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DINNER GIVEN IN HONOR OF THE
DELEGATES REPRESENTING THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT
AT THE UNVEILING OF THE
ROCHAMBEAU STATUE AT WASHINGTON
BY THE
FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK
OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
MAY TWENTY-NINTH, 1902
DELMONICO'S

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF FRONT PAGE OF DINNER CARD.

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THIS narrative of the proceedings at the banquet given by the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick of New York of the French Mission attending the Rochambeau Monument ceremonies, was about to be put to press when the letter subjoined was received by the President of the Society. It is fitting that it should find place in this volume, testifying, as it does, to the generous appreciation by the French Nation of the fervid hand-clasp to its distinguished representatives which it was the privilege of the Society to extend on behalf of the millions of our race and nation.

Paris, le 11 décembre, 1902.

Le Général de Division Brugère,
Vice-Président du Conseil Supérieur de la Guerre,
à Monsieur James A. O'Gorman,
Président du Société de St. Patrick,
à New York.

Monsieur le Président,

L'accueil chaleureux que la Société de St. Patrick a bien voulu faire, à New York, à la Mission française, dont j'avais l'honneur d'être le chef, m'a laissé, ainsi qu'à tous les membres de cette mission, un impérissable souvenir.

Nous nous reportons souvent, par la pensée à la magnifique réunion du 29 Mai, 1902, où se sont affirmés, dans une manifestation enthousiaste et grandiose, les sentiments de vive et affectueuse sympathie, qui unissent nos deux nations.

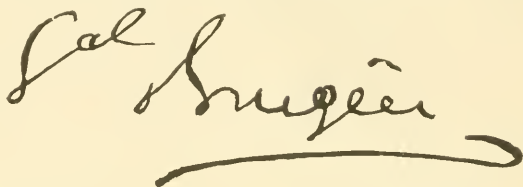
J'ai demandé au Gouvernement de la République Française de vouloir bien envoyer à la Société de St. Patrick un objet d'art, en témoignage de cette profonde sympathie et de la reconnaissance de la mission française.

Le Gouvernement s'est empressé d'accueillir ma demande, et j'ai l'honneur de vous faire connaître que vous recevrez prochainement, par l'intermédiaire de notre Ambassadeur, un vase de la Manufacture Nationale de Sèvres que j'ai choisi, et que je vous prie de faire placer dans le lieu ordinaire de vos réunions, en souvenir des trop courts instants que nous avons passés ensemble.

Vous avez été si aimable pour moi, le jour où j'ai, eu l'honneur de dîner à votre côté, que je viens vous prier de vouloir bien accepter mon portrait, que je vous adresse par le même courrier.

Je serais heureux si vous vouliez bien m'envoyer, en échange, votre photographie.

Veuillez agréer, Monsieur le Président, l'assurance de ma haute considération et de mes sentiments les plus dévoués.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Général Brugère". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style. Below the signature is a long, horizontal, slightly wavy line that serves as a decorative flourish or underline.

20 Avenue Rapp.

TRANSLATION.

Paris, December 11, 1902.

General of Division Brugère,

Vice President of the Supreme Council of War.

To Mr. James A. O'Gorman,

President of the Society of St. Patrick,

New York.

Mr. President,

The warmth of the welcome which the Society of St. Patrick was good enough to offer in New York to the French Mission, of which I had the honor to be the head, has become an imperishable memory to me, as well as to all the members of that mission.

Often do we go back in thought to the magnificent assemblage of the 29th of May, 1902, where with such enthusiasm and impressiveness the sentiments of living and affectionate sympathy which unite our two nations were affirmed.

I have requested the government of the French Republic to be pleased to send to the Society of St. Patrick a piece of art work in token of that profound sympathy and of the gratitude of the Mission.

The Government has hastened to comply with my request, and I have the honor to inform you that you will presently receive through the medium of our Ambassador a vase from the National Manufactory of Sèvres which I have chosen, and which I pray you to install in your usual place of assembly in remembrance of the moments, all too short, which we passed together.

You were so kind to me on the evening I had the honor of dining at your side that I pray you be pleased to accept my portrait which I have addressed to you through the same medium. I should be happy if you would kindly send me your photograph in exchange.

Please accept, Mr. President, the assurance of my high consideration and of my most devoted sentiments.

GENERAL BRUGÈRE.



PROCEEDINGS

AT THE

DINNER

TO THE



ROCHAMBEAU

SPECIAL

MISSION

GIVEN BY

THE

Friendly Sons



of
St. Patrick

AT

DELMONICO'S

MAY 29, 1902.

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By transfer

White House

PRESS OF
W. P. MITCHELL & SONS,
39 BEEKMAN STREET,
NEW YORK CITY.



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ON occasion of the importance and significance of the dinner given on May 29, 1902, by the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick of New York to the French governmental mission that visited these shores to take part in the Rochambeau monument ceremonies, deserves more than a fugitive record.

General Comte de Rochambeau had led the army of 6,000 men, whom the King of France had sent to this country—with money, clothing and munitions of war, and escorted by a powerful fleet at a time when the outlook for American independence was dark indeed. To Rochambeau's sage counsel Washington owed much in the conduct of the ensuing military campaign, and to that veteran French soldier's whole-hearted co-operation and splendid subordination in the Yorktown siege and victory, he owed even more. Nor was Washington chary of his praise of this admirable gentleman and soldier. Congress voted two of the captured British cannon to the French commander, and they duly reached the Chateau de Rochambeau. The Comte was subsequently created a Marshal of France by King Louis XVI., but thereafter for a century little public honor was paid, in America at least, to the man or his memory.

Great deeds do not sleep forever. Some two years ago a statue of Rochambeau was erected in the town of Vendome, France, where he was born, on the 1st of July, 1725, and it was a happy thought which inspired the erection of a duplicate of the monument in Washington, at the

expense of the government of the United States. That France duly recognized the honor thus paid to one of her great sons may be judged from the composition of the special mission named by the President of the French Republic, M. Emile Loubet, to be present at the unveiling of the statue. It was headed by General Brugère, commander in chief of the French army, and Admiral Fournier of the French navy, and in addition to the present Comte and Comtesse de Rochambeau, and Comte Sahun de Lafayette, included M. Croiset, Dean of the Faculty of Letters of Paris; M. Lagrave, of the Ministry of Commerce; M. Guillemin, of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs; the Comte de Chambrun, a direct descendant of General de Lafayette; General de Chalendar, whose grandfather served under Rochambeau at Yorktown, with a full complement of military and naval aides of high rank in their respective branches of the service. The French line of battle ship Gaulois, a type of the most powerful warships of the French Navy, was selected to carry the military and naval members of the mission, the civil members electing to cross the Atlantic in the French liner, Touraine.

Gratifying as the announcement of the Commission was to the American people at large, it was especially so to the millions of American citizens of Irish birth or descent. France had been the friend, the refuge of Ireland during the darkest and bitterest hours of her history. France had been the hope of Ireland in her many efforts to throw off the galling yoke of English oppression and misgovernment. That the plans of the French to make good that hope were not as successful as they proved in the case of the American colonies of Great Britain did not lessen

the Irishman's feeling of gratitude to the brave and generous nation so lavish of its blood and treasure in the cause of freedom for mankind. Nor were Irishmen slow to recall that the two battalions of the Irish regiment of Dillon, under that brave Irish commander, formed part of the French force at the surrender of the English general, Lord Cornwallis, at Yorktown. Then, too, this splendid reminder of the olden battle-blood alliance between France and the United States came at a time when the cant of "Anglo-Saxon brotherhood" was widespread in these United States, and used, in season and out of season, to make men forget that England ever had been an enemy or that any other power had ever been a friend.

It was natural, therefore, that this sentiment among our citizens of Irish birth or ancestry should be still more warmly felt within the circle of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. They determined to witness to the faith that was in them, and at a meeting held early in May resolved to tender a grand banquet to the French commission after the ceremony of unveiling the statue of Rochambeau in Washington. An efficient committee was appointed. Cordial invitation was at once extended to the entire commission, through His Excellency, M. Jules Cambon, the French Ambassador at Washington, and it was hailed by that able diplomat with pleasure. As, however, the mission was to be the guest of the United States while in this country, the arranging of its engagements was in the hands of the Department of State in Washington, and the Society's invitation was accordingly referred to the Secretary of State. The committee was soon gratified to learn that, although the invitations to the mission were much

more numerous than could be accepted, the evening of Thursday, May 29, had been named as the time when the distinguished Frenchmen would be given over to the hospitality of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick.

It may be pertinent to relate in this connection the warm personal interest taken by Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, in the project of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, who have long carried his name on their roster. The strain of Irish blood in his manly heart beats ever true to the Irish love of freedom. It particularly gladdened the President to know that the descendants of the great Irish fighters of the Revolution and the War of 1812 would be invited to meet the descendants of Rochambeau and Lafayette around the social board. His reception of the Committee at the White House was most cordial, and when it was learned that the many hospitable nets spread for the French mission threatened to limit the time for the banquet to one or two hours, it was at the President's express order that the arrangements were altered to give the entire evening of the 29th of May to the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick.

It is also pertinent to say that the committee owed much in perfecting its arrangements to the courtesy of M. Cambon and to the zeal and quick intelligence of M. Jules Bœufve, the Chancellor of the French Embassy.

The battle-ship, *Gaulois*, bearing General Brugère and Admiral Fournier and their staffs made the passage from Toulon in a leisurely manner. Arriving in Chesapeake Bay on the morning of the 20th of May, she was met there by ships of our North Atlantic Squadron, headed by the *Olympia*. After an exchange of salutes, our squadron

escorted the Gaulois to her anchorage at Annapolis, where she arrived on the afternoon of the 21st. The American Commission, appointed by the President to look after the comfort of our visitors, together with the officials of the French Embassy at Washington, went on board the warship and were entertained with true Gallie hospitality. On the morning of the 22d the mission came ashore to begin the ten-day round of receptions and festivities already planned. The time-limit, it may be noted, was set by the duties of General Brugère and Admiral Fournier, which, after the indicated lapse of days, demanded their presence at home. The mission proceeded from Annapolis to Washington by special train, where the French Ambassador, M. Jules Cambon, and the civil members of the Commission, who had arrived via New York on the Touraine, were awaiting them. On the same day they were presented to President Roosevelt at the White House. Then came a trip to Mount Vernon and the tomb of Washington, near which a young maple, taken from the heights around Yorktown, was planted, each member of the mission placing a spadeful of earth. In the evening there was a dinner of one hundred covers at the White House, at which the President presided, and whereat the utmost cordiality reigned.

The next day, May 23d, the President was received on the Gaulois, and in the evening the visitors were dined at the French Embassy in Washington. Saturday, the 24th, the day set for the unveiling of the statue of Rochambeau, found Washington astir over the ceremonies which passed off with great éclat and marked by many interesting incidents before an enormous assemblage. On

Sunday the entire mission attended high mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral, where Cardinal Gibbons preached an eloquent sermon on the moral results flowing from the alliance of France with the United States in the days of Washington and Roehambeau. In the evening the mission started by train for Niagara Falls, where Monday was spent. A visit to West Point broke the journey to New York, where they arrived on Tuesday afternoon. Amid a splendid popular reception they were driven in a long line of carriages to the City Hall, where they were received by Mayor Seth Low and the Municipal Council, the whole building being beautifully draped with bunting. Thence they were taken to Madison Square, where a review of 10,000 soldiers of the National Guard took place. In the evening the mission was entertained at dinner by the Society of the Cincinnati. On Wednesday, the 28th, they were shown around points of interest in the city, visiting the tomb of General Grant and lunching at Claremont. In the evening they were dined by the French Chamber of Commerce of New York. On the 29th, the forenoon was spent in a visit to the country home of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, formerly Ambassador to France, the party returning to the city early in the afternoon.

At six o'clock the 69th Regiment of the National Guard, under command of Colonel Edward Duffy, was seen advancing up Fifth Avenue. Never did the gallant soldiers, Irish-born or Irish-descended, almost to a man, step more alertly to the strains of the band. The regiment was halted before the great hotel and deployed for a formal reception. Meantime a committee of escort of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick had been presented to General Brugère,

Admiral Fournier, Comte de Rochambeau, Comte Sahun de Lafayette, Comte de Chambrun and other members of the mission in the Waldorf-Astoria.

When all was ready the committee escorted the distinguished visitors to the carriages which were in waiting. A double ruffle of the drums and a regimental salute greeted the appearance of General Brugère upon the sidewalk, and the regimental band broke out into the inspiring strains of the Marseillaise, amid the cheers of the throngs that filled the neighboring streets. Forming marching front, the companies quickly wheeled into Fifth Avenue, and the march to Delmonico's was taken up, the crowds that lined the sidewalks cheering all the way.

The facade of Delmonico's, brilliantly illuminated and hung with the French and American colors, soon caught the eyes of our visitors. As they alighted from their carriages and were met by the reception committee, the band of the 69th played the "Star Spangled Banner."

It had been made known to the Committee that the French delegates were to leave the city at midnight in a special train for Newport on their way to Boston, whence they were to sail to France. Little time was, therefore, lost in the spacious reception rooms where the members of the society had gathered to greet their French guests. The heads of the mission were duly received by President the Hon. James A. O'Gorman, and presented in turn to the other officers of the society and to the principal speakers of the evening. Procession was then formed, a member of the reception committee escorting each member of the mission to his seat, President O'Gorman leading with the French Ambassador, M. Jules Cambon.

It was a brilliant scene that awaited the visitors. A first glimpse of the spacious banquet hall revealed one blaze of harmonious color and sparkling lights. Garlands of green studded with golden electric bulbs crossed from corner to corner and outlined the four sides of the room. Drapery of green and the red, white and blue of the tri-color, and the scarlet and white bars and blue-fielded silver stars of the American flag passed in long sweeps from the central crystal electrolier to the sides of the room. Upon the walls were shields of the American colors surmounted by trophies of American, French and Irish flags with their harps of gold, the mural decorations all rising from a background of foliage. Over the seat of the President, at the further end of the hall and back of the long guest table, the motto "Caed Mille Failthe" stood out in letters of light. The tables in their white napery, and gleaming with silver and glass of many colors were decorated with masses of flowers and trophies of small French flags. The band played a lively march, and everything breathed a bright and joyous welcome, as the company found its places at the board. The faces of the gallant Frenchmen shone with pleasure. They were at once at home. They felt themselves in the hands of admiring friends as they looked over the three hundred Friendly Sons of St. Patrick seated at the tables below them. The brilliant uniforms of admiral and general, of warship captains and officers, of colonels and aides of the military branch; the gold-laced coats of the diplomats, the severer uniforms of the Academic magnates, the uniforms of the American service, the purple robe and gold pectoral Cross of an Archbishop, all helped to brighten and render effec-

tive the rich color scheme. To every one present at the banquet, guests and hosts alike, had been presented a silver medal struck in honor of the occasion, with a ribbon of the French colors pendant from a silver bar bearing the word "Rochambeau." It was a decoration that everyone could wear, and did. The decorated gallery in which the musicians played was graced by a brilliant galaxy of ladies. It was, however, when, to the strains of the "Marseillaise," the whole company rose singing as one man and waving French, Irish and American flags, that the occasion took on its top note of color and enthusiasm.

Never was an excellent dinner more rapidly and perfectly served. Course followed course with a celerity that showed the company to be hungering for something more to its mind than even the daintiest of meats. It still lacked some minutes of nine when the President's gavel sounded, and the speaking which had been so anxiously awaited began. The spirit of the old Irish brigades seemed hovering around. Echoes of the charge at Fontenoy were in the air. Old courtesies found noble utterance; olden friendships were cemented. So the gathering moved on auspiciously to its higher level of spiritual exchange based on old racial love and eternal love of freedom.

J. I. C. C.





Photo by Fulk, N. Y.

THE FRENCH ROCHAMBEAU MISSION, THE PRESIDENT'S COMMISSION AND LADIES.

M. de Breda M. Hermite. M. de Margerie. M. Ayguesparse.
Capt. Vignal. Viscomte de Chambrun. Capt. Lasson. Baron de Reinach de Werth.
Capt. de St. Mars. M. Guillemain. M. de Billy. Comdt. Berthelot. M. Jules Baufvé. Lt. Rejay. Mr. Edwin Morgan. Capt. Fillenneau.
Col. Hermite. M. Croiset. Col. Meaux de St. Marc. M. Michel Lagrave. Comte Salune de Lafayette. Comte de Rochambeau.
General de Chalendar. Admiral Fournier. Gen. Brugère. M. Jules Cambon. Mr. H. H. D. Peirce. Col. Bingham. Lt.-Comdr. Rodgers.
Mme. de Margerie. Mme. Cambon. Countess de Rochambeau. Mrs. Peirce. Mme Vignal.

GUESTS OF THE SOCIETY.

THE FRENCH MISSION.

- HIS EXCELLENCY M. CAMBON, THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR
GENERAL BRUGERE, GENERAL OF DIVISION, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE
SUPREME COUNCIL OF WAR, CHIEF OF SPECIAL MISSION.
VICE-ADMIRAL FOURNIER, INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF THE NAVY.
M. CROISSET, MEMBER OF THE FRENCH INSTITUTE, DEAN OF THE
FACULTY OF LETTERS OF PARIS.
GENERAL CHALENDAR, COMMANDER OF THE FOURTEENTH INFANTRY
BRIGADE.
CAPITAINE DE SURGY, CAPTAIN OF THE ARMORED CRUISER GAULOIS.
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MEAUX SAINT-MARC, AID-DE-CAMP AND PER-
SONAL REPRESENTATIVE OF M. EMILE LOUBET, PRESIDENT OF THE
FRENCH REPUBLIC.
COMTE DE ROCHAMBEAU.
COMTE SAHUNE DE LA FAYETTE.
M. LAGRAVE, REPRESENTING THE MINISTRY OF COMMERCE.
M. DE MARGERIE, COUNSELOR OF THE FRENCH EMBASSY AT WASH-
INGTON.
M. JEAN GUILLEMIN, SUB-DIRECTOR OF THE CABINET OF THE FOR-
EIGN MINISTER.
M. EDMOND BRUWAERT, FRENCH CONSUL-GENERAL AT NEW YORK.
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HERMITE, COMMANDER OF THE SIXTH FOOT
ARTILLERY.
M. RENOUCARD, PAINTER AND ENGRAVER, REPRESENTING THE MINIS-
TRY OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.
M. ROBERT DE BILLY, SECRETARY OF EMBASSY.
MAJOR BERTHELOT, AID-DE-CAMP TO GENERAL BRUGÈRE.
CAPITAINE VIGNAL, MILITARY ATTACHÉ TO THE FRENCH EMBASSY
AT WASHINGTON.
LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER LE VICOMTE DE FARAMOND, NAVAL AT-
TACHÉ TO THE FRENCH EMBASSY AT WASHINGTON.
M. JULES BEUFVE, CHANCELLOR OF THE FRENCH EMBASSY AT
WASHINGTON.
LIEUTENANT ANDRE SAUVAIRE-JOURDAN, AID-DE-CAMP TO VICE-
ADMIRAL FOURNIER.
LIEUTENANT GUSTAVE LE JAY, AID-DE-CAMP TO VICE-ADMIRAL FOUR-
NIER.
LIEUTENANT LE BARON MAXIMILIEN DE REINACH DE WERTH,
AID-DE-CAMP TO VICE-ADMIRAL FOURNIER.
CAPITAINE POUILLOUE DE SAINT-MARS, CAPTAIN OF ARTILLERY.
CAPITAINE ETIENNE FILLENEAU, AID-DE-CAMP TO GENERAL BRU-
GÈRE.
CAPITAINE LASSON, ATTACHÉ OF THE GENERAL STAFF OF THE GOV-
ERNOR OF PARIS.

M. LOUIS HERMITE, SECRETARY OF THE FRENCH EMBASSY.
VICOMTE DE CHAMBRUN, ATTACHÉ OF THE FRENCH EMBASSY AT
BERLIN.
M. VICTOR AYGUESPARSSE, ATTACHÉ TO THE FRENCH EMBASSY.

PRESIDENT'S COMMISSION.

MR. HERBERT H. D. PEIRCE, THIRD ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE.
COLONEL THEODORE A. BINGHAM, U. S. ARMY.
COMMANDER RAYMOND P. RODGERS, U. S. NAVY.
MR. EDWIN MORGAN, SECRETARY TO THE PRESIDENT'S COMMISSION.

HER EXCELENCY MME. CAMBON, FRENCH AMBASSADRESS.
COMTESSE DE ROCHAMBEAU.
MRS. HERBERT H. D. PEIRCE.
MME. MARGERIE.
MME. VIGNAL.



COMTESSE DE ROCHAMBEAU, WIFE
OF THE MARSHAL. (1749)



PEALE'S PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON,

Presented by General Washington to Rochambeau and now in the Chateau de Rochambeau

MENU.

Lucines

Potages

Consommé Rochambeau

Bisque d'Ecrevisses à la Parisienne

Hors d'Oeuvre

Timbales Diplomat

Poisson

Trites de Ruisseau à la Marinière

Concombres

Pommes de Terre Viennoise

Relevé

Selle d'Agneau, Sauce Aromatique

Tomates Farcies à la Trevisé

Entrées

Ailes de Poulets Périgord

Petits pois Nouveaux à la Française

Asperges Nouvelles, Sauce Mousseline

Sorbet Tricolor

Rotis

Pigeonneau au Cresson

Feuilles de Foies Gras en Aspics aux Laitues

Entremets de Douceur

Glaces de Fantaisies

Pièces Montées

Fruits

Petits Fours

Café

Sauterne

Sherry ier

Champagne

St. Estephe

Apollinaris

Liqueurs



ROCHAMBEAU IN
HIS MARSHAL'S
UNIFORM. (1791.)



CHATEAU DE ROCHAMBEAU, VENDOME FRANCE.

Here the Marshal was born in 1725 and died in 1807, and here are preserved his sword worn in the American Campaign, his Marshal's Baton and many other relics.

TOASTS.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS, - - - - - HON. JAMES A. O'GORMAN,
THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Always he pressed to the marked-out goal
In the awful might of the Pure and Just ;
Lofty, unflinching—for strong of soul
With that which is greater than courage -trust.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC,
HIS EXCELLENCY M. JULES CAMBON, THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR.
Out of the whirlwind Truth that came on France,
Rose the young Titaness, Democracy,
Superb in gesture, with the godlike glance,
Now stirred, now still with dream of things to be.
—*Edwin Markham.*

FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES - - RT. REV. JOHN IRELAND, D.D.
The affection, the gratitude, the hopes of
America followed the French officers as they left her shores.
What boundless services they had rendered in the establish-
ment of her independence! What creative ideas were they
to carry home!—*Bancroft.*

THE KINSHIP OF THE CELT (original poem) - JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE

THE MEMORY OF WASHINGTON AND ROCHAMBEAU
HON. JAMES FITZGERALD
"To this testimony of your public character I should be
wanting to the feeling of my heart, was I not to add expres-
sion of the happiness I have enjoyed in your private friend-
ship, the remembrance of which will be one of the most pleas-
ing circumstances of my life."—*Letter of Jarcuell from
George Washington to Count de Rochambeau, 14 December,
1782.*

FRANCE AND IRELAND - - - - - HON. W. BOURKE COCKRAN
Oh, hear us, fair France, our eyes are on thee,
Are thy lofty ships coming in strength o'er the sea?
In freedom's last strife if you linger or fail
No morn shall e'er break on the night of the Gael.
—*Irish Ballad of the 18th Century.*

THE ARMY AND NAVY OF FRANCE - - - - -
GENERAL BRUGÈRE
VICE-ADMIRAL FOURNIER

What shelters Right?
The sword!
What makes it might?
The sword!
What strikes the crown of tyrants down
And answers with its flash their frown?
The sword!

"FONTENOY" (recitation)



DONATIEN DE ROCHAMBEAU,
SON OF THE MARSHAL.

Fought beside his father in the American Campaign, commanded the French forces in San Domingo in 1802, and was captured by the English and held prisoner eight years in England. Released in 1811 he re-entered the army of Napoleon and fell at the battle of Leipzig in 1813.

❖THE SPEECHES❖

When coffee had been served and cigars were lighted, the President of the Society, Hon. James A. O'Gorman, arose and said:

Gentlemen of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick: We have just received the following telegram from President Roosevelt:

“WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.,
May 29, 1902.

HON. JAMES A. O'GORMAN,
*President Friendly Sons of
St. Patrick, County Court
House, New York, N. Y.:*

Please assure the members of the Society of my hearty appreciation of their cordial invitation and express to those present at the dinner this evening my very real regret at my inability to be present. I should greatly enjoy being with you if it were possible. I congratulate the Society and send to its members and its distinguished guests my sincere best wishes.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.”

(Applause.)



General Porter, who has honored us with his presence to-night, has been in Paris for five years, and his long absence abroad may explain the questions he asked me a moment ago. He asked: "Is President Roosevelt a member of this Society?" I said, "Yes." He rejoined: "But I thought the qualification for entrance into the Friendly Sons was either birth in Ireland or an Irish ancestry." I replied that of all the elements utilized to make up this great man who is our President to-day, we Irish regard the Irish blood that came through his mother as not the least important. (Applause.)

We shall begin our post-prandial exercises by proposing the health and happiness of our much beloved and most distinguished fellow-member, Theodore Roosevelt, the President of the United States. (Applause.)

The toast was duly honored and the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner," and the president resumed:

The toast which has just been honored with such fervor and enthusiasm might never have been proposed on this continent if we did not receive at the most critical period of our struggle for national existence the generous and heroic support of that brave, chivalrous and mighty nation whose distinguished envoys adorn this occasion. (Applause.)

To you, Mr. Ambassador, and to you, General Brugère, and to you, Admiral Fournier, and to all your distinguished countrymen, we extend a most cordial and fraternal greeting. (Applause.)

To-night the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick salute the Sons of France. We recall with hearts full of gratitude that, when our fathers fought for liberty and independence,

France, in the hour of our sorest trial was our only friend in all the world. (Applause.)

With your aid we threw off the chains of an odious despotism, and took our place among the free people of the earth. (Applause). Your country was our first and only ally, and be assured that the memories of those distant days shall abide with us and our posterity forever. (Applause.) Nor can we forget amid these environments that more ancient alliance and the old traditions of sympathy and kinship that have existed for centuries between France and that other land to which we, of this Society, are all bound by ties of birth or ancestry—the land of Sarsfield and Emmet, O'Connell and Parnell. (Applause.) The Irish exile, whom cruel oppression and tyranny drove from his native land, ever found a welcome and an asylum beneath the banner of France, and it is therefore especially gratifying to us to have this opportunity to do honor to France and her illustrious sons who are now on American soil. (Applause.)

As Americans we revere the memory of Rochambeau and Lafayette. (Applause.) The recollection of their deeds is one of our most cherished possessions, and in our hearts' affection they occupy a place with Washington and Jefferson and the founders of the Republic. We rejoice that the two great Republics of the world continue united in the majestic brotherhood of liberty. May they ever be the great exemplars and evangels of human freedom and justice, and may their achievements be a hope and an inspiration to all the rest of mankind. (Applause and shouts of bravo, bravo.)

Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, fill your glasses and drink to the health of the President of the French Republic, and the happiness and prosperity of all his countrymen." (Applause, music, and waving of flags.)

I now have the honor to present the French Ambassador, M. Cambon. (Applause.)

SPEECH OF AMBASSADOR JULES CAMBON



Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: It is a pity, but I cannot speak Irish very well (laughter), so that I can express to you in the name of my countrymen, your guests, the French mission sent to America by our Government in honor of the statue of Rochambeau, and the friendship existing between America and France. (Applause.) I wish to say how much I am impressed by your splendid and enthusiastic—and permit me to add, your Irish—reception. (Applause.)

We are much flattered to be received to-night by the Sons of St. Patrick. We know that the oldest branch of the Society of St. Patrick was founded in Philadelphia before the War of the Revolution, and that at the close of that war this city was the birthplace of your organization, among whose founders were many officers who were with

Washington in the War of Independence. Our fathers fought beside your fathers under the orders of Washington and of Rochambeau. (Applause.) To-day the sons of France are with you, as a century ago our fathers were with your fathers (applause), and I am sure I but express the feelings and the sentiments of the President of the French Republic and of the President of the United States when I utter the hope that our sons in a century to come will again meet with the same sentiment, with the same feeling of eternal friendship. (Applause.)

HON. JAMES A. O'GORMAN: The next toast is "France and the United States," which will be responded to by one of the most eminent of prelates and the most distinguished of patriots—Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul. (Great applause.)

SPEECH OF RIGHT REV. JOHN IRELAND.

France and the United States! Far down the coming ages be the toast spoken in that richness of joyous life which goes forth to-night from the deepest fibres of our souls! France and the United States! Hosts and guests, friends of France and friends of the United States, the words are rapturous in their music; again I say them: murmur them in softest caress, as aloud I repeat them—France and the United States.



Banner of France, banner of America, be enwreathed one with the other in fondest embrace: you will but faintly symbolize the hearts that quiver beneath your folds. (Applause.)

Banner of France, banner of America; heart of France, heart of America—the union of to-night is not born of the moment; it is the result neither of circumstances, nor of diplomacy (applause): the delight which springs from it is too exuberant; the sincerity which vitalizes it is too profound. The union of to-night—six scores of years affirm it; fields crimsoned with blood witnessed its early throbbings; purposes most holy, durable as are eternal truth and eternal justice, breathed into it life and inspiration. Yes, six scores of years affirm it; and, as time flew by, its meaning was more clearly seen, and the blessedness of its fruitage was more widely spread: the warmth it begets in souls waxed the warmer, and the joyousness that proclaims it re-echoed in tones more triumphant. (Applause.)

Illustrious guests, sons and representatives of France, you understand the ecstatic delight with which we welcome you to our board and to our hearts.

The old days are back to us; Rochambeau and Lafayette are among us; France's ships of war sweep up the Chesapeake Bay and into Newport's harbor; France's swords sparkle beneath the sunshine of American skies; the old days are back to us, and the story they tell flashes most vividly across our minds.

The Declaration of Independence had been spoken: a new nation had sprung into being—liberty's own creation, liberty's own daughter: and in its defence a people was in

arms, a people as brave and as self-sacrificing, as generous and as resolute as any upon which the noonday sun had ever shed its lustre. But alone and unaided, America's champions faced despair and defeat.

What happened? In the unbounded largeness of her heart and in the armed might of her power, France arose and declared that the new nation must live and conquer.

At once, at the very outset of our conflict, France was our friend. Her ports opened to our ships, and her palaces to our envoys; from her arsenals arms and ammunition were dispatched to our shores; from her treasury money was poured into our hands in fabled prodigality; her sons volunteering in the name of liberty, among them a Lafayette, hurried to our battlefields. Immense was the favor: but it did not suffice. Then France, publicly and officially, took to herself our cause. D'Estaing's vessels flew across the ocean, and, later, those of De Grasse and of De Ternay; and Rochambeau and his heroes stepped ashore at Newport.

"All is over," said England's minister, when the news of Yorktown reached him. And what see we at Yorktown? American soldiers, under the leadership of Lafayette, driving Cornwallis into his last refuge; the navies of De Grasse and of De Barras riding in the Chesapeake waters, lest an English fleet hail nigh; St. Simon's troops arriving from the West Indies; Rochambeau's troops with those of Washington racing from the north. The sea forces, ships and men, were altogether French; of the land forces, the larger part were French, three thousand men under St. Simon, and four thousand under Rochambeau. Without France, was victory to alight upon us at Yorktown?

France was with us at Yorktown, and at Yorktown all went well. The United States was a nation, acknowledged so by the world. All that it stood for was a stern and enduring reality. The victory was the feat of the allied forces of France and of the United States. Harken to Washington and Rochambeau as they drink to the toast—France and the United States! Sons of Washington, sons of Rochambeau, we drink to it to-night—France and the United States! (Applause.)

Without France, the American Revolution in the last quarter of the eighteenth century was undoubtedly a failure. This is the calm judgment of history, based upon facts that are indisputable. France with her money, her navy and her army gave us our independence. The blood of France flowing with the blood of America's own children, poured life into the Republic of America; the name of France is inseparable from America's most cherished annals; the memory of France is impressed indelibly upon her soul. Tear the Republic to pieces, scatter to the winds the fragments of her mutilated form, blot forever America out of existence, bury her name amid the ruins upon the soil she once covered with her glory—then, and then only, will America forget her debt of gratitude to France and cease to repeat in exultation—France and the United States. And even then, remaining humanity will rise up to thank France for her co-operation in the American Revolution, because of the inestimable blessings which humanity caught up from the liberties of America, while America had lasted. (Applause.)

“Our gratitude for France,” wrote Franklin at the close of the war, “will be, I hope, eternal.” Our gratitude for France, we to-night proclaim it will be, beyond all peril of recall, eternal.

Honored guests, be not surprised at the enthusiasm with which America has hailed your coming. She but acts out her very soul; as she did yesterday to Rochambeau and to Lafayette, so to-day she does to you; so to-morrow and at all times will she do to those who speak to her of France, who bear to her the banner and the name of France.

But what means, I must ask, this banner of green? Why flutters it over the festive board, where thanks ascend to heaven for victories won by the soldiers of Washington and of Rochambeau? Did its folds unfurl to the breeze at Newport, or at Gloucester Point, or at Savannah or at Yorktown? And if not, why dares it hither?

No. It did not rise to the skies over your storied battle-fields. Alas for the land it symbolizes! Erin holds no place among the nations of the earth; her sons must range themselves under the banners of other lands, if they serve justice and liberty. But had this banner of green shot up into the air at Newport or at Gloucester Point, at Savannah or at Yorktown, oh!—hearts were there that would have madly worshipped it—swords were there that would have instantly gleamed in fealty to it! (Applause.)

Armies of Rochambeau, of St. Simon, of d’Estaing, tell me whence on your muster-rolls such names as I there read: Arthur Dillon and Robert Dillon, Taafe and De Maloney, Browne and Shea, Moore and O’Neil, Kelly and O’Dwyer, O’Brien and O’Farrell? No strangers are they to us, you say to me. They and fellows of theirs into the

million are known from "Dunkirk to Belgrade," from "Fontenoy to Ramilies and to Cremona." On a hundred fields they have wreathed in glory the Fleur-de-lis. They are sons of Erin, and as such, by royal decree, citizens of France. (Applause.)

Friends, when Louis XVI. decreed that French armies should sail for America, France's Irish Brigade clamored for the privilege of fighting for liberty and for America; one-half of the Dillon Regiment, under Count Arthur Dillon, was with d'Estaing in the West Indies and at Savannah, and with St. Simon at Yorktown; the other half, under Count Robert Dillon, landed with Rochambeau at Newport, aided De Lauzun to rout Tarleton at Gloucester Point, and with Rochambeau's men in front of Yorktown rent the heavens with their cheers, as the English troops did homage to the triumphant banners of America and of France. Frenchmen, you would not order hence the banner of green!

Armies of Washington, need I repeat to you names that were ever to you a presage of victory and of honor? Familiar they are—Montgomery and Wayne, Stewart and Knox, Thompson and Butler, Hand and Moylan—not forgetting dauntless Jack Barry, who so often cleared the seas of the enemy's vessels—not forgetting the men in the rank and file, numbering the thousands, never faltering before British steel. Americans, you would not order hence the banner of green!

The two nations, France and the United States, are forbidden by history to meet in commemoration of the American Revolutionary War without they give to Ireland recog-

dition for her part in that war. The three lands that may claim as their work Yorktown and the American Republic are America itself, France and Ireland. (Applause.)

Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, I charge you, see that soon in Washington's City a noble statue proclaim the glory of Ireland, as statues of Rochambeau and of Lafayette proclaim there the glory of France.

Without France the American Revolution was a failure. Would another revolution have taken place at a later date, and succeeded, is a question open to speculation. Who knows? The Colonies would for a long time at least have been overwhelmed with the memories of defeat. Great Britain would have granted notable concessions; perhaps the British flag, guaranteeing far-reaching autonomy, would to-day have the place of the Stars and Stripes: even in case of a complete separation from Great Britain, perhaps a government less freedom-giving than the Republic would to-day sway the destinies of our land. At best, the creation of the Republic was postponed, and the influences, going out from it, were refused to the world at the close of the eighteenth and at the opening of the nineteenth century. How much there was at stake in the entrenchments around Yorktown! What mighty problems, Frenchmen, your country was called to aid in solving, when Lafayette and Rochambeau were crossing the Atlantic!

The triumph or the failure of the United States meant the triumph or the failure of popular liberty, of democratic government. The spirit of democracy had been astir amid the dreams of nations. It was now making a supreme effort to take living, concrete form in America, thence to send its breathings far and wide over the world. Crushed

in America, it was in despair, and for a long period, at least, would not again have shown itself upon the earth.

France saved America, and with America she saved popular liberty. The American Revolutionary War was, as it is seldom the case in history, pregnant with mighty results. To have taken a part in that war, to have turned in favor of America the scales of victory, was a feat sublime, of which a great and magnanimous people may forever be most proud. The triumph of the American cause signified not merely the birth of a new nation, of a nation destined in the passage of years to grow into giant stature and giant power. It signified what is of immensely deeper importance, the lifting up of the masses of mankind into a new consciousness of their rights, into a new inheritance of social and political liberty. It signified the institution of democracy in the life of humanity. As the sequence of it, there was an utter change in social and political life; there was the inauguration of an order of things to which the world heretofore had been utterly a stranger. Talk as men may of the perils of democracy, or of the vicissitudes more or less alarming which accompany it while it is supplanting older régimes; democracy, under one form or another, is the assured sovereign of the future, and, when the balance sheet is drawn, it will be seen to have been the potent lever through which humanity will have sprung upward into higher spheres of liberty and of happiness. America and France, you have dowered the world with democracy. (Applause.)

Democracy, triumphant in America, soon wafted its breathings across the Atlantic to France, where, in the generous and aspiring souls of France's sons it found con-

genial soil. Far from me to praise or excuse excesses and crimes which sought shelter under its mantle; these disgraced it and retarded its beneficent reign. What I praise and admire is the glory of to-day. To-day France is a Republic even as is America; to-day the starry flag and the Tricolor emblem liberty and democracy; together, France and America hold the advanced posts in the forward movements of humanity; together France and America guard liberty and bless humanity.

This is the result of the glorious alliance that brought Rochambeau and Lafayette to America six scores of years ago. This is another bond, one most enduring, to bind together France and the United States—both republics, both the embodiments of democracy, both the guardian angels of liberty, both the precursors of its universal reign. Friends, hosts and guests, again the toast—France and the United States. (Applause.)

Honored guests, France in your persons revisits our shores to see how stands in this year of grace 1902 the United States which she knew so well in the days of Rochambeau and of Lafayette. Are we worthy of you? Have we grown as we gave promise to grow? Are we such that you may be proud of us, proud of the part you took in the building of us into a free and independent nation?

It is joy for us to believe that you are pleased with what you see and hear, and that, on your return to France, you will say: "All is well across the Atlantic waters."

The three millions of people whom your forefathers knew are to-day the eighty millions; the area of population which barely lined the Atlantic seaboard covers the whole

continent even unto the Pacific, and over numerous islands far into the waters of Atlantic and Pacific the starry flag now floats. (Applause.) We replenish the marts of the world with the products of our inventions and of our industries; by very force of our greatness and of our power we are compelled to lift our voices in the council halls of nations. Will we, or will we not, we no longer are, we no longer can be the secluded isolate of the Western hemisphere; a part is necessarily ours in the hegemony of humanity.

What changes in the republic of Washington and of Franklin! It has grown as no one fancied it could have grown. The world marvels; we ourselves marvel; we thank heaven, and we pray for light and strength to respond to its mysterious designs.

But where America allows no changes, as years pass over her, as she emerges, in her nationhood, into giant stature, is in her ideals and in her purposes.

America is, as she was in the days of Washington and of Rochambeau, the land of liberty and of democracy. She stands before the world the undeniable demonstration that social and political liberty may be the possession of a great and powerful nation: that to territorial expansion and to boundless material prosperity it is no bar, but rather a potent aid through the individual aggressiveness which it is its nature to develop. She is the land of liberty and of democracy. Wherever her flag is unfurled, there social and political liberty is assured. The starry flag can be trusted; it merits that it be trusted; we who know it do trust it, and ever will trust it. Order in liberty, and lib-

erty in order, is the rule of America. Chaos and anarchy, the destruction of order, she will promptly repress; despotism and the abridgement of popular rights she will as promptly repel. (Applause.) She has grown and she must continue to grow in population, in wealth and in power. But let there be no fear as to her ideals and as to her purposes. A willing worker she will ever be in the cause of civilization and of the betterment of humanity. The growth of her power pleases, because it is the growth of her opportunities and of her abilities to serve truth and justice wherever this may be done. Industry and commerce, wealth and material splendor we do not covet for her, unless there be as the accompaniments of those things the things of the higher and better life, which truly make for the happiness and the elevation of men. Nor would we rejoice in her rapid march into international fame and power, unless we had reason to believe that her appearance as a star in the galaxy of mighty nations was to be the signal of a new impetus to justice and to charity in the affairs of universal humanity. (Applause.)

(The following delivered in French.)

Say all this to France, honored guests, and tell France that, whatever the changes in America, the heart of America in presence of France is unaltered. Her debt to France, America always recognizes; her growth in glory and power but increases in her the consciousness of this debt, as it but increases her ability to repay it. To-day, when she looms up amid the nations beautiful and strong, all tender to her the tribute of their love and of their esteem. When she was poor and weak, France alone

smiled upon her and alone rushed to her rescue. Whatever the regard which others merit and receive from her to-day, the smile of her predilection remains to France; ties of gratitude, made adamant in the flow of blood, bind her to France in a union such as can be between her and none other. France and the United States it is to-day; France and the United States it will ever be. (Applause.)

And for thyself, O France! we offer but the prayer that thou be always what to-day thou art, what yesterday thou wast, fair, noble, generous and heroic, a blessing to humanity.

Gesta Dei per Francos, it used to be said from the remote days of Clovis and of Charlemagne—France, the Deity's chosen instrument for the accomplishment of its highest designs for the welfare and the aggrandizement of humanity. Ever in the march of religion and of civilization thou wast in the vanguard; ever thy heart was prompt to beat in response to the prayers of charity and of justice; ever thy sword was prompt to leap from its scabbard in the furtherance of grand and magnificent ideas—France, be always the selfsame.

Ever thy missionaries were most zealous and self-sacrificing in uplifting the cross under sultry Southern sky or amid coldest Northern glaciers; in making all lands debtors to Christ and to France. Ever thy soldiers were the bravest and the most chivalrous, victors a thousand times, never broken in heart even when defeated, always, whether in victory or in defeat, the mighty knights of honor unblemished—France, be always the selfsame.

Ever thy valleys were fertile and beautiful, thy moun-

tains sun-kissed and smiling; ever thy children, in valleys or on mountain tops, were light-hearted and genial, quick of thought, noble in impulse, sweet and attractive in manner, an enduring joy to themselves and to all others who drew nigh unto them—France, be always the selfsame.

Ever thou wast the queen of song and of music, of art, and of literature. Ever to thy shores did men repair who sought to rise unto the highest regions of æsthetic culture, who dreamed of beauteous graces, that betoken the best soarings of the human soul, that enrich human life with the most precious vestures—France, be always the selfsame.

At home, O France, be always youthful, full of hope and of courage, always happy and joyful, always rich and strong, sweet as thou canst but be to those who come to thee as friends, terrible as thou oughtest to be to those who would be thy enemies.

And reign, O France, far beyond thy own borders. Reign, mistress and queen in all the sweet influences that go forth from thy opulent mind and heart. Reign in the arts and in the literature that spring from thy bosom to enrich the whole world; reign in thy classic language, which always compels delight wherever music of words, crystal limpidity of expression, beauty and stateliness of form, are admired and loved. (Applause.)

And everywhere and always, France, remember America. Everywhere and always say with us: France and the United States—Republic of America, Republic of France—both be blessed by Heaven, both live long and prosper; both together guard liberty; both together serve humanity. (Applause.)



HON. JAMES A. O'GORMAN:
It would hardly be an Irish occasion if it lacked some lyrical rhythmic expression, and surely the thought of this historic gathering would inspire any poetic-souled son of Gael. The only member of our Society who finds versification easier than prose composition is our good friend Joseph I. C. Clarke, who will now read a poem composed for this occasion, entitled "The Kinship of the Celt." (Applause.)

THE KINSHIP OF THE CELT.

It's the flag of France! the flag of France, I see!

Life to it! Health to it! fold on fold

With the silken glint on its colors three,

Yet if it was white with lilies of gold—

The flag of a king—but the banner of France,

With the flag of stars our love 'twould share,

And, my soul, I'm for either with sword or lance.

It is men we love, not the colors they wear.

Let the seas divide; let the green earth hide,

And the long years come and go.

When love has once dwelt in the heart of the Celt

It is there while the waters flow.

"And why do you Irish love France? It seems right

When we sons of Plymouth read how they came,

And shouldered their guns in the Yorktown fight,

To feel grateful and honor that nation's name.

To see plain Ben Franklin sit down with their king,

And Rochambeau join Lafayette on guard,

'Longside of George Washington, and—by jing!

Paul Jones on the deck of Bonhomme Richard!

Oh, it stirs us yet; no, we don't forget

The days between storm and shine,

With the ships of the French, and their men in the trench,

And their rush on the fighting line."

The love of old Ireland for France? It has been
In the first low lilt of our cradle croon;
Has twined with our longing for Wearing the Green;
Has been wet with the tears of our Shule Aroon.
No new love can bid it to wither and fail;
Its roots have sunk deep in the past, and are strong
As the long, long mem'ry that marks out the Gael
For loving old love and for hating old wrong.
Where the strong hands clasp in the true man's grasp,
And the stout soul finds its mate,
Let the great doors swing and the great bells ring
For the love that laughs at fate.

To France for a hundred sad years we turned
As our only friend and our hope-lit star.
And never our banished ones' pray'rs she spurned,
But mustered for Ireland her lords of war.
Oh, the French on the sea, and the pikes on the plain,
The battle-joy strong in the eyes and breast,
And if in our Ireland their valor was vain,
God prospered their arms in the land of the West.
Man strikes and prays, but God's dim ways
Direct the red bolt that's hurled,
And the staggering blow of Rochembeau
Broke chains all round the world.

They flung wide their halls to our priests and our youth,
When our schools were razed and our faith was banned;
They sent us the swords of De Tesse and St. Ruth,
And Humbert and Hoche to strike for our land.
And we poor in all but our lives and our blades,
Sent Sarsfield and Dillon, O'Brien, O'Neill,
And the passionate stream of the Irish brigades,
The sire of MacMahon went there with his steel.
With the years as they go may its glory grow,
Fair France of the generous hand.
As for freedom it stood with its gold and its blood,
Still free and superb may it stand.

From the loins of the grand old Celtic race,
Our fathers and theirs came stalwart and twin.
Wherever we've met on the round world's face,
Our souls knew their souls for clansman and kin.
And by us, who on many a blood-red field
Poured out of our best by the best of France
The compact of kinship again shall be sealed
Whenever for freedom her colors advance.
Health, power and grace to the Celtic race,
The Gaul and Gael on sea and shore!
May the green banner ride the wide heavens beside
The starry flag and the tricolor.

HON. JAMES A. O'GORMAN: I now propose a toast, to the memory of Washington and Rochambeau, which will be responded to by our eloquent friend, Justice James Fitzgerald. (Applause.)

SPEECH OF HON. JAMES FITZGERALD.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:



It is indeed difficult to speak with such eloquence ringing through this hall as we have just listened to from the lips of the eminent divine who came from the West to be with us at this memorable celebration. I am satisfied that each one who has participated at this board to-night will feel the better for it during the remainder of his life.

If one thing is impressed upon us by what we have heard and by what we see, it is that others than Anglo-Saxons have helped to create the American nation and have contributed to those grand achievements associated with our history from the time that the Republic was rocked in its cradle until this, our day, when it stands forth a giant among the nations. (Applause.) The flower of Europe—Saxon and Celt, Latin, Scandinavian and Teuton—have combined to make up the great race upon this continent, which traces its roots back to many olden civilizations; and when we

speak of the Mother Country, the thought that is in our mind embraces the territory that extends from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, and from the Atlantic Ocean to the Caspian Sea. If hereafter we hear misguided persons speak of America's wonderful progress in material matters and intellectual growth as evidences of "Anglo-Saxon" progress, let us, in a spirit of Christian charity pray for them, that their poor deluded souls may be enlightened—that is, always supposing that they are not beyond praying for (laughter) : because, if they are of the hopeless class, if they belong to those whom the doctors designate as "incurables," then all we can do, in accordance with my limited knowledge of theology—and there are eminent theologians here to correct me if I am wrong—all that we can do is to commend them to the forgiveness of Divine Providence upon the ground of their invincible ignorance. (Laughter.)

What can I say to you of Washington? The name speaks with a majesty of eloquence of which words are incapable. The grandest character in history; the soldier who loved peace; the civilian who understood the art of war. Brave, patient, wise, powerful, he combined in himself all the qualities that go to make the perfect man. What can be said of him that has not been spoken hundreds of times in words of undying eloquence. The Father of his Country; the founder of a nation; the friend of mankind—his name and life are imperishably linked with that grand epoch of human history when the people were first looked to and the doctrine first proclaimed that they alone and not self-anointed kings, constituted the true sources and origin of power. (Applause.)

Washington had an appreciation of the word "liberty" that had no indefinite meaning; he believed that it had its duties as well as its privileges; that law was its hand-maid, and that the perpetuity of free institutions could alone be maintained by upholding the supremacy of the civil authority. A mere military chieftain might have been dazzled by the proffered crown, but he swept it aside, and by that act secured an immortality as enduring as the stars that light illimitable space. (Applause.)

What is to be said of Rochambeau? His name for the past few weeks has been ringing throughout this land; has been spoken of at every gathering, and has been toasted at every banquet. We have had recalled to us, by the mission of our friends who are with us to-night, the glorious achievements connected with that period in our early history so forcibly spoken of by the first speaker of the evening. It is not for me to repeat to you the oft-told story of what was accomplished by our French allies. We remember with gratitude how nobly and devotedly Rochambeau—a soldier who had served for thirty years, following the flag of his country—came here in command of an Army as the crowning evidence given by the King and people of France of their friendship for us in our struggle for independence. And we realize and remember how he placed himself as an auxiliary at the side of Washington, whom he recognized as the Commander-in-Chief.

The distinguished Archbishop has told you of what was accomplished by French soldiers and sailors upon the sea and upon the land, in conjunction with the armies of the American Colonies, which culminated in the fall of Corn-

wallis and the surrender of the flower of the British army upon this continent. (Applause.)

When we speak of Washington and of Rochambeau, another name springs to the lip—the friend of both, the pupil of both—the name of the great champion of liberty and freedom—the magic name of Lafayette. He had long shared the sufferings of the Colonial army; he had fought at Monmouth; he had fallen wounded at Brandywine; he had served through the terrible winter of suffering at Valley Forge; and we can imagine how his heart was elated with joy when he witnessed the sword of the English commander surrendered to his great chief and friend. While Lafayette and Rochambeau held commissions under the Continental Congress, they had also rank in the army of France, and it is well to remember that Washington, while the Commander-in-Chief of our forces, also held the commission of a General in the French army, and of Vice Admiral in the French navy (applause), both of which were personally borne and presented to him direct from the King, through the person of Lafayette.

Washington had another signal honor which ought certainly to be referred to here to-night. He was an honorary member of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. (Applause.) He belonged to this association of New York Irishmen who love Ireland with the same intensity of devotion as they worship the United States of America. (Applause.) These gentlemen who have the honor of being your hosts to-night, are of the blood of Lally, Dillon and

Sarsfield. Like them their blood is as Irish as the verdure that clothes the slopes of Erin's fair mountains. At the same time they are as intensely American in principle and in practice, in soul and in sentiment as the descendants of any Plymouth Puritan or Southern Cavalier. (Applause.) This glorious Union represents for us our country and our home. We live under the protection of its laws and it never can appeal to our love or loyalty in vain for its defense. This imperial flag of the United States has been followed on the march and fought for on the field by Irishmen who fell in thousands, aye, in tens of thousands, to preserve untarnished its unsullied folds. (Applause.) The presence of gentlemen in this hall to-night in military uniform reminds me of the fact that the gallant regiment that formed your escort this evening, was the parent of legions and brigades of Irish soldiers who fought on every battlefield of this Union, inspired by the recollections of the old brigade at Landen and at Fontenoy. It must be gratifying to those gentlemen representing France and the tricolor of to-day to remember how grateful America is to France and the fleur-de-lis of one hundred and twenty years ago. It must be gratifying to the kin of those illustrious men to feel and see, during their short stay in this great land the volume of sentiment and love created for themselves and their glorious country by reason of the efforts and sacrifices of their progenitors in these far-off days; and let us hope that this mission of these soldiers and civil officers of France will tend to bind more closely the bonds of friendship and amity that have always existed between these two most powerful nations. Let us also breathe the earnest wish that this social gathering, at the

friendly board of the Sons of St. Patrick, may create sympathy in the hearts of both of those nations on behalf of the suffering children of Ireland in the struggle that they are making, and that they will continue to make until their wrongs are redressed and their rights are recognized. (Applause.)



THE COMTE DE ROCHAMBEAU.

HON. JAMES A. O'GORMAN: We are very proud of the membership of our ancient and venerable Society, and I know of no member who confers upon it greater distinction than the one who will speak to the next toast—"France and Ireland"—which will be responded to by the most gifted orator in America, the Hon. W. Bourke Cockran. (Great applause.)

HON. W. BOURKE COCKRAN.



Mr. President, Members of the French Delegation: In the course of an address to some college students I once undertook to define "eloquence," and I said in one word, "that eloquence was sincerity." Whoever speaks with absolute honesty of purpose to express an idea which he conceives it to the interest of his hearers to hear, is bound to become impressive and eloquent.

I say this because the Ambassador, M. Jules Cambon, in his response this evening expressed regret that he could not become eloquent in Irish. (Laughter.) I want to tell him now that in any language that he chooses to express his thought he cannot fail to be eloquent, because sincerity is the name of eloquence. (Applause.)

I shall confide to you, fellow members of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, that if I were to consult the voice of prudence to-night, instead of mingling in these festivities, I would be trying to restore a broken digestion; but I believe that I would leave my dying bed for the purpose of participating in this welcome to these envoys from France. (Applause.) It has been my fortune to share in many celebrations, but never have I brought to a festivity of this character so deep a feeling of sympathy, of joy and of gratitude as that with which, on your behalf, I welcome to this board, to this country, to the hearts of all our countrymen, the delegates who bring here a cordial message from the land of France. (Applause.)

This visit has evoked many thoughts which have found eloquent expression. I have listened to all that was spoken here to-night; I have followed the speeches that were delivered in other parts of the country, and I was profoundly impressed by the cordiality, the candor with which the debt of this country to France has been acknowledged everywhere. Nowhere was it voiced more feelingly or more fittingly than by the distinguished Archbishop who revives in the name of his See and in the character of his eloquence the great Apostle of the Gentiles. (Applause.) Archbishop Ireland has told you to-night—and in saying it he expressed the sentiment of all our countrymen—that, without the aid of France it would have been impossible to have pressed our Revolution to a successful issue. Everywhere it is acknowledged that from the very beginning, while America was able to contribute heroes to struggle for her rights, it was the money and the aid of France that made the heroism of these warriors effective for liberation

and for freedom. (Applause.) Even after her first great success was achieved, the condition of the Colonies was desperate, and would have been hopeless but for the direct intervention of France. And yet, it is not the mere contribution of soldiers; not the mere alliance between these two countries that to me is the significant feature of this event. It was the fact that then, for the first time in the history of mankind, a country came to the rescue of another and waged war without any hope of personal advantage; and still, beyond and more extraordinary than that, loyally accepted and obeyed the purpose they had declared in beginning the war, when the fruits of victory were ready to be distributed. (Applause.)

We have heard much of what France has done and yet, my friends, I believe that this intervention of France was more remarkable for what she failed to do than even what she did. She brought to us arms; she brought to us the assistance without which success would have been impossible; but when victory crowned the alliance; when the foreign foe, after surrendering his sword, prepared to evacuate our soil, no demand for compensation was made by France in the form of a concession of territory, or any favor, or naval station, or on any other pretence. (Applause.) These heroes were as generous in peace as they were invincible in war. (Applause.) This expedition brought the French monarchy to the verge of ruin, yet no attempt was made to recoup itself at the expense of this country when the expedition had proved successful. The French soldiers stayed with us while their aid was valuable; they left us when their presence might cast a stain upon American independence or a reflection upon Amer-

ican honor. (Applause.) They gave us liberty—and they left us to enjoy it. (Applause.) The achievement stands alone in the whole history of nations; it remains unrivalled, unsullied, unapproached—it is the supreme contribution to civilization which has been made in the whole history of the human race. (Applause.) I say it is unrivalled, not because I believe it will remain without imitation. What man has done will always be repeated. The merit of a good deed is not only the service which it renders, but still more, the noble deeds which it inspires: and the history of France's aid to us will remain for all time, chiding and reproaching a baser conduct; urging imitation, until in the fulness of time, with God's blessing, it will constitute the standard of conduct between Christian nations. (Applause.)

It has been said, my friends, that for a nation to draw the sword merely in defence of abstract justice is Quixotic, indefensible and extravagant. Yet, what war in the whole history of nations has ever achieved results similar to the intervention of France on behalf of these Colonies? I see around me here to-night the uniform which recalls battlefields and glorious victories in every quarter of the globe (applause), and yet when we contrast the results of French victory on this soil with all the victories ever achieved in any quarter of the universe, we find standing out clearly, unmistakably the conclusive proof that what man does through love of his fellow man is permanent and fruitful; what he does from lust of conquest is evanescent and unstable, fruitful of nothing but lasting injury. (Applause.)

Here a mere handful of French soldiers joined with another handful of American warriors, have established a country and a republic which to the end of time will remain a monument to their valor, their moderation and their prudence. It is the home now of a race whose success will stand before the world as an inspiration and an incentive to every struggle which may be made for liberty wherever men are oppressed and wherever they desire an opportunity to approach the soil in freedom, that the productive power of their hands may be multiplied, the horizon of their hopes widened, the span of their days lengthened and their possessions multiplied and increased. (Applause.)

Here this Republic, these teeming fields, these fertile valleys, these great cities, are the fruit of French victory, remaining forever a monument of French valor, of French humanity and of French love of justice. (Applause.) Here indeed is a new France! Not a new France, as it may have been conceived in other ages—a dependency of some foreign country; its people taxed to support some foreign court; its people impressed to swell some foreign army—but the New France, as Louis XVI. helped to make it; as Lafayette and Rochambeau assisted Washington in making it: the home of the richest, the freest, the most prosperous and the most intelligent people on the surface of the globe; where peace and property are absolutely secure, and yet where no armed soldier is seen on the highways, and no fortress casts a grim shadow across the landscape. (Applause.)

The contribution of France to America was decisive in the eighteenth century, but our debt to her extends far

beyond the Revolutionary period. Her soldiers overthrew the obstacle to the establishment of free government, but they could not furnish the conditions and the forces which made this Republic permanent. To understand why this Republic exists to-day while nearly every other republican experiment has perished in confusion and disorder: why this country where government has no outward pomp, and yet maintains an authority without question or resistance; where justice is administered without any imposing ceremonies, and yet where the law is obeyed implicitly; to understand the genius of this Republic, we must examine the conditions upon which it was built.

Upon what does this fabric of our government rest? Not upon written constitutions or statutes, for other countries which have had elaborate written laws have found the parchments on which they were written but poor security and an unsafe foundation for liberty and for order. This Republic is secure and stable because it is built upon the moral law. To seek its origin we must go back before the events of 1776. We cannot find it in the Constitution which was adopted at Philadelphia: we cannot find it in the Declaration of Independence; we cannot find it in the Bill of Rights or in any policy or in any monument of freedom ever raised by human hands. We must find the seed of republicanism on the shores of Lake Galilee, when the Saviour of mankind proclaimed the eternal truth—that in the eyes of God all men are born equal! (Applause.)

The acceptance of a spiritual belief in the equality of men necessarily led to the establishment of political institutions based upon equality before the law. Every force

that contributed to establish and spread Christianity throughout the world aided to establish the foundations of this Republic; for, as the distinguished Archbishop has said, democracy is but the application to civil government of the truths which underlie the Christian revelation.

I have been given to-night the toast of "Ireland and France." That is a toast that suggests what I have just said. For the forces that spread Christianity throughout the world; that make its triumph inevitable, are Irish learning and Irish piety, coupled with French valor and French genius. (Applause.) The tie between Ireland and France extends far beyond the Revolutionary War; far beyond the discovery of this Continent; beyond the period when the Crusaders were still struggling to rescue the Sacred Sepulchre from the possession of the Saracen. It dates back to the time when Patrick received the tonsure upon French soil and set forth upon that mission destined to make Ireland that Island of Saints, the reservoir of learning, the foundation of European learning, the cradle of modern civilization. (Applause.)

Whence came the spread of learning throughout Europe after the fall of the Roman Empire? Not from the south, for the survivors of the ancient civilizations sought safety in the isolation of the Italian cities. Not from Spain, which had passed under the dominion of the Saracen—but from Ireland, whose people—brave as ever was pillaging Dane, or Scot, or Saxon—embarked upon enterprises of civilization, of conversion of humanity. Wherever a savage or barbarous tribe took possession of a Roman city or Gaulish province, there Irish missionaries followed quick upon the heels of the invaders, preaching

to the savage warriors, who respected no quality but physical prowess, the gospel which taught that the conquest of self was the only conquest of which man should be proud, the conquest which would lead him along the pathway of his own improvement. France was the soil upon which the seed of civilization was cast. France was the place where it took root and blossomed and flowered and bore a fruit which, wafted across Europe, became the seed of all the European civilization of which we hear so much to-day. (Applause.)

Love of justice was always the absorbing passion of the French people. It explains all the mutations and revolutions in her history. France has been indifferent to formulas; to form of procedure, but she has always been tenacious of substantial justice. The growth of different institutions upon her soil can always be explained by the part they played, or were supposed to play, in the protection of justice. The kingship of Louis XVI. proved that it was a powerful weapon for the forcing of inexorable justice between high and low, between weak and strong, between the great and mighty; but the kingship fell when it ceased to be loyal to justice and became an instrument of oppression and wrong. But never through the whole history of France, however violent her revolution, however her patriots or her extremest political devotees may have been ready to steep their hands in blood, never have they been found capable of rifling the pockets of their companions, of plundering a treasury. (Applause.) Justice may have been mistaken—rude, inadmissible notions of justice, as we understood them—but justice was always enshrined in their hearts and regulated all

their movements. (Applause.) And under the influence of this justice every art and every science are awakened in France. Other nations have studied her politics, have studied her laws, and have become in turn agents for the dissemination of civilization throughout the world. But in every step of her progress, every day of her history in which France was working towards that triumph of justice which underlies its Republic and contributed to its formation, she was contributing to the formation of this Republic. She was contributing to the formation of this Republic when she welcomed Irish missionaries to her soil and made of their teachings the foundation of a new and a brighter civilization. She was contributing to this Republic when Charles Martel at Tours rolled back the tide of Saracen invasion and saved Europe from the dominion of the crescent, and saved Christian civilization throughout the world. She was laboring towards the formation of this Republic when the first crusade was created within her borders and blessed by a Pope of French origin: and when, for the first time, the nations of the world were linked together in a lofty, ideal object. She was still contributing to this Republic when Louis founded the Sorbonne, and France became the foundation of intellectual food for all Europe. She was but putting the finishing touch to her contributions when the public opinion of France forced the Court to intervene for the emancipation of this country; and the same public opinion found expression when Lafayette and Rochambeau and all the other volunteers from noble families, preferred to risk death here, side by side with men alien to them in religion, race and in language, but akin to them in that love

of liberty for which they were making the gigantic struggle. (Applause.)

When we read the story of France throughout the world can we listen with patience to those who tell us that she is a country sinking in importance throughout Europe; that other nations are passing her in population and in wealth? Sir, if every French town were razed to the ground; if every French fortification were dismantled; if every French ship of war were sunk in the sea; if France were dismembered and every department separated into a different entity; if it were undertaken to blot France from the map of the world; as well might you blot the stars from the firmament, as eliminate France from the condition of that civilization which she did most to found and most to preserve and most to make triumphant on this soil for all time. (Applause.)

The devotion of France to justice was the bond which made the Irish and the French races always allied in every crisis of their existence. That friendship which dated from the mission of Patrick has never wavered, and never been clouded. Wherever liberty has been assailed the spirits of Frenchmen and of Irishmen have rushed together, and soon their swords have followed their thoughts, and side by side they battled for the progress of the human race. Even to-day we find—for it is not my intention at this time of the evening to revive the glorious memories of that Irish brigade; of the battle-fields on which the blood of Frenchmen and Irishmen were mingled together in gigantic struggles for the advancement of the human race, and to curb the power of the nation that never kept faith except when she feared to

break it. (Applause.) But even now, within these very days that are passing over our heads, we have seen that, when an attempt has been made to invade the Republics of South Africa, the great hearts of both nations leapt together to protest against that outrage on civilization. (Applause.) Never, while that great struggle in defence of freedom—which has no parallel in history and no precedent in glory—is remembered by the human race, will the name of Villebois de Mareuil be forgotten. And never had Irishmen greater reason to be prouder of their race than during these last few years. When their representatives were tempted by the offer of all they had struggled for during seven centuries if only they would countenance this outrage upon civilization, they spurned the offer and declared that, ardently as they desired justice, determined as they were to struggle for it, they would not accept it at the cost of doing injustice to the weakest nation on the earth, wherever its territory and however it differed in language or in race. (Applause.)

That contribution which the Irish people have made to the discussion of the English policy in South Africa, has voiced the opposition in the English parliament. It has postponed Irish emancipation, but it has immeasurably glorified the Irish character. (Great applause.)

And, my friends, can it be that justice which is so triumphant in this country; which France has made triumphant here, shall forever be denied to the members of our own race? No; I don't believe it! To doubt justice is to doubt the wisdom, the power and the fidelity of Heaven itself. (Applause.) How justice shall be done I know not; but however justice may be delayed, certain

it is that justice will ultimately be done, and whoever obstructs it will pay an awful penalty for the delay. When we recollect that here upon this soil the Frenchman and the Irishman, as the Archbishop has told you, stood together at Yorktown when justice achieved her supreme triumph; just as the Celt and the Gaul stood together when laying the foundations of Christian civilization amid the crumbling fabric of the Roman Empire; who can doubt that justice will ultimately prevail throughout the world?

From these festivities; from this welcome to these ambassadors of freedom and of justice, we can bring away no nobler thought, no more inspiring consolation than the belief that the dominion of God's justice throughout the world can no more be prevented than the resurrection of God's Son could be prevented by the stone at the mouth of His tomb. (Applause.)

Here, my friends, I give you to-night with these banners in my hand (waving the banners of France, Ireland and America) the toast with which I hope to conclude—France, Ireland, the United States—bound together not by written treaties, but by sentiment which never can be checked; which is expressed in all their thoughts and all their acts. May the justice which has bound them be extended over the world till liberty become the possession of all the children of men. (Applause.)

HON. JAMES A. O'GORMAN: If the distinguished orator is indisposed to-night, what could he not accomplish when in good health.

I ask you, gentlemen, fill your glasses and drink to "The Army and Navy of France." (Applause.)

You shall now have the pleasure of listening to the senior officer of the French army—General Brugère. (Applause.)

SPEECH OF GENERAL BRUGÈRE.

(Delivered in French.)



I did not expect to have the honor of speaking to you this evening. I had asked to speak in my name General Chalendar, whose grandfather came to America with the troops of Rochambeau, where, as captain, he led his company to the assault on the works of Yorktown. I had asked him to speak to you in the name of the French army, but your distinguished president has so amiably insisted on my say-

ing a few words, that I am unable to resist the pleasure of being agreeable to him. (Applause.)

Archbishop Ireland, with his forceful and communicative eloquence, spoke of the three flags which have been

distributed to us here this evening. You cannot realize the pleasure I experience in holding in my hand these three flags. The American flag and the French flag, both of the same colors, and in consequence bearing the same meaning, and which represent the bonds which have united us for so long a time and bonds which are destined to last forever. (Applause.) Then we have this beautiful Irish flag bearing this pretty device, "Erin Go Bragh"—"Ireland Forever!" I cannot tell you the emotions which crowd in upon me as I stand in this room, so handsomely decorated with the colors of the three nations; the emotions that I experience in hearing the acclamations addressed to France by the sons of a nation whom she loves.

I have just told General Chalendar that you would be glad to listen to the descendant of a man who fought by the side of your grandfathers. But before he does so, I wish to salute the fine American army—the sister of the French army. I also delight in saluting and thanking the gallant Sixty-ninth Regiment (applause), whose martial bearing and attitude filled me with admiration and who did us the great honor of escorting us to this brilliant function.

Again, let me not forget the pleasant duty of saluting the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, which has so warmly welcomed us to-night, and whose brilliant and eloquent orators have uttered words of the deepest interest to us and which appeal to the heart of every Frenchman and every American and every Irishman united in the same common sentiment of cordiality and kindly fraternity. (Applause.)

HON. JAMES A. O'GORMAN: As you have been told by General Brugère, General Chalendar, whom I now have the honor of presenting, is a grandson of a captain who served under Rochambeau at Yorktown. (Applause.)

SPEECH OF GENERAL CHALENDAR.

(Delivered in French.)



After the eloquent words to which you have just listened, there is but little I can add.

The loyal regiment of Auvergne, in which my grandfather served fought side by side with sons of Ireland before drawing its swords in the War of American Independence. We ought not to lose sight of the fact while assisting at the brilliant fêtes in honor of Rochambeau and his companions, that the Irish long before that had shed their blood for France. We ought not to forget that they continued to generously shed their blood long after the immortal event which we celebrate. You will not have to look very far to find the names of Irishmen who gave their blood for France as recently as thirty-two years ago. (Applause.) We cannot forget those of your compatriots who, while you have become Americans, became French

citizens and who bear memorable names in our army—those especially of McDonald and McMahon. We cannot forget amongst our comrades General O'Connor, one of the most justly esteemed heads of the French army. I ask you to unite with me in drinking to the toast of "The Sons of Erin." (Applause.)

The toast was honored with bumpers and cheers.



COL. EDWARD DUFFY, COMMANDING
69TH REGIMENT.

HON. JAMES A. O'GORMAN:., This very interesting gathering will now be honored with a few words from Admiral Fournier of the French navy. (Applause.)

SPEECH OF ADMIRAL FOURNIER.

(Delivered in French.)



As we drew near to your hospitable shores in the Gaulois, and saw on the horizon the magnificent squadron which had come to meet us, it seemed that after a century we were now to meet the descendants of the heroes of Yorktown, the heroes of those stirring and solemn times. It was indeed a pleasure for us. And then, on the following day when we had the honor of being received by

President Roosevelt, and were able to admire that vigorous, energetic and intelligent personality, the embodiment of courage and loyalty, we felt that it was not in vain that the Gaulois and the American squadron were to meet as the ambassadors of the Presidents of the two sister Republics—France and the United States. (Applause.)

When we saw afterward a small body of our marines mingle with their comrades of the American navy and march before President Roosevelt, our hearts could not fail to beat with emotion at seeing the dashing head of that

band of brilliant cavaliers who figured so conspicuously in the recent war; when he said to us, "Look at those soldiers who pass here before us—I have fought with them." (Applause.)

But our astonishment and surprise were not so soon to end in this land of miracles. On reaching your beautiful city of New York, we found ourselves in the middle of an enthusiastic crowd, every craft small and large extending its fraternal welcome. We realized what a magnificent reception had been prepared for us by free America. We were not astonished at such a warm welcome in the city which has the honor of being presided over by my neighbor, Mayor Low—this city which increases every day, and is the astonishment and admiration of the world. (Applause.)

One of the things that has interested us so much here has been the magnificent parade of the fine regiment whose Colonel is with us to-night—the Sixty-ninth Regiment—(applause) which reminded me and had every appearance of a crack French regiment on parade (applause), for I couldn't see the difference between an Irish regiment and a French regiment; they have at least one point in common—heroism! (Applause.)

I wish to say at this time that if we are happy to find ourselves reunited here to-night as has been so aptly remarked by General Brugère and our Ambassador—who has succeeded so well in strengthening the ties of friendship between this country and our own—it is because we admire the Irish; because we are affectionately attached to them, both in heart and mind and hope, and it is certain that the welcome so generously bestowed on us to-

night will serve still further to fortify in our hearts this sentiment of generosity wherever the sons of either nation meet. (Applause.)

One of the most important elements which have contributed so largely to the success of America appears to me to be the generous protection which she gives to the sons of every country, as has been so eloquently referred to in the powerful speech of the Archbishop: who rightly invoked also the glorious reminiscences of chivalrous France. If her sword now sleeps in its scabbard, the day it is drawn it will be for the interest of humanity and will astonish the world by its brilliance on the field of battle. (Applause.)

Gentlemen, I drink to the organizers of this beautiful fête which has caused the chords of all hearts—French, Irish and Americans to vibrate in unison. In conclusion, I drink to my comrades of the American navy, which counts in its ranks so many valiant Irishmen. (Applause.)



COMTE SAHUN DE LAFAYETTE.

HON. JAMES A. O'GORMAN: Except the President of the United States, no citizen of this country has done more in honor of our French visitors than the Mayor of our city, Mr. Low. (Applause.) I am sure he is proud of this demonstration in honor of our guests.

SPEECH OF HON. SETH LOW.



Somewhere I have read a verse that runs in this fashion:

“We shut our hearts up now-
days like some old music-
box that plays
Unfashionable airs that raise
derisive pity,
When lo! something strikes
the string and straight
the sentimental thing
At once begins its quivering,
its sentimental ditty.”

This visit of the French mission has set quivering the strings of sentiment in the American hearts and in the Irish hearts, and they have neither of them been slow to respond to that magic touch. I knew well that, as Mayor of the city, nothing that I could do would be too much to do honor to the feeling in your hearts and to the feeling in the hearts of all our citizens for the representatives of the nation of France. It is not only those of us who look

back to the Revolutionary days and feel that our fathers fought side by side with them, but I believe that, as the Mayor of the city, I spoke for that great race that has come from every nation which makes up our population, in recognition of our indebtedness to France for her ancient kindness, for all that she has done for civilization, and for her present friendship. (Applause.)



M. JULES BŒUFVE, CHANCELLOR
OF THE FRENCH EMBASSY.

HON. JAMES A. O'GORMAN: Our distinguished fellow citizen who has represented us abroad for so many years with great distinction will say just a word. General Horace Porter. (Applause.)

SPEECH OF GENERAL HORACE PORTER.



Only one word in closing
It is the hour now when grave-
yards yawn—and audiences
follow their example.

When the great French den-
tist was appointed dentist to
King Stanislas, he received
the appointment on the day
on which the king lost his last
tooth. I am appointed to
speak at a time when there is
danger of the room losing its
last man. I will only say how
pleasing it is to see you, on the

eve of the departure of our good friends from France. I was glad to see these flags joined in this way this evening, their folds all in close touch; for these flags of our two great sister Republics, or the original flags which they represent, waved together in victory, interlaced in battle, have ever been entwined in peace. May the ruthless hand of discord never rend them asunder. (Applause.)

I can only say in parting, that I express here the wish and the belief that the ties of friendship which were established by the services and the sacrifices of Rochambeau, Lafayette, and their brothers in arms, will be indestructible; will be everlasting. (Applause.)



THE SOUVENIR ROCHAMBEAU MEDAL.

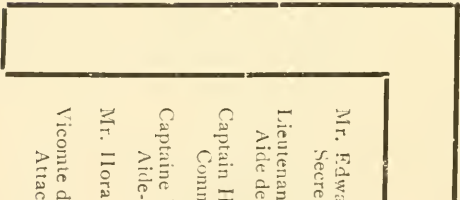
DIAGRAMS OF THE TABLES.

THE TABLE OF THE PRESIDENT.

- M. Edward Bruwaert
French Consul General at New York
- Hon. Chauncey M. Depew
- M. Lagrave
Representing the Ministry of Commerce
- Comte de Rochambeau
- Right Rev. John Ireland, D.D.
Archbishop of St. Paul
- Lieut. Col. Meaux Saint-Marc
Aide de-Camp and Personal Representative
of M. Emile Loubet, President of the French
Republic
- Mr. Herbert H. D. Peirce
Third Assistant Secretary of State
- M. Croiset
Member of the French Institute
Dean of the Faculty of Letters of Paris
- Hon. Seth Low, Mayor
- Vice-Admiral Fournier
Inspector General of the French Navy
- His Excellency M. Cambon
The French Ambassador
- Mr. Justice O'Gorman, President.**
- General Brugère
General of Division, Vice-President of the
Supreme Council of War, Chief of Special
Mission
- General Horace Porter
Ambassador to France
- General Chalendar
Commander of the 14th Infantry Brigade
- Capitaine de Surgy
Captain of the Armored Cruiser Gaulois
- Rear Admiral A. W. Barker, U. S. N.
- Comte Sahune de La Fayette
- Hon. W. Bourke Cockran
- M. de Margerie
Counselor of the French Embassy at
Washington
- Mr. Justice Fitzgerald
- M. Jean Guillemin
Sub-Director of the Cabinet of the Foreign
Minister
- Mr. Joseph I. C. Clarke

Right Wing of the President's Table.

General Joseph F. Weston
Lieutenant-Colonel Hermité
Commander Sixth Foot Artillery
Commander Raymond P. Rodgers, U. S. N.
M Renouard
Painter and Engraver, representing the
Ministry of Public Instruction
Rt Rev. John McGoldrick, D.D.
Bishop of Duluth
Aide-de-Camp to Vice Admiral Fournier
M. Victor Ayguesparse
Naval Attache to the French Embassy, at
Washington
Col. Edward Duffy
60th Regiment
Lieutenant Andre Sauvaire Jourdan



Mr. Edward Morgan
Secretary to the President's Commission
Lieutenant Le Baron Maximilien de Reinach de
Aide-de-Camp to Vice-Admiral Fournier [Werth
Captain Henry Ware Lyon, U. S. N.,
Commanding Olympia
Capitaine Etienne Filleneau
Aide-de-Camp to General Brugere
Mr. Horace White
Viconte de Chambrun
Attache to the French Embassy at Berlin.

Left Wing of the President's Table.

Capitaine Poulloue de Saint Mars Capitaine of Artillery	M. Robert de Billy Secretary of Embassy
Captain Williard H. Brownson, U. S. N. Commanding Alabama	Colonel Theodore A. Bingham U. S. A.
Capitaine Iason Attaché of General Staff of the Governor of Paris	Major Berthelot Aid de-Camp to General Brugère
Captain Joseph Newton Hemphill U. S. N. Commanding Kearsage	Capitaine Vignal Military Attaché to the French Embassy, at Washington
M. Louis Hermite Secretary of the French Embassy	Mr Samuel Sloan
Lieutenant Commander Albert Gleaves Commanding Dolphin	M. Jules Boenfve Chancellor of the French Embassy at Washington
	Lieut.-Col. Emmet
	Lieut Gustave Le Jay
	Aide-de-Camp to Vice-Admiral Fournier

The Herald	Table A	The Sun
The Tribune		The Times
The World		The Journal
The Press		City Press Assn.
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