

My dear Mr. George

I have found the Flushing newspaper account of the last meeting which your father spoke. (Enclosed clipping) I also have found a mass of clippings furnished me by Romeike, which I think should be preserved and which would properly belong to you. They can be put in a ~~note~~/~~book~~ scrap book and margins left for notes and corrections.

Please accept them with my good wishes. Enclosed I send the very accurate report of the meeting by the Flushing Journal man, with corrections made by a number of the men who heard every word your father uttered. The corrections were the unanimous testimony of these men and agreed with my memory of the speech. The corrections were made as soon as the paper appeared and while every incident and word was fresh in our minds.

(Pencil on yellow paper)

Some one told me that Mr. George had arrived and I left my chair on the stage and hurried to the small reception room in the wings where I met Mr. and Mrs. George.

I had one of those purple and silver bands on my arm which some enthusiastic Delaware Single Taxer had put there. As soon as I saw Mr. George I was conscious that a great change had taken place in his appearance. I wanted to tear the purple band off, I felt as if it was a badge of mourning and had I the opportunity to do so without attracting attention I should certainly have torn the ribbon from my sleeve; but I was told to hurry as Mr. George could not wait.

I took your father's arm and led him on the stage where Mr. Purdy was atking to the vast audience. It was needless for me to ask Mr. Purdy to stop; the wild applause which greeted Mr. George put a most effectual end to the speech.

I led Mr. George to the front of the stage and bowed to the audience; it was the only introduction their applause would allow. Mr. George seemed unconscious of his surroundings and I doubt if he knew who it was who led him before the audience; he did not at first seem to know the audience was there, for when I let go his arm he walked a short distance toward the wings and facing the side of the stage he looked upward for a moment, then raised his right ~~arm~~ hand and as if he was addressing some one over head, he said "Time and tide wait for no man". His head fell forward and with his chin upon his breast he stood as if lost in thought.

You might have heard his breathing across the hall, so silent was the house, until raising his head slowly he advanced to the front of the stage and with something of the old time ring in his voice, made the remarks so accurately reported in the enclosed slip.

Dan Beard.

My dear Mr. George this hasty sketch is about as near as I can describe the incident which so impressed me at the time/.

I see upon rereading your father's remarks that there appears to be a connection of ideas between his first sentence and the one following, but his manner of delivering the first entirely separated it from the rest.

Dan B.