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THE DAILY PRESS.

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THE TRI-WEEKLY PRESS,

Mailed to Subscribers, FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM, in advance.

The Press.

THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1865.

1776. JULY FOURTH. 1865.

Our Special Account of the Great Celebration at Gettysburg.

A JOURNEY THROUGH THE CUMBERLAND VALLEY.

The Reception of the Distinguished Travellers by the Prosperous People.

The Old Battle-town Crowded with the Patriotic and Distinguished.

CANNON-THUNDER, ENTHUSIASM, AND SERENADES USHER IN THE DAY.

The Procession to the Cemetery—The Ceremonies.

A Letter from the President, an Oration by Gen. Howard, and a Poem by C. G. Halpine (Miles O'Reilly).

Description of the Cemetery, its Arrangement and Surroundings.

THE CELEBRATION IN THIS AND OTHER CITIES.

Enthusiasm in our City during the Day—A Carnival of Light and Music at Night.

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE ON THE STREET, ENJOYING THEMSELVES WITHOUT DISORDER.

Exercises at the Academy of Music and at the Soldiers' Home.

ORATIONS BY REV. E. W. HUTTER AND CHARLES GIBBONS.

THE SOLEMNITY OF THE OCCASION.

The proceedings at the Gettysburg National Cemetery, on Tuesday last, were unusually solemn and impressive. The time, the place, the assemblage, and the immediate surroundings, were all of a character to inspire those who were present with a realizing sense of the importance of the occasion. It was eminently just and proper that the Fourth of July should have been selected for the laying of the corner-stone of the monument to the memory of the thousands of brave men who offered up their lives a sacrifice to the country, on the very spot where it now has been hallowed by their blood. The present anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence is the first, in four years, that has dawned upon a peaceful and happy Republic. It is the only one that has ever ushered in a free and entirely liberated people.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

So we had double cause to rejoice, and the day was appropriately celebrated throughout the country. Probably the darkest period in the history of the rebellion, which has just been so suddenly and so efficiently brought to a close, were the few days preceding the Fourth of July, 1863. A period which will never be forgotten; but which will, perhaps, be most vividly remembered by those residing in the immediate vicinity of Gettysburg. Some days prior to that ever-to-be-remembered Fourth of July, it was well known to our military commanders, and to the authorities at Washington, that the rebels had taken up their line of march from a point near Fredericksburg, and were determined, at all hazards, to abandon their devastated fields, and with the promise of abundant harvests and well-stored granaries, endeavored to make forced marches, in the hope of successfully invading the Keystone State. The excitement in Washington, at this juncture, was probably never more intense—not even at the time when the rebels were stationed at Arlington Heights, or during the last summer, when they threatened to invade the National Capital from the Southern side. What rendered our situation more precarious at the time of the Gettysburg battle, was the fact that it was considered necessary and expedient by the authorities to transfer the entire Army of the Potomac to a new commander; and while none doubted his capacity, and all acknowledged that he had, when occasion offered, proved his wonderful skill in directing military movements, yet, many feared and questioned the propriety of the change at the moment when the troops were drawn up in the very fire front of battle.

The result, however, was entirely satisfactory, and the most important battle of the war, after several days' hard fighting, resulted in the utter discomfiture of our enemies and in the complete triumph of our arms. The particulars of the battle of Gettysburg are too well known, and too securely imbedded in the hearts of thousands and hundreds of thousands of citizens, to need repetition at this time. For, while it was almost the turning point of the terrible struggle in which we were engaged; while if it had terminated differently, ruin and destruction would have been visited upon this section, which has remained almost undisturbed during these four years of terrible warfare. The thousands who fell at that battle will be ever and reverently remembered by hundreds of thousands, and Gettysburg will be the American Mecca, to which pilgrims, for many years, will repair and feel, as they recal the valorous deeds of the departed, and the sanctity and holiness of the undertaking in which they were engaged, that they indeed are treading upon classic and consecrated ground. The Fourth of July of 1863 was not ushered in as in days of yore—with shouts and jubilations, with the usual salutes in our large cities, and with such demonstrations as are customary in every city, village, town, and hamlet in Pennsylvania. The citizens of this State felt that our destiny almost depended upon the result of that single day, and although extensive preparations had been made for celebrating the anniversary in Philadelphia, in view of the unfavorable condition of affairs, and the fact that a fierce battle was raging within the borders of our State, it was deemed proper to dispense with the celebration, which at such a time would be deemed offensive and shocking, and so that unhappy Fourth wore on, and the air was filled with direful rumors, until at mid-day, the electric wire flashed through the entire land the most welcome and thrilling intelligence of those two great victories—Vicksburg and Gettysburg. The former had been besieged and stormed for weeks before, by the indomitable and determined Grant. Its surrender was only a question of time; its fall was inevitable. At that time the citizens of the East, while they, of course, felt deeply interested in the struggle going on in the West, which, if successful, would open the Mississippi, we unquestionably were much more interested in the effort which was being made to drive the rebel hordes from our doors. Never was the old adage that "The darkest hour is just before the dawn of day," now strikingly exemplified than on that same Fourth of July. In an instant after the glad tidings were received, such shouts of joy and general jubilation were manifested as have rarely been witnessed. But Gettysburg, the scene of the conflict presented a most piteous spectacle. The neighborhood of Round Top, the old cemetery, the broad plains, and the cool shady valleys, which bound it on the north and west, were chiefly strewn with the dead, the dying, and the wounded of both armies. The good Samaritan, the various sanitary and Christian associations, and hosts of volunteer nurses were quickly on the ground, and ere long the dead had been carefully and decently interred, and all possible was done to alleviate the sufferings of the living. Singular enough, the heaviest fighting that occurred at the battle of Gettysburg took place on a spot of ground immediately adjacent to the old cemetery, situated in a position a short distance north of the town. Only a few weeks elapsed before arrangements were perfected to purchase some forty acres of this ground for the purpose of converting it into a National Cemetery. The plot is oblong, some three hundred feet in width, which, after extending back a short distance, forms an acute angle. Near its entrance the bodies of the soldiers have been buried, in lots set apart for the different States, all radiating to a common centre, the whole facing within more than half a circle. The graves have been neatly and appropriately marked, and in the majority of cases the names have been obtained, although some are marked with that meaning word—"Unknown."

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DEDICATION OF THE CEMETERY.

The 19th of November 1863, was the day set apart for the dedication of the sacred ground and the gifted orator of Massachusetts commemorated the occasion by the greatest historical and oratorical effort of his life. Those who were fortunate to hear Edward Everett deliver the eulogy he pronounced over the remains of our fallen martyrs, and the wonderful manner with which he illustrated the thrilling scenes which had been enacted upon the very spot from which he addressed his thousands of eager listeners—and those, too, who heard the brief, pointed, and elegant passages that fell from the lips of the distinguished statesman who has since given up his life to the same great cause, will never forget the solemnity of the scene, and the love which both inspired. So minutely, so thoughtfully, so accurately was the battle described, that one would almost have fancied it was being re-enacted. The President's address was one of the briefest, yet, at the same time, most expressive and effective of his life. Both these great men have passed away. Both have been gathered to their fathers, since the eventful day when they formed such prominent characters in the dedication of the cemetery. Their absence was most keenly felt on Tuesday, and those who were present on the former, could not help contrasting it with the latter occasion. The one lived long enough to know that our cause must eventually triumph; the other was called hence at the very moment when the joyous shouts of a restored Republic were mingling throughout the length and breadth of our land.

APPEARANCE OF THE TOWN.

Gettysburg on Monday evening was thronged with strangers. The trains which arrived during the day were filled to their utmost capacity. The hotels and private residences were greatly crowded, it being almost impossible for those who arrived late in the evening of Monday to secure any accommodations whatever. The citizens of Gettysburg threw open their doors to the officers and civilians, but to the poor private soldiers, to whom they should feel doubly grateful, no hospitality was extended.

GENERAL HOWARD.

General Howard—who is a native of Maine—the orator of the day, arrived from Washington at two o'clock on the afternoon of the 3d. General Howard, as it will be remembered, lost his right arm at the battle of Fair Oaks. He is a true gentleman and Christian, and one more fitted for the occasion than this brave soldier, could scarcely have been selected. At the time of the never-to-be-forgotten and bloody battle of Gettysburg he commanded the 11th Corps, and retrieved for it the reputation which had been somewhat damaged in the fight at Chancellorsville. During the engagement at Gettysburg a member of his staff was mortally wounded, and as soon as the General was able to leave his post in the fight, he hurried to the bedside of his friend and fellow-soldier, and there offered up for him a fervent prayer. The wound of the young officer proved, as was feared, mortal, and he, ere long, "passed to that bourne from whence no traveller returns." Shortly after the battle of Gettysburg the General was detached from the Army of the Potomac, and assigned to a command in the Army of the Southwest. He co-operated with General Sherman in one of the most brilliant and remarkable marches on record. The Government, at the close of the late war, showed its appreciation of the great and noble services of General Howard, by placing him in charge of the Department of the Bureau of Freedmen and Abandoned Lands. His headquarters are at present in Washington, but it is expected that he will shortly be stationed in South Carolina, for the purpose of arranging matters and things in that vicinity.

GOVERNOR CURTIN.

Governor Curtin arrived about seven in the evening, having ridden overland a distance of thirty-five miles from Harrisburg. He left Harrisburg at half-past ten in the morning. Quartermaster General Reynolds of his staff, Adjutant General Russell, Inspector General Tod, Colonel Greer, Surgeon General Philips, Major Cregg, Master of Transportation, and his Private Secretary, Colonel McCoy, formerly of the 11th Pennsylvania Reserves accompanied him. The guests were as follows: Major General Meade and son; Major Meade; General S. Crawford and brother, Captain Crawford, General Sykes, Adjutant A. Loring, General Thomas and son; Captain Thomas; Major Emery, of General Meade's staff, and Colonel Biddle. The ride through the country was one that will never be forgotten by any one who accompanied. On every side were the rich and fertile fields of Pennsylvania, and every Pennsylvanian present had just cause to feel a pride in his State, and feel truly thankful that two years ago the rebel horde had been driven from its borders, a defeated and scattered army.

SPEECH OF GOVERNOR CURTIN AT DILLSBURG.

At Dillsburg, York county, the party halted to water the horses and refresh themselves. After partaking of a luncheon, and resting for a short time, we prepared to continue our journey; but at this moment an entirely impromptu though exceedingly interesting and pleasing incident took place. The ladies of Dillsburg entered the room, in which the Governor and General Meade were, and presented to each a bouquet. The General thanked them kindly, but said he must call upon the Governor to appropriately address them. The Governor replied that he fully appreciated the compliment they had conferred upon a gallant soldier, who had done so much to protect them in their firesides and homes. He felt that the compliment was intended more for the General than himself, as his sphere of duty lay in an entirely different direction from that of the soldier.

While we had all cause to rejoice on the happy termination of the war, and the return of our loved ones from the scenes of conflict and of danger, there were many who would never again welcome home the loved ones of their own households. It should be a consolation, however, to understand they died that liberty might live, and he hoped that their memories might remain as fresh in the hearts of their countrymen as the beautiful flowers they had been pleased to present.

ENTERING GETTYSBURG.

As the Governor's party rode into Gettysburg the streets were lined with the impatient multitude. They cheered the Governor and General Meade, until the bullet-marked walls of Gettysburg resounded with deafening noise. A salute of thirteen guns was fired by the 59th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1st Connecticut Volunteers, and artillery composed Companies A, C, and E, 4th U. S. Artillery; Co. M, 2d U. S. Artillery, and Companies B and L of the 2d Pennsylvania Artillery.

AN UNFORTUNATE MISTAKE.

General Geary had started out to meet the Governor and Gen. Meade with the military, and escort them in regal style to the town, but, unfortunately, they mistook the road, and General Meade entered the town, which two years ago he had saved from capture and most certain destruction, without the intended guard of honor.

SERENADES.

On Monday night, at about half-past eleven o'clock, the 9th Veteran Reserve Band, from Washington, serenaded Governor Curtin, Gen. Meade, General Howard, and the Hon. Horace Maynard, of Tennessee, at the house of David Wills, Esq., with whom they were stopping. Appropriate remarks were made by each one of the above gentlemen. At a late hour the band proceeded to the residence of Mr. Harper, and there loud calls were made for General John W. Geary. The General stepped forward and returned his thanks for the unexpected honor, and hoped that they would excuse him from making a long speech. After some few remarks, the General bid them good night, and the band retired to their quarters. During the serenades, fireworks, of every description, were being displayed. The utmost order, however, prevailed. The sale of liquors had been prohibited, and but few disturbances took place.

A CORRESPONDENT IN TROUBLE.

About two years ago, a correspondent of a certain New York daily, in his report of the battle of Gettysburg, said a few things with which the good people of Gettysburg were not pleased. This same correspondent having returned to Gettysburg for this occasion, a meeting of citizens was held to discuss the propriety of turning him out of town. It was unanimously decided that Mr. —— should leave. This he refused to do, whereupon force was about to be used, when General Geary interposed, and addressed the people, and they, after much parleying, consented that Mr. —— should remain, and remain he did.

THE CEMETERY.

The Soldier's National Cemetery, as before stated, is located immediately adjacent to the local cemetery, and consists of eleven acres, which were purchased under the direction of Gov. Curtin, from different land owners, at prices not averaging $200 per acre. It occupies the ground upon which the centre of the Union lines of battle rested July 2d and 3d, 1863, and was one of the most prominent and important positions on the battle-ground. The different States appropriated more money than was necessary for the purchase of the ground, and the surplus therefrom obtained, goes towards the payment for the monument, the money for which, by the by, is now ready. The following is a list of the soldiers in each State lot in the National Cemetery at Gettysburg:

Maine	104	Ohio	131
New Hampshire	49	Indiana	79
Vermont	61	Illinois	6
Massachusetts	158	Michigan	166
Rhode Island	12	Wisconsin	71
Connecticut	22	Minnesota	56
New York	860	U. S. Regulars	138
New Jersey	77	Unknown—North	411
Pennsylvania	501	Do.....South	425
Delaware	15	Do..Inner circle	143
Maryland	21		
Virginia	11	Total	3,512

The ground appropriated to each State, is

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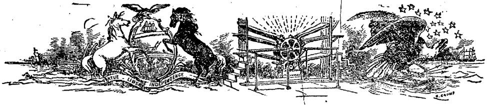

PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1865. THREE CENTS.

part, as it were, of a common centre; the position of each lot, is relatively of equal importance, the only difference being that of extent, as determined by the number of interments belonging to each State. The coffins are deposited side by side, in parallel trenches. A space of twelve feet is allowed to each parallel, about five feet of which forms a grass path between each row of interments. The configuration of the ground surface is singularly appropriate at the point selected, falling away in a gradual and regular slope in every direction, from the centre to the circumference, a feature alike pleasing and desirable. In order to secure regularity, the head-stones are precisely alike throughout the entire area of lots, and are constructed so as not to detract from the effect and prominence of the monument. The head-stones form a continuous line of granite blocks, rising nine inches above the ground, and showing a face or width of ten inches on their upper surface. The name, company and regiment being carved in the granite, opposite each interment, thus securing a simple and expressive arrangement, combined with great permanence and durability. The disposition of trees and shrubs is such as will ultimately produce a considerable degree of landscape effect.

The centre of the semi-circle has been reserved for the monument. An angularly-shaped belting of dwarf shrubbery borders partially separate it from the lots.

THE CELEBRATION OF THE DAY.

According to an old custom of Gettysburg, bells rang at three o'clock on the morning of the 4th, rousing many from their slumbers, and conveying to the mind of the stranger that the ceremonies were already about to begin. A salute of one hundred guns was fired at sunrise.

Precisely twenty minutes past eleven to-day, the procession entered the Cemetery in the following order:

Aids. Chief Marshal. Aids.
Major General John W. Geary.
Cavalry.
Artillery.
Infantry.
Major General Meade and Staff.
Officers and Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac.
Ex-Officers and Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac.
Officers and Soldiers of the other Armies of the United States.
Ex-Officers and Soldiers of the other Armies of the United States.
Officers and Ex-Officers of the Navy and Marine Corps of the United States.
Soldiers of the War of 1812.
The Diplomatic Corps.
The Orator, Chaplains, and Poet.
The Committee of Arrangements.
The Legislatures of the several States and Territories.
The Board of Managers of the Soldiers' National Cemetery.
Committee of Arrangements of the Borough of Gettysburg.
The Press.
Sanitary and Christian Commissions.
Masonic Fraternity.
Knights Templar.
Independent Order of Odd Fellows.
Other Benevolent Associations.
Corporate Authorities of Cities.
Society of the Cincinnati.
The National Union Musical Association of Baltimore.
The Clergy.
Religious, Literary, Scientific, and Industrial Associations.
Loyal Leagues.
Fire Companies.
Citizens.

Just as the procession reached the stand which had been erected in the centre of the Cemetery, the breaking of several of the boards caused great excitement, but fortunately did but little damage. As General Meade rode up towards the stand the excitement became intense. The cheers were deafening as he walked, with uncovered head, to his place upon the platform. Order having been restored, General Geary said that until the laying of the corner stone, the present formation would be observed, but that the people would be allowed to come forward, close up to the stand, so as to be able to hear every word of the oration. He then called upon the band for music.

After which the Rev. Dr. Tyng advanced and spoke as follows:

Friends and Brethren: We have assembled on an occasion of great solemnity, to invite the presence and the blessing of the Almighty God. We acknowledge Him as the God of our fathers and of their children. We confess Him as the God of our nation and of its posterity. His power and His wisdom, His mercy and His providence, have been displayed in the whole Government of our land. He has defended us in danger; He has been our shield in the day of battle; He has given us the victory; He is our strength; He has been our salvation. We meet this day under His protection, and wish His guidance to erect a monument of gratitude for His goodness, and to the honor of the faithful men whom He has been pleased to make the glorious agents of our security and success. By this fidelity unto death He has restored power to our nation, given stability to our Government, established missionaries among our people, and secured the prosperity and happiness of our homes and our households. To God we owe the gift of such noble children of our common country. To it we owe the tribute, under Him, of the highest earthly honor and the most abiding and revered recognition. We are gathered here this day to proclaim, with humble but glad hearts, a common obligation to Him whose inspiration gave the fidelity, and to them whose deeds we would hold in everlasting remembrance. We confess Him, this day, as the gracious giver—as a divine volition to us in the holy scriptures, which we acknowledge to have been given by inspiration of God. That sacred book we revere as the foundation and rule of all religious truth. The glorious powers which it proclaims, the immortal hopes which it imports, the holy rules which it impresses, the sanctifying power which it exercises as the infallible heart of the living God, we humbly and gratefully confess. We honor the Mighty Savior whom it announces, we ask the teaching and guardian of a holy spirit to whom it was pronounced. Let me call you first to a few appropriate utterances to the holy word of God.

The Doctor then quoted from Deuteronomy, xxxii, 7-9, after which he delivered a long prayer, closing with the Lord's Prayer.

French's hymn was then sung by the Union Musical Association. *Judge* Gooding, United States Marshal of the District of Columbia, was introduced by General Geary, who stated that he was a special messenger from the President. The Judge read the following letter:

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S LETTER.

To David Wills, Chairman, &c., Gettysburg, Pa.:

Dear Sir: I had promised myself the pleasure of participating in person in the proceedings at Gettysburg to-morrow.

That pleasure, owing to my indisposition, I am reluctantly compelled to forego.

I should have been pleased, standing on that *twice* consecrated spot, to share with you your joy at the return of peace; to greet with you the surviving heroes of the war, who came back with light hearts, though heavy laden with honors, and with you to drop a grateful tear to the memory of those that will never return.

Unable to do so in person, I can only send you my greetings, and assure you of my full sympathy with the purpose and spirit of your exercises to-morrow.

Of all the anniversaries of the Declaration of Independence, none has been more important and significant than that upon which you assemble. Four years of struggle for our nation's life have been crowned with success, and treason is swept from the land. Our ports are reopened—our relations with other nations are of the most satisfactory character—our internal commerce is free—our soldiers and sailors resume the peaceful pursuits of civil life—our flag floats in every breeze—and the only barrier to our national progress, human slavery, is forever at an end.

Let us trust that each returning Fourth of July shall find our nation stronger in numbers, stronger in wealth, stronger in the harmony of its citizens, stronger in its devotion to nationality and freedom.

As I have often said, I believe that God sent this people on a mission among the nations of the earth, and that when he founded our nation he founded it in perpetuity. That faith sustained me in the struggle that is past. It sustained me now that new duties are devolved upon me and new dangers threaten us. I feel that whatever the means He uses, the Almighty is determined to preserve us as a people. And since I have seen the love our fellow-citizens have borne their country, and the sacrifices they have made for it, my abiding faith has been stronger than ever, that a "Government of the people" is the strongest as well as the best of governments.

In your joy to-morow I hope you will not forget the thousands of whites as well as blacks whom the war has emancipated—who will hail the Fourth of July with a delight which no previous anniversary of the Declaration of Independence had ever gave them. Controlled so long by ambitious, selfish leaders, who used them for their own unworthy ends, they are now free to serve and cherish the Government against whose life they, in their blindness, struck.

I am greatly mistaken if the States lately in rebellion do not henceforward have an exhibition of such loyalty and patriotism as never was seen or felt there before.

When you have consecrated a national cemetery you are to lay the corner-stone of a national monument, which, in all human probability, will rise to the full height and proportion you design.

Noble as the monument of stones may be, it will be but a faint symbol of the grand monument which, if we do our duty, we shall raise among the nations of the earth, upon the foundation laid nine-and-eighty years ago in Philadelphia. Time shall wear away and crumble this monument, but that cannot perish, as it rests upon the consent, virtue, patriotism, and intelligence of the people, who each year shall make it firmer and more imposing.

Your friend and fellow-citizen,
Andrew Johnson.

Then followed Hayward's ode by the Union Musical Association, of which the following is a copy:

This battle-field—our nation's glory—
Where sweetly sleep our fallen braves,
Proclaims aloud the tragic story
The story of their hallow'd graves!

Yes! here, on Gettysburg's sad plain,
This monument the tale will tell,
That thousands for their flag were slain—
Whilst fighting for the Union—fell!

Here red artillery's deadly fire
Mow'd squadrons down in dread array;
Here Meade compell'd Lee to retire,
And Howard held his ground that day.

Then let those tatter'd banners wave—
Forever sacred be this ground!
Sing pæans to those warriors brave,
And be their deeds with glory crown'd!

Wives, mothers, sisters, orphans dear,
Shall gather 'round each clay-cold bed,
And mourn their loved ones buried here—
Their husbands, fathers, brothers dead.

Now on this consecrated ground,
Baptized with patriots' sacred blood,
We dedicate each glorious mound
To the *Union Battle-Flag and God!*

The corner-stone was then laid by the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, in the following manner:

Being on the platform, the R.W. G. Master directs the Grand Marshal to proclaim

SILENCE, SILENCE, SILENCE!

The R. W. Grand Master then arises and says: R.W. Senior Grand Warden: The Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania has been invited by the President of the Soldiers' National Cemetery to lay, in due and ancient Masonic form, the foundation-stone of a monument, here to be erected, to commemorate the deeds of valor and the patriot's death of those who, at the call of their country, came forth to defend its Constitution and its laws, and secure the perpetuation of the Union. This invitation having been accepted, I am now here, with my grand officers, to perform this duty.

Masonry demands that its members "shall not be concerned in plots and conspiracies against Government, patiently to submit to to the decisions of the supreme Legislature, and pay proper respect to the civil magistrate." This injunction enables us as free masons, with one heart and one mind, to testify by our presence, and the performance of our solemn and ancient ceremonies, our love and devotion to our country, and admiration for the deeds of patriotism and glory which this occasion makes memorable. Let us here, on the birthday of the nation, pay merited honor to the memories of those citizens who have given up their lives in defence of these principles which test true patriotism.

I now order that the grand officers assist me in the performance of this work. It is, therefore, my will and pleasure that you proclaim it to the R. W. Junior Grand Warden, and he to the brethren and others present, that all having due notice, may govern themselves accordingly.

R. W. Senior Grand Warden then says: R. W. Junior Grand Warden: It is the order of the R. W. Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania that this corner-stone be now laid with Masonic honors. This you will proclaim to all present, that the occasion may be observed with due order and solemnity.

R. W. Junior Grand Warden then says: Brethren, and all who are present, take notice that the R. W. Grand Master will now cause to be tested and tried this foundation-stone, that he may lay it in due masonic form. You will therefore observe that order and decorum becoming this solemn occasion.

Invocation by Grand Chaplain.

Music.

The Grand Master then addresses the R. W. Grand Treasurer: You will see that the list of articles and coins are ready to be deposited under the foundation-stone. [Which the R. W. Grand Treasurer reads and describes.]

The R. W. Grand Secretary then reads the inscription on the stone.

The Grand Master then directs the Grand-Treasurer, there being no objection, to deposit the articles in the place prepared for their reception.

[Music during this proceeding.]

The R. W. Grand Master then addresses the R. W. Deputy Grand Master: Brother R. W. Deputy Grand Master, you will see that the craftsmen have well and truly prepared the corner-stone to be now laid by me.

Deputy Grand Master then takes his square and lays it on the stone, tests it, and says: R. W. Grand Master, I find the stone square, and the craftsmen have well and truly done their work.

Deputy Grand Master then says: S. Grand Warden, you see that the craftsmen have prepared the stone, and that it is true and trusty.

The Senior Grand Warden takes his level and places it on the stone, tests it, and says—R. W. Deputy Grand Master, I find the stone level, and that the craftsmen have prepared the stone true and trusty.

Deputy Grand Master says to the R. W. Junior Grand Warden—you will examine if the craftsmen have worked well.

The Junior Grand Warden takes the plumb, tests the stone, and says—R. W. Deputy Grand Master, I find the stone to be plumb, and the craftsmen have worked well.

Deputy Grand Master then says: R. W. Grand Master, your grand officers have examined, tested, and tried the work of the craftsmen, and report that this foundation-stone is well and truly prepared, and is now ready to be laid by you as R. W. Grand Master of Masons in and for the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, according to the usages and ceremonies of our ancient and honorable Order.

The R. W. Grand Master then goes down to the stone. The Grand Master then hands him the trowel. The stone is lowered on the cement. The Grand Marshal then hands him the gavel, and the R. W. Grand Master then strikes it three times, and thus proclaims amid the acclamation of the brethren:

I, as Grand Master of Free and Accepted Masons, hereby declare this corner-stone to be duly laid, square, level, and plumb, and may the Grand Architect of Heaven and earth bless the work here begun and make it memorable to the latest posterity.

The Deputy Grand Master then receives from the Grand Marshal the cornucopia containing corn, and drops the corn upon the stone, saying—

May the health of the workmen employed in this undertaking be preserved to them, and may the Supreme Architect bless and prosper their labors."

The Grand Marshal then takes the wine from the table and presents it to the Senior Grand Warden, who pours it upon the stone, saying—may plenty be showered down upon the people of this ancient Commonwealth, and may the blessings of the bounteous Giver of all things attend all their philanthropic undertakings.

The Grand Marshal then presents the oil to the Junior Grand Warden, who pours it upon the stone, saying—

May the Supreme Ruler of the world preserve this people in peace, and vouchsafe to them the enjoyment of every blessing.

The R. W. Grand Master then says—may corn, wine, and oil, and all the necessaries of life, abound among men throughout the world, and may the blessing of Almighty God be upon this undertaking, and may the monument here to be erected to commemorate the noble and brave who have sacrificed their lives upon the altar of their country be preserved to the latest posterity.

Prayer—Grand Chaplain.

Music.

The procession may then remain or disperse without formality. The Grand Officers remain and return in order.

The following members of the Masonic fraternity participated:

Bro. Lucius H. Scott, Right Worshipful Grand Master.
Bro. John L. Goddard, Right Worshipful Deputy Grand Master.
Bro. Richard Vaux, Right Worshipful Senior Grand Warden.
Bro. Robert A. Lamberton, Right Worshipful Junior Grand Warden.
Bro. Peter Williamson, Right Worshipful Grand Treasurer.
Bro. William H. Adams, Right Worshipful Grand Secretary.
Bro. James L. Taylor, Assistant Grand Secretary.
Bro. Jos. T. Thomas, Senior Grand Deacon.
Bro. Francis H. Jackson, Junior Grand Deacon.
Bro. Henry J. White, Grand Marshal.
Bro. James Simpson, Grand Sword Bearer.
Bros. Adam Magg and James Ferguson, Grand Stewards.
Bro. William B. Schnider, Grand Tyler.
Rev. Dr. Suddards.

The following is but a partial list of the articles deposited in the corner-stone:

The Declaration of Independence.
Articles of Confederation.
Constitution of the United States.
Washington's Farewell Address.
Names of the Presidents and Vice Presidents of the United States.
Names of the officers and members of the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States.
Names of the members of the Cabinet of the United States.
Names of the ministers of the United States at Foreign Courts.
Messages of President Lincoln.
Reports of the Secretary of War and Lieutenant General Grant.
Major General George G. Meade's report of the battle of Gettysburg.
Coins of the United States.
Copies of President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation and last Inaugural Address.
Copies of charter and proceedings of the Board of Managers of the Soldiers' National Cemetery of Gettysburg.
List of the names of the soldiers buried in the Soldiers' National Cemetery, with a tabular list of the corps and regimental organization of the Army of the Potomac in the battle of Gettysburg.
Col. Batchelder's drawing of the battle-field of Gettysburg.
Copies of the Constituion of the States of Maine and New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, with valuable State archives.

The papers of the different States are put in respective boxes, and then sealed. Our own State deposits the more important messages of the Governor, and other papers of value.

During the hurry and confusion of the occasion it was impossible to obtain a complete list, and I am compelled to send you the above just as I obtained them.

MUSIC.

The following oration was then delivered by General O. O. Howard:

GENERAL HOWARD'S ORATION.

As I stand here to-day before a peaceful audience, composed as it is of beautiful ladies, joyous children, and happy citizens, and think of my last visit to this place two years ago, and of the terrible scenes in which it was my lot to bear a part, I cannot help exclaiming, "How changed! how changed!"

It is the same rich landscape, broad and beautiful, covered with every variety of natural objects to please the eye.

The same wooded ridges and cultivated fields; the same neat little town clinging to the hill-side; the same broad avenues of approach; the same ravines and creeks—but, thank God, the awful magnificence of hosts arrayed against each other in deadly strife is wanting.

Yonder heights are no longer crowned with hostile cannon; the valleys do not reverberate with their fearful roar; the groves and the houses do not give back the indescribable peal of the musketry fire.

And oh! how like a dream to-day seems that sad spectacle of broken tombstones, prostrate fences, and the ground strewn with our own wounded and dead companions!

Then follows, after battle, the mingling of friends and enemies with suffering depicted in all possible modes of portraiture.

The surgeons, with resolute hearts and bloody hands; the pale faces of relatives searching for dear ones; the busy Sanitary and Christian workers—all pass before my mind in group after group.

My friends, my companions, my countrymen, suffer me to congratulate you anew today, this 4th day of July, 1865, that this sad work is completely done, and that sweet peace has really dawned upon us.

On the 19th of November, 1863, this National Cemetery, a pious tribute to manliness and virtue, was consecrated.

The Hon. Edward Everett delivered an address in his own rich, clear, elegant style, which, having been published, has long ago become historical, and affords us a complete and graphic account of the campaign and battle of Gettysburg. I am deeply grateful to this noble patriot for his indefatigable industry in securing facts, and for the clear narrative he has left us of this battle, in which every living loyal soldier who fought here is now proud to have borne a part.

He, joining the patriotic band of those that are honored by his eloquence, has gone to his reward; and let his memory ever be mingled with those here, upon whose graves he so earnestly invoked your benediction.

Mr. Everett was followed by the few remarkable words of President Lincoln.

While Mr. Lincoln's name is so near and dear to us, and the memory of his work and sacrifices so fresh, I deem it not inappropriate to repeat his own words:

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any other nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure.

"We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract.

"The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.

"It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on.

"It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain, that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

The civil war is ended; the test was complete. He, Abraham Lincoln, never forgot his own dedication till the work was finished.

He did display even increased devotion if it were possible.

The dead did not die in vain, and the nation has experienced already the new birth of freedom of which he spoke.

Oh! that, in the last throes of darkness and crime, God had seen it good to have spared us that great heart out of which proceeded such welcome words of truth and encouragement!

How very much of grateful recollection clusters around the name of Abraham Lincoln as we pronounce it here among the dead who have died that our nation might not perish from the earth!

These grounds have already been consecrated, and are doubly sacred from the memory of our brethren who lie here, and from the association with those remarkable men, Mr. Everett and Mr. Lincoln, who gave tone to the exercises of consecration two years ago, whose own bodies are now resting beneath the sod, but whose spirit is still living, and unmistakably animating every true American heart this day.

We have now been called to lay the corner-stone of a monument.

This monument is not a mere family *record*, not the simple *memorial* of individual fame, nor the silent tribute to genius.

It is raised to the soldier. It is a memorial of his life and his noble death.

It embraces a patriotic brotherhood of heroes in its inscriptions, and is an unceasing herald of labor, suffering, union, liberty, and sacrifice.

Let us then, as is proper on such an occasion as this, give a few thoughts to the American soldier.

We have now embraced under this generic name of soldier, the dutiful officer, the volunteer soldier, the regular, the colored, and the conscript; but in my remarks I will present you the *private volunteer* as the representative American soldier.

In the early part of 1861, the true citizen heard that traitors at Washington had formed a conspiracy to overthrow the Government, and soon after, that the stars and stripes had been fired upon, and had been hauled down at the bidding of an armed enemy in South Carolina; that the capital of the nation was threatened, and that our new President had called for help.

How quickly the citizen answered the call! Almost like magic he sprang forth a soldier. His farm or his bench, his desk or his counter, was left behind, and you find him marching through the then gloomy, flagless, defiant streets of Baltimore, fully equipped for service, with uniform gray, blue, red, or green—it then mattered not; with knapsack, cartridge-box, musket, and bayonet, his outfit was all that was required.

He was a little awkward, his accoutrements much awry, his will unsubdued.

He did not keep step to music, nor always lock step with his companions. He had scarcely ever fired a musket, but he had become a soldier, put on the soldiers' garb, set his face towards the enemy, and God willing, he purposed never to turn back till the soldier's work was done.

You meet him at Washington (on Meridan Hill perhaps); discipline and drill seize upon him, restrain his liberty, and mould his body. Colonels, captains, lieutenants, and sergeants, his former equals, order him about, and he must obey them. Oh what days! and oh what nights! Where is home and affection! Where is the soft bed and the loaded table! Change of climate, change of food, want of rest, want of all kinds of old things, and an influx of all sorts of new things, make him sick—yes, really sick in body and soul.

But in spite of a few doses of quinine and a wholesome hospital bed and diet, (as the soldier of '61 remembers them,) his vigorous constitution and indomitable heart prevail, so that he is soon able to cross the Long Bridge and invade the sacred red clay of Virginia, with his companions in arms. Yet, perhaps, should you now observe him very closely you will perceive his enthusiasm increasing faster even than his strength.

He is on the enemy's side of the river; now for strict guard duty; now for the lonely picket, amid the thickets where men are killed by ambushed foes.

How the eye and the ear, and, may I say it, the heart, are quickened in these new and trying vigils!

Before long, however, the soldier is inured to these things; he becomes familiar with every stump, tree, and pathway of approach, and his trusty gun and stouter heart defy any secret foe.

Presently you find him on the road to battle; the hot weather of July, the usual load, the superadded twenty extra rounds of cartridges and three days' rations, strung to his neck, and the long weary march quite exhaust his strength during the very first day. He aches to leave the ranks and rest; but, no, no! He did not leave home for the ignominious name of "straggler" and "skulker." Cost what it may, he toils on.

The Accotink, the Cub Run, the never-to-be-forgotten Bull Run, are passed. Here, of a sudden, strange and terrible sounds strike upon his ear, and bear down upon his heart; the booming of shotted cannon; the screeching of bursted shell through the heated air, and the zip, zip, zip of smaller balls; everything produces a singular effect upon him. Again, all at once he is thrown quite unprepared upon a new and trying experience; for now he meets the groaning ambulance and the bloody stretcher. He meets limping, armless, legless, disfigured, wounded men. To the right of him, and to the left of him, are the lifeless forms of the slain.

Suddenly a large iron missile of death strikes close beside him, and explodes, sending out twenty or more jagged fragments, which remorselessly maim or kill five or six of his mates before they have had the opportunity to strike one blow for their country.

His face is now very pale; and will not the American soldier flinch and turn back?

There is a stone wall; there is a building; there is a stack of hay; it is so easy to hide.

But no! He will not be a coward! "Oh, God, support and strengthen me!" 'Tis all his prayer.

Soon he is at work. Yonder is the foe. "Load and fire;" "load and fire."

But the cry comes, "Our flank is turned!" "Our men retreat!" With tears pouring down his cheek he slowly yields and joins the retiring throng. Without any more nerve, and little strength, he struggles back from a lost field.

Now he drinks the dregs of suffering. Without blanket for the night, without food, without hope, it is no wonder that a panic seizes him, and he runs demoralized away.

This disreputable course, however, is only temporary. The soldier before long forgets his defeat and his sufferings, brightens up his armor, and resumes his place on the defensive line.

He submits for weary days to discipline, drill, and hard fare. He wades through the snows of winter and the deep mud of a Virginia spring.

He sleeps upon the ground, upon the deck of transport steamer, and upon the floor of the platform car. He helps load and unload stores; he makes fascines and gabions; he corduroys quicksands, and bridges creeks and bogs. Night and day he digs or watches in the trenches.

What a world of new experience! What peculiar labor and suffering he passes through, the soldier alone can tell you.

He now marches hurriedly to his second battle; soon after he is in a series of them. Fight and fall back! Fight and fall back! Oh, those days of hopelessness, sorrow, toil, and emaciation! How vividly the living soldier remembers them—those days when he cried from the bottom of his heart, "Oh, God, how long! how long!"

Would you have patience to follow him through the commingling of disasters from the battle of Cedar Mountain to the same old Bull Run, you would emerge with him from the chaos, and behold his glistening bayonet again on the successful field of Antietam, where a glimmer of hope lighted up his heart.

Would you go with him to the bloody fields of Fredericksburg, staunch his wounds in the wilderness of Chancellorsville, and journey on with him afterwards to this hallowed ground of Gettysburg; and could you be enabled to read and record his toils, his sufferings, and all his thoughts, you might be able to appreciate the true American soldier. You might then recite the first chapter of the cost of the preservation of the American Union. In September, 1863, after the battle of Gettysburg, the Government sends two army corps to reinforce our brethren in the West.

The soldier is already far from home and friends, but he is suddenly apprised that he must go two thousand miles farther. He cannot visit his family to take leave of them. He has scarcely the opportunity of writing a line of farewell.

The chances of death are multitudinous as they appear before his imagination, and the hope of returning is very slender.

Yet again the soldier does not falter. With forty others he crowds into the close, unventilated freight car and speeds away, night and day, without even the luxury of a decent seat.

With all the peculiar discomforts of this journey, the backings and the waitings at the railroad junctions, the transfers from car to car, and from train to train; being confined for days without the solace and strength derived from his coffee, there is yet something compensative in the exhilarating influence of change. And there is added to it, in passing through Ohio and Indiana, a renewed inspiration as the people turn out in masses to welcome him and to bid him God-speeds—a little girls throw wreaths of flowers round his neck, kiss his bronzed cheek, and strew his car with other offerings of love and devotion.

Such impressions as were here received were never effaced. They touched the rough heart anew with tenderness, and, being a reminder of all the old home affections, only served to deepen his resolution sooner or later, by the blessing of God, to reach the goal of his ambition; that is to say, with his compatriots, to secure to his children and to other children *enduring peace* with liberty and an undivided country.

He passes on through Kentucky, through the battle-fields of Tennessee, already historical.

The names, Nashville, Stone river, Murfreesboro, and Tullahoma, reminded him of past struggles and portended future conflicts.

He is deposited at Bridgeport, Alabama, a houseless, cheerless, chilly place, on the banks of the Tennessee; possessing no interest further than that furnished by the railroad bridge destroyed, and the yet remaining rubbish and filth of an enemy's camp.

Before many days the soldier threads his way up the valley of the great river which winds and twists amid the rugged mountains, till he finds himself beneath the rock-crowned steeps of Lookout.

Flash after flash, volume after volume, of light-colored smoke, and peal on peal of cannon, the crashing sound of shot, and the screaming of shell, are the ominous signs of unfriendly welcome sent forth to meet him from this rocky height.

Yet on he marches, in spite of threatening danger, in spite of the ambush along his route, until he has joined hands with his Western brother, who had come from Chattanooga to meet and to greet him.

This is where the valley of Lookout joins that of the Tennessee.

At this place the stories of Eastern and Western hardship, suffering, battling, and danger, are recapitulated, and made to blend into the common history and the common sacrifice of the American soldier.

Were there time, I would gladly take you, step by step, with the soldier, as he bridges and crosses the broad and rapid river; as he ascends and storms the height of Mission Ridge; or as he plants his victorious feet, waves his banner, and flashes his gun on the top of Lookout Mountain.

I would carry you with him across the death-bearing streams of Chickamauga. I would have you follow him in his weary, barefooted, wintry march to the relief of Knoxville, and back to Chattanooga.

From his point of view I would open up the spring campaign, where the great general initiated his remarkable work of genius and daring.

I could point you to the soldier pursuing his enemy into the strongholds of Dalton, behind the stern, impassable features of Rocky Face.

Resaca, Adairsville, Cassville, Dallas, New Hope Church, Pickett's Mill, Pine-top, Lost Mountain, Kenesaw, Culps' Farm, Smyrna, Camp-ground, Peach-tree Creek, Atlanta, from so many points of view, and Jonesboro, are names of battle-fields upon each of which a soldier's memory dwells.

For upwards of a hundred days he scarcely rested from the conflict.

He skirmished over rocks, hills, and mountains; through mud, streams, and forests.

For hundreds of miles he gave his aid to dig that endless chain of entrenchments which compassed every one of the enemy's fortified positions. He companied with those who combatted the obstinate foe on the front and on the flanks of those mountain fastnesses which the enemy had deemed impregnable, and he had a right at last to echo the sentiment of his indefatigable leader, "Atlanta is ours, and fairly won."

Could you now have patience to turn back with him and fight these battles over again, behold his communications cut, his railroad destroyed for miles and miles; enter the bloody fight of Allatoona, follow him through the forced marches, *via* Rome, Ga., away back to Resaca, and through the obstructed gaps of the mountains into Alabama, you would thank God for giving him a stout heart and an unflinching faith in a just and noble cause.

Weary and worn, he reposed at Atlanta, on his return, but one single night, when he commenced the memorable march toward Savannah.

The soldier has become a veteran; he can march all day with his musket, his knapsack, his cartridge-box, his haversack, and canteen upon his person; his muscles have become large and rigid, so that what was once extremely difficult he now accomplishes with graceful ease.

This fact must be borne in mind when studying the soldiers' marches through Georgia and the Carolinas.

The enemy burned every bridge across stream after stream; the rivers, bordered with swamps—for example, the Ocmulgee, the Oconee, and the Ogeechee—were defended at every crossing. That they were passed at all by our forces is due to the cheerful, fearless, indomitable private soldier.

Oh, that you had seen him, as I have done, wading creeks a half a mile in width and water waist deep, under fire, pressing on through wide swamps, without one faltering step, charging in line upon the most formidable works, which were well defended! You could then appreciate him, and what he has accomplished, as I do. You could then feel the poignant sorrow that I always did feel when I saw him fall bleeding to the earth.

I must now leave the soldier to tell his own tale amongst the people; of his bold, bloody work at McAllister against the torpedoes, abattis, artillery, and musketry; of his privations at Savannah; of his struggles through the swamps, quicksands, and over the broad rivers of the Carolinas; of the fights, fires, explosions, doubts, and triumphs suggested by Griswoldville, Rivers' and Binnaker's bridges, Orangeburg, Congareecreek, Columbia, Cheraw, Fayetteville, Averysboro, and Bentonville.

I will leave him to tell how his hopes brightened at the reunion at Goldsboro! How his heart throbbed with gratitude and joy as the wires confirmed the rumored news of Lee's surrender, so soon to be followed by the capture of the enemy's capital and of his entire army! I will leave him to tell to yourselves and your children how he felt and acted; how proud was his bearing; how elastic his step as he marched in review before the President of the United States, at Washington! I would do the soldier injustice not to say that there was one thing wanting to make his satisfaction complete, and that was the sight of the tall form of Abraham Lincoln, and the absence of that bitter recollection which he could not altogether exclude from his heart—that *he* had died by the hand of a traitor assassin.

I have given you only glimpses of the American soldier as I have seen him. To feel the full force of what he has done and suffered, you should have accompanied him for the last four years. You should have stood upon the battle-fields during and after the struggle; and you should have completed your observation in the army hospitals, and upon the countless grounds peopled with the dead. The maimed bodies, the multitude of graves, the historic fields, the monumental stones like this we are laying to-day, after all, are only meagre memorials of the soldier's work.

God grant that what he planted, nourished, and has now preserved by his blood—I mean *American Liberty*—may be a plant dear to us as the apple of the eye, and that its growth may not be hindered till its roots are *firmly* set in every State of this Union, and till the full fruition of its blessed fruit is realized by men of every name, color, and description in this broad land.

Now as I raise my eyes and behold the place where my friend and trusted commander, General Reynolds, fell, let me add my own testimonial to that of others, that we lost in him a true patriot, a true man, a complete general, and a thorough soldier.

Upon him and the others who died here for their country, let there never cease to descend the most earnest benediction of every American heart.

Let me congratulate this noble Keystone State that it was able to furnish such tried and able men as Reynolds who fell, and Meade who lived to guide us successfully through this wonderful and hotly-contested battle.

In the midst of all conflicts, of all sorrows and triumphs, let us never for an instant forget that there is a God in Heaven whose arm is strong to help—whose balm is sweet to assuage every pain—and whose love embraces all joy.

To Him, then, let us look in gratitude and praise that it has been His will so greatly to bless our nation; and may this monument ever remind us and our posterity, in view of the fact that we prevailed against our enemies, "that righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

MUSIC.

Col. C. G. Halpine (Miles O'Reilly) then read the following poem, composed by himself for the occasion. The poem was to have been read by Mr. James Murdoch, the celebrated actor and elocutionist, but indisposition prevented his being present. This was Colonel Halpine's first appearance in public. I understood the poem was the longest he had ever written.

THOUGHTS OF THE PLACE AND TIME.

As men beneath some pang of grief
Or sudden joy will dumbly stand,
Finding no words to give relief—
Clear, passion-warm, complete, and brief—
To thoughts with which their souls expand
So here to-day—these trophies nigh—
Our lips no fitting words can reach;
The hills around, the graves, the sky—
The silent poem of the eye
Surpasses all the art of speech!

To-day, a nation meets to build
A nation's trophy to the dead
Who, living, formed her sword and shield—
The arms she sadly learned to wield
When other hope of Peace had fled.
And not alone for those who lie
In honored graves before us blent,
Shall our proud column, broad and high,
Climb upward to the blessing sky,
But be for all a monument.

An emblem of our grief, as well
For others as for these, we raise;
For these beneath our feet who dwell,
And all who in the good cause fell
On other fields, in other frays.
To all the self-same love we bear
Which here for marbled memory strives
No soldier for a wreath could care
Which all true comrades might not share—
Brothers in death as in their lives!

On Southern hill-sides, parched and brown,
In tangled swamp, on verdant ridge,
Where pines and broadening oaks look down,
And jasmine waves its yellow crown,
And trumpet-creepers clothe the hedge;
Along the shores of endless sand,
Beneath the palms of Southern plains,
Sleep everywhere, hand locked in hand,
The brothers of the gallant band
Who here poured life through throbbing veins.

Around the closing eyes of all
The same red glories glared and flew—
The hurrying flags, the bugle call,
The whistle of the angry ball,
The elbow-touch of comrades true!
The skirmish-fire—a spattering spray;
The long, sharp growl of fire by file,
The thickening fury of the fray
When opening batteries get in play,
And the lines form o'er many a mile.

The foeman's yell, our answering cheer,
Red flashes through the gathering smoke,
Swift orders, resonant and clear,
Blithe cries from comrades tried and dear,
The shell-scream and the sabre-stroke;
The rolling fire from left to right,
From right to left we hear it swell;
The headlong charges, swift and bright,
The thickening tumult of the fight
And bursting thunders of the shell.

Now closer, denser, grows the strife,
And here we yield, and there we gain;
The air with hurtling missiles rife,
Volley for volley, life for life—
No time to heed the cries of pain!
Panting as up the hills we charge,
Or down them as we broken roll,
Life never felt so high, so large,
And never o'er so wide a marge
In triumph swept the kindling soul!

New raptures waken in the breast
Amid this hell of scene and sound;
The barking batteries never rest,
And broken foot, by horseman pressed,
Still stubbornly contest their ground

Fresh waves of battle rolling in
To take the place of shattered waves;
Torn lines that grow more bent and thin—
A blinding cloud, a maddening din—
'Twas thus were filled these very graves!

* * * * * *

Night falls at length with pitying veil—
A moonlit silence deep and fresh;
These upturned faces, strained and pale,
Vainly the chill night dews assail—
For colder than the dews their flesh!
And flickering far through brush and wood
Go searching parties, torch in hand—
"Seize if you can some rest and food,
At dawn the fight will be renewed,
Sleep on your arms!" the hushed command.

They talk in whispers as they lie
In line—these rough and weary men;
"Dead or but wounded?" then a sigh;
"No coffee either!" "Guess we'll try
To get those two guns back again."
"We five flags to their one! oho!"
"That bridge—'twas hot there, as we passed!"
"The colonel dead! It can't be so;
Wounded, and badly—that I know;
But he kept saddle to the last."

"Be sure to send it if I fall—"
"Any tobacco? Bill, have you?"
"A brown-haired, blue-eyed, laughing doll—"
"Good-night, boys, and God keep you all!"
"What! sound asleep? Guess I'll sleep too."
"Aye, just about this hour they pray
For Dad—." "Stop talking! pass the word!",
And soon as quiet as the clay
Which thousands will but be next day
The long-drawn sighs of sleep are heard.

* * * *

Oh, men! to whom this sketch though rude,
Calls back some scene of pain and pride;
Oh, widow! hugging close your brood,
Oh, wife! with happiness renewed,
Since he again is at your side;
This trophy that to-day we raise
Should be a monument for all;
And on its sides no niggard phrase
Confine a generous Nation's praise
To those who here have chanced to fall.

But let us all to-day combine
Still other monuments to raise;
Here for the Dead we build a shrine;
And now to those who, crippled, pine,
Let us give hope of happier days!
Let Homes for these sad wrecks of war
Through all the land with speed arise;
Tongues cry from every gaping scar,
"Let not our brother's tomb debar
The wounded Living from your eyes."

A noble day, a deed as good,
A noble scene in which 'tis done,
The Birthday of our Nationhood;
And here again the Nation stood
On this same day—its life re-won!
A bloom of banners in the air,
A double calm of sky and soul;
Triumphal chant and bugle blare,
And green fields, spreading bright and fair,
While heavenward our Hosannas roll.

Hosannas for a land redeemed,
The bayonet sheathed, the cannon dumb;
Passed, as some horror we have dreamed,
The fiery meteors that have streamed,
Threatening within our homes to come.
Again our banner floats abroad,
Gone the one stain that on it fell—
And, bettered by His chastening rod,
With streaming eyes uplift to God
We say, "HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL."

BENEDICTION—BY REV. D. T. CARNAHAN.

MUSIC—BAND.

After the benediction, the procession was dismissed, and the Marshals and Chief Marshal's aids formed and returned to the Courthouse.

Salutes were fired at sunset and during the movements of the procession.

THE WASHINGTON DELEGATION.

The following distinguished party from Washington were present, and participated in the ceremonies:

Louis Molino, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from Costa Rica, Nicaragua, and Honduras.

S. F. Asta Barroga and son, Charge d'Affaires, Chili.

K. S. Shein, of the State Department, and Hon. Henry J. Raymond.

Just before the benediction, Governor Curtin, who had not intended or expected to address the assembly, in response to the loud calls of the people, stepped forward and spoke a few but telling words.

THE DAY IN PHILADELPHIA.

The Celebration by the Union League, at the Academy of Music.

According to announcement, the members of the Union League and the holders of tickets of admission assembled in the Academy of Music at noon on the Fourth of July. The Academy was well filled, a large portion of the audience being ladies. The decorations of the house were in the best of taste. The fronts of the balcony, family circle, and amphitheatre were covered with bunting gracefully festooned, and the points of festooning covered by shields containing the coat-of-arms of each State. The stage, which was set with a new scene, representing the old liberty bell, with the motto: "Proclaim liberty throughout the land," was occupied by the members of the League and invited guests. Beneath the centre of the archway over the stage was a portrait of Washington and on each side a portrait of [illegible]

The proscenium boxes were beautifully decorated with flags. One of them was occupied by General McCook, who was present by invitation.

The ceremonies were opened with prayer by Rev. Geo. Dana Boardman. A Glee club, composed of several members of the League, then sang the "Star Spangled Banner," and "Rally Round the Flag." The Declaration of Independence was then read by Daniel Dougherty, Esq. He prefaced the reading of the Declaration by reading the names of its signers. The celebrated names were received with applause. The Glee club then sang a number of airs, and among others the following hymn, written for the occasion by Mr. Boker:

HYMN FOR THE UNION LEAGUE—BY GEORGE H. BOKER, JULY 4, 1865.

Air—"Old Hundred."

Thank God! the bloody days are past,
Our patient hopes are crowned at last;
And sounds of bugle, drum, and fife,
But lead our heroes home from strife!

Thank God, there beams o'er land and sea
Our blazing star of victory;
And everywhere, from main to main,
The old flag flies, and rules again!

Thank God, O dark and trodden race,
Your Lord no longer veils His face;
But through the clouds and woes of fight
Shines on your soul a better light!

Thank God, we see on every hand
Breast-high the ripening grain-crops stand;
The orchards bend, the herds increase;
But oh, thank God, thank God, for *Peace*!

The oration was delivered by Charles Gibbons, Esq.

Oration of Charles Gibbons, Esq.

GENTLEMEN OF THE UNION LEAGUE, LADIES, AND FELLOW-CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES: America comes from her battle-fields to-day, pale with the loss of blood, with all the stars on her victorious flag, commanding peace! In her brief career of eighty-nine years she has given to history its most remarkable events, to science its most useful discoveries, to the mechanic arts their most important improvements, to labor its highest rewards; and she now exhibits to mankind the triumphant success of her popular government. When, haggard and weary under the yoke of her oppressor, she ventured to deny the divinity of despotism, and to assert the inalienable rights of all men to liberty and the pursuit of happiness, the darkness upon the face of the earth was too thick to be penetrated by the light which she hung out to the world. She stood alone. Without army or navy, without purse or scrip, with no friend among the nations in whom she would trust, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of her intentions, she opposed her sublime, unfaltering faith to the brutal force of England.

"I am surprised," said John Adams in 1776, "at the suddenness as well as greatness of this revolution. Britain has been filled with folly, America with wisdom. It is the will of Heaven that the two countries should be sundered forever; it may be the will of Heaven that America shall suffer calamities still more wasting, and distresses yet more dreadful. If this be the case, the furnace of affliction produces refinement in States, as well as individuals; but I submit all my hopes and fears to an overruling Providence, in which I firmly believe."

"The day will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival, commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God, from one end of the country to the other, from this time forward—forevermore. You may think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the toil, and blood, and treasure it will cost to maintain this declaration, and support and defend these States; yet through all the gloom I can see the rays of light and glory, and that posterity will triumph in this day's transaction."

So spake the patriot prophet, who, a few days before, had risen on the floor of Congress and reverently asked that the blessings of Heaven might rest on the new-born Republic, and make it the most glorious of all that ever lived. He may not have foreseen the dreadful carnage through which the Republic has recently passed. From a deeper gloom than his eyes beheld, from a hotter furnace than blazed upon his vision, America comes forth into the light of peace, liberty, and glory, to keep her ninetieth anniversary festival, and commemorate the day of her deliverance.

We may properly inquire on this occasion how it came that human slavery, the cause of all our troubles and afflictions, and always at war with the principles of the Revolution, was so strangely domesticated with them as to baffle the efforts of the ablest statesmen, and defy the power of Christianity itself to cast it out. Suffer me, therefore, to refer to parts of the history of the revolutionary struggle which may solve this question; and pardon me if, in so doing, I vex your ears "with a thrice told tale." It is due to the memory of the Fathers of the Republic that they should not be implicated in a crime of which they were not only innocent, but constantly condemned, and that the responsibility should rest where it justly belongs.

For a period of more than one hundred and fifty years anterior to the Declaration, and nearly a quarter of a century after, England was engaged in the slave trade. She had stolen from Africa upwards of three millions of men, women, and children, of whom half a million died upon her hands from starvation, cruel treatment, and disease; the remainder she condemned to perpetual slavery. She had about three hundred thousand in her American colonies when they declared their independence. In order to secure to Englishmen a monopoly of the wealth to be derived from the business, ten English judges had given their opinion that *negroes were merchandize*, and that therefore the navigation acts excluded aliens from the trade. The Crown, the Church, the aristocracy, and the merchants of England were all implicated in this horrible and infamous traffic, and all united in their hostility to free labor in America. The people of the colonies attempted in vain to relieve themselves and their country from the terrible curse of slavery. They passed laws restraining the importation of negroes, which were not allowed to take effect. In 1770 the king issued instructions to the Governor of Virginia by which he was commanded, on pain of the highest displeasure, to assent to no law

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whereby the importation of slaves should be in any respect prohibited or obstructed.

The most earnest remonstrances against the trade were addressed to the King, on the score of its inhumanity and corrupting and destructive influences; but they resulted in the most peremptory orders to his officers in the colonies to protect and maintain it. The thought and reasoning of England on the subject was that "negro labor will keep our British colonies in due subserviency to the interests of their mother country; for while our plantations depend only on planting *by negroes*, our colonies can never prove injurious to British manufactures, never become independent of their kingdom." This argument satisfied the consciences of Englishmen and justified the policy of their Government.

The Continental Congress of 1774 unanimously declared: "We will neither import nor purchase any slave imported after the first day of December next; after which time we will wholly discontinue the slave trade, and will neither be concerned in it ourselves, nor will we hire our vessels or sell our commodities or manufactures to those who are concerned in it."

In the same year, Jefferson wrote to the Provincial Convention of Virginia that "*the abolition of domestic slavery is the great object of desire in those colonies where it was unhappily introduced in their infant state.* But previous to the enfranchisement of the slaves we have, it is necessary to exclude all further importations from Africa; yet our repeated attempts to effect this by prohibitions, and by imposing duties which amount to prohibitions, have hitherto been defeated by his Majesty's negative, thus preferring the immediate advantage of a few British corsairs to the lasting interests of the American States, and to the rights of human nature, deeply wounded by this infamous practice." The Convention exhausted its power over the subject by adopting a resolution, presented by Peyton Randolph, that "We will neither ourselves import nor purchase any slave or slaves imported by any other person, either from Africa, the West Indies, or any other place." A year afterwards, the Earl of Dartmouth, referring to the efforts of the colonies to abolish the system, wrote to a colonial agent: "We cannot allow the colonies to check or discourage in any degree a traffic so beneficial to the nation."

Three months prior to the Declaration, Congress solemnly resolved "that no slaves should be imported into any of the thirteen colonies." The resolution was approved and respected by all of them; it expressed the feeling of the American heart, and the matured judgment of American statesmen.

The original draft of the Declaration contained, among others, this charge against the King: "He has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty, in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither." "This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of *infidel* Powers, is the warfare of the *Christian* King of Great Britain. Determined to keep open a market where men should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce." Mr. Jefferson says that this clause was disapproved by some Southern gentlemen, whose reflections were not yet matured to the full abhorrence of the traffic, and it was, therefore, stricken out.

Two other clauses remain, and have been read to-day, having relation to the same subject:

"He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good."

"He has endeavored to prevent the population of these States, for that purpose obstructing the laws for the naturalization of foreigners, refusing to pass others encouraging their migration hither, and *raising the conditions of new appropriations of land.*"

These clauses of the indictment have direct reference to the laws by which the colonists hoped to abolish slavery, and to the slave policy of England, to exclude free labor from the country—showing that the spirit of slavery was not an American spirit, and had but little influence here at the time of the Declaration. The men of the Revolution were the friends of universal liberty. Through the long years of fruitless effort to obtain from England a peaceful recognition of their rights, they had investigated and explored the foundations of human government, and satisfied themselves of the end which it was intended to secure. Looking to the source of all power, and to the application of the Divine law to the human family, they could find no precedent or authority to justify oppression in any form. Consulting their Bibles, they found many instances where the wrath of God had fallen in terrible judgments upon the oppressor. Whether they read the history of Jerusalem and its despotic kings, and surveyed the ruins of the city, or followed the centuries back till they saw the waters rolling over the hosts of Pharoah—whether they heard the thunder from Sinai or the groan from the Cross of Calvary, they saw the arm of the Omnipotent falling on the oppressor, and heard the voice of admonition to the nations, and of mercy to mankind—"*All men are created equal.*" On this principle, *accepted as a self-evident* truth, and therefore unlimited in its application and immutable as the throne of the Eternal, they laid the foundations of the new Republic.

But, while men may perfectly agree upon great fundamental truths, it often happens that the proper and general application of them is necessarily deferred by contingencies not foreseen or provided for. The Declaration was issued by a Congress of Independent and Sovereign States. It was not the act of one organized government, but a solemn proclamation of certain rights which no system of government could lawfully take from a people. The States were united, not by a constitution or compact, for none at that time existed, but by the Declaration itself; by the the others, to each one had in common with all gers which assailed those things. The Union thus formed was strengthened and hallowed by the blood of the people which had already been shed in the common cause; but there was no one government which could make laws to act upon or bind the people. Congress, being a mere convention of States, was not invested with such authority, and therefore had no power to prosecute to their legitimate results the principles which it asserted in the Declaration. That duty was necessarily left to the people of the several States; and before the close of the century, or very soon afterwards, a majority of States had made provision for the emancipation of their slaves.

The Federal Government, under the articles of confederation, weak and insufficient as it was, has left some pleasant memories. It was during the confederation that Congress passed the ordinance for the government of the territory of the United States, northwest of the Ohio river, which had been ceded by Virginia, embracing an area of about one hundred and eighty-five thousand square miles.

It was the first legislation in anticipation of the formation of new States, and their admission into the Union. It was the first opportunity offered to Congress to illustrate by its works, the faith of the Revolution on the subject of slavery.

And accordingly, in the twelfth year of the Independence of America, while England was yet eagerly pursuing her nefarious trade in human flesh, and Wilberforce and Thomas Clarkson and Granville Sharp were denounced and persecuted by her slave spirit for their efforts to expose its infamy, the Congress of the United States, and every State in the American Union, ordained that slavery should be forever excluded from the great territory of the Northwest. We thank the Confederation for that glorious and irrevocable decree that gave freedom and civilization to to the great States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan; and we thank those great States for the axe they have laid at the root of human slavery in America.

While America was thus employed in extending the empire of freedom, the spirit of slavery was maliciously at work in its native land of England, tearing to pieces those monuments which marked the presence of liberty in former years.

It possessed the souls of the King and the aristocracy, and controlled the action of Parliament.

It boldly assailed the freedom of the press, the freedom of speech, and the right of the people to assemble in meetings for the purpose of public discussion. Men who opposed the slave-trade were constantly insulted, denounced as Jacobins, and shunned in society as enemies of the ministers.

Men whose humanity was shocked by the infamous manner in which England treated her French prisoners of war, and ventured to remonstrate against it, were ranked with the enemies of their country. Persons were fined, imprisoned, and transported, for expressing their opinions merely, on public questions. A law was enacted by which every public meeting was forbidden, unless notice of it were published in a newspaper five days beforehand, containing a full statement of its objects, signed by householders.

This law was applied to all meetings held for considering or preparing any petition, complaint, or address to the King, or either branch of Parliament, or for the alteration of any matter established in church or state. Of course it applied to meetings called to remonstrate against the slave trade.

Any justice of the peace had authority to compel a meeting to disperse, although held in pursuance of lawful notice, if, in his opinion, the language of the speakers was disrespectful to the King or to the Government. If twelve persons or more remained together for one hour after the order to disperse, the act provided that "it shall be adjudged felony without benefit of clergy; and the offenders therein shall be adjudged felons, and shall suffer death as in case of felony, without benefit of clergy."

This bloody act was passed in 1795.

Four years later another act was passed, forbidding any field or place to be used for lecturing or debating, without a special license from a magistrate. All circulating-libraries and reading-rooms were placed under the same restriction. No person could lend or hire, in his own house, a book, pamphlet, or newspaper, under a penalty of one hundred pounds a day. If a man allowed lectures or debates, even under his own roof, it was a crime for which he was liable to be punished for keeping a disorderly house. This statute was passed in the thirty-ninth year of George III.

The story is not half told; but this is enough to show what the spirit of slavery accomplished in England, within the recollection of men who are now in her ministry, and in deep sympathy with its efforts to abolish the work of the American Revolution.

Meanwhile, the people of America had adopted a Constitution. It ordained and established a National Government founded on the principles of the Revolution. Mr. Madison had successfully opposed the use of a word in any part of it that would recognize a right of property in human beings. In his survey of the plan of Government which it proposed he wrote thus in *The Federalist:* "The first question that presents itself is, 'Whether the general form and aspect of the Government be *strictly republican?*' It is evident that no other form would be reconcilable with the genius of the people of America, and *with the fundamental principles of the Revolution;* or with that honorable determination which animates every votary of freedom, *to rest all our political experiments on the capacity of mankind for self-government.*"

In the same paper he defines a republic to be a government which derives all its powers directly or indirectly from the great body of the people, and is administered by persons holding their offices during pleasure, for a limited period, or during good behavior.

He adds, "It is *essential* to such a Government that it be derived from the great body of the society, not from an inconsiderable proportion, *or a favored class of it;* otherwise a handful of tyrannical nobles, exercising their oppressions by a delegation of their powers, might aspire to the rank of republicans, and claim for their Government the honorable title of Republic." (See *Federalist* No. 39.) The first article of the Constitution provides, among other things, that "the House of Representatives shall be composed of members chosen every second year by the people of the several States; *and the electors in each State shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the State Legislature.*"

It is manifest that under this provision standing alone, any State in the Union having a Legislature, would have a right to send its