

E415

.9

.W39N4

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 011 896 946 7



HOLLINGER
pH 8.5
MILL RUN F3-1543

E 415

.9

.W39 N4

Copy 1

RECEPTION

GIVEN TO

THURLOW WEED

ON HIS

EIGHTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY,

November 15, 1880,

BY THE

NEW YORK PRESS CLUB.

THE RECEPTION

GIVEN TO .

THURLOW WEED

ON HIS

EIGHTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY

BY THE

NEW YORK PRESS CLUB.

[FOR PRIVATE DISTRIBUTION.]

ALBANY:
WEED, PARSONS AND COMPANY, PRINTERS.
1880.

Gift from
Mrs. Opal Logan Kunz
Nov. 20, 1933



A New Year Gift
to my Grandfather.

Thank you
Mother and Barnes.

Albany, Jan 1887.



MR. WEED'S BIRTHDAY RECEPTION.

From the Chicago Journal, Nov. 13.

A beautiful and lasting compliment has been paid the veteran journalist and politician, Thurlow Weed, in the adoption, by the New York Press Club, of a resolution whereby the regular annual meetings of that select body are to be held henceforth on his birthday, November 15. The first reception which Mr. Weed will attend, if able, falls on next Monday, and a grand time is promised. The guest of the club, after his years of memorable labor in journalistic and political arenas, will be accorded all the honors and privileges due to the closing years of a beneficent life.

Thurlow Weed is now a fine old gentleman — feeble, stooped and gray, to be sure — but continuing in the possession of his mental faculties to a remarkable degree. His age is 83 years, yet he is almost daily seen on the streets, transacting his private business. He has many friends and admirers, who greet him warmly, and the most favored among them is the one who receives an invitation to dine at his home.

“My home,” he says, “is No. 12 Twelfth street; be there at one o'clock to dinner.”

No. 12 West Twelfth street is only a little way off Broadway, and near the heart of the great metropolis. The house is of solid material, large and comfortable in appearance. From the street the visitor is ushered into a broad hall, and from the hall to the left into a large room filled with pictures, mostly portraiture, from ceiling to baseboard, even the outside and inside panels of the door being thickly covered — a curious, interesting place — and

this is the aged editor's sanctum. The owner and occupant half rises from a pillowed lounge in the rear of the room, and greets the caller in a kindly, fatherly way, while gently stroking a pet dove which sits at his feet and responds to the touch with grateful cooings. Rising and pointing out various pictures, Mr. Weed tells one that these all represent friends and acquaintances of his life, and each has a history to him — paintings, lithographs and photographs of Lincoln, Seward, De Witt Clinton and Lafayette, among the older school, and Blaine, Sherman, Garfield and many others of later-day politics, besides portraits of celebrated church dignitaries of various denominations, both Catholic and Protestant. There are also cartoons tacked up, and these Mr. Weed seems to enjoy immensely, though the caricatures are directed against himself, and issued in the heated days of the War of Principle, or struggle over slavery.

Leaving the pictures the guest is shown volumes of correspondence from the handwriting of all the great of our Nation for fifty years past, Mr. Weed having, no doubt, the most valuable collection of this kind in the country.

At the call for dinner the host leads the way up a broad stairs to a large dining-room facing the street, and at the table in the center may usually be seen Mr. Weed serving the meats, while his daughter Harriet, a lady of noble bearing, presides at the urns, serving, with the aid of a colored servant, the family circle of from four to six, generally grandchildren, and such outside visitors as may be present. The hour is made enjoyable by intelligent conversation, chiefly on topics suggested by Mr. Weed in the relation of anecdotes or reminiscences of public men and public life in the years of the war and previous. Of these, Mr. Weed holds in his memory scores, of the utmost interest, unwritten and un-preserved elsewhere. His friends, with himself, frequently feel that he should gain time from the cares of property to give them an enduring place in chronicled history.

Before the favored visitor leaves the home of Thurlow Weed, he becomes cognizant of the unsurpassed orderliness of the house. In the great, neat supply department there are almost tons of fruits, preserves, fancy provisions and general culinary luxuries and necessities, all attended to and put up, as Mr. Weed proudly observes, by his daughter. And this daughter does another thing of notable interest — every first of the month she stands all

day long at the back door and parcels out to the poor old women of New York city the contents of a full chest of good tea and a full barrel of fine sugar. This custom has been kept up by the family for many years with an almost religious precision.

Mr. Weed is the soul of liberality, as well as of hospitality. So well known is his name in alms-giving that his days are pestered with applicants for relief, worthy and unworthy claiming something from his purse every hour. It is beyond his nature to turn the needy away, and the blessing of a fortune puts him in a position where he does much good through his charitable heart.

The honor intended to be extended the veteran humanitarian by the press of New York is reaffirmed by the press and people of the country, and particularly by the many who have followed, as pupils, the political principles so early promulgated by him as master.

Albany Evening Journal, Nov. 15.

Thurlow Weed, who fifty years ago, the 22d of last March, founded the *Albany Evening Journal*, and who, on the occasion of the semi-centennial birthday of the paper, reassumed its editorship long enough to write its leader, to-day enters upon his eighty-fourth year. Honored wherever distinguished services for the country are honored, admired wherever there is admiration for consummate leadership, loved wherever there is love for unfaltering and unselfish devotion to the interests of a great party, his is an old age full of the kindest of compensations. To-day, as he sits surrounded by those nearest and dearest to him, messages freighted with heartiest congratulations and best wishes are being wafted to this Nestor of politics and journalism, from all parts of the land. None hold him in higher regard than his old friends in this city in which he achieved his fame, and, in expressing their feeling, we have only to add — what we are sure we need not tell him — that no greeting that reaches him will be more sincere or heartfelt than that which conveys the gratitude and affection of those who have succeeded him in this paper.

Indianapolis Journal.

The New York Press Club has paid a beautiful compliment to the veteran journalist and politician, Thurlow Weed, by resolving to hold the annual meetings of that body on the anniversary of his birthday, November 15. The first reception will be held this evening, and Mr. Weed will attend if age and infirmity will permit. He is now eighty-three years old, and yet his mind is keen and alert and all his intellectual faculties well preserved. If he is able to attend the reception of the Press Club this evening, he will be accorded all the honors due to his age and position.

New York Tribune.

The reception, upon the occurrence of his eighty-third birthday, given last evening to Mr. Thurlow Weed by the New York Press Club, was an occasion which might give rise to many interesting reflections. Mr. Weed has not permitted his advancing years to diminish his interest in public affairs. Not only has he kept up a close and patriotic observation of our politics, but he has frequently given to the public his opinions of their various phases through the *Tribune*. In these, notwithstanding his many years, no one has yet been able to discover any decay of his perceptive faculties, and still less any abatement of his ardor as a citizen.

Mr. Weed's experience as a journalist, or as an observer still maintaining his love of journalism, covers considerably more than half a century. Without holding public office, he has had as much to do as any man of his time with our various political vicissitudes. He has been for many years the counselor of his party, and his suggestions have always been sought and acted upon, not only by party managers but by those who held high places in the Government. He has given to us an exhibition of wisdom and integrity, exercised in behalf of the Republic, without any reference to official reward or personal emolument. His many years, with the noble way in which they have been spent, have entitled him, whenever he pleases to speak, to the respectful hearing of the whole country.

But those who practice the art preservative of all arts have special reason to be proud of Mr. Weed as an associate. He, too, is one of the celebrated printers who went from the case and the press to the editorial desk, and to the cabinets of statesmen. Printers love to enumerate the distinguished men whom they may claim as fellow-craftsmen, and there is no one, not even Franklin, of whom they are prouder than Mr. Thurlow Weed.

New York Times.

The fall reception of the Press Club, held last evening in its pleasant rooms at No. 121 Nassau street, was made an occasion for honoring the veteran journalist, Thurlow Weed, on the eighty-third anniversary of his birth. The spacious parlors were attractively embellished with a loan collection of paintings, gracefully entwined flags, and a profusion of flowers. A large floral emblem, bearing the word "Age," especially designed in honor of the anniversary of Mr. Weed's birthday, rested on the table of the President, and from the chandeliers and walls depended sprays of smilax. More than 200 guests responded to the invitations of the Club * * *

The reception exercises were begun at 8:30 P. M. Mr. Weed, who reached the Club-rooms shortly before that time, was escorted to a seat beside President Penney. The next place of honor was assigned to Gen. Webb, and around him and Mr. Weed were grouped the gentlemen whose names have been mentioned as being included in the list of guests. Mr. J. W. Simonton, in presenting Mr. Weed to the assembled company, said it might be doubted whether any man now living, "other than this much-loved Nestor of the press," had ever exercised so wide and deep an influence upon the destinies of the country. * * * *

Mr. Simonton reviewed the career of the honored guest of the evening as a soldier, printer, journalist and statesman. The journalists of New York, he added, had reason to feel justly proud of their friend and co-laborer. His life story was familiar to all, as an indestructible part of the brilliant record of American statesmanship and journalism during more than half the whole life of the American Republic.

Mr. Weed was deeply affected by the remarks of Mr. Simonton, and did not attempt to essay a response until after brief

addresses had been delivered by Gen. James Watson Webb, Erastus Brooks, Whitelaw Reid, and Robert J. Burdette. After these gentlemen had spoken, he rose simply to relate an incident suggested by a remark of one of the speakers, touching the circumstances of his first meeting with Horace Greeley. This meeting was, Mr. Weed explained, the origin of the copartnership subsequently effected between the members of the firm of Seward, Weed & Greeley. After pleasant speeches by Postmaster James, Algernon S. Sullivan, Henry Hyland Garnett, the Hon. William E. Robinson, David M. Stone, and others, the Club's guests were entertained with recitations by Mr. Charles Roberts and Mr. A. P. Burbank, and musical exercises by Arbuckle, A. Liberati, George Werrenrath, and Messrs. Filoteo, Castelli, Case and Belari. The reception terminated at an early hour this morning.

THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

In presenting Mr. Weed to the President and members of the Club, Mr. J. W. Simonton, of the Associated Press, spoke as follows :

It may be doubted whether any man now living, other than this much-loved Nestor of the American press, has ever exercised so wide and deep an influence upon the destinies of our country. What has been the secret of his wonderful power? The answer, it seems to me, is this: While others have been able and wise and patriotic, Mr. Weed, more than any other in the journalistic profession, who has impressed himself upon the times, recognized that as the creator is greater than the creature, so the king-maker is greater than the king, [applause] at least, in power for usefulness. And so Mr. Weed has always preferred to be a conscientious king-maker, rather than to sit upon the throne and wield its sceptre. During his long career his efforts have been steadily addressed to molding and shaping the public opinion which, in a free government, is king at last. He realized that his influence could be best broadened and conserved by earnest work in the editorial chair. [Applause.] And so, while always striving faithfully and well to put whatever cause his pen espoused into the hands of capable administrators, he ever and resolutely pushed aside the honors of high office which were within his personal grasp. Thus no suspicion of self-seeking could impair his power for good; and thus, also, his thoughtful, wise, and unselfish use of the influence commanded by his exceptional talents, won for him that general respect, admiration and love of which we, here and now, tender him our most cordial expression. [Applause.]

A volunteer in the war of 1812, I believe he never again engaged in official service until 1861. Then, when our country was in the throes of revolution, Lincoln — recognizing his social charm, no less than his logical power, directness of purpose and marked capacity for terse and vigorous statement — [applause] invited him to visit Europe, as a citizen representative of the Union cause, to mingle in the society of the capitals of England and France, and there to create and stimulate a sentiment against foreign intervention in American affairs. The danger of such intervention was the one half-hidden rock lying in the path of our Ship of State, which, perhaps more than any other, imperiled its safety during the cloud and tempest of that critical hour. Mr. Weed promptly accepted this call to duty, though unheralded by official proclamation, and with no hope of other reward than consciousness of duty done. Himself a printer, he followed in the footsteps of the printer Franklin, and served the Nation as well at the Court of St. Cloud as Franklin did at an earlier crisis in our Nation's life. [Prolonged applause.] The golden link which thus connects the names of Benjamin Franklin and Thurlow Weed will carry them down together in history, to be cherished among the choicer memories of a grateful posterity. It is our proud distinction that their reflected light will also and ever illuminate the records of the journalistic craft to which we belong. Let this thought inspire us to higher aims, to nobler purpose and grander endeavor.

Why should I dilate upon our friend's life history? It is familiar to you all, as an indestructible part of the brilliant record of American statesmanship and journalism, during more than half of our whole life as an independent people — or from 1818 to nearly 1881. We are justly proud of it, and our hearts overflow with affection for the manly man — at once our father and our brother in the craft — whose presence within these rooms gives us so much pleasure. With gratitude to God who has spared him so long to his country and mankind, I know that every heart here pulsates with mine in the hope that he may still enjoy added years of happy and graceful usefulness, before he is called to go up higher and receive the reward awaiting all who truly strive to glorify the brotherhood of men. [Applause.]

Speech of Hon. James Watson Webb.

General James Watson Webb was introduced as the oldest living journalist in America. He said :

I didn't know that I should be called upon to say any thing this evening. I did not say positively that I could attend until 1 P. M. to-day, when I penned a letter of acceptance from my sick bed. But I could not let such an opportunity pass to meet one with whom I have been on terms of friendship so many years. [Hearty applause.] I first met Mr. Weed in 1814 [applause], when we were both in the army, he as a volunteer, and with the exception of two or three weeks [laughter], when we quarreled over the question of abolitionism, we have been firm friends ever since. I join heartily in this tribute to Mr. Weed. In his long career of usefulness no one has accomplished more or made firmer friends than he.

General Webb recounted an amusing anecdote about a number of Democratic editors from Albany who chartered a steamboat to come to New York and obtain from him (he was then the editor of the *Courier and Enquirer*) advance copies of President Jackson's inaugural message. The object was to beat the *Journal*. It ended with Mr. Weed's obtaining an earlier copy than any of his rivals, and by a stratagem obtaining also the steamboat which had brought them down and departing for Albany.

Speech of Hon. Erastus Brooks.

Erastus Brooks, for forty-one years, with his brother James, an editor and part owner of the *New York Express*, was called upon, and spoke as follows :

I am always glad to meet old friends, especially one whom I have known so many years as Mr. Weed. I recall with great interest the striking incidents in his long career of usefulness. He has been an observer of most of the striking incidents in the life of this Nation. It is something to remember that he has lived under all the eighteen Presidents of this Nation. He was a child during the administration of Washington. With the majority he has been on terms of intimacy. Of the twenty-five Governors of New York he has voted for nearly all. He has

witnessed more of the chances and changes of life than fall to the lot of most men. He has seen this Nation rise from a small beginning and become one of the mightiest of the earth. He has seen its population increase from 5,000,000 to 50,000,000; he has lived through two wars besides our own civil war. He remembers the abolition of the slave trade in 1808, and he saw the abolition of slavery in this country at a later period. He remembers the embargo in 1809, and its removal. He remembers the great fire of 1835, which occurred soon after I came to New York, when 500 or 600 private residences were burned, besides public buildings. Mr. Weed is many newspapers in his own proper person. I have witnessed the rise of 125 newspapers in this city. Of these only six now remain.

The speaker closed with a tribute to Mr. Weed. His address, of which the above is a very imperfect outline, was frequently applauded.

Speech of Hon. Whitelaw Reid.

After the speech of Mr. Brooks, Dr. J. B. Wood, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, called the attention of the meeting to the group of portraits hung on the side of the hall, festooned with the National colors. Thurlow Weed was in the center, with William H. Seward on one side and Horace Greeley on the other. He spoke of the presence of the only survivor of the famous copartnership, referred to a dispatch just received from Mr. Seward's Son, Frederick, and called on Whitelaw Reid, on behalf of the remaining member, to speak of the famous political firm of "Seward, Weed & Greeley." Mr. Reid said:

This call reminds me of the first time I ever had the pleasure of seeing your efficient chairman. I had just come on, an unsophisticated youth, from the wilds of bashful Ohio, and had been drawn to the most bucolic point of Manhattan Island — the office of a newspaper which perhaps need not be further designated. [Applause.] I was not familiar with its ways, did not even know how to put the office marks for type, etc., on my copy, and was referred to the chairman of your committee for instructions. I shall never forget the first order he gave me, and it seems particularly appropriate now — "cut it down one-half." [Prolonged laughter.] Not long after this he migrated to

the shop over the way. I used to fancy that whenever my name came up afterward, he gave the old order in a slightly changed form—"cut him up." [Laughter.] He asks me now to speak, and in this presence, of the famous partnership of Seward, Weed & Greeley. The time for speaking frankly and fully of that firm has not yet come. This, however, we may fairly say: It was the greatest political triumvirate this State, or indeed the country, ever knew. [Applause.] This, also, we may fairly say: When this partnership was dissolved, each member retained the highest respect for the commanding power and ability of each of his late associates, and each cherished it to the end. [Applause, Mr. Weed interrupting, "That is true—to the end."] It shaped the politics of this State and of the country during a most critical formative period. It carried us safely through the death throes of the old Whig party, and shaped the development and growth of the lusty successor that abolished slavery, put down the greatest civil war of modern times, and has ruled the country for well-nigh a generation. If it be true that one result of the dissolution of this firm was the nomination of Abraham Lincoln, then I am sure no man rejoices, or ever did rejoice, more heartily over the dissolution than does the venerable survivor to night. [Applause, Mr. Weed adding, "Yes, indeed."] It is a pleasure that the acerbities of the separation have long faded out. There are some here who will remember that an arrangement had been made to bring about a meeting between the two great political editors, which was only prevented by the events of 1872, and the tragic close. They did come together, but it was only over the coffin of one, with the other among the first of the pall-bearers at a funeral where men represented alike the official dignity, and the heart of the city and nation. Both of Mr. Weed's old associates are long gone each full of years and of honor. Each fills a great space in our history. The memory of each is tenderly cherished. Who that remembers Seward and Greeley can fail in gratitude to this surviving Nestor of our politics, who guided the one and discovered the other? [Applause.] His way of life is, indeed, fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, but as he looks about him, here or wherever he goes, he may be sure that he has to the full—

That which should accompany old age,
Honor, love, obedience, troops of friends.

Speech of Thurlow Weed.

Mr. Weed, rising slowly to his feet, next spoke. He said that he would not have attempted to say a word, but for a remark let fall by his friend Mr. Reid, respecting the "discovery" of Mr. Greeley. Mr. Weed spoke as follows:

I will not detain you long. I cannot express to you my deep and profound sense of gratification at the honor you have shown me.

But I wish to say a word or two as to the manner in which I became acquainted with one of the trio with whom my name has been mentioned. It was anticipated that the presidential campaign of 1840 would be a very warm one. The Whig Committee of this State were very anxious to establish a campaign paper, something new in those days. The chairman asked me to find an editor for the proposed paper. I had been struck with some articles in a weekly paper published in this city, called *The New Yorker*, favoring protection to American industry. Mr. Greeley was the publisher of the paper. I came to New York and went to the office of the paper. One of the first persons whom I met was a compositor standing at his case, and when I asked for Mr. Greeley he said he was the man. I asked for the author of the articles in question, and was told by Mr. Greeley that he wrote them. The Chairmam of the State Committee was with me, and the question of a campaign paper was at once broached. Mr. Greeley agreed to come up to Albany once a week and to devote two days in each week to editing the paper. The remainder of the time he needed for his own establishment. I will say here that Mr. Greeley could do more intellectual labor than any man I ever saw. He became acquainted with Mr. Seward during that campaign. The work which Mr. Greeley did at that time was appreciated by all of us. And so gradually sprang up the political firm of Seward, Weed & Greeley. There was much in Mr. Greeley's disposition to endear him to all with whom he came in close contact. I have never known a man capable of doing more work, or better newspaper work than he. In those days political discussions were often exceedingly sharp. It is a great consolation to me, to reflect that friendship was unbroken between me and many of my bitterest political opponents. The members of the Albany Regency, all of them strong men politically, and with whom I was at war for nearly, or quite a quarter of a century, were nevertheless my warm personal friends. [Prolonged applause.]

Other Speeches.

Besides the remarks given above, there were other speeches of great interest. Hon. Algernon S. Sullivan spoke of Mr. Weed's kindness of heart. Hon. George Dawson, editor of the *Albany Evening Journal*, who was introduced as "Mr. Weed's oldest apprentice, and for many years his associate on the *Journal*," spoke at length, giving reminiscences of Mr. Weed's early days, his unfailing benevolence to needy printers and others, and the sagacity which he evinced in all public affairs at an early age.

Hon. Wm. E. Robinson, of Brooklyn, made a brief address, which was full of animation and suggestiveness. Mr. R. J. Burdette, of the *Burlington Hawkeye*, delivered a speech full of wit and wisdom. Mr. David M. Stone, for the past fifteen years editor of the *Journal of Commerce*, made one of the happiest speeches of the evening. Postmaster James also spoke, expressing his high appreciation of Mr. Weed's character and public services. The Rev. Henry Highland Garnett was called upon, and responded on behalf of the colored race, thanking Mr. Weed for the aid which he had extended to, and the sympathy which he had felt for the abolition movement.

LETTERS OF REGRET.

During the evening the President of the Club read a number of the following letters:

From one of the Oldest Living Journalists.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Nov. 13, 1880.

WM. N. PENNEY, Esq.:

MY DEAR SIR— I received this morning, through you as President, an invitation from the New York Press Association, to attend a meeting of that society in the city of New York on the 15th inst., to celebrate the eighty-third anniversary of the birth of its oldest member, my life-long friend and esteemed fellow-craftsman, Mr. Thurlow Weed.

It would give me great pleasure to be present on that occasion, but the distance, the fickleness of the weather, and more than these, the infirmities of advanced age forbid me to make the effort. If I live until the 26th inst., I shall have passed my 88th birthday.

In 1807, nearly three quarters of a century ago, I was an indentured apprentice in the old *Repository* office of the late Mr. J. D. Binns at Canandaigua. I devoted nearly thirty years of my life to my chosen profession. They were the best and the happiest years of my life, notwithstanding the great amount of unrequited labor incident to journalism.

Please present my sincere thanks to the members of the Club for their cordial invitation and kind remembrance of me.

I beg you will also convey to Mr. Weed, your venerable guest, my sincere and hearty congratulations on the occasion of the eighty-third anniversary of his birth, blessed with health and strength to enable him to preside over and guide, by his ripe judgment and experience, the deliberations of your Club.

I trust his vigorous constitution will preserve him in comfortable health for many years.

Very truly yours,

L. H. REDFIELD.

Despatch from Frederick W. Seward.

MONTROSE, N. Y., *November 15, 1880.*

WILLIAM N. PENNEY,

President Press Club, 119 Nassau St., N. Y. :

I regret that I am unable to accept your kind invitation.

With best wishes and cordial felicitations.

F. W. SEWARD.

From the Editor of the Philadelphia Times.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., *November 13, 1880.*

H. C. LUKENS, Esq. :

DEAR SIR — I have delayed answering your kind invitation of the 8th, to join your Club in the reception to Thurlow Weed, hoping to be able to attend, but I find that it will be impossible.

It would be a special gratification to me to join you in honoring Mr. Weed, who has made himself single from his editorial associates in the country, in asserting the power and dignity of the newspaper press, by placing it above all official positions.

Very truly yours,

A. K. McCLURE.

From the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y., }
9th November, 1880. }

MY DEAR SIR — I regret exceedingly that previous engagements prevent me from paying my respects in person to Mr. Weed at the Press Club on Monday evening. But no one of the editorial fraternity can more cordially wish for him continued health and prosperity than I. And certainly no one has shown more conspicuously than he how great an influence may be exerted upon practical politics without official position.

Very respectfully yours,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

JOHN B. WOOD, Esq., *Chairman.*

From the Managing Editor of the New York Herald.

NEW YORK, *November 15, 1880.*

MY DEAR SIR — I regret very much that I cannot be with you to-night, to join with you in the celebration of the eighty-third anniversary of the birth of Mr. Thurlow Weed, who, to quote from your own language, “has so long been a distinguished and revered member” of the profession to which I have the honor to belong.

Your invitation, however, affords me an opportunity to express the admiration and respect I feel for the venerable gentleman, whose career as journalist and statesman has been marked by the broadest benevolence, generosity and patriotism. If all newspaper men would only study and imitate the shining example of your illustrious guest, how much more agreeable would be the post of journalist to-day!

I have the honor to be with much esteem,

Yours very truly,

THOMAS B. CONNERY.

Mr. W. N. PENNEY, *President.*

From the Editor of the Livingston Republican.

GENESE0, *November 13, 1880.*

Mr. WM. N. PENNEY:

SIR — I am in receipt of your favor of the 4th, inviting me to the celebration, by the New York Press Club, of the eighty-third anniversary of the birthday of Mr. Thurlow Weed.

It would give me great pleasure to accept your invitation, but I shall be unable to do so. There is no man in the journalistic ranks whom I hold in such esteem and veneration as the distinguished gentleman whom you propose to honor.

I have known him forty years, but have known of him for more than half a century. I first met him upon the deck of a canal boat at Syracuse, at the great Whig meeting September 16, 1840, and have had frequent evidence of his kindness, for which I shall never cease to be grateful.

Very respectfully,

S. P. ALLEN.

From O. Follett.

SANDUSKY, *November 13, 1880.*

WILLIAM N. PENNEY :

DEAR SIR — I received this morning your invitation to participate, with the Club, in the celebration of the eighty-third anniversary of the birth of mine ancient friend Thurlow Weed.

Few things, Mr. President, would afford me more pleasure. I have known Mr. Weed for more than half a century, and through good and through evil report we have always been personal friends, though not always in perfect political agreement.

Your invitation came too late to make it convenient to meet your time. You should have considered that *old* bodies as well as *large* bodies "move slow."

Thanking you for the kind remembrance and wishing, to company and guest alike, peace, joy and health,

I am, your obedient servant,

O. FOLLETT.

From "Mrs. Partington."

CHELSEA, *November 10, 1880.*

MY DEAR MR. LUKENS — Feeling a warm sympathy with the object of your meeting on Monday, it is with great regret that I confess my *inability*, from *disability*, to be present on the occasion. "Providence and minor things," as you put the contingency of my coming, not being "equal," I am constrained, very reluctantly, to decline your cordial invitation. It would give me great satisfaction to add my tribute to that of the Press Club in honoring Thurlow Weed, now the chief patriarch of journalism. There is no man in our profession whom I would more gladly honor than Mr. Weed, whom I have known so long, by the letter, and respected in the spirit, though we were on different sides of the political hedge. Like Col. Dumas, I feel more respect for one I have so long fought with, and to clasp his hand after more than forty years' antagonism, were a privilege that I hate to forego. But I have to, under existing circumstances, and beg you to present my regrets to the Association, thanking them, and you, for the polite invitation. At the suggestion of "Mrs. P." I append the following sentiment :

The Veteran Editor — May his fidelity, integrity, intelligence and *years* be transmitted to his successors, as the "mantle-piece" of the Hebrew prophet fell on the shoulders of Elisha, and may the example of Thurlow Weed be a continual light to their path, however they may vote.

Yours, fraternally but hastily,

B. P. SHILLABER.

From Samuel L. Clemens.

HARTFORD, *November 9, 1880.*

MY DEAR MR. LUKENS — I should like it very much but I am booked otherwise for that day. I wish Mr. Weed and the rest of the boys a good time.

Truly yours,

MARK TWAIN.

From James Parton.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS., *November 10, 1880.*

MY DEAR SIR — I am so immersed in work at present, that I am obliged to deny myself the very great pleasure of being with you on Monday evening next. It was only yesterday that I met a passage in the Diary of John Quincy Adams, which showed that during the presidency of that excellent man, Mr. Thurlow Weed was already an active, influential and patriotic politician. He has, I believe, influenced or admonished every administration since; and always, I am sure, with the best intentions; often, with the happiest effects. He was fortunate in entering journalism when the path upward (always difficult) had not become nearly impossible, and when in order to *direct* an influential newspaper, it was not necessary to own a million dollars.

The intellectual element of the press seems now trodden under the feet of millionaires. Ask your venerable guest what the element aforesaid ought to do about it. I am confident he could give valuable hints.

With sincere thanks for the honor of your invitation, I remain,

Very truly yours,

JAMES PARTON.

H. CLAY LUKENS, Esq.

From the Editor of the New York Commercial.

NEW YORK, *November 12, 1880.*

WILLIAM N. PENNEY, Esq.,

President New York Press Club :

MY DEAR SIR — Your kind invitation to attend a gathering of the New York Press Club to celebrate the eighty-third anniversary of the birth of its oldest member, Thurlow Weed, is received, and I regret very much that I cannot be present. The members of the Club and Mr. Weed will excuse me when I mention that I am prevented by influences that every married member of the Club as a rule bows to. It is my thirty-seventh marriage anniversary, and the woman of the house insists, while she has the greatest regard and the warmest affection for her old friend and neighbor, Mr. Weed, that she has stronger claims on me than any one else.

Mr. Penney, if you are a married man, you must know how it is yourself, and of course I must submit and stay at home like a true and devoted husband, and celebrate the occasion. I regret exceedingly that two such interesting events should occur at the same time.

It would afford me great pleasure to be present on Monday evening and join in celebrating the eighty-third birthday of my old friend Mr. Weed. My acquaintance and association commenced with him in the fall of 1838, when I made my maiden speech for Seward, at the Whig headquarters in Market street, opposite the Eagle Tavern, Albany. I have followed his fortunes as a leader from that time to this, with occasional irregularities. If I differed with him occasionally, my devotion and admiration of him as a true man never changed. I know him better than most men alive, having wintered and summered with him for nearly forty years. May the balance of his life be peace and happiness.

Truly yours,

HUGH J. HASTINGS.

From the Editor of the Independent.

NEW YORK, *Nov. 13, 1880.*

WM. N. PENNEY, Esq., *President :*

DEAR SIR — I am in receipt of your very kind invitation to be present and join in with the New York Press Club in celebrating

the eighty-third anniversary of the birth of Mr. Thurlow Weed, for which honor please accept my thanks. I find I must deny myself the pleasure of meeting Mr. Weed, yourself and the members of your respected Association; but I cannot forbear saying, that in my judgment, your honorable and honored guest is worthy of the highest respect and best wishes of every journalist and patriot in the country. His natural gifts and endowments, his great wisdom in dealing with public questions, his able advice in times of peril and bitter political strife, together with his great kindness of heart and unselfish desire to do good to all men, have converted his enemies — if ever he had any — and made him an army of friends, who will be glad to know of his continued health, happiness and prosperity. Permit me to offer him, through you, my hearty congratulations on this eventful occasion, and if he will accept the advice of an humble member of the craft, to wish that he will continue to hold on to the old quill, that he will not lay aside the harness as a laborer with us, and that he may be able many, many times to meet you on the anniversary occasion to receive the greetings and good wishes of the members of your Club. With great respect, etc.,

HENRY C. BOWEN.

P. S.—If I were present and permitted the opportunity I would offer the following sentiment :

Our venerable and highly-respected guest — a living illustration that journalism can produce in a single man the qualities needed in the Presidential chair and the halls of Congress, in a court of justice, or in any home or foreign service, where wisdom, justice and patriotism are of more value than gold or guns, or armies.

From a Famous Correspondent.

BREVOORT HOUSE, NEW YORK, Nov. 13, 1880.

DEAR SIR — I beg to thank you for the thoughtful courtesy of sending me an invitation to the reception to be given by the New York Press Club on the 15th prox.

I need not say how gladly I will be present if my engagements will permit; and with confraternal greeting to the Club over which you preside, I remain

Sincerely yours,

WM. N. PENNEY, Esq.

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

From John D. Parsons.

ALBANY, Nov. 13, 1880.

WILLIAM N. PENNEY,

President, etc., etc.:

DEAR SIR—Your note, inviting me to participate with the New York Press Club in celebrating the eighty-third anniversary of its oldest member, Mr. Thurlow Weed, came to hand this morning.

Nothing would afford me greater satisfaction than to be present at this birthday anniversary of my esteemed partner and friend, but having lately risen from a bed of sickness, I am advised that it would be unsafe for me to do so.

Thanking you, and through you the Club, for the invitation, and wishing you and the members of the Club, and especially your honored guest, happiness and long life, I remain

Your humble servant,

JOHN D. PARSONS.

From Benson J. Lossing.

THE RIDGE, DOVER PLAINS, DUTCHESS CO., N. Y., }
November 10, 1880. }

MY DEAR MR. LUKENS—Don't think me discourteous in not replying to your kind invitation to the Press Club. My excuse is absence from home until after the affair, and the expectation of seeing you before now.

I should greatly enjoy meeting the venerable journalist, Mr. Weed, among so many of the craft next Monday, on the occasion of his eighty-third birthday, but I shall be deprived of the pleasure by an imperative call to Poughkeepsie at that time. I cordially thank you for the kind invitation.

Yours, with great esteem,

H. CLAY LUKENS, Esq.

BENSON J. LOSSING.

From "Ik. Marvel."

EDGEWOOD, 10th November, 1880.

MY DEAR SIR—I am very sorry I cannot join in paying honor to one who is so worthy of all which your Club may have in store for him.

Very truly yours,

Mr. H. CLAY LUKENS.

DON'D G. MITCHELL.

From E. C. Stedman.

NEW YORK, *November 11, 1880.*

W. N. PENNEY, Esq.,

President New York Press Club :

DEAR SIR — Accept my thanks for the invitation to be present at your celebration of the eighty-third birthday of Mr. Thurlow Weed, and my sincere regrets that the fact that I shall have guests at my house next Monday evening will prevent me from enjoying your hospitalities on that occasion. Otherwise I should be glad to join you in doing honor to the Nestor of journalism — a veteran whose wisdom and patriotism are inseparably connected with the history of the War for the Union.

Very respectfully yours,

EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

From J. E. Frobisher.

54 EAST 21st STREET,
NEW YORK, *November 10, 1880.* }

H. CLAY LUKENS :

DEAR SIR — I am in receipt of your kind invitation to the anniversary reception tendered to Hon. Thurlow Weed on Monday evening. But I don't see how it is possible for me to get away from my duties — without the greatest inconvenience. I have tried to worry out the problem and see what might be done as to being counted as one on that memorable occasion. I have even gone so far as not to wish that the honorable gentleman had never been born, but that he had never been born on a *Monday*. Perhaps it is thoroughly selfish on my part, but one cannot always help one's thoughts, even though narrowed to personal considerations. It is simply that I would like to come but can't. I must therefore be content to remember the good time you are having, and subscribe myself,

Yours truly,

J. E. FROBISHER.

From Oliver Wendell Holmes.

BOSTON, *November 9, 1880.*

DEAR SIR— I am sorry that I cannot be with you on the fifteenth. My duties at the college do not allow me to leave Boston at that time.

With many thanks for your invitation to what must be a very pleasant meeting, I am,

Yours very truly,

O. W. HOLMES.

H. CLAY LUKENS, Esq., *N. Y. Press Club.*

— —

From W. H. Hurlburt.

THE WORLD, NEW YORK, *Nov. 10, 1880.*

MY DEAR SIR— If I was to be in New York on Monday evening next I certainly would be tempted to depart from my customs and my ways in such matters, and to accept your very cordial invitation. But I expect to be out of town, and as you straitly and discreetly charge me not to send you a letter, I can only say that I should have been glad to see Mr. Weed in such good company; that I wish you and the Press Club all manner of success, and that I am

Very truly yours,

DR. JOHN B. WOOD.

WM. HENRY HURLBURT.

— —

From Clarence A. Seward.

LAW OFFICE OF SEWARD, BLATCHFORD, }
 GRISWOLD AND DA COSTA, }
 NEW YORK, *Nov. 15, 1880, 1 P. M.* }

WM. N. PENNEY, Esq., *N. Y. Press Club:*

DEAR SIR— Your kind invitation inclosed in your courteous letter reaches me at this moment. Nothing would afford me greater pleasure than to testify, by my personal attendance at the gathering this evening, the high respect and affectionate regard which I have for your honored guest. It is a sincere disappointment to me that I am not able to accept your invitation. I have

another and imperative engagement, from which I cannot escape, which will detain me elsewhere. Uniting most heartily in all the kind and deserved expressions of esteem and respect which I know will greet Mr. Weed on this, the anniversary of his birthday, I am,

Very respectfully, etc.,

CLARENCE A. SEWARD.

From the Editor of the Agriculturist.

FLUSHING, N. Y., Nov. 13, 1880.

Mr. W. N. PENNEY, *President, etc. :*

DEAR SIR — Only three days ago I received your kind invitation to be present at the celebration of Mr. Thurlow Weed's completion of his eighty-third year.

As I reside in the country, I seldom go out evenings. I thought I must send my regrets for absence, but have delayed doing so from an increasing earnest desire to be with you. To-night I have determined to venture an attendance, part of the evening, at least.

Mr. Weed is one of the few remaining of those to whom I looked up for example and encouragement, when, nearly twenty-eight years ago, I assumed editorial charge of the journal which has ever since been under my direction and control, and which, I trust, has done somewhat in helping "make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before." My earlier prominent co-workers in the metropolis — Bryant, Greeley, Raymond, Hall, etc., etc — have nearly all laid down their pens with their lives. Indeed, I do not at this moment recall any one now in active life, of all those who were in charge of the leading city journals, daily or weekly, when I became "responsible editor" of the *American Agriculturist*, early in 1853.

I shall be quite happy to unite with the fraternity in doing honor to one greatly my senior in the profession, as well as my senior in age by over a score of years.

I am yours sincerely,

ORANGE JUDD.

From George W. Childs.

PUBLIC LEDGER BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA, {
November 10, 1880. }

DEAR SIR — “Hoping,” as you kindly express it in your note, that I might so arrange affairs as to be able to accept the New York Press Club’s invitation to join in the birthday reception to Thurlow Weed on the 15th inst., I have postponed reply until to-day, only to find imperative business engagements still in the way.

It takes a matter of some urgency you may be sure, and some self-denial too, to keep me away from the reception that commemorates the eighty-third anniversary of the dear old gentleman’s birthday — to enjoy once more the presence and the conversation of the veteran exemplar of the virtue of growing old gracefully, and bearing the infirmities of far-advanced age with unflagging cheerfulness of spirit. Think of the volume of history covered by his eighty-three years of life, with all of which during his sixty-two years of manhood he was in close contact, and part of which he was! I shall not attempt even a glance at it in this short letter, for the beginning goes back beyond the inauguration of DeWitt Clinton as Governor, and it seems an age since the era of that great statesman and friend of Thurlow Weed passed away. What a mass of eventful annals in your State and in the United States, between then and now, are called back to memory by the celebration of Mr. Weed’s eighty-third birthday, even when we limit recollection to those only in which he took active part, as counselor, negotiator, manager. These will doubtless be recounted at the reception from nearer memories than mine.

An editor sixty-two years ago! What a world of experience he has had, his influence coming down to date as suggester and adviser to his juniors, if not still actively with his own pen.

His personal influence and action have left more continuous and enduring impress on the history of your State and of the Nation, than those of any other one man I can call to mind — and this without official station or official power in his possession. His has been a grand and inspiring career.

With very great regret that I cannot be present on so interesting an occasion, I am, dear sir,

Very truly yours,

GEORGE W. CHILDS.

H. CLAY LUKENS, Esq., of *Committee, &c., New York Press Club.*

From Charles Dudley Warner.

THE COURANT, HARTFORD, CONN., *November 9, 1880.*

MY DEAR SIR — Thank you for the invitation to the reception to be given on the evening of the 15th to the veteran Mr. Weed.

It will give me pleasure to go, and I think I can do so, unless something unexpected turns up.

Yours sincerely,

CHAS. DUDLEY WARNER.

H. CLAY LUKENS, Esq., *Press Club, N. Y.*

Despatch from Mr. Mac Kellar.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., *November 15, 1880.*

H. C. LUKENS, *Press Club, N. Y. :*

Pray have me excused, owing to temporary disability. I unite with you cordially in congratulations and honor to the grand old printer. Will be happy to attend his next anniversary.

THOMAS MAC KELLAR.

Despatch from the Editor of Progress.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., *November 15, 1880.*

H. C. LUKENS, Esq., *Press Club, N. Y. :*

After all arrangements made, I am compelled to decline the distinguished honor of paying homage to the illustrious editor, my old and dear friend Thurlow Weed.

J. W. FORNEY.

From the Editor of the Richmond County Gazette.

STAPLETON, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y., *Nov. 15, 1880.*

MY DEAR SIR — Please give to the Press Club my hearty thanks for its kind invitation for this evening. I regret very much that I shall not be able to be present in person to extend my

congratulations to him, whom we of the younger generation have learned to regard with so much respect and admiration.

Yours very truly,

ERNEST F. BIRMINGHAM.

To the Sec'y N. Y. Press Club.

From R. G. White.

19th Nov., 1880.

DEAR SIR — In justice to myself, I must say that the invitation with which you honored me to meet Mr. Weed did not reach me until this afternoon.

Very respectfully yours,

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

WM. N. PENNEY, Esq., *President, etc.*

Despatch from Mr. Carpenter.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Nov. 15, 1880.

PRESIDENT PRESS CLUB, 119 *Nassau Street, N. Y.* — I regret that I cannot be with you this evening. Regards to all. I hope it will be many years before we wear the weed for Thurlow.

S. CARPENTER.

Despatch from Mr. Davids the day after the Reception.

POUGHKEEPSIE EAGLE OFFICE, }
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Nov. 16, 1880. }

W. N. PENNEY, Esq., *President Press Club, Nassau St., N. Y.:*

Oh! Oh! What a good time it was; I am so thankful. Good luck to you all!

GEORGE W. DAVIDS.

NEWSPAPER COMMENT.


The following extracts from various newspapers are selected from a bundle of clippings:

Atchison (Kansas) Champion.

The venerable Thurlow Weed was entertained by the New York Press Club on Monday evening, his birthday anniversary. Mr. Weed is in his eighty-third year. Few men now living have had a larger influence in the affairs of this Nation than has he. He has been the intimate and trusted friend of many of the most distinguished men of America, and was the special confidant and co-laborer of Lincoln and Seward during the great war. Mr. Weed still takes an active interest in political affairs, and published a number of interesting and valuable letters during the late campaign.

The Saratogian.

The reception of the New York Press Club tendered to Thurlow Weed on Monday evening was a notable affair. Nearly all the leading journalists of the metropolis were present, and the remarks of Mr. Weed were highly interesting. The veteran editor has been a power in this State and in the Nation for half a century, and his influence has been the result of his great ability and his intense devotion to whatever cause he espoused. He has never held office, but his power has dwarfed that of all other men in the political affairs of this State, notwithstanding. May he live long to receive the gratitude of those he has so long and so faithfully served, and of the party of which he was one of the most conspicuous and influential founders.



Lockport Journal.

The occasion brought out many interesting facts and anecdotes, and was altogether delightful.

New York Mail.

Among the most honored guests at the Press Club Reception to Thurlow Weed, last evening, was his successor as editor of the *Albany Evening Journal*, Mr. George Dawson, whose influence through that journal on the politics of this State, the past year, has been very potential and beneficial.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

The compliment paid by the New York Press Club to the venerable, but intellectually vigorous, Thurlow Weed, last evening, was a most impressive, heartfelt and touching testimonial of the affectionate esteem and high honor in which he is held by all grades of the profession by and in which he won the power he so long held and vigorously exercised. With all those whose daily work goes to the making of the newspapers of to-day, Mr. Weed feels the liveliest sympathy, whether they are editors, subordinate writers, reporters or type-setters. He has been a member of each of these classes, and in each won his position of mastery by hard work, persistence and sheer ability. In one respect, his example is far better than were those of such brilliant and great journalists as Raymond and Greeley, whose beginnings and sad endings he witnessed, and who illustrated, by contrast, Mr. Weed's wisdom in preferring the reality of power to the shadow, the editorial office to any political office.

Kingston Freeman.

Mr. Weed furnishes standing proof that the fatiguing duties of journalism can be endured to a good old age, with a proper regard for sanitary laws.



Albany Express.

It only needed the presence of Horace Greeley to make the gathering complete; and he was represented in a peculiar sense, by his successor, Mr. Whitelaw Reid. The organizers of former years are the observers of to-day; critics now as then, it may be, from force of habit, but rather critical observers, than active critics in the newspaper field. As journalists who led the way in enterprises which were as creditable in their day, as newspaper enterprises are now; as politicians who have been identified not only with much that was partisan, but with more that was patriotic; these veterans united in conceding the leadership in other days to the former editor of the *Evening Journal*. The disagreements of the past are gone; the sharp controversies and fierce conflicts are left to history; for the warriors of other days are friends, and now as then the plume of Thurlow Weed towers above them all. It is notable that the *New York Tribune* leads in this Press tribute; and it is as creditable as it is notable, for thus are the wounds of conflict best healed. Mr. Weed has peculiar claims upon public regard, and upon the editorial profession. He belongs to the old stock; he rose from the case, to be the counselor of men who led and even ruled Nations. His active days are numbered, but his life has been prolonged to witness the final triumph of every principle to which he devoted his energies, and of the party to which he was proud to belong, in its greatest conflict with its ancient enemy. His last days are days of peace.

New York Telegram.

The occasion was a noteworthy one, for it is hardly possible that so many veteran journalists will ever be drawn together for a like purpose again.

Albany Journal.

Included in the company invited to meet him were many of the most distinguished representatives of the professions, and other prominent citizens. These gentlemen vied with the members of the press in making known their distinguished consideration for the illustrious guest of the evening. It is on such

occasions that youth is renewed and strength revived. Let us hope that Mr. Weed gathered vitality enough from last evening's graceful and hearty reception to last him for many, many years to come.

— —

Westfield (N. Y.) Republican.

The occasion was indeed a memorable one. General James Watson Webb, a cotemporary knight of the quill, was one of the honored guests, and men as distinguished in more modern days in law, politics, music, the drama and on the press took an active part in the speechifying; and most of them took a very fair share of the creature comforts which were bountifully supplied to refresh the inner man after the talking.

— —

Utica Observer.

It is now over sixty years since Mr. Weed left Utica, where he learned his trade, and enlisted in the war of 1812. He worked over by the canal, where Walter Martin's now stands. He was not considered the most valuable hand in the establishment. When another was drafted, the proprietor said: "I can't spare him. I wish it was Weed." When young Weed heard this, he resolved to volunteer as a substitute for the drafted man.

The western part of this State—Rochester—at that time offered a fine field for pushing enterprise. Thither Mr. Weed made his way, and established the Anti-Masonic *Enquirer*. During the Anti-Masonic excitement here, in 1826 and '27, he was twice elected to the Assembly. In 1830, he removed to Albany and began his career on the *Evening Journal* there, which continued until 1862. In 1865, he removed to New York, and edited for a short time the *Commercial Advertiser*, but retired in 1866.

The foregoing outline sketch of his life carries no impression of what he has done, or of how he has done it. He made William H. Seward Governor. He gave Horace Greeley his start as an editor. He held himself aloof from office-holding, but "invented" others for almost every occasion. His last political exploit was the nomination of John A. Dix as Governor in 1872. Dix remained almost alone among those with whom Weed had been intimate. He got an obscure fellow named

Clark to nominate him in the Convention, and Clark mistook this permission for original honor, and has always since claimed the sole credit of making Dix Governor, in that year of general disaster to Democracy. But Clark is forgotten, and Thurlow Weed lives. His reminiscences of public men are very interesting.

He was active in the convention of 1866, when Hoffman and Pruyn were nominated. A young Democrat who saw him at Saratoga at that time, and talked with him, remarked: "Mr. Weed is losing his powers; why, he hesitates when he speaks, so much that it is painful to hear him." An old Whig was heard to chuckle and to remark; "He always hesitates. Don't believe that he is losing his powers on that account. If so, he would have lost them fifty years ago."

He is a very generous man. He had an old enemy in the person of Edwin Croswell, once editor of the *Albany Argus*, to whom he had not spoken during a twenty years' residence. When Croswell became poor, Weed started one New Year's morning to make him a present. He gave \$5,000 himself and soon collected \$20,000 more, so that before the day was over he was able to present \$25,000 to Mr. Croswell. It is by acts such as this that Mr. Weed has kept himself from growing old, and has retained a place in the affection of the Press Club and other organizations of the young workers in journalism.

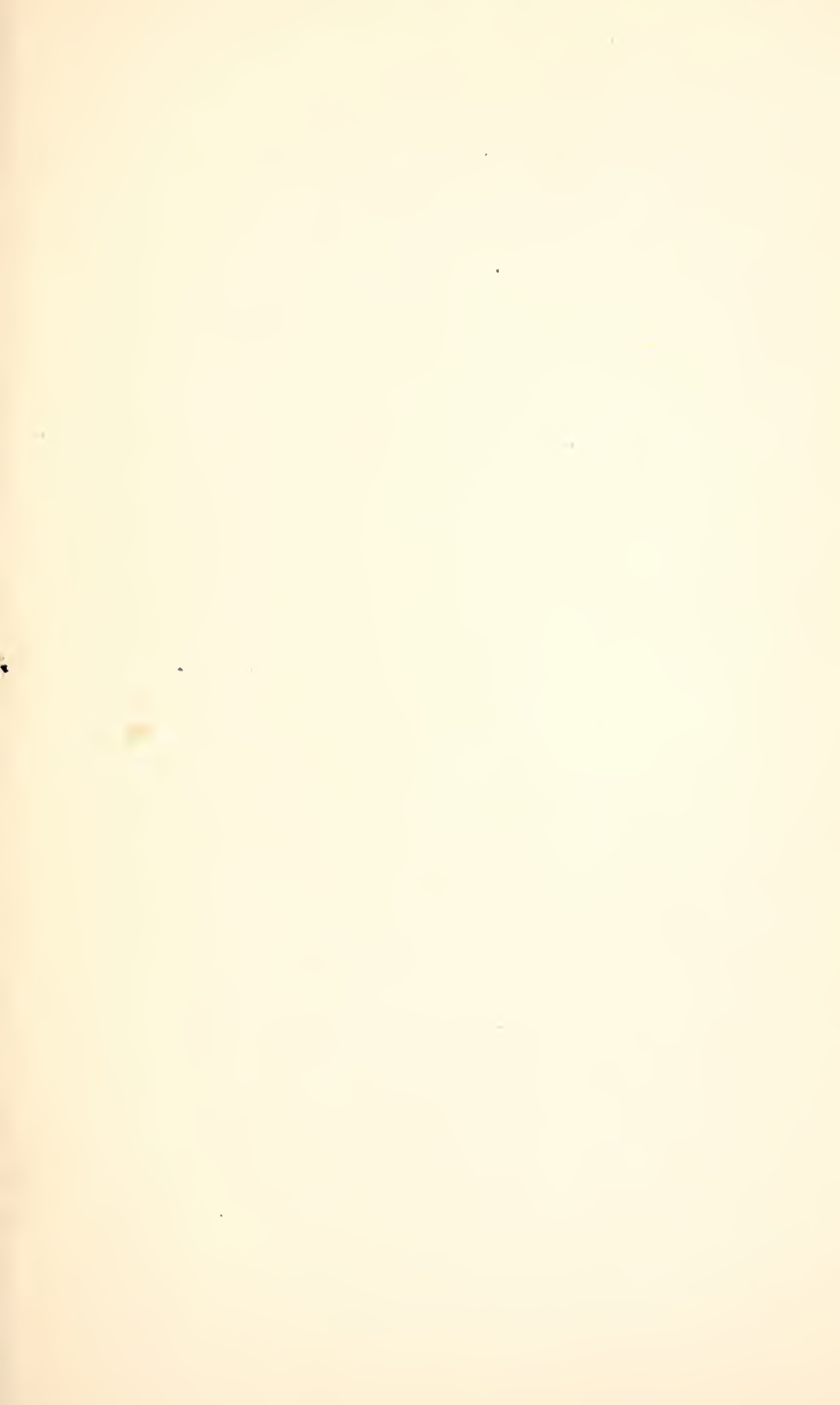
Elmira Advertiser.

The recent gathering in New York on the occasion of honoring Thurlow Weed, by the Press Club, brought out considerable knowledge of the political past of this State. The reference to the firm of Weed, Seward & Co. could hardly have been avoided by Whitelaw Reid, who spoke especially of this celebrated triumvirate. The term took its rise from Greeley's notable letter to Seward, after he broke with him, in the distribution of the spoils, warning him that "the firm of Weed, Seward & Co. was dissolved." It was years after, though, that it appeared in print in the *Tribune*, when Greeley took occasion to refer to the date his antagonism began. The death of Greeley and consequent absence was a serious drawback to the correct revival of the circumstances at the above meeting. The letter made the dissolution. Neither Seward nor Weed understood Greeley. The

latter had labored in humble drudgery to advance the interests of the party, but when success was reached his claims were overlooked. He would not press them personally, and the others did not give them due consideration. Seward had too many political adherents to provide for, and Weed, who never wanted office for himself, supposed that Greeley was equally indifferent. The latter, however, was a bankrupt editor at the time the party succeeded, and he felt that Seward should have tendered him the New York post-office; instead of giving it to a mere party hack. He labored hard to obtain reduction of postage, and he saw many abuses in the post-office that he could remove. "The result was that the editor of the *Log Cabin*, who did more to elect Harrison than any other man, was treated with a degree of neglect that he could not but intensely feel. This very feeling is mentioned by Gibbon, as his own experience when in the House of Commons. 'I was counted in the day of battle,' says the historian, 'but I was overlooked in the division of the spoils.' Greeley supposed himself to be viewed with a degree of contemptuous indifference, and his proud spirit could not brook the insult. He ceased to admire Seward, and as Weed was a supporter of the latter, a coolness sprang up between these two great editors.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper.

Mr. Weed's birthday was also recognized by hundreds of friends who called at his residence, to tender their congratulations, and many letters and telegrams were received. All the callers were received in the cozy reception-room, which was fragrant with the perfume of flowers. One of the handsomest floral designs sent to the octogenarian was the representation of a very large horseshoe, with a shield of red, white and blue in the center. One of the smallest floral tokens was a simple bouquet, which Mr. Weed received enthusiastically. * * * Five of Mr. Weed's grandchildren sent him a large basket of the finest fruit, with an affectionate message attached. This basket of fruit was placed upon an immense silver salver and given a conspicuous place in the room. This salver was presented to him by a number of the leading merchants of New York in 1854, when Mr. Weed was editor of the *Albany Evening Journal*. The salver is over three feet long, of solid silver, and weighs fourteen pounds. It is an elaborate piece of artistic workmanship.

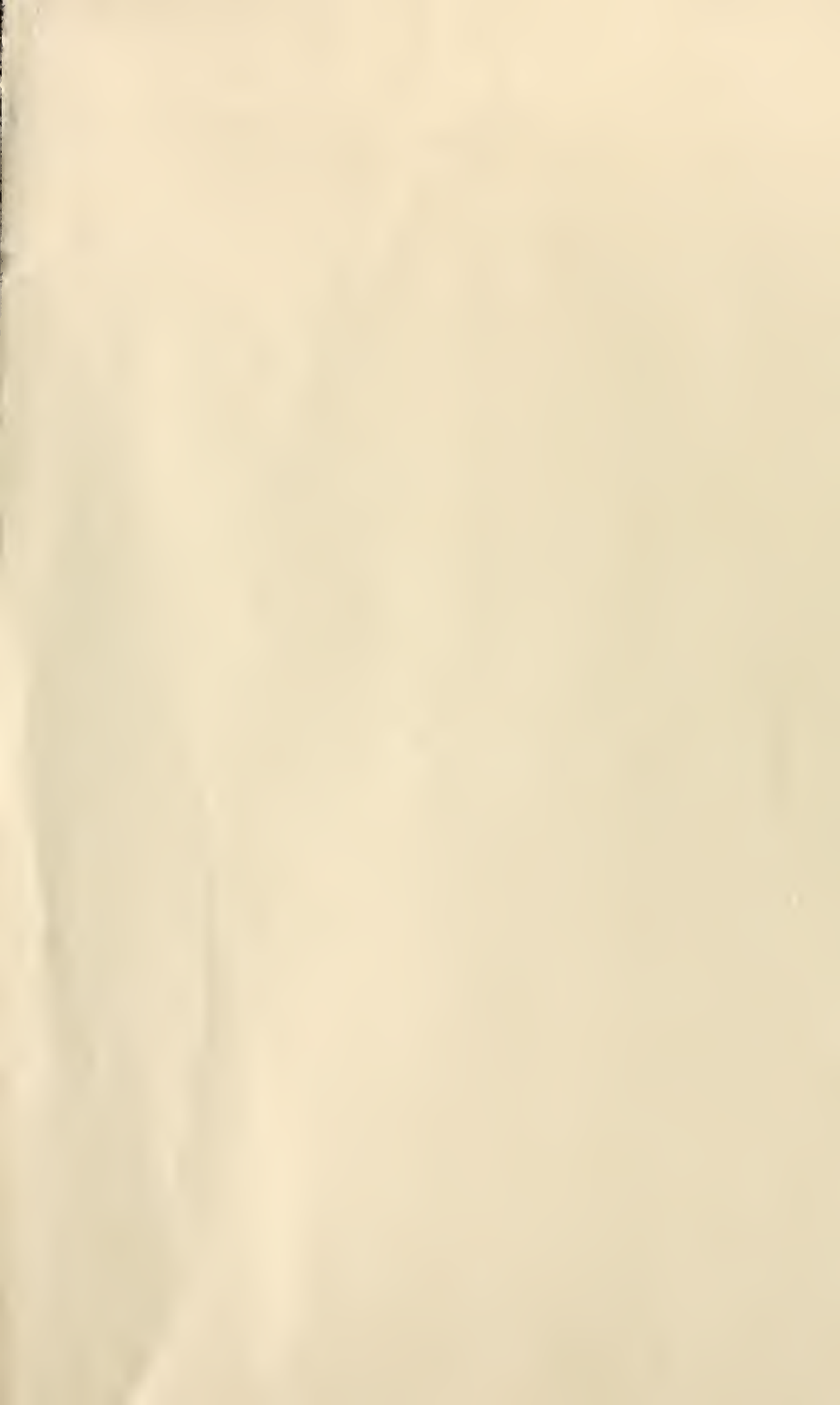


LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 011 896 946 7





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 011 896 946 7



HOLLINGER
pH 8.5
MILL RUN F3-1543