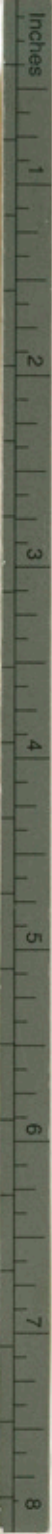


300p

Toast-
at
Fore fathers day dinner
of the
New England Society
Dec 23^d 1899

No 15
3 printed Copies filed with
duplicate M.S. &
"No 15 G.S."

Subject
The Army



Book
at

Professing that I am
of the
New England Church
Dec 23 1899

No 15
I have before me
the same
to 15 1899

Obey

Wm. Dwyer

1.
Mr President "The Army" --- A Toast
and Gentlemen of the New England Society:

Pristine New England training, having caught
somewhat of the Roundhead, Puritan & pilgrim
theory about standing armies, which standing
armies were supposed to bolster up the authority
and the prerogatives of kings & princes, — ^{prudent} New
England training, which aimed to differ radically
from things father back, has tinged New England's descendants
with a settled opposition to a "regular" force.

But New Englander as I am & must ever be, as I
was early emancipated from color blindness by
the presence of a negro lad in our household, so
have I been most fortunate to have eliminated
^{from my composition} the anti-army phobia by, as I have but lately
discovered, a most remarkable involution. It came,
by inheritance from one of my forefathers, ^{one who is said to have had}
~~having~~ a residence in the family of General Miles
Standish. ^{therefore} Whatever be ^{our} philosophy about
family traits and inherited tendencies, one thing is
certain, this regular spirit, whether ^{described} by birth right,
by West point bias, or by influence of war, however
it has come, has full possession of my mind & heart.

that is to say = ~~being~~ ^{being} incorporated with volunteers
I am and have ~~ever~~ been a friend of the
regular army. And whether they use the
ploughshares, the pruning hooks, or, as did
our revered ancestors, the scythe-blades, there
will, in my judgment, be need of that army's
watchful care, and prompt readiness for ~~its~~
legitimate duties, without too much parleying
~~against~~ ^{against} the inveterate enemies of ~~their~~ ^{our} country, ~~and that~~
for many years to come.

The old arguments against the use of military force,
which were very abundant before the war
of rebellion and which many men thought conclusive
till driven from them by positive & dreadful necessity,
are again repeated. It is sought to make it a shame
to wear the uniform, which, a little while since,
everywhere among the loyal people was a welcome
sight and all military tendencies in the education of
our youth are deprecated in the most unquali-
fied terms. The whole argument turns upon the
statement that it is always a sin to take human

Headquarters Division of the Atlantic,

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, NEW YORK CITY,

188'

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life. Some carry their theory so far as to
assail the Almighty who has required life
for life and has taken ^{or will take} all human life.

None are regular, while we unite with
the journals of the day in condemning the
ordinary destroyers of human life, like the
Railways, the storm-ships, ^{poisoning dams, home or foreign} the electric light-
machines including the big ^{unprotected, uninsulated} wires above & below the
ground, the theatres which have too few doors & stairs,
with other like snares & traps ^{whether on the path,} in the upper air
or beneath the surface of the water, yes while
we join in the common cry against these
and emphasize the divine commandment ~~addressed~~
to every individual of the race "Thou shalt do
no murder, we do, nevertheless, honestly &
solemnly believe that judges, marshals, governors
policemen, militia and regular troops, under
the proper restraints and limitations of wholesome
regulation have the right and it is their bounden
duty to take human life; and it does not lessen
the sense of duty to do this thing as is often the case
at ~~the~~ extreme peril to themselves.

4.
Now we army folk from ~~German~~ ^{German} Scills
standish down to the humblest modern
Major General have ever objected & do
ever object to be classed as Murderers.

Understand us the definition of Murderer, in laws
encyclopedias, or dictionaries abridged or unabridged
does not include such men as George
Washington or General Grant. The Benedict
Arnolds & the Brick Pomeroy's to the contrary
notwithstanding. It is quite another word
which applies. Not murderer, but patriot. Patriot-
ism ~~is~~, it is true, implies some strong hardy
virtues, which will hold back with an irresistible
mailed hand of iron mould all anarchists

organized & armed, or unorganized & unarmed
from their clutchings at the throat of the Republic. The
giant, force, is quiet & waiting, and moves his
muscle & limbs with friendly caution, but remember
all of malignant natures of men, that he is in breath
and health and tremendous in power, and might crush
you without a tremor of hesitation, should the
spur of duty demand it.

Yes, friends of Peace, give love its place of nine to one.

Headquarters Division of the Atlantic,

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, NEW YORK CITY,

1888

5
give arbitration, as did Grant with England, the
fore-front, till patience has had her
perfect work; but do not, amid spiritual
& moral powers, forget that Body-force must
have its own portion, so let it have its full
panoply of armor and honor.

To have no army & no forts, would
in my judgment, be simply folly!
It is a like hazard to having no fire-force;
no iron ^{or iron} safes; no river or ocean dykes;
no adequate water dams; no insane asylums;
no jails and prisons and no armed police or
passe everywhere. It is the craze of what is
falsely called "Christian Science" run mad, viz:
Just think every body's good! & every body is
good! Believe the Millennium is here! ^{the Millennium} ~~is here~~ ~~is here~~
is here!

We will not allow a deceptive & erroneous philosophy
however attractive ^{powerful} & ~~seductive~~ seductive, rob us of
our practical common sense - or let it
make weaklings or cowards of our
children. We cannot become a prey to Dynamiters
and other criminal classes, that care for nothing

6.
but to reveal on the garbage of society assassinated,
murdered, and rotting, ~~under~~^{should} their vile
schemings & perpetrations, materialize.

New England, whose theory (whatever has
been the practice of her creeping sons, to lift up ^{women} men ^{they}
to ^{the} level plains of equality, has nevertheless inherited
or absorbed an abnormal & paradoxical prejudice
from the old country - a ^{sort of} settled ~~prejudice~~ undervaluation
of a regular soldier. While we are without stint,
as we verily ought, praising the volunteers for
taking & holding & transmitting the first 13 states of
our Union; for ^{their} successful raid into Canada
under ^{President} ~~Gen.~~ ^{Gen.} Harrison's grandfather; for capturing
Oregon from our English-fur-men in ^{for} ^{discovering} ^{Texas} California & New Mexico
from our southern Latin neighbors; and finally
for putting down a gigantic rebellion which wanted
to make slavery the key stone of a free republic, and
to ^{establish by arms} ~~disseminate~~ the doctrine that our fancied
constitutional ~~cordage~~ cordage was but a rope of sand;
May we not forget the distinguished part our Regular
soldiers have borne in the Nation's work. Their
feet were bare & bleeding in Washington's winter campaigns;
they stood loyal, fearless & grand under the tall American & under Capt.
mood in Canada, while selfish ~~helpless~~ friends looked on
evidently from the New York side of the Niagara; they ^{helped} ~~aided~~ Scott

4
on the plains of Mexico, and carried our
standards to the Pacific; they guarded the
avenues of approach & protected your trains when
they were ^{against garbage bands} ~~first~~ ^{trans-continental} so that the Pacific railways
became possible; they met the rank & file
when station men were & betrayed, and ^{officers} ~~Commissioners~~
failed of previous promise, remained ^{faithful} ~~there~~ to the
Old flag; they joined in every battle of the rebellion
with honor & ^{usually with} great sacrifice; and since then
they have kept planting the emblem of freedom on
every frontier till the frontiers have disappeared: so
we say never let the press-gangs of the old times, nor
the few drunken fools, or miserable tramp-deserters
of the present despair the vast proportion of
good regular soldiers of the praise and favor that
are their due. No soldier of Gettysburg will forget
the solid influence of Ayer's regulars when they
deployed around Little Round Top; whose heart did
not thrill with patriotic fervor & gratitude as the
regular batteries began their rapid work!
Our present Assistant General truly says, that our regulars
are all "volunteers". Indeed they are volunteers as no constraint
brings them into the army.

We have seen them under the most trying ordeals stand
the test without a murmur. In Indian wars, where rewards
even of praise were scarcely attainable undergoing extreme
privations, like those which render Stanley's men in Africa

world renown. - ^{S. have} they come thro. the longest
campaigns & the cruelest fightings & woundings ~~at~~
~~xxx~~ without a known desertion from the ranks.
So are they not, these devoted unheralded men, always
on the alert & ready when there is anything
to be done. So I say, my New England friends,
let the little representative Army of a free
people be ever honored ~~and~~ and respected
by New England men. A just esteem has in it
a lifting power. Respect us & we will be stimulated
to greater & greater self respect.

Toast
Responded to by Genl Howard
at
Dinner of St Nicholas Society
Helmon, N.Y.
Dec 9th 1893

No 16

Subject
The W. I. Army

Presented to the
Library of the
University of
California
at
Berkeley
by the
Gift of
Mrs. J. W. Brown

No 10

James
W. Brown

" THE U. S. ARMY. "

A toast *responded to* by Major General O. O. HOWARD, U. S. Army,
at the Annual Dinner of the St. Nicholas Society at Delmonicos
December 6th 1893.

Mr. President and New Yorkers:-

I thank you and St. Nicholas
for your warm reception and for the novel and entertaining
subject " The U. S. Army. "

You say: " Ah, General; how is the *A*rmey ? " The Army is
pretty well, I thank you : A New-England Grandfather would
answer: " He is tolerably this evening, bateing his late
" attack : " About Thanksgiving, every year, the Army has a
chronic ailment. Not being a Surgeon with proper rank, I can-
not diagnose His condition; nor even suggest the remedies. But
this year it seems, according to Medical Dailies to be a com-
bination of CIRCUM-LOCU-ECONOMIC-PARALYSIS in the region of
its clerical limb.

By the way, friends of StNicholas, after mince pies, nuts
and raisins of Thanksgiving day, I had a remarkable dream.
Really, when ~~awakening~~ dreaming I appeared to myself to be wide
awake. This strange dream, which doubtless the early prospect
of an interview with StNicholas greatly colored, puts the
whole present condition of his Majesty, " The Army " into the
concrete.

I seemed to be on a populous hill set apart for last

" THE U. S. ARMY. "

A toast responded to by Major General O. O. HOWARD, U. S. Army,
at the Annual Dinner of the St. Nicholas Society at Belmont
December 28th 1883.

Mr. President and New Yorkers:-

I thank you and St. Nicholas
for your warm reception and for the novel and entertaining
subject " The U. S. Army. "

You say: " Ah, General; how is the Army? " The Army is
pretty well, I thank you! A New-England Grandfather would
answer: " He is tolerably this evening, dating his late
" attack! " About Thanksgiving, every year, the Army has a
chronic ailment. Not being a Surgeon with proper rank, I can-
not diagnose his condition; nor even suggest the remedies. But
this year it seems, according to Medical Beliefs to be a com-
bination of CIRCUIT-LOCU-ECONOMIC-PARALYSIS in the region of
its clerical limb.

By the way, friends of St. Nicholas, after mine plies, nuts
and raisins of Thanksgiving day, I had a remarkable dream.
Really when ~~awakening~~ dreaming I appeared to myself to be wide
awake. This strange dream, which doubtless the early prospect
of an interview with St. Nicholas greatly colored, puts the
whole present condition of his Majesty, " The Army " into the
concrete.

I seemed to be on a peapod and set apart for last

graduates from military service to civil life. I had a fine set of field-glasses which would have delighted General Thomas, the conqueror. I was reconnoitering one fair day, when I beheld before me a deep, broad valley. In the midst of the valley, I caught sight of a curious group.

The central figure facing me, was a huge Being, full of life, which confusedly amid its prancings took the form of a Grand Arabian Horse, with footmen on one flank and bicycle rider on the other. The neck and head looked like three distinct men, - Anglo-Saxon and Celt, comingled, face straight to the front, - negro to the left, - and Indian, half-right and half behind. A huge placard, hung on a cord of red, white and blue, dropped from the neck upon the breast. As I gazed steadily and long, I read the name on the placard :

" AMERICAN ARMY. "

At the instant, I discovered three figures, as if apart at the three angles of an all-embracing horizontal triangle; one was a handsome young officer of slender build, unwinding a huge roll of red tape, and handing it up to the tri-form creature; the second figure, an Army Surgeon, who was ^{un}rolling a white material, like the tape in narrowness, and passing it up to waiting hands; and the third, a woman who in the midst of blue ribbons already massed about her feet, was pushing it up sorrowfully to the same absorbents. She was evidently an

graduates from military service to civil life. I had a fine set of field-glasses which would have delighted General Thomas the conqueror. I was reconnoitering one fair day, when I beheld before me a deep, broad valley. In the midst of the valley, I caught sight of a curious group.

The central figure facing me, was a huge being, full of life, which confusedly amid its prominence took the form of a Grand Arabian Horse, with footmen on one flank and pike-riders on the other. The neck and head looked like three distinct men, - Anglo-Saxon and Celt, contended, face straight to the front, - negro to the left, - and Indian, half-right and half behind. A huge placard, hung on a cord of red, white and blue, dropped from the neck upon the breast. As I gazed steadily and long, I read the name on the placard:

"AMERICAN ARMY."

At the instant, I discovered three figures, as if apart at the three angles of an all-embracing horizontal triangle; one was a handsome young officer of slender build, surrounded a huge roll of red tape, and handing it up to the first-form creature; the second figure, an Army Surgeon, who was rolling a white material, like the tape in narrowness, and passing it up to waiting hands; and the third, a woman who in the midst of blue ribbon already massed about her feet, was pushing it up sorrowfully to the same absorbents. She was evidently an

Army-widow and a Pensioner.

The Great Abnormal Creature was braiding the red tape, the doctor's roll, and the blue ribbon into a strong cord of red, white and blue. Coils and coils of this strong cord were all around. Bundles of contracts, medicine chests, invoices and old saddles, etc., etc., etc., were tied up in tapes and rolls and ribbons, separate; while men and horse and bicycle and large things were bound with the three-ply cord.

Suddenly there shot between me and the figure a ^{deep blue} shadow, and I rested my field-glass on the shadow. At last it came out, that is, materialized like Great Ceasar's Ghost. It was a big Uncle Sam. Three jolly marines were at the foot of a tripod of exceeding height. I raised my field-glass and saw an enormous hook at the top; and that, with that veritable three colored cord twisted around Uncle Sam's neck, by means of an ordinary block and fall ~~x~~ and the hook, they were choking Uncle Sam, and lifting him, accompanying their pulls with ~~the~~ merry sailor songs.

I trembled for poor Uncle Sam, as I always did in battle-defeat - when lo ! a sprightly being as bright as the morning light, and as beautiful as the maidens were when I was young, suddenly broke upon the scene, and poised in mid-air above the group, with curved-bladed scissors cut the strong cords above the head of Uncle Sam. He dropped on his knees, and held

Army-widow and a Pensioner.

The Great Abnormal Creature was dividing the red tape, the doctor's roll, and the blue ribbon into a strong cord of red, white and blue. Coils and coils of this strong cord were all around. Bundles of contracts, medicine chests, tinboxes and old saddles, etc., etc., were tied up in tapes and rolls and ribbons, separate; while men and horses and dogs and large things were bound with the three-ply cord. Suddenly there shot between me and the figure a shadow, and I rested my field-glass on the shadow. At last it came out, that is, materialized like Great Caesar's Ghost. It was a big Uncle Sam. Three jolly marines were at the foot of a tripod of exceeding height. I raised my field-glass and saw an enormous hook at the top; and that, with that veritable three colored cord twisted around Uncle Sam's neck, by means of an ordinary block and fall and the hook, they were choking Uncle Sam, and lifting him, accompanying their pulls with merry sailor songs.

I trembled for poor Uncle Sam, as I always did in battle-defeat - when he is a slightly being as bright as the morning light, and as beautiful as the maidens were when I was young. Suddenly broke upon the scene, and poised in mid-air above the group with curved-bladed scissars and the strong cords above the head of Uncle Sam. He dropped on his knees, and held

up both hands, full of joy and thanks at his salvation. A gleam of intense ~~lights~~ brightness like that of the Navy-Search-light now showed me a name in her crown; it was

" THE ANGEL OF THE PRESS. "

But that was not all; for there now approached, coming into the brightness, walking with slow steps and bended form a splendid old man. His locks were white, but his eye was undimmed and his step was firm. Everybody except the Angel of the Press appeared to fear him. He cried with a strong commanding voice: " Break not a shred of the Red, White and Blue!! " All who had been joyously shouting paeons to the Angel of the Press, now bowed reverently to the Old Man, who said: Remember me, I am " STATUTE LAW. "

Oh ! How can I tell you what followed ! How three grand Noblemen of Nature's build stood behind old " Statute Law "; the middle like the President, the right like the Vice-President, and the left like the Speaker of the House.

Over their heads floated a banner with this inscription:-

" The Mills of the Gods grind on,
" England and Mexico and Confederate,
" Through Red, White and Blue have fallen,
" Never break the cords of State. "

Behind the three worthies came Congress in two throngs ^{behind them} and the majestic Supreme Court, ^{all} defended by the Corps of Cadets and ~~the~~ ^{a regiment of} National Guards under arms; all the unarmed

up both hands, full of joy and thanks at his salvation. A
gleam of intense happiness like that of the Holy-
Search-light now showed me a name in her crown; it was

"THE ANGEL OF THE PRESS."

But that was not all; for there now approached, coming
into the brightness, walking with slow steps and bended form
a splendid old man. His looks were white, but his eye was un-
dimmed and his step was firm. Everybody except the Angel of
the Press appeared to fear him. He cried with a strong com-
manding voice: "Break not a shroud of the Red, White and Blue!"

All who had been joyously shouting passed to the Angel of the
Press, now bowed reverently to the Old Man, who said: Remember
me, I am "STATUTE LAW."

Oh! How can I tell you what followed! How three grand Noble-
men of Nature's build stood behind old "Statute Law"; the
middle like the President, the right like the Vice-President,
and the left like the Speaker of the House.

Over their heads floated a banner with this inscription:-

"The Will of the God's order on - England and Mexico and
Confederate through Red, White and Blue have fallen, never
break the cords of State!"

Behind the three nobles came Congress in two throngs
and the majestic Supreme Court, defended by the Corps of
Cadets and ~~the~~ National Guards under arms; all the members

lifted up their hats and cheered Uncle Sam as he flew to the front and appeared on a high pinnacle leading COLUMBIA by the hand. Columbia with extraordinary beauty and self-poise faced the youthful, radiant, sanguine Angel of the Press, and said:-

" Hush, hush, ^{my} child; - Economy is not always economic" -

" Never take a shred from my conservative cords of the Red,

" White and Blue."

Over the whole group now came an electric arch-banner, inscribed in large quivering letters:- " Righteous, exalted a Nation; but Sin is a reproach to people : " " The Army and " Navy restrained by the triple cords of Red, White and Blue " are Columbia's preservative instruments under the Constitu- " tion and Laws of the United States."

In spite of the varying effects of my Thanksgiving night-vision, I awoke with joy and gladness; and found St. Nicolas clapping hands at my side.

Governor's Island, N.Y.C.
December 5th 1893.

O. O. HOWARD,
Major General, U. S. Army.

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front and appeared on a high pinnacle leading COLUMBIA by the
hand. Columbia with extraordinary beauty and self-poise faced
the youthful, radiant, sanguine Angel of the Press, and said:-
"Hush, hush, my child; - Economy is not always economic" -
"Never take a shred from my conservative cords of the Red,
"White and Blue."

Toast responded to by
Maj. Genl O O Howard, U.S. Army,
at Annual Dinner of St. Nicholas
Society at Delmonico's
December 6th 1893

Governor's Island, N.Y.C.
December 5th 1893.

O. O. HOWARD,
Major General, U. S. Army.