

## Spring Opening

24 CENTRE SQUARE.

We have for sale for the coming seasons an immense stock of

## Ready-Made Clothing

of our own manufacture, which comprises the latest and most

## STYLISH DESIGNS.

Come and see our

## NEW GOODS

## MERCHANT TAILORING,

which is larger and composed of the best styles to be found in the city.

### D. B. Hostetter & Son,

24 CENTRE SQUARE.

## SPRING OPENING

## H. GERHART'S

Tailoring Establishment,  
MONDAY, APRIL 5.

Having just returned from the New York Woolen Market, I am now prepared to exhibit one of the best selected stocks of

## WOOLENS

## Spring and Summer Trade,

Ever brought to this city. None but the very best of

## ENGLISH, FRENCH

## AMERICAN FABRICS,

In all the leading styles. Prices as low as the lowest, and all goods warranted as represented.

## H. GERHART'S,

No. 51 North Queen Street.

## J. K. SMALING,

THE ARTIST TAILOR.

## English Novelties

## SUMMER WEAR.

Tropicals, Serges and Rep Worsteds,

HANNOVERBURN CELTIC CHEVIOTS,  
GAMBROON PARAMATA  
AND BATASTE CLOTHS.  
NEERSUCKERS, VALENCIAS, PAROLE  
AND MOHAIR COATINGS.

Linen in Great Variety. Whitford's Padded Duck in Plain and Fancy Styles. A Large Assortment of Fancy

## Duck and Marseilles Vesting.

All the latest novelties of the season. The public are cordially invited to examine our stock, which we claim to be the handsomest and most recherche ever offered for the hot weather.

## I. K. SMALING,

ARTIST TAILOR,

121 NORTH QUEEN STREET.

## REGILDING OF ALL KINDS

SHORT NOTICE.

My arrangements are now completed to do Regilding in first-class manner and at reasonable prices.

## THE NEW PICTURE FRAME STORE,

15 1/2 East King Street.

## WALTER A. HEINITSH.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

HENRY A. BILLY  
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law  
21 Park Row, New York.

Collections made in all parts of the United States, and a general legal business transacted. Refers by permission to Steinman & Hensel.

FRY LOCKER'S RENOWNED COUGH SYRUP

## DEY GOODS.

# WHO IS UNDER?

We do not want you to get the impression that great reductions are being made in the prices of goods elsewhere and not here. We are, as usual, below the market, and intend to stay there. The following list embraces enough of our stock to give some clue to the rest of them. We quote articles now in great favor as low-priced goods; but in general they are not reduced. We have been there all the time.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

SILKS.	DRESS GOODS.
<b>SUMMER SILKS.</b>	<b>COTTON.</b>
Stripes, modest, medium and bold..... 40 45	Serenoers, blue, brown and gray
Jaquie checks and stripes..... 50	stripes, best patterns..... 15 15 1/2
Checks on solid ground..... 50	Serenoers, fancy colored stripes..... 15 15 1/2
Cheris stripes, shaded..... 60	Serenoers, York, full assortment of
"Mille Raye," extra quality..... 1 00	stripes and colors..... 15 15 1/2
Best imported, 20 inches, great variety..... 1 00	Zephyr Ginghams, choice, not to be
<b>BLACK SILKS.</b>	matched..... 15 15 1/2
Gros-grain persan and taffetas..... 40 75	Zephyr Ginghams, plaid and stripes..... 20
Fine or heavy cord gros-grain and persan..... 50	Zephyr Ginghams, Louisiana..... 15
Six makes, foreign and American, jet or	Dress Ginghams..... 11
raven black, heavy and light..... 1 00	Handkerchief Ginghams and plain col-
Cachemire finish, 24 inches, Belton, Alex-	ors to match..... 15 15 1/2
and American..... 1 25	Dress Cheviots..... 25
Cachemire finish, "super" quality, 24	Tamie cloth, ceru, cashmere border..... 15 15 1/2
inches, foreign..... 1 75	Chlitz, polka dots, indigo, for suits..... 15
Kid finish, high lustre, cachemire, 24 in-	Cocheo Cambria, choice..... 10 12 1/2
ches, 24 inches..... 2 00	Class Tulle, great variety..... 10 12 1/2, 15
<b>COLORED SILKS.</b>	Pacific Lawns, great variety..... 10 12 1/2, 15
Good quality, all colors..... 40 75	Jaconet lawns, last color..... 15
Lions, extra lustre, heavy cord, 20 inches. 1 00	Laee lawns, white, tinted and solid
Best, for walking suits, 22 inches..... 1 25	colored grounds..... 15 15 1/2
Rich and elegant finish, 22 inches..... 1 50	Monie cloths, printed..... 15 15 1/2
<b>FOULARDS.</b>	<b>COTTON AND WOOL.</b>
Showy..... 40 75	Laee Bunting, all colors and black..... 25
Brilliant and rich..... 50	Debelins, twilled..... 25
Black, polka dots, etc..... 75	Mohairs, plaid..... 12 1/2
Colored, new designs..... 1 00	Mohairs, silk-checked..... 15
Novelties..... 1 50	Mohairs, silk-striped..... 25
<b>GAUZE AND GRENADINE STRIPES.</b>	Mohairs, plaid..... 25
A large quantity just bought to clear an im-	Mohairs, English, clouded..... 18
porter's stock, recently sold by us at \$2.50, we	Mohair lustres..... 12 1/2
are now selling at..... 41 00	Cashmeres, conchama's variety..... 20
SILKS are in next outer circle east from the	Suttings, English, fancy..... 20
Chestnut street entrance.	<b>ALL WOOL.</b>
<b>BLACK GOODS.</b>	Laee Bunting, colors and black..... 37 1/2, 50
<b>GRENADINES.</b>	Plain bunting of a new style, distinct
Mexican, silk and wool..... 50, 65, 75, 85	from the old and decidedly better than
Silk and wool striped..... 75, 81, 81 1/2, 81 1/2, 81 1/2	any other, all colors..... 25
Lions damasses..... 65, 75, 85, 81 1/2, 81 1/2	34 inches, double fold..... 40, 50, 60
Paris, silk and wool..... 81, 81 1/2, 81 1/2, 81 1/2	Debelins, French, cashmeres..... 25
Lions, all silk damasses..... 81 1/2, 81 1/2, 81 1/2, 81 1/2	34 inches..... 21
82, 82 1/2, 83, 83 1/2	Debelins, French, taffetas..... 25
<b>PLAIN BUNTINGS.</b>	32 inches, double fold..... 25
American, 3/4, 40, 50, 55, 61, 67	32 inches, double fold..... 25
American, 64, 70, 75, 81, 87	Cashmeres, French..... 45, 60
French, 22 inches..... 81, 81 1/2, 81 1/2, 81 1/2	32 inches..... 37 1/2
French, 36 inches, 40, 44, 50, 56, 62, 68	Shoda cloth, French, 46 inches..... 75
French, 46 inches, 40, 46, 52, 58, 64	Monie cloth, French..... 41 00
75, 81, 87, 93	Grape cloth, French..... 1 00
<b>LACE BUNTINGS.</b>	<b>LINENS.</b>
We have nearly everything to be found in the	<b>SIX SPECIMEN PRICES.</b>
markets of the world.	These are fair samples of the bargains we
22 inches..... 37 1/2, 50, 60	have given for weeks in Linens:
46 inches..... 41, 41 1/2, 42	Huck Towel, large and heavy..... 25
Lupin's Paris, original color, and we believe	Huck Towel, large and heavy..... 25
almost the last in Philadelphia..... 80 55	Huck Towel, German, knotted fringe..... 25
34 inches..... 1 10	German bleached Table Linen..... 12 1/2
46 inches..... 1 10	German Napkins, 3/4 per dozen..... 25
<b>NUN'S VEILING (for dresses).</b>	Star Linen, 20 inches, per yard..... 12 1/2
12 inches..... 41, 41 1/2, 41 1/2, 41 1/2	
64..... 41, 41 1/2, 41 1/2, 41 1/2	
BLACK GOODS are in the next outer circle	
west from the Chestnut street entrance.	

But one thing we ought to remind you of: We may appear to be at a disadvantage when we are not, because of certain tactics sometimes employed, which we do not care to use, viz., the pretending to make reductions when none are made. We use reductions to clear stocks. That is perfectly honorable, and it is necessary in a large business. The losses thereby incurred, though sometimes considerable, are trifling in comparison with the benefit to remaining stocks.

Now then, anyone who will take measures to find out where the lowest prices are, compare sample with sample, price with price, will find we are not a whit behind ANYBODY, not even in a single item, so far as we know; and that we are below EVERYBODY on almost everything. Samples sent when written for.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Chestnut, Thirteenth, Market and Juniper, Philadelphia.

\$25,000.

## DRY GOODS.

HAGER & BROTHER will offer for sale in the Wareroom in rear of their store on

FRIDAY, JULY 2, 1880,

Goods partially damaged by water during the fire on their premises on Saturday last.

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloths, Wall Papers, Queens-ware, Table Linens, Muslins and Sheetings, Woolen Goods and Clothing, &c.

All of which will be marked at such a low price as will insure the sale of the entire lot. Goods in main Storeroom were not damaged. Business there will go on as usual.

## HAGER & BROTHER,

NO. 25 WEST KING STREET.

## GREAT CLEARING SALE

## SUMMER DRESS GOODS

## NEW YORK STORE.

All the New Shades in Twilled Cashmeres 12 1/2 a yard; regular price 15c. All Wool Belges 2 a yard. All Wool Monie Cloths 3 a yard; sold everywhere at 37 1/2c. Special Bargains in

BLACK SILKS,  
COLORED SILKS,  
BLACK CASHMERE.

### Watt, Shand & Company,

8 AND 10 EAST KING STREET.

## Lancaster Intelligencer.

FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 2, 1880.

## THE HERO OF GETTYSBURG

COL. FORNEY'S REASONS FOR SUPPORTING HIM.

A Graphic Description of Gen. Hancock's Service to His State and Country by a Republican who is Going to Vote for him at the coming election.

An Enduring Debt of Gratitude.

Col. Jno. W. Forney in Progress.

There are many deathless days in the American memory; among them the attack upon the American flag at Charleston harbor on the 12th of April, 1861, the battle of Gettysburg on the 1st, 2d and 3d days of July, 1863, the fall of Richmond, on the 9th day of April, 1865, and the assassination of Abraham Lincoln on the 14th day of April, 1865. No days in human history ever aroused a more agonizing solicitude, or closed upon more gigantic transactions, or opened a wider vista of human possibilities. Each of these events had a strange and almost providential meaning. Each possessed a peculiar quality of conquering in an instant millions of prejudices. The ball fired at the old flag from Charleston consolidated the North and struck down human slavery. The victory of Gettysburg saved the second great city of the Union from the flames. The fall of Richmond was the certain rise of the Republic, and the death of Lincoln consecrated his great mission of forgiveness to all. When we come to notice the annals of our civil war, these four events, which are the emblems of the nation, on the 1st of January, 1863, will be to the historian like so many planets, shedding light on all other objects, and marshaling the way to the final lesson and duty of the patriot. Each was a revolution in itself, affecting the remotest interests, and leaving all men in a new condition of thought and self-examination.

But none of these tragedies wrought a deeper sensation or gave birth to a more lasting gratitude than the battle of Gettysburg, 1863. Here at least is one of those occurrences that cannot easily be forgotten. One philosopher says that the battle of Gettysburg, 1863, is the battle of the ages. It is the b.d.g.e. of all our tribu; but like all maxims it is best proved by the exceptions. In this instance we cannot if we would, and thank God, we would not if we could, blot out what that defeat of the Confederates did for the city of Philadelphia. Happily it is not so long ago as to have faded from our minds. It is only seventeen years since, and it is a day of such sharp agony and such universal terror, and the victory was such an unspoken relief, that even the children now grown to men and women think of it gratefully as the middle-aged and the grandmothers and grandfathers. It was the single instance in which the fiery blast of war came close to a great Northern metropolis. The Confederates advanced in tremendous force, led by their beloved General Lee, and by his chosen lieutenants, they seemed resolved to make a last stand in the rich valleys of Franklin and Adams, choosing, as if by instinct, the regions called after two of the most precious names in American history. Grant was engaged at the same moment in this state, beyond the hills around the Southern city of Vicksburg; but the point most vital to all at that supreme moment was the field of Gettysburg.

What Philadelphia can ever forget the suspense of those July days? There was not a household that did not thro and thrill with the news. There were over one hundred thousand friends that came from Philadelphia and the neighboring towns; and there was not a family that did not tremble for its loved ones engaged in that fatal strife, or that did not shudder at the advance of the foe upon the city. The Southern friends that in that advance the loss of the holy cause of the Union.

On the morning of the Fourth of July, 1863, I was at the Union League, then on Chestnut street near 11th, Philadelphia, in the massive building now occupied by the family of the late Matthew Baldwin. The rooms and gardens of the lovely mansion were filled to overflowing with pale, anxious men; the streets were full of a silent, waiting crowd; the sidewalks and windows were crowded with women; even the children were awed into silence, as their elders discussed in whispers the possibilities of the dreadful fight in the green valleys of the Cumberland. Reynolds had been killed on the 2d of July, along with thousands of others, and his brother, James L., came from Lancaster in this state, bowed down with terror at the sacrifice, and humble women were sobbing over the dispatches already recording their losses. It was a day of tears and despair. I had been present at other scenes of sorrow, but nothing like this Fourth of July, 1863. The commandant of this state, beyond the hills, was A. J. Dana, and his office was in Girard street, near Twelfth, and I held a position as a consulting member of his staff. About noon of that Saturday I saw a tall form crossing Chestnut street to the League and while he strove to think I saw he was in tears. He handed me a despatch from General Meade, just received. I opened and tried to read it, but could not. I saw enough to feel that we were saved. And soon the good news became universal. Then all hearts exploded with joy over the good news to think, with how bright that sudden change from grief to gratitude. Some shed tears, some shouted in joy, old foes became friends, and even infidels joined in the spontaneous prayers of the preachers. Robert Browning's thrilling poem describing the man who carried the good news to Vicksburg, which broke the siege and filled the souls of the Flemish with a deep thanksgiving to God, might have been paraphrased in honor of the messenger who brought such happiness to oppressed, and terrified, and despairing Philadelphia.

Who won that great fight? Who saved Philadelphia from fire and spoil? Who drove back the enemy, and saved us from a fate of which the burning of Chambersburg and Carlisle and the forced contributions upon York were intended to be grim prophecies? A brave array of patriotic citizens, led by three Pennsylvania generals: George Gordon Meade, of Philadelphia; John Fulton Reynolds, of Lancaster; and Winfield Scott Hancock, of Montgomery. Meade and Reynolds are both gone. Meade died on the 8th of November, 1873, in the house presented to his wife by the people of Philadelphia; afterwards supplemented by a contribution of one hundred thousand dollars from the same source. Reynolds was killed in the battle on the 2d of July, and is buried at Lancaster. Hancock is to-day the Democratic candidate for president of the United States.

To show how I felt at the critical moment, seventeen years ago, I reprint what I wrote in the Press on Tuesday, the 7th of July, 1863, not only to prove my plain duty to General Hancock, as the survivor of this glorious triumph, but also the duty of all the people of Philadelphia to that incomparable soldier. I recall it at once as a personal pledge and promise, and the solemn covenant of a great community to a great soldier.

"Meanwhile, the army of the Potomac, suddenly placed under the command of General Meade, whom we are proud to claim as a fellow citizen, hastened northward, and fell upon the rash and audacious enemy. We know the result. Neither our children, nor our children's children, to the remotest generation, shall ever forget it, or fail to remember it with a thrill of gratitude and honest pride. The rebels were assailed with unexampled fury, and the gallant General Reynolds, a Pennsylvania soldier, laid down his life. The struggle raged for several days, the losses on both sides were fearful, and still the result seemed doubtful. If we should fail, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, perhaps New York, would become the prey of the conqueror. The fate of Pennsylvania then came to its rescue. IT WAS GENERAL HANCOCK, A PENNSYLVANIAN, WHO SO NOBLY BORE THE BRUNT OF THE BATTLE ON CEMETERY HILL."

I do not stop to debate the other considerations that enter into this vital issue, and I do not stop to debate the merits of the release of my dear native state from the desperate men who, in the last ten years, have coldly crushed out the pride of our people, and placed under the iron heel of brutal inferiority the hopes of our youth and our old men, and the sacredness of our wealth, and the political and moral honor of our proud city of Philadelphia, an offensive root for the most desperate and vulgar mercenaries since the black days of Tweed and Tammany in New York. I do not stop to debate these considerations, but I do stop to open to the common mind our pledged word to the last of our great soldiers who placed us under an obligation that we hastened to avow, and repeated over and over again. My own pledge binds me as my own note of hand. In law it is as good as a note of hand, and my estate if I failed to pay it. In morals it is as solemn as if I had gone before a magistrate and sworn to abide by it. And what is true of myself is equally binding upon others. What my fixed judgment, private or public, of the men who saved the American republic, I have not concealed. It is a passion that grows stronger the more I see the value of what has been saved to ourselves and to all mankind. I feel it as the rescue of our nation from the abyss of ruin, and prize it, as the best blessing to the South which made the rebellion. I cherish it because the more I ponder the priceless value of the enormous destiny so saved, the more eager am I to perpetuate it. When I severed my connection with the Democratic party twenty-three years ago in company with Stephen A. Douglas, Daniel Dougherty, David C. Broderrick, and later, with Daniel S. Dickerson, Wellington and Marlborough and many more, it was because that party seemed dedicated to the cause of slavery and rebellion. With victory over both, with emancipation declared and obeyed, with free opinion all over the land assured and sufficiently established, with Kansas a free and a free government, with the doctrine of popular sovereignty, all my prejudices against the South vanished, and I, who would at one time have seen the rebels pursued with all the penalties of the law, and all the rigors of the war, speedily and cheerfully became a "rebel sympathizer" if I had lived in the South, and that I must, to use Abraham Lincoln's loving maxim, "put myself in their place," and forgive them, as I hope God will forgive me my transgressions. Hence, ever since General Grant's first election I labored to carry my party to the South, and I have been forced to stay in the Union, and that we intended to keep them in by love; and Grant knows how often I pleaded with him to bear with them, to remember that they were still our own, that we had both been raised as Democrats, and that we had known the South, he in the army in Mexico, and I in my long years of residence in Washington, and must make allowances for them. And how willingly the great soldier listened to me is proved by his many attempts to show his anxiety to aid and help the South, and that we were resolved to make a last stand in the rich valleys of Franklin and Adams, choosing, as if by instinct, the regions called after two of the most precious names in American history. Grant was engaged at the same moment in this state, beyond the hills around the Southern city of Vicksburg; but the point most vital to all at that supreme moment was the field of Gettysburg.

But you do not see a monument to General Meade, and this meeting here in Philadelphia, I understand is for that purpose. Meade commanded at the critical period of the war, at the very crisis and at the time when General Grant and his army were at Vicksburg, but had not always adequate to his duties, always faithful, always conscientious, and at all times one of the most fortunate of men. It sometimes happens to the best of them, through no fault of their own, they fail and pass into obscurity. But General Meade was always fortunate in his command, and that great old army. [Applause.] Meade had turned the scale in that decisive battle of Gettysburg the Englishman's footsteps would have been heard on the debris of a fallen republic. But now Mead's memory, without a monument, is forever safe. [Applause.] Meade and Gettysburg are linked together in adamant that will never crumble. [Applause.] Then, when we build our monument to Meade, it needs no extended inscription. We will simply write there, George G. Meade, who commanded the forces at Gettysburg. [Great applause.]

He was followed by General William T. Sherman, the chief of all the armies of the United States:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—When I tell you that I have performed a full day's work in taking part in your splendid decorations to-day, I know you will excuse me if my remarks are brief. I will come before you to talk business. Let us look at the erection of Meade's monument in a business point of view. Supposing that Meade instead of defeating Lee at Gettysburg had been defeated by him. What would have been the result? But this is the time to open to the common mind our pledged word to the last of our great soldiers who placed us under an obligation that we hastened to avow, and repeated over and over again. My own pledge binds me as my own note of hand. In law it is as good as a note of hand, and my estate if I failed to pay it. In morals it is as solemn as if I had gone before a magistrate and sworn to abide by it. And what is true of myself is equally binding upon others. What my fixed judgment, private or public, of the men who saved the American republic, I have not concealed. It is a passion that grows stronger the more I see the value of what has been saved to ourselves and to all mankind. I feel it as the rescue of our nation from the abyss of ruin, and prize it, as the best blessing to the South which made the rebellion. I cherish it because the more I ponder the priceless value of the enormous destiny so saved, the more eager am I to perpetuate it. When I severed my connection with the Democratic party twenty-three years ago in company with Stephen A. Douglas, Daniel Dougherty, David C. Broderrick, and later, with Daniel S. Dickerson, Wellington and Marlborough and many more, it was because that party seemed dedicated to the cause of slavery and rebellion. With victory over both, with emancipation declared and obeyed, with free opinion all over the land assured and sufficiently established, with Kansas a free and a free government, with the doctrine of popular sovereignty, all my prejudices against the South vanished, and I, who would at one time have seen the rebels pursued with all the penalties of the law, and all the rigors of the war, speedily and cheerfully became a "rebel sympathizer" if I had lived in the South, and that I must, to use Abraham Lincoln's loving maxim, "put myself in their place," and forgive them, as I hope God will forgive me my transgressions. Hence, ever since General Grant's first election I labored to carry my party to the South, and I have been forced to stay in the Union, and that we intended to keep them in by love; and Grant knows how often I pleaded with him to bear with them, to remember that they were still our own, that we had both been raised as Democrats, and that we had known the South, he in the army in Mexico, and I in my long years of residence in Washington, and must make allowances for them. And how willingly the great soldier listened to me is proved by his many attempts to show his anxiety to aid and help the South, and that we were resolved to make a last stand in the rich valleys of Franklin and Adams, choosing, as if by instinct, the regions called after two of the most precious names in American history. Grant was engaged at the same moment in this state, beyond the hills around the Southern city of Vicksburg; but the point most vital to all at that supreme moment was the field of Gettysburg.

On the morning of the Fourth of July, 1863, I was at the Union League, then on Chestnut street near 11th, Philadelphia, in the massive building now occupied by the family of the late Matthew Baldwin. The rooms and gardens of the lovely mansion were filled to overflowing with pale, anxious men; the streets were full of a silent, waiting crowd; the sidewalks and windows were crowded with women; even the children were awed into silence, as their elders discussed in whispers the possibilities of the dreadful fight in the green valleys of the Cumberland. Reynolds had been killed on the 2d of July, along with thousands of others, and his brother, James L., came from Lancaster in this state, bowed down with terror at the sacrifice, and humble women were sobbing over the dispatches already recording their losses. It was a day of tears and despair. I had been present at other scenes of sorrow, but nothing like this Fourth of July, 1863. The commandant of this state, beyond the hills, was A. J. Dana, and his office was in Girard street, near Twelfth, and I held a position as a consulting member of his staff. About noon of that Saturday I saw a tall form crossing Chestnut street to the League and while he strove to think I saw he was in tears. He handed me a despatch from General Meade, just received. I opened and tried to read it, but could not. I saw enough to feel that we were saved. And soon the good news became universal. Then all hearts exploded with joy over the good news to think, with how bright that sudden change from grief to gratitude. Some shed tears, some shouted in joy, old foes became friends, and even infidels joined in the spontaneous prayers of the preachers. Robert Browning's thrilling poem describing the man who carried the good news to Vicksburg, which broke the siege and filled the souls of the Flemish with a deep thanksgiving to God, might have been paraphrased in honor of the messenger who brought such happiness to oppressed, and terrified, and despairing Philadelphia.

Who won that great fight? Who saved Philadelphia from fire and spoil? Who drove back the enemy, and saved us from a fate of which the burning of Chambersburg and Carlisle and the forced contributions upon York were intended to be grim prophecies? A brave array of patriotic citizens, led by three Pennsylvania generals: George Gordon Meade, of Philadelphia; John Fulton Reynolds, of Lancaster; and Winfield Scott Hancock, of Montgomery. Meade and Reynolds are both gone. Meade died on the 8th of November, 1873, in the house presented to his wife by the people of Philadelphia; afterwards supplemented by a contribution of one hundred thousand dollars from the same source. Reynolds was killed in the battle on the 2d of July, and is buried at Lancaster. Hancock is to-day the Democratic candidate for president of the United States.

To show how I felt at the critical moment, seventeen years ago, I reprint what I wrote in the Press on Tuesday, the 7th of July, 1863, not only to prove my plain duty to General Hancock, as the survivor of this glorious triumph, but also the duty of all the people of Philadelphia to that incomparable soldier. I recall it at once as a personal pledge and promise, and the solemn covenant of a great community to a great soldier.

But you do not see a monument to General Meade, and this meeting here in Philadelphia, I understand is for that purpose. Meade commanded at the critical period of the war, at the very crisis and at the time when General Grant and his army were at Vicksburg, but had not always adequate to his duties, always faithful, always conscientious, and at all times one of the most fortunate of men. It sometimes happens to the best of them, through no fault of their own, they fail and pass into obscurity. But General Meade was always fortunate in his command, and that great old army. [Applause.] Meade had turned the scale in that decisive battle of Gettysburg the Englishman's footsteps would have been heard on the debris of a fallen republic. But now Mead's memory, without a monument, is forever safe. [Applause.] Meade and Gettysburg are linked together in adamant that will never crumble. [Applause.] Then, when we build our monument to Meade, it needs no extended inscription. We will simply write there, George G. Meade, who commanded the forces at Gettysburg. [Great applause.]

He was followed by General William T. Sherman, the chief of all the armies of the United States:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—When I tell you that I have performed a full day's work in taking part in your splendid decorations to-day, I know you will excuse me if my remarks are brief. I will come before you to talk business. Let us look at the erection of Meade's monument in a business point of view. Supposing that Meade instead of defeating Lee at Gettysburg had been defeated by him. What would have been the result? But this is the time to open to the common mind our pledged word to the last of our great soldiers who placed us under an obligation that we hastened to avow, and repeated over and over again. My own pledge binds me as my own note of hand. In law it is as good as a note of hand, and my estate if I failed to pay it. In morals it is as solemn as if I had gone before a magistrate and sworn to abide by it. And what is true of myself is equally binding upon others. What my fixed judgment, private or public, of the men who saved the American republic, I have not concealed. It is a passion that grows stronger the more I see the value of what has been saved to ourselves and to all mankind. I feel it as the rescue of our nation from the abyss of ruin, and prize it, as the best blessing to the South which made the rebellion. I cherish it because the more I ponder the priceless value of the enormous destiny so saved, the more eager am I to perpetuate it. When I severed my connection with the Democratic party twenty-three years ago in company with Stephen A. Douglas, Daniel Dougherty, David C. Broderrick, and later, with Daniel S. Dickerson, Wellington and Marlborough and many more, it was because that party seemed dedicated to the cause of slavery and rebellion. With victory over both, with emancipation declared and obeyed, with free opinion all over the land assured and sufficiently established, with Kansas a free and a free government, with the doctrine of popular sovereignty, all my prejudices against the South vanished, and I, who would at one time have seen the rebels pursued with all the penalties of the law, and all the rigors of the war, speedily and cheerfully became a "rebel sympathizer" if I had lived in the South, and that I must, to use Abraham Lincoln's loving maxim, "put myself in their place," and forgive them, as I hope God will forgive me my transgressions. Hence, ever since General Grant's first election I labored to carry my party to the South, and I have been forced to stay in the Union, and that we intended to keep them in by love; and Grant knows how often I pleaded with him to bear with them, to remember that they were still our own, that we had both been raised as Democrats, and that we had known the South, he in the army in Mexico, and I in my long years of residence in Washington, and must make allowances for them. And how willingly the great soldier listened to me is proved by his many attempts to show his anxiety to aid and help the South, and that we were resolved to make a last stand in the rich valleys of Franklin and Adams, choosing, as if by instinct, the regions called after two of the most precious names in American history. Grant was engaged at the same moment in this state, beyond the hills around the Southern city of Vicksburg; but the point most vital to all at that supreme moment was the field of Gettysburg.

But you do not see a monument to General Meade, and this meeting here in Philadelphia, I understand is for that purpose. Meade commanded at the critical period of the war, at the very crisis and at the time when General Grant and his army were at Vicksburg, but had not always adequate to his duties, always faithful, always conscientious, and at all times one of the most fortunate of men. It sometimes happens to the best of them, through no fault of their own, they fail and pass into obscurity. But General Meade was always fortunate in his command, and that great old army. [Applause.] Meade had turned the scale in that decisive battle of Gettysburg the Englishman's footsteps would have been heard on the debris of a fallen republic. But now Mead's memory, without a monument, is forever safe. [Applause.] Meade and Gettysburg are linked together in adamant that will never crumble. [Applause.] Then, when we build our monument to Meade, it needs no extended inscription. We will simply write there, George G. Meade, who commanded the forces at Gettysburg. [Great applause.]

He was followed by General William T. Sherman, the chief of all the armies of the United States:

L