that invisible host above him? They, too, were there, at this transcendent moment, of the culmination in permanent triumph of the years of struggle for self-government, the spirits of the soldiers of that great revolution, who had suffered the fiercest agony and had died that their countrymen might enjoy that blessed day. The "Long live Washington" sung by that heavenly choir, touched chords unknown to earth's grandest symphonies, keeping perfect time to the great heart throbs of humanity, while the angels echoed, "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

Will posterity ever be able to discharge the obligation it owes to this first President, is there a man so bold as to measure the far-reaching results of his marvelous versatility and genius?

"Upon the plan marked out by the constitution, this architect, with unfailing faith and unfaltering courage, builded the republic. He gave to the government the principles of action and sources of power which carried it successfully through the wars with Great Britain in 1812, and Mexico in 1848, which enabled Jackson to defeat the nullification, recruited and equipped millions of men for Lincoln and justified and sustained the proclamation of emancipation."

Certainly the incense of gratitude perfumed with the praises of saints, has long risen from myriads of hearts and will continue to rise because of the deliverence brought about by Washington and his followers.

But tell me, Mr. Toastmaster, has not a glorious work been reserved for this generation, a work splendidly inaugurated by our own honored guest and his brave men in Manila Bay, a work of almost as great moment? The emancipation of a down-trodden people from the rankest tyrany and from the shackles of superstition, from the melancholy thraldom of Spain's relentless system, and the introduction of our brother-man in the West Indies, and in the Orient, into the full fruition of the reign of heaven and of liberty? Yes, this revolution of to-day taken in all its influences will make men free indeed. It has certainly been a privilege to have lived in these times and to be united under a flag which stands for light, justice and universal emancipation.

But back to our subject, Washington yielded to the imperative claim of his country, surrounding himself with the ablest and most eminent men of his time—Jefferson for the department of state; Hamilton to preside over the treasury, and the supreme court to John Jay. Firm and strong in his resolve in all things, zealous to act as his conscience told him was "right as it respected his God, his country, and himself." I repeat, is it not fitting and proper that we, as a patriotic society should commemorate the natal day of a man whose fame stands apart from every other in history, shining with truer lustre and a more benignant glory? Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty its inspirations shall be to claim kindred with this great man's spirit. Under all dissensions and amid all the party storms of civil feuds, his precepts and example with their vital radiance, speak to us from the silent tomb at Mt. Vernon, with a paternal appeal; and his name, by all revered, forms a universal tie for the brotherhood of mankind.

"There's awe in thy still form. Come hither, then,
Ye that o'er throng the land, and ye shall know
What greatness is,
Come, look on him, would ye indeed be men."

The speaking was not finished until 1:45 o'clock this morning.

Those present were the following:

Messrs. Zach Robertson, A. H. Beach, C. W. Brockunier, S. H. Brockunier, S. B. Brown, W. P. Burke, John A. Topping, Alfred Caldwell, W. G. Caldwell, Rella Camden, E. P. Chancellor, jr., John D. Culbertson, John S. Doddridge, C. M. Hart, J. B. Hart, A. G. B. Heskell, E. A. Hildreth, Charles L. Hickman, F. L. Hupp, T. M. Jackson, F. T. Martin, L. B. Martin, J. C. McKinley, S. P. Norton, G. W. Norton, W. M. Nicholl, J. F. Paull, Alfred Paull, Randolph Stalnaker, J. L. Sooy, Alex. Updegraff, A. P. Tallman, Robert White, A. B. White, John Baker White, Platoff Zane, E. L. Nicholl, Austin Beach, Frank L. Burdette, Frank C. Cox, G. L. Cramer, A. W. Paull, B. L. Butcher, E. C. Myers.

Miss Fannie Campbell, Mrs. J. Witmer, Miss Sophia Carr, Mrs. C. W. Brockunier, Miss Shirley Brockunier, Mrs. James Neill, Mrs. Holloway, Miss Helen Caldwell, Miss Martha B. Caldwell, Miss Sooy, Mrs. A. P. Tallman, Miss Lyde Paull, Miss Martha D. Caldwell, Mrs. T. B. McLain, Miss Todd Baird, Mrs. C. F. Dickinson, Mrs. J. Weistling, Mrs. E. A. Hildreth, Miss Mary Brockunier, Mrs. Robert White, Mrs. Fred Park, Miss Mary Paull, Miss Jessie Martin, Mrs. Percy Norton, Mrs. E. B. Bowie, Mrs. F. L. Hupp, Mrs. A. B. Carter, Miss Julia Wilson, Mrs. Platoff Zane, Mrs. George H. Forsyth, Miss Sue Caldwell, Mrs. Brittingham, Miss Doddridge.

THE ADMIRAL FATIGUED

And Was Unable to Attend the Banquet—His Departure.

One of the features of the day was to have been the appearance of Admiral Dewey at the Sons of the Revolution banquet, scheduled to be given at the McLure at 9:30 o'clock last night. In anticipation of the coming of the admiral, the hotel was early filled with curious spectators who occupied every inch of space in the lobby and corridors and balcony, many ladies being in evidence on the balcony. Of course there was the greatest disappointment when it became known about 9 o'clock that the admiral had declined to appear at the banquet, pleading as an excuse the fatigues of the day, and on all sides were heard unfavorable comments. These, however, were not justified, and the more reasonable ones could see that the admiral had passed through a trying experience in the afternoon, and conceded that he was justified in declining to be further wearied.

The admiral retired at 9:30 o'clock for the night, occupying General Manager Underwood's private car. Attached to the train, also, was an annex car, in which the other members of the Dewey party were accommodated. The train was made up as the first section of No. 8 on the Baltimore & Ohio. Shortly before midnight it moved over to the passenger station. Here another private car was attached, bearing Congressmen Dovener and Dayton; Editor Shinn, of the Washington Star, and a number of other gentlemen who had accompanied Congressman Dovener to Wheeling. At midnight the train of three cars departed for the national capital, and will arrive there at 11 o'clock this morning.

Shortly before the departure, an Intelligencer reporter called, and was received by Mr. J. H. Maddy, chief clerk of General Manager Underwood, who is in charge of the Dewey special. Mr. Maddy said:

"The admiral retired at 9:30 o'clock. He regrets that he could not stand to-night another experience like that of this morning and afternoon. I have never before seen a man in public life so anxious to please. His declination to attend the banquet to-night has been misunderstood, I am sure. He came to Wheeling with a bad cold to start with. Again, he had no intimation that there was to be a parade Wednesday night, and on account of the unfavorable weather he would have preferred to stay on the car, but in his desire to please he consented to appear in the carriage, even though the weather was bad and his physical condition not good. The result was that his cold was much worse this morning. Consequently he stayed in the car and endeavored to recuperate, but without success, his cold becoming worse as the day advanced. In the face of all this, he consented to appear in the parade and to take part in the speaking ceremonies. He was pushed and jostled until he became almost exhausted. This evening he talked with us about his condition, and the conclusion was that it would be almost suicidal to go out again, and possibly encounter another crush. The admiral, I must say, appreciated the magnificent reception tendered him by the Wheeling people, but as he said to-night, 'there is only one of me and thousands

(Continued on Fifth Page).

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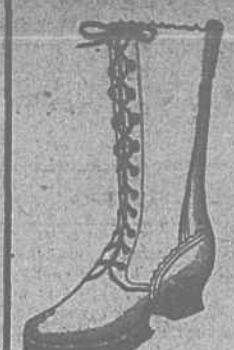

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Water Proof
Fine Shoes for $1.98.

Men's $2.00 Fine Shoes for.....$1.48
Men's $2.50 Water Proof Shoes.....$1.98
Men's $2.50 Felt Boots for.....$1.98
Men's $4.00 Tan Shoes for.....$2.48
Men's $4.00 Patent Leathers.....$2.48

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