Daily Evening Bulletin.

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VOLUME XXIII.—NO. 308. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1870. PRICE THREE CENTS.

MARRIED.

KING—JONES.—On Thursday, April 7th, by Rev. Wm. H. Hare, assisted by Rev. M. A. De Wolfe, D.D., Frederick A. King, of Providence, R. I., to Lorania C., daughter of George F. Jones, of this city. [Providence and New York papers please copy.]

DIED.

CHEW.—On Friday, the 8th inst., at Trenton, N. J., John Chew, in the 52d year of his age.

The funeral services will be held at his late residence, 255 South Warren street, Trenton, on Monday afternoon, at 4 o'clock. Interment at Philadelphia, on Tuesday morning, 12th inst. Carriages will be in waiting on the arrival of the 9.45 train at Kensington Depot.

COLLINS.—On the 6th inst., T. K. Collins, in the 68th year of his age.

His relatives and the friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend his funeral, from his late residence, 1916 Green street, on Monday next, the 11th inst., at 2 o'clock P. M.

ELMER.—On the 8th inst., Mary P. Elmer, relict of the late Judge Daniel Elmer, of Bridgeton, N. J.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of her sister, in Montgomery county, on Monday, the 11th inst., at 3 o'clock P. M. Carriages will leave No. 505 Arch street, at 11 o'clock.

LOXLEY.—At her residence, in Mantua, West Philadelphia, on the 7th inst., Miss Mary Pryor Loxley, in the 81st year of her age.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from her late residence, No. 3407 Bridge street, West Philadelphia, on Monday, the 11th inst., at 2 o'clock P. M.

RHOADS.—Suddenly, on the 9th inst., Elizabeth C., wife of William Z. Rhoads, and daughter of the late William and Malinda Coulston, in the 58th year of her age.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from her late residence, No. 1222 North Twelfth street, on Tuesday morning, 12th inst., at 8 o'clock. Services at the house on Monday evening, 11th inst., at 8 o'clock.

ROBINSON.—At Germantown, April 8th, Lloyd, infant son of B. Frank and Annie J. Robinson.

$1 BLACK SILKS. $1
GOOD ENOUGH FOR DRESSES.
$2 BLACK SILKS. $2
These are the same as the Last Two Lots.
EYRE & LANDELL, Fourth and Arch.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

See Sixth page for additional Notices.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF "THE PHILADELPHIA SOCIETY FOR THE EMPLOYMENT AND INSTRUCTION OF THE POOR" will be held at No. 718 Catharine street, on SECOND-DAY (Monday), the 11th inst., at 4 P. M.
C. L. NICHOLSON, Secretary.

A STATED MEETING OF THE Sunday School Association of the P. E. Church in Philadelphia, will be held on MONDAY EVENING, April 11th, 1870, in St. Luke's Church, Thirteenth street, below Spruce, commencing at 8 o'clock.

The subject for discussion, "How to prevent the loss of Children between the School and Church," will be opened by the Rev. Samuel Clements, Principal of the Mission House.

All interested in Sunday School work are invited.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

THE REV. H. A. CLEVELAND will preach in Trinity M. E. Church to-morrow at 10½ and 7½. Strangers are invited.

ALEXANDER PRESBYTERIAN Church, Nineteenth and Green streets.—Preaching to-morrow, at 10½ o'clock A. M. and at 7½ P. M., by Rev. Geo. F. Cain, Pastor elect.

SECOND REFORMED CHURCH, Seventh street, above Brown.—Rev. Isaac S. Hartley, Pastor, will preach to-morrow (Sunday), at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Subject—"Revivals."

LEGAL NOTICES.

IN THE ORPHANS' COURT FOR THE City and County of Philadelphia.—In the matter of the estate of WALLACE LIPPINCOTT, late of the said city, deceased.

To William Cole and his eldest son, his heirs and assigns, the keeper of the Colestown Cemetery, or persons in charge thereof; the Methodist Conference of the city of Philadelphia; the nieces and nephews, grand-nieces and grand-nephews of the said decedent, or their guardians of minors; the Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the city of Philadelphia, and all other devisees, legatees and other persons interested in the estate of said decedent: Take notice! That MARY ANN LIPPINCOTT, the widow of said decedent, on the twenty-sixth day of March, A. D. 1870, presented to the said Court her petition setting forth that the parties interested in the said estate cannot agree for the appointment of seven persons to make partition of the same, and praying the Court to award an inquest to make said partition among the parties interested in said estate according to law; that thereupon the said Court awarded a citation to the parties interested in said estate, commanding them to appear before the same at a Court to be held on Saturday, the twenty-third day of April, A. D. 1870, at 10 o'clock of the forenoon, to show cause why the Court should not award an inquest to make said partition, and further abide the order of the Court in the premises; and did thereupon also order that advertisement as to parties whose names or residences are unknown to be made twice a week, for two weeks, in two daily newspapers in the city of Philadelphia and twice in the *Legal Intelligencer*, and also that on the said last mentioned day application will be made to the Court to grant the prayer of the said petition.

Attest, ALFRED J. FORTEN, Deputy Clerk Orphans' Court.

ESTATE OF JULIA ANN STUBBS, DEceased.—Letters testamentary upon the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the said decedent are requested to make known the same, and those indebted thereto to make payment to CHARLES P. STUBBS, Executor, No. 406 Ann street, Philadelphia, or to his Attorney, LEWIS D. VAIL, No. 703 Sansom street, Philadelphia.

AGRICULTURAL.

APPLE, PEAR, CHERRY, PEACH, Dwarf and Standard, in bearing. Ornamental Trees. Large Evergreens for lawns and hedges. J. PERKINS, Moorestown, N. J.

THE PHILADELPHIA LAWN Mower has rapidly grown into favor at Chestnut Hill, at Germantown, and wherever used. Its use makes the care of a Lawn easy, and beautifies it much more than cutting with a scythe.

Sold by the patentees and manufacturers.
GRAHAM, EMLEN & PASSMORE,
No. 631 Market Street, Philadelphia.

FLOWER SEEDS.—NOW IS THE time to sow. Twenty-five beautiful Free-blooming varieties, with directions how to cultivate, for One Dollar.
HENRY A. DREER,
714 Chestnut street.

LITTLE GEM PEAS.—THIS VAriety is particularly adapted for Family Kitchen Gardens, being dwarf (requiring no sticks), early, and of most delicious sugary flavor.
HENRY A. DREER,
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OSAGE ORANGE PLANTS FOR HEDGES—By the hundred or thousand. Also, American Arborvita, Hemlock, Spruce, and Norway Spruce, suitable for Hedges, at
H. A. DREER'S Nursery,
Riverton, New Jersey.
Orders received at SEED AND HORTICULTURAL WAREHOUSE, 714 CHESTNUT street.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS AND GARDEN TOOLS, Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, Seed-Sowers, Churns, Garden and Field Rollers, Lawn Mowers, Railroad and Garden Wheelbarrows, Hay, Straw and Fodder Cutters, all at reduced prices. Call and examine our stock.
ROBERT BUIST, Jr.,
Seed Warehouse, 922 and 924 Market street.

THE PHILADELPHIA LAWN MOWER.—This is the most improved hand-machine made, and is just the article needed by all who have grass to cut. It can be operated by a lady without fatigue. Price $28, and every mower warranted. Sold by
ROBERT BUIST, Jr.,
Seed Warehouse, 922 and 924 Market st.

BUIST'S WARRANTED GARDEN SEEDS.

The seeds we offer are exclusively those of our own growth, and will be found far superior to those generally sold by dealers.

Market gardeners and private families, to whom reliable seeds are of the utmost importance, should obtain their supplies from
BUIST'S SEED WAREHOUSE,
922 and 924 Market street, above Ninth.

Call or send for Buist's Garden Manual and Price List for 1870, which contains 120 pages of useful information to country residents.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR sale or barter his convenient and comfortable residence on the line of the North Pennsylvania Railroad, near Fisher's Lane station, about five miles north of Market street.

A substantial stone house with modern conveniences, and over six acres of choice land, with handsome lawn and fine fruit and ornamental trees and shrubbery; a large and very productive garden, well stocked with grapes, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, currants, gooseberries, &c.; a commodious barn and carriage house, with stabling for five horses and three cows; a good green-house and grapery, with choice foreign grapes; ice house, chicken-house, &c.

An additional house, nearly new, with good garden, well stocked with fruit, with ice-house, hennery, &c., and over three acres of land, with fine trees, can also be had if desirable. The whole being admirably adapted for two families desirous of being near each other.
SAMUEL MASON,
No. 15 South Seventh street.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT—THAT old established business stand No. 529 Chestnut, opposite Independence Hall. Apply to B. SHARKEY, 619 Walnut street, or to Kerr's China Hall, 1218 Chestnut street.

COUNTRY SEAT AND FARM For Sale—60 or 100 acres—Bristol Pike, above 7 mile stone.

Mansion House and Dwelling to Let. Apply on premises, or to
R. WHITAKER,
No. 610 Locust street.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC

Annual Reunion of the Society

Brilliant Scenes at the Academy of Music

Distinguished Generals Present

Oration of General J. H. Martindale

Poem by George H. Boker, Esq.

The second annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac is being held in this city to-day. Great preparations have been made for the event, and many generals and other distinguished officers of the army during the war arrived in this city during last evening and this morning, to take part in the proceedings. President Grant, Secretary Cox, Generals Dent and Porter reached the city at five o'clock this morning.

The Academy of Music, which had been selected for the occasion, was very handsomely decorated. The entire front of the auditorium was neatly festooned with the flags of the Union, while in front of the balcony was suspended a splendid State flag of Pennsylvania. The fronts of the private boxes were also handsomely decorated with the national and State flags. The stage was set with a splendid tented scene. The chairs for the officers and distinguished guests were arranged in semi-circular form, and in the rear were a large number of benches. On each side of the stage at the front was a small brass field-piece, with all the paraphernalia, and decorated with artillery guidons. The orchestra was occupied by the celebrated military band from Governor's Island, which discoursed delightful music during the proceedings.

Previous to the opening of the doors, a large crowd had assembled in front of the Academy. The doors were opened at noon, and the house was soon filled. The parquette circle and balcony had been reserved for ladies. Every seat in the house was occupied before half-past twelve o'clock, and the house, as viewed from the stage, presented a very brilliant scene. The parquette was occupied by the members of the Society of the Army of the Potomac.

About quarter-past one o'clock the band struck up "Hail to the Chief," and President Grant marched upon the stage, escorted by Lieut.-General Philip H. Sheridan, President of the Society. He was followed by other distinguished Generals.

The entrance of the President was the signal for a wild scene of enthusiasm. The entire audience arose, the men cheered, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs. The cheering continued for several minutes. The Washington party then took the seats which had been assigned to them, President Grant and Lieut.-General Sheridan occupied the chairs in the centre of the stage.

Among the other well-known military gentlemen who were upon the stage were General W. W. Belknap, Secretary of War; General J. D. Cox, Secretary of the Interior; General Wm. T. Sherman, Generals Irvin McDowell, A. E. Burnside, George G. Meade, S. P. Heintzelman, Silas Casey, John Newton, Wm. B. Franklin, R. B. Potter, A. W. Denison, Mott, R. C. Drum, D. W. O. Baxter, Giles Smith, Markland, Henry E. Davies, Jr., A. A. Humphries, H. G. Wright, J. H. Martindale, Robert Patterson, George Cadwalader, H. J. Hunt, Chas. M. Prevost, Shaler, C. F. Ruff, H. Houpt, Stewart Van Vliet, Horace Porter, Dent, Rufus Ingalls, H. H. Bingham, Wm. B. Thomas, William McCandless, Joshua T. Owen, Louis Wagner, Sharpe, William B. Hazen.

There were also present Hon. A. E. Borie, ex-Secretary of the Navy, and Commodore Gardiner, and a large number of the most prominent citizens of Philadelphia.

After the distinguished party had taken their seats, loud cheers were given respectively for President Grant, General Sherman, General Sheridan, General Burnside, General Meade and others.

The Opening Proceedings.

Lieutenant-General Phil. H. Sheridan, President of the Society, then advanced to the front of the stage and said:

"*Comrades*—This meeting will please come to order. The proceedings will be opened with prayer by Rev. Mr. Pomeroy."

Rev. Mr. Pomeroy then delivered a fervent prayer.

Oration of General Martindale.

General J. H. Martindale was then introduced, and addressed the assemblage as follows:

Mr. President: I pause for a moment before entering on my theme. You have looked forward to this occasion as one of joyous reunion. But there linger yet in our ears and hearts the receding sounds of the muffled drum, the measured tread of the Dead March, with arms reversed, which but yesterday, by the shores of the Hudson, attended the funeral hearse of George H. Thomas. We seem to stand by the open grave of one of the truest, bravest, noblest, most distinguished of your comrades. "Earth to earth." His mortal remains just begin to mingle with the dust; but his deeds and fame survive. To day we hear a Nation's wail of sorrow; it is the prelude to History's voice of praise.

Gentlemen—If the importance of each particular day in the revolving year could be estimated by the consequences and the magnitude of the events which it commemorates, then this 9th day of April, in our country, should be placed conspicuous, perhaps prominent, in the calendar.

Only five years ago the morning dawned upon the Army of the Potomac, extended far beyond Petersburg, above the Falls of the Appomattox, full panoplied, pressing forward excited with victory and expectation of the surrender of the Confederate army of Virginia—with that surrender the closing scene in the tragic, bloody drama of civil war.

Do you see in that transaction the mere success of one army over another? As the centuries have rolled away, there have been surrenders of defeated to victorious armies again, and a thousand times again. But this was grander than a great victory in the field. The Nation, the free People of the United States, the heart and soul and vivifying spirit of America, Liberty, torn and rent, and threatened with destruction by the protracted fratricidal struggle, were all represented there. What a scene! in the glowing colors of that historic panorama!

Our Chief was there; in clear, decisive, but generous terms, inviting and receiving the important words which yielded not an army alone, but all the weighty issues of the war.

Our nation is not yet one hundred years old; but in that brief cycle we had developed two deadly and opposing civilizations. On that memorable day one representative American confronted another. They stood together, after four years of gigantic war, like Americans, without a stain of dishonor in the victory of the one or the defeat of the other, consummating a surrender which affected the destinies of all the nations of the earth.

To-day we are removed but a short distance from the base of the great transaction. We seem still to hear, and witness the first transports of a nation's joy. When the lightning flashed along the wires, and with tongues of electric fire spread the glorious intelligence, what words can express the ecstasy, the wild emotions which pervaded the country like a magic inspiration! Thousands of homesteads were illumined as though fountains of sunbeams were opened beneath their roofs. Could you but gather the aspirations of the hearts which, all over this northern land, expressed their joy! Victory at last! Thank God! Thank God! Our boys now may come home again! Can you describe the maternal, the friendly, the ardent embraces in which they were clasped, when, at length discharged, they were welcomed home again!

"Man proposes—God disposes!"

I do not believe the principal characters in the transaction which we now commemorate then comprehended its dimensions. I doubt whether the intellect of the nation has yet fully comprehended them. But they are felt by popular intuitions. The conscience of the nation has been impressed with a vital faith that some way or other out of that surrender would emerge the American ideal of Liberty, no longer obscured, but pure and complete as the Fathers first declared it from Independence Hall, nearly one hundred years ago.

Assembled as we are, we might indulge, in pleasing retrospect of the events which form the history of the Army of the Potomac. It would not be inappropriate to "fight its battles o'er again"—to recount the individual incidents which illustrated the romance of actual war. I suppose we might dwell on its achievements in detail; its contributions to military science; we might exult in the proofs, which it would not be difficult to accumulate, of its intrepidity and heroism amid trials and dangers—in fine, to revive once more the thoughts and feelings and stern purposes—never weakened by despondency—which pulsated through its ranks, through all the vicissitudes of the struggle.

And there is another line of retrospection and prospection to be briefly and plainly, but boldly considered, which seems to me, at this particular time, not only appropriate, but desirable. We are in the very presence of a great event—just commemorated—no longer open to partisan debate; to be accepted as a fact accomplished, and to remain forever associated with the Army of the Potomac, with the causes in which that army had its formation, and the results of the war which it in part conducted. That army, like all the others of the Union, was an army of Volunteers—sprung from the people, animated by their convictions and enthusiasm. It makes no invidious claims to pre-eminence in merit—not even on the opposing forces in the field. Our battles were against our countrymen, whom we were then as now anxious to bring back in brotherly association and in hearty allegiance to the Union.

It is true, indeed, that the Army of the Potomac was placed between the Confederate and the National Capitals. Its blows were directed at the heart of the rebellion. It confronted the most determined opposition. Its tracks were the bloodiest of the war,—its reverses the most damaging,—its ultimate successes the most conclusive. It is true that it was required to work out a long and painful problem, in which occurred more negative than affirmative signs. It rose out of the first great reverse at Bull Run,—but it was preserved for the last great and conclusive triumph at Appomattox.

The final success, considered in its relations to the future destiny of our country, enables us to recall, without regret, the earlier reverses. Within a month past I had the pleasure of an interview, in the city of Richmond, with a gentleman who held an important rank in the Confederate Army of Virginia. I revisited the grounds about Mechanicsville, where the first movements began in that series of engagements now popularly, perhaps historically, described as the Seven-Days' battle, when the army, in 1862, fought and retired down the Chickahominy to the James river, at Haxhall's and Harrison's Landing. I described the encampment of my brigade on the night of the 28th of June, immediately after crossing at White Oak Swamp, and the position which we occupied in line of battle on the 29th, while other portions of the army defiled behind us towards Malvern Hill. "Ah!" exclaimed my friend, "suppose we had seized the crossing over the swamp before the movement was begun—before the battle of Gainesville (and we might have seized it)—what would have become of you then?"

To-day the people, North and South, may well congratulate themselves that the campaign of that year saw the army saved perhaps because the passage over the swamp was unoccupied, but returned to its lines between the Rappahannock and Potomac Rivers.

The cause of war was too immense to be decided then. It took three succeeding years of bloody conflict—it has taken five years of protracted strife in the civil arena since the surrender of Appomattox—to reveal the magnitude of the differences between the North and South; and the intense prejudices, hostile to liberty, and common to both sections, which provoked the war. It was not a war for aggrandizement or conquest; it was necessary to preserve the nation and assimilate the people.

The truth gleams, like the sun ablaze at noonday, that this nation, if it would be free, must recognize (not as glittering generalities, but as living, vital parts) the political equality of the citizens, and that the powers in the government shall be those and only those which the governed consent to confer.

Said Chief Justice Taney, in the great case of Sandford against Dred Scott: "The words 'people of the United States' and 'citizens' are synonymous terms, and mean the same thing. They both describe the *political* body, who, according to our republican institutions, form the *sovereignty*, and who hold and conduct the government through *their representatives*. They are what we familiarly call the 'sovereign people,' and every citizen is one of the people, and a constituent member of the sovereignty." And the Chief Justice proceeded to demonstrate to his satisfaction, that a certain class of persons, of African descent, were not included, and were not intended to be included, under the word 'citizen,' in the Constitution, and could therefore claim none of the rights and privileges which that instrument provides for and secures to the citizens of the United States; and he declared that, "on the contrary, they were at that time considered as a subordinate and inferior class of beings, who had been subjugated by the dominant race, and, *whether emancipated or not*, yet remained subject to their authority."

The argument rested on the historical fact, which cannot be denied, that this class of persons had been introduced into the country as captives, held and sold as slaves; that under the Constitution itself, for the period of twenty years after its adoption, the States could not be prohibited by law of Congress from allowing the importation of these captives. In short, they could not be citizens under the Constitution, because they were liable to be enslaved at the pleasure of the States. The converse of the argument, as presented by the Chief Justice, was logical and decisive. Said he, "If persons of the African race are citizens of a State of the United States, they would be entitled to all of these privileges and immunities in every State, and the State could not restrict them; for they would hold these privileges and immunities under the paramount authority of the Federal Government, and its courts would be bound to maintain and enforce them, the Constitution and laws of the State to the contrary notwithstanding."

It requires no argument now to demonstrate that the differences which had arisen between the Northern and Southern people by their opposing industrial systems and institutions, as the consequences of slavery and the exclusive jurisdiction and rights of the States over the subject, could not be reconciled while slavery continued. The Government cannot be free in which the laboring classes are excluded from all political power, and by the insurmountable condition of races from all opportunities to attain to any participation in political power. No human invention or law can assimilate the people of the United States, and unite them in the bonds of fraternal regard, when a classification of inhabitants into laborers beneath and rulers above shall be tolerated and established throughout a wide belt of our country. Such a system is not freedom—it is tyranny. It would inevitably make tyrants of the rulers. It is against the fundamental ideas of the Declaration of Independence—against all our American ideas of liberty and of nationality as expressed in the Constitution of the United States. That instrument declares that the citizens of each State shall have all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States. Fifty years ago, in a Constitutional Convention of New York, the distinguished Chancellor Kent and Rufus King (once Minister to England) maintained and declared that this clause conferred on emancipated Africans the right to vote on the same terms as other citizens, from which right, as was maintained, they could not be debarred in a State Constitution. But the practical construction, subsequently defined and judicially adopted in the case of Dred Scott, while admitting the power of the State to confer a limited State citizenship on these emancipated men, had fairly established that they could not thereby be invested with the character and prerogatives of citizens of the United States. Within the limits of one State they might be made free; going into another, they might be imprisoned, sold for jail fees and made slaves. The anomalous and discordant relations in which these facts placed the several States and the people thereof tended to war—made it, indeed, the only avenue to peace, because it opened the only forum in which these incongruities could be contested, fought out and reconciled. Despite the individual opinions of the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac, and of all the armies of the Union, they were constrained by events more potent than statesmen—supreme, like the voice of God—to do battle, like their grandfathers, for the ideas of the revolution—self-government by the people for the people. We struggled for peace and we have learned at last that the indispensable condition of peace is the homogeneity of the people.

With some hesitation, I have pursued this course of thought in this presence, at this time, but I have been persuaded by the belief that the occasion was appropriate—the subject germain to the war—the object of practical and natural importance.

I do not know of bodies of men in the United States more potential to influence kindly and beneficially the public sentiment of the South, and the North also, than the soldiers of the Northern armies, still preserving organization and intercourse in societies like this, dissociated from political parties, assuming only to represent themselves.

It is pleasant to meet, as we do now—to look into each other's faces—to revive and recall the incidents of the war in which we bore our several parts. But we are citizens and patriots, having a deep and absorbing interest in the welfare of our country, animated, I believe, with an intense and cordial desire to see our old flag cheered again, as of yore, by the men who encountered us in battle array; who were infuriated with the purpose to lower it throughout the South and supplant it with the stars and bars. Hail again the time when, from St. John to the Gulf, our whole people shall move forward heartily and prosperously to the music of the Union; when the Confederate and Union soldier, and all the people whom they represent, shall recur to the war without a pang of sorrow or acrimonious hate; when the war shall be understood and accepted as a necessity, absolute as destiny, which no peaceful measures or statesmanship could avert—as the end to which we were forced by circumstances and conditions which, in 1861, no human precaution could control; as though God himself had issued the edict for the draft, and summoned us in opposing masses to the field, there, and there alone, with the sword, with shot and shell, to resolve the national disputes which were rending in twain our common country.

When this view of the great contest shall be finally accepted and apprehended as truthful—at the North we will be prepared to dismiss the arrogance (if there be any) of conquerors; the sentiment of vengeance (if there be any) excited by the suffering and sorrows of the war. At the South the idea of subjugation will be dispelled, and the public mind will be prepared to acquiesce in the results and their inevitable consequences. I am devoutly thankful that within the last two weeks these thoughts have been relieved of a partisan aspect (so unsuited to this place) by the great consummation embodied in the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States—an amendment which commands and guarantees, with supreme authority, the political equality of the citizens, without distinction of race or color.

It seems as though the time is now at hand when universal amnesty may follow. Is it not true that the soldiers have awaited such a measure of clemency with impatience, reluctant to delay so long—some of us, perhaps, over-zealous, and underestimating the hindrances which have hitherto made it inexpedient? All along, from the beginning of the contest, we have been like children at school, gradually and with hesitation brought to understand the war in which we were involved. Who cannot recall the amazement with which we looked on our Southern brethren when they began to secede, actually to prepare for civil war! What frenzy! What cause! What had the North done to drive them to such a dire proceeding? Can they really fire on the old flag,—break away from the glorious sentiment of Union and Nationality? Are they, really, in deadly earnest? The South defiantly thundered that we were violating Southern rights! In utter bewilderment, we exclaimed, what Southern rights have we violated?

Standing now on the eminence to which the succeeding events have raised us, we can see and almost explain the "Southern rights," which we were in fact undermining and uprooting, and the means which we were employing to that end, and that we could no more restrain ourselves than we could turn back the torrent of Niagara.

At the North we had no slavery; we had universal political equality, save only the discrimination which, long after the period of the revolution, we had learned from the South to make against the small remnant of the African race among us. With what immense strides we had advanced and were advancing! The whole world was pouring, not simply treasures of art, but people! people! human beings all over our Northern lands. They leaped over the boundaries of States. The streams of population and freedom were spreading and extending all over the Territories. Fire could no more resist the floods than slavery could withstand the onward tread of the peoples of the earth in increasing columns to settle and possess the Territories of the United States. The barriers interposed by constitutional dogmas to stay this progress were idle and weak as pack-threads in the hands of giants. In fine, the laws of Nature are not more certain and inexorable than the power of population, thus increasing, and multiplying, and accumulating in immense masses, to overcome and crush out slavery, first from the territories, and eventually from the whole land. Before this torrent of people and hostile opinion, it is true that slavery was doomed! Thus is described, and fully described, the aggression of the North on Southern rights. It is true, there was joyous exultation in freedom; there were vigorous denunciations of slavery; but these were mere words, which the South never feared, and which disunion could not suppress.

What though slavery was entrenched in and protected by the Constitution! So it was. But the same Constitution proclaimed the government of the people, the equal rights of the citizens, invited immigration, announced the power to naturalize all the subjects of kings, disregarded the obligations of allegiance, assumed the national right to take any man, wherever born, and however bound, and to translate him into an American citizen—the equal, before the law, of the princes whose authority he repudiated, and free as the ocean wave which bore him to our shores.

These were the germs of inevitable war in the Constitution itself.

The tenacity with which the human mind clings to the possession of power, of authority over men, whether derived from actual ownership, or in any other equivalent form, is seen the world over—is written in all the histories of the human race.

Our Southern brethren were born and reared in the midst of an absolutism the most intense in the whole civilized earth. They did not create it. It was theirs, without wrong on their part, at least of this generation. Nay, we cannot truthfully ward off the reminders uttered in the halls of Congress and re-echoed through the press, that the commercial North, more than the agricultural South, had made profit out of the slave-trade carried on from Africa to this continent. So had Portugal and Spain. So had England, and all the commercial nations of Christendom, during 200 years. And the traffic, still continuing in 1789, was actually and expressly sanctioned and licensed in the Constitution of the United States. What wonder that the South sincerely believed that their ownership of this species of property was just, and that all measures and policies and opinions which impugned their title were unjust! On their standing ground the Constitutional guarantees nearest and dearest to them were those which assured their rights to their slaves. But they could not silence the public opinion outside their States, which denounced the natural justice, while restrained from assailing the lawfulness of their title. They had no constitutional shibboleth to stifle the voices of mankind. Above all, they could not keep back the stream of immigration which set athwart the Gulf-Stream towards the coasts of the North.

It is a fact that there was no alternative for the South but rebellion, independence, separate nationality, if they would maintain and perpetuate their peculiar social and industrial institutions; and there was no alternative for the North but resistance and war, if they would maintain and perpetuate the Union, and the immigration and naturalization of the people of all nations who are attracted towards America by our prolific soil and the magnetic desire for liberty and self-government. And so we were launched into the tremendous conflict, urged on both sides by the most powerful interests which can ever incite to human effort.

It is curious now to recall the blindness with which we, at least of the North, engaged in the struggle, and how we utterly failed to comprehend the causes of the war. Was there a man among you who, in 1861, believed that your hand could not be stayed until Southern slavery, with all its incidents, was uprooted and annihilated? Did Congress believe it, when, on the memorable day of July succeeding the first battle of Bull Run, it solemnly resolved that the war was waged only to maintain the Union, preserving the existing rights of the States unimpaired? Did President Lincoln (canonized be his memory and name!) really believe it, when in September, 1862, after the reverses of the Peninsular Campaign, he published a preliminary notice of ninety days, that he would proclaim emancipation if the South did not cease from war and submit to the authority of the Constitution? What was that but proclaiming that if the South would submit there should be no further step towards emancipation? It would be false to declare that, at that period, even the rank and file of the armies of the North received with unanimous satisfaction and joy these incipient revelations of the providential tendencies of the war. But we could not recede nor delay. The army and the nation had behind them the unseen presence and power of the same spirit of liberty which inspired the great Declaration of 1776. The world looked on with diverse sympathies. With few exceptions, the princes and nobles longed for our overthrow, but the masses were on our side. Why not? Our cause was theirs. Not the princes, but their subjects had emigrated hither. Our soldiers had friends, brothers, fathers, children, scattered all over Europe. Our recruits came from countries whose governments were plotting our ruin. Still worse for the South—their institutions not only repelled these legions of friends, but their laboring population had been transformed into a most dangerous and hostile element beneath their very roofs.

Our Southern countrymen were brave—on the whole earth none were braver; but it was inevitable that they should succumb before the myriads still gathering and approaching, whom no disaster could diminish or appal.

When, five years ago, the clash of resounding arms was stilled, and our part as soldiers was performed, the vast majority of the nation had been educated up to the idea that the seeds of war must be eradicated from the Constitution—that there must be no more slavery. And so the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution was adopted, prohibiting slavery and investing Congress with power to make the prohibition effectual. To make it effectual and thorough as the distemper that produced the war—to secure future peace and security, it was not enough that the word "slavery" should be obliterated from our Constitution and laws. The *word*, as expressing an idea or sentiment, was comparatively harmless dissociated from all its industrial, social and political incidents. These incidents, and not the word, embodied the idea of Southern rights to preserve which the Southern people broke away from the Union, and attempted a separate nationality.

At first the Northern people, and their representatives in Congress, wholly intent on Southern distempers and reconstruction, believed that the Thirteenth Amendment met all the requirements of the crisis, and actually abolished slavery and all its incidents. And so it did, in my judgment, if it had been construed according to its import. That such a construction was resisted, and finally overborne, is cumulative proof of the depth and virulence of the disease which infected the whole country. The disinfectants of war, with all its sad memories, was needful for us as well as our Southern brethren. The honest logic of the Thirteenth Amendment, and the act of Congress called the Civil Rights bill, passed in pursuance thereof, would have placed the ballot in the hand of the emancipated African of New York and Ohio, as well as Georgia and Virginia. But, despite the logic and the great wrong and danger of enforcing a lasting constitutional compulsion against Georgia and Virginia which was not equally operative against Ohio and New York—despite the impossibility of assimilating the people of the United States, if the whole mass of Southern laborers should be utterly excluded from participation in political power, despite the horrors of the recent war, which would ultimately break out again if these laborers should be disfranchised—the Thirteenth Amendment was emasculated and so construed that it would not secure the ballot—the wand and insigna of citizenship—to the emancipated race in the Northern States.

It was a deadly and suicidal construction; it degraded the name of American citizen; it infused into the Constitution a distinction between sovereign citizens and subjugated citizens; the one class and their posterity to rule, the other class and their posterity to submit and labor on—voteless, voiceless. Under such a Constitution, where was the American idea of liberty and equality? How could the industrial and political systems of the South be permanently transformed?

The words "people" and "citizens," said Chief Justice Taney, "are synonomous and mean the same thing" in the Constitution. The same Constitution enjoined Republican government on the States, and pledged the nation, with all its powers, legislative, executive and judicial, to guarantee obedience to the injunction. It declared the equality of citizens in privileges and immunities which no State could violate. It would seem that the citizens might go, under the ægis of that supreme law, from one remote boundary of this country to the other, the equal in political opportunities, at least, of every other citizen. It declared, in explicit language, that the people ordained it—that they shall "choose representatives." Nor could ingenious sophistry break through all these powerful and conclusive provisions and intentions of the Constitution; the work of Washington and his cotemporaries; of the men who had composed and proclaimed the Declaration of Independence, and therein first enunciated the experiment of self-government, who a little while before had solemnly pledged their lives, fortunes, and sacred honor—staked all in a war of eight years' duration, to defend and maintain that Declaration.

The argument to accomplish the suicidal work was simple and brief. It was found and evoked from the clause which, while commanding that the people shall have the ballot—that is, shall choose representatives,—adopts, nevertheless, as a suitable qualification of voters, such as the States impose on the electors of the most numerous branch of the State Legislatures. Thus a mere rule of convenience, adopted as such, was perverted and transformed into a tremendous engine of political power. The word qualification was wrenched from its ordinary meaning as defined by lexicographers, and illustrated by experience and practice in constitutional governments. It really implied only a process of preparation, by maturity of years, or success in the acquisition of property or education, or length of residence; something which the citizen could attain to with reasonable effort and time—but all the while consistent with the constitutional rule of Republicanism and equality.

But through the construction placed on this word "qualification," the States were suddenly made sovereignly supreme. Under the pretence of qualifying and fitting the people to become electors, they could utterly subjugate and destroy electors. They could annihilate the constituency of the National Government, and silence the Halls of Congress! Worse still, they could make a republican rule of qualification for one class of the people and their posterity, and forever restrain and debase another class and their posterity. They could subject the feeble to the strong—the poor to the rich;—the citizen, perhaps of African, perhaps German or Irish, or Mongolian descent, to some other favored race, arbitrarily, inexorably and forever! Did it never occur to the Constructionists that they had ordained a power which might, in some political convulsion, in some Southern State, subject the white race to the black?

This rule of construction was a counter revolution—subversive of the vital ideas of the American system. It was novel as it was incongruous and destructive. It had never before been theoretically asserted against the recognized people and citizens of the United States. Certainly the status of the African race had formed no exception, because, previous to the Thirteenth Amendment, it had been established by Supreme judicial decree that they were not and could not become citizens. Happily for the country, the Fifteenth Amendment has dissipated these incongruities. It is the culminating offspring and glory of the war. It realizes Oliver Goldsmith's poetic vision—

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

Whatever may have been our individual, perhaps our partisan, opinions—from the elevated plain to which we are at length exalted, we can now begin to unfold in all its grandeur the destiny of our government and country. Our object is immense. We will solve the problem whether the idea of self-government is blasphemous or divine. It received solemn expression and consecration by our fathers. It has been embraced by ourselves, baptized anew in the blood of our countrymen. The political crucible is at length finished and prepared. We cannot retire from the experiment if we would. We must find out by experience whether the equality of men before the Government and law is or is not a delusion. God has provided bountiful resources in which the experiment may be begun and extended; but, remember, we are admonished by all the agonies of civil war that we cannot test it with the highest types of the human race alone. We start with admitting the brotherhood of man—that all are created equal. We have thrown our portals wide open! By our naturalization laws we have invited all to come and be enrolled as citizens—as constituent members of our sovereignty. We must take them as they come. We must educate the ignorant; incite the slothful to industry; direct the depraved towards virtue. Our prejudices will confront us—we must subdue them. This is a nation's work. If we fail, the conclusion will simply be that human nature cannot endure self-government. In the stupendous experiment, now fast ascending, full orbed, we recognize the cordial co-operation and aid of all our countrymen of the South. Let them all re-enter the ranks of the people, reinvested with all the privileges and immunities of citizens. I believe the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac, and all the Union soldiers, will hail their return with unanimous acclaim. Bury the smouldering animosities of civil war. Bereft of animosities and regrets, it was a national struggle, replete with glorious memories and results. Tell over its incidents with the Southern soldier—erst our foe in battle array—always our fellow-countryman. By the war we have demonstrated before the nations of the earth our united martial power. There is no exaggeration in the statement that on our own continent—nay, across the narrow sea to the neighboring isles—in a just cause, we can confront and repel every possible combination of hostile power.

Constrained by events which no human sagacity could avert, we have waged an American Civil War—ended it without a trace of conquest, without the infliction of one revengeful blow, without the imposition of any terms except the concession of liberty, with all its blessings, to all the people.

May not the men like those in whose presence I now stand well exult in such a war! The pages in which its history shall be written will have your names inscribed, will be signalized in the records of the ages; not alone as illustrating military achievements, but for the spirit which prevailed and diffused over the desolations of the struggle the enduring verdure of national life, liberty and fraternal peace.

The oration of General Martindale was frequently interrupted by applause.

At the conclusion of the address the National airs were performed by the band.

Poem by George H. Boker, Esq.

Geo. H. Boker, Esq., was then introduced, and read the following poem:

OUR HEROIC THEMES.

Turn as I may in search of worthy themes,
To fill with life the poet's solemn dreams,—
Some hint from Rome, some retrospect of Greece,
Red with their war, or golden with their peace;
Some thought of Lancelot and Guinevere,
The "Arm in samite" and the "mystic mere;"
Or those grand echoes that forever flow
From Roland's horn through narrow Roncesvaux;
Some spark yet living of the strange romance
Whose flame illumined the Crusader's lance;
Or that strong purpose which unclosed the seas
Before the vision of the Genoese;
Or when the love-lock and the close-cropped crown
Died with a laugh, or triumphed with a frown;
Or the frail "Mayflower" poured her prayerful flock
Upon the breast of Plymouth's wintry rock;
Or when the children of these hardy men
Bearded the throne, they never loved, again:—
Those splendid themes, so sacred to my youth,
Those dreams of fancy with their heart of truth,
Paled as I viewed them in the fresher rays
That light the scenes of these heroic days;
Shrank, as the young Colossus of our age
With scornful finger turned the historic page,
And sought, through pigmy chiefs and pigmy wars,
To peer his stature and his dreadful scars,—
Sought till a smile o'erran his studious frown,
Then rased the records as he wrote his own:
Matchless in grandeur, product of a cause
As deep and changeless as those moral laws
That base themselves upon the throne of God,—
Fair with His blessings, awful with His rod.

But why explore the sources of the flood,
Whence all the land ran steel and fire and blood?
My heart is fretting, like a tethered steed's,
To join the heroes in their noble deeds.
A noise of armies gather in my ears,
The Southern yells, the Northern battle-cheers;
The endless volleys, ceaseless as the roar
Of the vexed ocean brawling with its shore;
The groaning cannon, puffing at a breath
Man's shreds and fragments through the jaws of death;
The rush of horses, and the whirring sway
Of the keen sabre cleaving soul from clay;
And over all, intelligible and clear
As spoken language to a listening ear,
The bugle orders the tumultuous herds,
And leads the flocks of battle with its words.
'Twas mine to witness and to feel the shame
Manassas cast upon our early fame,
When the raw greenness of our boastful bands
Yielded a victory almost in their hands;
Fled from the field before a vanquished foe,
And lied about it, to complete the woe.
Since then, through all the changes of the war,
My eyes have followed our ascending star:
Ascending ever, though at times the cloud
Of dark disaster cast its murky shroud
About our guide, oppressing men with fear
Lest the last day of liberty drew near:—
Through all I knew, and, with my faith upborne,
Turned on the weak a smile of pitying scorn,
That our calm star still filled its destined place,
Lost to our sight, but shining in God's face.

With growing courage, day by day, I hung
Above the soldier of the quiet tongue.
Sneers hissed about him, penmen fought his war;
Here he was lacking, there he went too far.
Alas, how bloody! But, alack, how tame!
O for Lee's talent!—O ye fools, for shame!
From the first move, his foe defensive stood;
And was that nothing? It was worth the blood.
O, Chief Supreme, the head of glory's roll!
O will of steel, O lofty, generous soul,
Sharing thy laurels, lest a comrade want;
Why should I name thee? Every mouth cries, Grant!

Firm was my faith in him whose sturdy skill
Three dreadful days had held the quaking hill;
Stood like a rock on which the fiery spray
Beat out its life, then slowly ebbed away;
Saved our domain from rapine, waste and wrath,
And taught the foe an unreturning path,—
Light of our darkness, succor of our need,
God of our Country, bless the name of Meade!

I saw with wonder Sherman's Titan line
Pour from the mountains to the distant brine,
Sweep treason's cradle bare of all its brood,
And turn its garden to a solitude.
Fear ran before him, Famine groaned behind,
And, following Famine, came the humble mind.

Who felt a care within his bosom grow,
Of more than pity for the hapless foe,
Or spent a fear on that which Fate's decrees
Already wrote among her victories,
When in the tumult of the battled van
Shone Fortune's darling, mounted Sheridan!
Rapid to plan, and peerless in the fight,
He plucked Fame's chaplets as by sovereign right,
Emerged triumphant from a wild retreat,
And blazoned victory's colors on defeat.

I watched with Thomas while his wary glance
Marked the rash foes their heedless lines advance;
Step after step he lured their willing feet
Into the toils from which was no retreat;
Then with a swoop, as when the eagle swings
Out of his eyry, with the roar of wings,
The veteran fell upon his venturous prey,
And rolled his lines to mobs in wild dismay.
But hark, what tidings from the West advance,
To choke Fame's voice, and dim her shining glance?
Still are the lips that gave the wise command,
Dark the controlling eyes, and cold the hand
That, as the needle towards the northern sky,
Pointed one way—the way of victory.
Our annals hold secure the soldier's fame;
A nation's glories cluster round his name;
No deeds of his require the grace of song;
Mere praise would do their simple grandeur wrong.
Turn from his honors, which he left to earth;
And ponder what he bore to Heaven—his worth.
A single nature cast in antique mould,
Gentle, serene, child-tender, lion-bold:
A heart with sympathies so broad and true,
That trust and love grew round him ere they knew.
Open, sincere, uncovetous and pure,
Strong to achieve and patient to endure;
Heedless of fame, he looked within himself
For that reward which neither praise nor pelf
Can give the soul whose naked virtues stand
Before God's eye, beneath God's lifted hand;
In the long future of this mortal hive,
Who may predict what records will survive?
A little shudder of earth's brittle crust,
And man and man's renown were scattered dust.
But in his day to Thomas it was given
To sow his field, and gather fruits for heaven,
Which neither worm can gnaw nor care make dim,
And these are deathless, these he took with him.

Through anxious years, I saw the martial flood
Surge back and forth in waves of fire and blood.
Sometimes it paused, and sometimes seemed to reel,
Spent and exhausted, from the Rebel steel;
But every shock was sapping, blow by blow,
The bars that backward held the overflow;
Till suddenly the ruin cracked and roared,
And over all the human torrent poured!
Then bloomed the harvest of our patient aims;
Then bowed the world before our deeds and names;
Then on the proudest of Fame's temple-gates
Shone novel records and thick-crowded dates.
New wreaths were hung upon her hornéd shrines,
New clarions blown before her martial lines;
Fresh incense smoked, and fresh libations dripped;
The vernal laurels from the hills were stripped,
And woven in chaplets. Far and near the hum
Of gladness ushered the returning drum.
Welcome stood beckoning, looking towards the South,
With cheers of transport brimming in the mouth;
Till came the rapture of that crowning hour,
When the vast armies poured their awful power,
In dense procession, through the marble banks
That rang and quivered with a nation's thanks;
While, like a temple of the morning sky,—
August, sublime, refulgent, calm and high,—
Towered in its might, as symbol of the whole,
The dome-crowned presence of the Capitol.
I envy those whose tattered standards waved
Within the city which their valor saved,—
The Eastern heroes and their Western peers,—
The holy joy that glittered in their tears,
As thronging upward to the nation's throne,
They knelt, and sobbed, and kissed the very stone.

And thou, brave army, that hast borne the brunt
Of stern repulse so often on thy front,—
Thou who hast rallied from each stunning blow,
With godlike patience facing still the foe,—
Thou moving pivot of the deadly fight,
Whose steadfast centre held all things aright,
Twice saved us from the foe's audacious foot,
And drove him howling through his last retreat,—
Hung on his steps until for peace he knelt,
And sued for mercy, which he never felt;—
I thank just Fortune that it was thy fate
Alone to hurl the traitors from their state;
Alone to make their capital thy prize,
And watch the treason close its bloody eyes!
O roll, Potomac, prouder of thy name,
Touched by the splendor of thy army's fame!
Thrill with the steps of thy returning braves,
Wail through thy margins of uncounted graves,
Laugh at the echo of thy soldiers' shout,
Whisper their story to the lands about,
Yea, feel each passion of the human soul,
But roll, great river, in thy glory roll!

Forget not here the nation's martyred Chief,
Fallen for the gospel of your own belief,
Who, ere he mounted to the people's throne,
Asked for your prayers, and joined in them his own.
I knew the man, I see him, as he stands
With gifts of mercy in his outstretched hands;
A kindly light within his gentle eyes,
Sad as the toil in which his heart grew wise;
His lips half parted with the constant smile
That kindled truth, but foiled the deepest guile;
His head bent forward, and his willing ear
Divinely patient right and wrong to hear;
Great in his goodness, humble in his state,
Firm in his purpose, yet not passionate,
He led his people with a tender hand,
And won by love a sway beyond command.
Summoned by lot to mitigate a time
Frenzied with rage, unscrupulous with crime,
He bore his mission with so meek a heart
That Heaven itself took up his weary part;
And when he faltered, helped him ere he fell,
Eking his efforts out by miracle.
No king this man, by grace of God's intent;
No, something better, freemen—President!
A nature modelled on a higher plan,
Lord of himself, an inborn gentleman!

Pass by his fate. Forget the closing strife
In the vast memories of his noble life.
Forget the scene, the bravo stealing nigh,
The pistol-shot, the new-made widow's cry,
The palsied people, and the tears that ran
O'er half a world to mourn a single man.
But oh! remember, while the mind can hold
One record sacred to the days of old,
The gentle heart that beat its life away
Just as young morning donned his robe of gray,
Stole through the tears beneath his golden tread,
And touched in vain the eyelids of the dead!
Remember him as one who died for right
With victory's trophies glittering in his sight;
His mission finished, and the settled end
Assured and owned by stranger, foe and friend.
Nothing was left him but to taste the sweet
Of triumph sitting in the nation's seat;
And for that triumph Heaven prepared its courts,
And cleared its campaigns for unwonted sports;
Summoned the spirits of the noble dead
Who fell in battle for the cause he led;
Soldiers and chiefs awakened from the clay,
And ranged their legions in the old array.
There Lyon led, and Kearney rode amain,
And skilled McPherson drew his bridle-rein;
Brave Reynolds marshalled his undaunted corps,
And Sedgwick pressed to reach the front once more.
The star of Mitchell glittered over all,
And Stevens answered Reno's bugle-call.
Bayard looked worthy of his knightly name,
And Mansfield's eyes were bright with battle-flame.
Lander's grand brow was flushed with eager ire,
And Strong arose from Wagner's roaring fire.
There gallant Buford in the van was seen,
And Corcoran waved his flag of Irish green.
Birney's clear eyes were radiant with his faith,
Winthrop and Greble smiled at baffled death.
Down Shaw's dark front a solemn purpose ran—
The slave's resolve to prove himself—mere man;
The hero's courage, for that humble hope,
Was all that winged him up the bloody slope.
There burly Nelson blustered through his men,
And Richardson deployed his lines again.
Baker looked thoughtful; Wadsworth's liberal hand
Pointed right forward; and the sharp command
Of Smith's wild valor bore his soldiers on,
As when it rang o'er fated Donelson!

All these, and more, before the Martyr's gaze
Passed through the shouts of heaven's tumultuous praise,
The sound of clarions, and the choral songs
Of rapture bursting from the seraph throngs;
Passed, like a pageant from the evening skies,
But left a picture on celestial eyes
Whose tints shall deepen as the days increase,
And shine a marvel in that Realm of Peace.

—Edwin Adams has found a laureate in Omaha, who calls him "the only Roscius of the age," and calmly asserts:

"The laurelled crown is now his own:
Excelled by none, he reigns alone;
The living present sees his spreading game,
Another age will read his deathless name."

Perhaps the printer is responsible for the originality of the "spreading game."

—Haussmann is projecting a New Rome somewhere in Italy, which shall eclipse in splendor his creation of Imperial Paris.