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Patriot Union.

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BY O. BARRETT & CO

THE DAILY PATRIOT AND UNION will be served to subscribers residing in the Borough for TEN CENTS PER WEEK, payable to the Carrier. Mail subscribers, FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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The Patriot & Union.

SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 11, 1863

SPEECH

OF

HON. DANIEL W. VOORHEES,

OF INDIANA,

Delivered at the Great Democratic Mass Meeting, at Concord, New Hampshire, July 4, 1863.

[CONCLUSION.]

The class here portrayed is unfortunately formidable at this time in the control of public sentiment. By it, every warning voice in behalf of the supremacy of the Constitution and the rights of the citizen under it, is at once clamorously denounced as evidence of hostility to the government. Its peculiar province is to paint to the public eye the dispensers of patronage as incapable of error, infallible, without spot or blemish, and subject to none of the infirmities of sinful flesh. The disciples of this school of political Magdalens have the extraordinary faculty of transforming the most atrocious crimes, on the part of those who hold the keys of wealth and position, into the most resplendent virtues. To them the murder of innocent men and women by slow torture in loathsome prison houses is simply evidence of devotion to the cause of the Union if committed by those who load their abject partisans with the infamous wages of their adulation. The plunder of the public treasury, the wholesale robbery of the fruits of the labor of honest people finds with them a ready and ample justification if their own palms are enriched with a portion of the spoils. Imbecility is converted into statesmanship, brutality into zealous patriotism, and the defeats of inferior partisan generals into grand and conclusive victories. In the press, in the pulpit, in the forum, and at the hustings, they now invite the open and audacious approaches of a complete despotism, and proclaim in advance the submission of the countrymen of Warren and Hancock in the East, and of Jackson and Clay in the West.—That such betrayers of public liberty and constitutional government shall aim their poisoned shafts of detraction and calumny at the faithful sentinel who announces the near approach of fatal danger is to be expected, but should not silence the voice of patriotic duty. They are in the service of their master. A passionate exclamation of Henry II. in the hearing of his obsequious minions turned them into assassins and stained the altar of God with the blood of Thomas a Becket. In like manner this country now swarms with those whose feet are swift to carry out, in defiance of all law, human and divine, the obscurely hinted wishes, the half-disclosed views of an administration which avows no restraints except its own will.

Look with me for a few moments over the intolerable events which have marked the conduct of those now in chief authority since their accession to power, and which call in imperative tones—in tones not to be denied, for reform or for revolution. I come from the broad, free plains of the West. I come from a land of unmeasured attachment to the Union and to those principles which made the Union. Its patriotism has been as spontaneous as the productions of its fertile soil. Its valor in the face of battle has been as fierce as the flames that rage over its prairies. It has not paused to measure its resources before pouring them out in this contest. It has made no conditions, exacted no partisan pledges, required no proclamations before rendering obedience to the laws. The Northwest is no delinquent. She is no criminal. Yet the sentence of outlawry has been pronounced against her. Her proud and stately neck has been selected for the yoke—the yoke more galling than the Roman emblem of bondage which doomed whole provinces. She has been robbed of the protection of written laws, and placed in the custody of military Governors. The great State of Indiana has had a succession of these officers.—Her Constitution provides for a civil Governor who shall see that the laws are faithfully executed, and who is the chief of her military organization. That official, however, can no longer be regarded as the Executive of the State, inasmuch as the duties of that position in all important particulars have been surrendered to the hands of another. Thus federal usurpation strikes down the Constitution and government of the State, and the advocates of a consolidated despotism abandon oath, dignity, and duty in order to forward the "ravishing strides" which it is making in our midst. By some silent process of the Presidential mind the privileges of the writ of *habeas corpus* have become suspended in the West.

We had not thought that the subject had even engaged the attention of the Executive until after our citizens had clamored in vain from their prisons for trial and justice. We were not even informed of the great revolution in our rights and penalties until we were deprived of the former and suffering the latter. To suspend the privileges of this great popular writ is given by the Constitution as one of the enumerated powers of Congress; but the President of the United States exercises that power, as we at last discover, without condescending to inform the people that he has done so. But I need not confine my remarks on this point to any one section of the loyal States. They apply equally to all. If not in extent at least in principle. Arrest, trial, condemnation and punishment of citizens free from every taint of crime, all take place in the silent chambers of one mind. Law, fact and sentence all exist alone in the will of the Executive. The person of every citizen of America, his wife and his child is more at the mercy to-day of Executive caprice and tyranny than the slave of Virginia is at the mercy of his master.—Written laws regulate the condition of the black man's servitude. None exist for the protection of the white man. In this letter to the Albany committee on the subject of the arrest and exile of Mr. Vallandigham, the President plainly avows his independence of, and supremacy over all law in his dealings with the liberty of the citizen. He announces that the only law which he recognizes. In what the public safety consists he alone will judge. Whatever conduces to the public safety that he will do, and again he alone is to determine what may be necessary to this end. This is his argument, and it absorbs within himself every possible power that the maddest tyrant ever coveted over life, liberty and property. If in the estimation of Mr. Lincoln the life of Mr. Vallandigham or any other citizen was inconsistent with the public safety, this reasoning would produce his death in any manner which the Executive might see proper to indicate.

We will have to turn back to the familiar and odious names of the worst despots of the old world and of ancient days to find a parallel to this monstrous assumption of power. The English house of Stuart was the champion of liberty in comparison. Louis XIV, when he exclaimed "I am the State," did not profane the world with so fatal and bloody a heresy as now stalks through this land almost without rebuke. Tiberius, in his hours of vengeful solitude at Caprea, never menaced more openly or more bitterly the lives and the liberties of Roman citizens. A law was enacted by the last Congress avowedly to cover such supposed offenses as were alleged against Mr. Vallandigham, and for which he underwent the mockery and insult of a trial by court martial. By that law jurisdiction in such cases was expressly given to the courts of the United States. And by that law express penalties were attached in the event of conviction, consisting of fine and imprisonment. Yet with that law staring him full in the face, with its provisions all unrepealed, with the ink scarcely dry which affixed his name to it, and with his official oath on his conscience to execute it, the Executive of the Republic ignores its existence, and substitutes in its place a trial and punishment unknown to free governments.

Banishment! Banishment! Do we live in Russia or America? Have we a Siberia, a Botany Bay? Banishment! What sad memories of atrocious despotism the word recalls! We again behold the pure and inflexible citizen of Greece, the just and upright citizen of Rome, going forth to exile for braving the furious license of arbitrary power. The melancholy lessons of history are busily repeating themselves in our midst. The old principles of good and evil are contending as they have ever contended, with various success. To-day the lovely features of virtue are marred and defaced by some foul and revolting caliban of malignant mischief. To-morrow she triumphs with a brow as radiant and unsullied as the jocund beams of the morning. To-day a law-abiding, earnest and distinguished citizen floats away into banishment on an iron-clad vessel surrounded by bayonets for making a defence of the acknowledged letter and spirit of the Constitution. To-morrow he will return, strengthened by the ordeal like the giant after his slumbers, bringing a new vitality and force to the cause for which he has suffered. Men of revolutionary ancestors! The great and solemn question of the hour is whether the Constitution and the laws are yet supreme in this land. Shall the mind of one man constitute your government? To what do you owe allegiance? Shall Roman Decemvirs hang the written laws of your country out of your sight, and then punish you for offending against the hidden purposes of their own minds? Into what war of Plutonian darkness have we been driven by the waring elements? Where is the North star? Where are the compass and the needle?

"Dispel this cloud, the light of Heaven restore,
Give me TO SEE,—and Ajax asks no more."

Yes, give us TO SEE the light of the Constitution still unobscured and we will be content to abide the tardy steps of time for the alleviation of all other wrongs. But shall all obedience be required of the people and none of their public servants? Is not obedience in a Free Government a mutual duty? Shall discriminations be made between American citizens in the enjoyment of rights and the support of burdens? What burden has the Democratic party failed to assume in support of the Government, and of what right has its members not been deprived by the express order or the silent consent of this Administration? In the words of John Jay, "Reason looks with indignation on such distinctions, and freemen can never perceive their propriety." What home in this broad land has been secure from the parted and satanic hoof of bare, naked suspicion? Am I working a sketch from the colors of fancy? Let the screams of the wife and mother emanating from an hundred inward households at the dead hour of night, answer. These facts shall not escape history. They will constitute the stocks in which the present Administration will stand pilloried forever in open shame and infamy. The angel of death respected the blood on the door-posts of Egypt. The King of England could not enter the humblest tenement in his realm, but the meanest and basest of mankind in the employment of the present Administration have had the power of access over the insulted body of the Constitution into every chamber beneath every roof between the two oceans. This is the necessary result of the argument of the President that he is the supreme judge of what is essential to the public safety. Before this baleful thereory every head bows to the earth, every mouth is silent, and every door flies open.

Robespierre, in the delirium of the French Revolution, when "the sun's eye had a sickly glare," and the world grew faint with horror, never assumed so much. The responsibility of the doctrine and practice of this phase of despotism was divided, in his day, among the members of a committee of public safety. No one man accepted the terrible consequences. It erected that frightful, appalling spectacle of insatiate murder—the guilliotine—in France. It may do the same here to-morrow, if the President should declare the public safety to require it. It filled every prison, it desecrated every home, it spared no age, no sex, it pitied no condition, it sacrificed whole hecatombs of victims to suspicion and private malice, it converted all France into a field of blood. All this may transpire here before our eyes if the doctrine of the Executive, lately announced, is to receive our submission. Well might a leading administration journal (the N. Y. *Times*) exclaim a few months ago: "Hitherto President Lincoln has given us no Constitutional Administration. * * * He has assumed himself to be the sole Executive—to control in his own person the whole action and conduct of the Government, and that, too, avowedly without any fixed and stable policy, but according to the shifting drifts and currents of public sentiment and the changing judgments and capsices of his own mind. * * No monarch in Europe at this day, however absolute, attempts or dreams of such an undertaking, and Mr. Lincoln must abandon it, or the ruin of his country will be the price of his presumption."

But let us indulge in some inspiring historical recollections. The history of New England is full of glory on this subject. The writs of assistance were the contrivance of a servile Parliament in aid of the usurpation of a tyrannical king. They gave the right in a mode, however, pointed out by law, to do that which our present executive authorizes his officers to do, without color of legal enactment. The spirit of liberty took the alarm. The flames of the Revolution blazed up under the eloquent denunciations of James Otis. I quote from the speech of that fervid apostle of American freedom. "In the third place," said he, "a person with this writ, in the daytime, may enter all houses, shops, &c., at will, and command all to assist him. Fourthly, by this writ not only deputies, &c., but even their menial servants, are allowed to lord it over us. What is this but to have the curse of Canaan with a witness on us; to be the servants of servants, the most despicable of God's creation. Now one of the most essential branches of English liberty is the freedom of one's home. 'A man's house is his castle; and whilst he is quiet he is as well guarded as a Prince in his castle. This writ if it should be declared legal would totally annihilate this privilege. Custom house officers may enter our houses when they please; we are commanded to permit them to enter. Their menial servants may enter, may break locks, bars and everything in their way; and whether they break through malice or revenge, no man, no court can inquire. Bare suspicion without oath is sufficient. * * * What a scene does this open! Every man prompted by revenge, ill humor, or wantonness, to inspect the inside of his neighbor's house, may get a writ of assistance. Others will ask it from self-defence; one arbitrary exertion will provoke another, until society be involved in tumult and blood." And out of this question of personal liberty and the security of your ancestors' home, in the language of John Adams, speaking of this event, "American independence was then and there born. The seeds of patriots and heroes to defend the *non sine Diis animosus infans*, to defend the vigorous youth were then and there sown." And shall we at this late day abandon those very principles for which our fathers enacted Lexington and Bunker Hill? Shall we deliver up into the hands of tyranny the Declaration of our Independence? Shall we surrender all that our Constitution has gained from the system of one man power? Was the American revolution in vain? Did it produce no permanent policy? Has the existence of American liberty been a sweet but temporary dream?

"Oh! liberty can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame;
Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee,
Or whip thy noble spirit tame?"

From this spot, and on this holy day set apart in the calendar of time to the cause of liberty, I would solemnly warn the Executive and his advisers, in candor and not in malice, that civil war has but just commenced in this unhappy country if they continue to pursue their present career of license and usurpation. By the shades of the mighty dead who died for American freedom, we here swear to protect and preserve the great inheritance. But all that I have urged to-day in behalf of the integrity of the Constitution will be met by the ancient, venerable and odious plea that a necessity exists for its subversion. Shall this abomination in the sight of reason be dignified by an argument? Shall we pause to explode this thousand times exploded doctrine of despotism? Is the experience of all history lost upon the American mind? Are we deaf to the voices that issue from the tombs of ancient Republics? They all died from military necessity. This is the story of the old school books, and the children of the civilized world know it by heart. But in defiance of reason and experience the usurpers of the present hour have boldly intrenched themselves in the worn out maxims of king craft, and demand the surrender of this last fortress of constitutional liberty.

"So spake the fiend, and with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds."

But let us try for a moment this defense, false and dangerous as it is, by the results which have followed. What has been achieved by a resort to the doctrine of necessity? The people of the United States have been required to submit to the erection of this fearful standard as a rule of conduct in public affairs. Under it newspapers have been silenced, free speech denied, citizens of every grade and condition in life torn from their homes and imprisioned, no sex exempted, childhood punished, and all this has been borne without revolt. What have the people received in exchange for such unparalleled sufferings and forbearance? Have they a conntry restored to the highway of national glory? Has the evil of secession been overcome? Has this rebellion been suppressed? Has the blessed Union been restored? Are we far on the way towards that consummation so devoutly to be wished? Does the brilliant bow of promise span the future? Is the sky clear and bright over our heads to-day? Does the rising sun of this hallowed anniversary come to us with healing in its beams? The rulers of this country have had all, everything, even to the lives and liberties of the citizen. All has been cast at their feet. Taxation without limit, a banking system which absorbs and controls the currency, an act of conscription which demands the life of the citizen, and a bill of indemnity for past and future crimes committed against his liberty, are the work of one Congress; and constitute a measure of despotic power, which I boldly affirm in the face of my countrymen, has no parallel this day in the history of civilized nations. And what has not been given by ready legislation has been seized by a bold hand.

What are the returns for all this? The ear has heard the promise, but the hope has found it broken. The beautiful apples of gold set in pictures of silver which you beheld so temptingly near at the opening of this war, are dead sea fruit-ashes to the taste. Oh! what scalding irony the position of affairs to-day casts upon the boastful, vain-glorious prophecies of two years ago. Armed with supreme power, the members of this administration are now shaking with mortal terror in the midst of their official predictions that war would restore the Union in sixty days. The people stand by in amazement and horror, stunned by the evil fortune which pursues us. There confidence, long abused and now dead, bereft of hope, and paralyzed by the want of a capable and honest head to the government. And this is the result which has attended the unlimited exercise of the doctrine of necessity! Does it, however, surprise the student of morals, of history and philosophy? Can wrong, injustice and crime constitute the basis of success in a righteous cause? Has it ever been so? Ought it to be? If such was the law of human action, then evil would have stronger reasons in its favor than God ever designed it should have. No. Away with this noxious heresy. It is baneful in theory and disastrous in results. Let us do right, though earth and hell confront us. Let us follow the principles of truth and liberty though they should give us no wider home than the grave.

All hail the Constitution! The trial has been made to administer this Government independent of its aid, by ahigher law; The failure is complete. The world will take notice of this fact, and think the better of the American Constitution. The American citizen everywhere, and of all parties, will engrave this great lesson on his heart, and flee in every hour of peril hereafter to the shelter of the Constitution as the house of his refuge. The worship of the golden calf in the wilderness, and the calamities which attended the sacrilege, gave the ark of the living God a firmer hold on the confidence and affections of Israel. Let the results of disobedience to the Constitution which we now behold, teach us a similar lesson. To this disobedience may be traced the "Illiad of our woes." The Constitution is strength—it is wisdom. It is love of country. It is liberty. It is Union. All this has been in times past and all this it will be again in the future to those who embrace and obey it. Thus far I have spoken of those important and overshadowing incidents of this war which have befallen the people of the loyal States,—assailing us like plague and famine shaken from the wings of some baleful comet sweeping over the earth. But we do not shrink from a full consideration of the actual issues involved in the prosecution of the war itself against the seceded States. If Englishmen in the Parliament of England in the days of King George could denounce a war waged ostensible to restore and preserve the Union of the British Empire, but in reality tending to, and resulting in its dissolution, the citizens of New Hampshire may reasonably claim similar rights. If one portion of our countrymen can discuss their plans for the future condition of a common country I shall never be able to understand why we should be silent.

Common sacrifices and common destiny beget common privileges. If Wendell Phillips shall rave, shall not the sane men of New England reason? If a committee on the conduct of the war shall bring disaster upon a great and noble army and ruin the country in order to blacken the fame and prostrate the usefulness of the brilliant and able M'Clellan, who shall hinder us from speaking freely our minds in this committee of the whole people on the subject of the war itself? I spurn and defy every assumption, military order, or civil mandate which is aimed at this right. My countrymen, I am content that calm and impartial history shall determine the claims to wisdom and statesmanship between those who advocated a resort to arms as a means of national union and those who believed and still believe that war is disunion. Our form of government was not constructed with a view to such a plan of preservation. Of this fact the evidence is ample in the recorded proceedings and teachings of those who framed it. I might enter into this broad field and gather an ample harvest of historical facts. I shall, however, on this occasion, content myself with the support of a single name. Nor will I be accused of selecting from the disciples of the school of States rights. Ancient Federalism, the doctrine of a powerful, centralized government, the absorption by the general government of many of the most cherished rights of the States had for its founder and chiefest glory the gigantic intellect of Alexander Hamilton. Will the spirit of New England Federalism listen to his great voice to-day? Hear it:

"It has been well observed that to coerce the States is one of the maddest projects that was ever devised. A failure of compliance will never be confined to a single State. This being the case, can we suppose it is wise to hazard a civil war? Suppose Massachusetts, or any large State, should refuse, and Congress should attempt to compel them, would they not have influence to procure assistance, especially from those States who are in the same situation as themselves? What picture does this idea present to our view? A complying State at war with a non-complying State; Congress marching the troops of one State into the bosom of another; this State collecting auxiliaries, and gaining perhaps a majority against its federal head. Here is a nation at war with itself. Can any reasonable man be well disposed toward a government which makes war and carnage the only means of supporting itself—a government that can exist only by the sword?

Such, in my judgment, is the true philosophy of the American Union—of its creation in the beginning, its duration for nearly a century, its restoration from its present evil estate, and its preservation for the future. It was born of compromise; it rested upon an enlightened public consent, and the idea of a resort to the sword as a means of its perpetuation was characterized even by the leader of the high Federal party, as "one of the maddest projects that was ever devised." My hope, therefore, is not in war. My hope is in peace and in the supremacy once more of human reason. The councils of a convention are more powerful and less cruel than the battle-field. Negotiation must commence somewhere.

In the whole range of history no war civilized or barbarian, was ever before waged thus long by a government of a portion of its own citizens in revolt without an effort for peaceful settlement. If it is objected that such an effort would be fruitless in our case, my answer is that that fact is not known. The records of the 36th Congress will forever show that the South would have honorably compromised then. What she will do now, or hereafter, can only be known when the rulers of the nation shall consent to take the precepts of the Christian gospel as their guide instead of the war cry of Moloch in his unholy thirst for vengeance. War is the sport of Kings, but alas! what fatal ruin to the people; and the American people—THE PEOPLE, not the noisy, enriched, paid, stuffed and pampered officials whose numbers and appetites afflict the land like Egyptian locusts, but the people of the soil and of the workshops with hard hands and honest faces are crying out in an agony of sweat and blood in every corner of the Republic as they behold the progress of this war and its results, "How long oh Lord! how long!" They are standing in anxious expectation, with longing hearts and tearful eyes ready to exclaim, "Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God." The policy which has governed the conduct of this war has also further aggravated its original weakness as a remedy for disunion. I shall not here pause to discuss it. The whole civilized world knows that shameful story. Broken faith, violated pledges, perverted purposes, popular deception, dishonored laws and a shattered Constitution line its whole pathway.—The Union party at the South outraged and crushed, and old partisan issues thrust in the face of the North to divide and distract its people constitute the results of the civil policy of the administration in connection with the prosecution of the war. A war thus prosecuted cannot succeed. It has not the merit of an honest and sincere management. And the war as now conducted has one more element of failure and disgrace, which shall here and everywhere receive my malediction. The smoke of the private dwelling where helpless age and infancy, and gentle womanhood are sheltered in the midst of the horrors of war is not an agreeable incense to the Christian's God. The ashes of unoffending towns and cities are not an acceptable offering on the altar of civilization. The wasteful and indiscriminating vengeance of Attila, Alaric, and Hyder Ali will not command the smiles of Heaven, nor long forerun success. I avow my belief in the special providences of the Almighty. I believe in the speedy overthrow of those who deny the Divinity of justice, truth and mercy. War has its rules that go in mitigation of its sanguinary features, which cannot be violated with impunity. And if war must rage yet for a season, may God incline the hearts of those who shape our councils to spare the mother and her babe, and to cease the heavy reproaches and profanations which a Butler, or a Montgomery has inflicted upon the spirit of the age in which we live! I say this standing upon a pedestal of eternal principle which lifts me high above party design. No nation can mock God in war or in peace and long expect to escape the humiliation due to offense. But my fellow citizens, having thus expressed my views on some of the principal issues of the day, and arraigned, as I conceive to be just, the present administration of affairs of the country, in this dark hour and time of trial, it will no doubt be asked what our purpose is in maintaining the organization of the Democratic party and what we design to accomplish for our country. I am ready to answer, not as one having authority, but as a humble member of that grand old party fully and earnestly inspired, I trust, with its time honored and conservative principles. We intend to preserve the Constitution. We intend to preserve it for all the States if we can, but we intend to preserve it for the States in which we live, at all hazards, and to die, if necessary, with arms in our hands for its defence. The danger of all civil wars is a military despotism. This evil is to be confronted; and to do so is a part of our mission. Liberty, thou star of promise, hovering over the cradle where the Republic was born, and still burning on the front of the sky, we will follow thee wherever thy orbit may lead. We will spurn from us the trafficker of the hour who offers perishable wares in exchange for the light of this jewel. The restoration of the Union, too, is a cherished purpose of the Democratic party. And after some time be past this will be accomplished, not in strife and blood, but in compromise, harmony and peace. The glory of the country in the past in the hands of the Democracy is a sufficient guarantee for the future when it shall again lay its hand on the helm of the ship. In this contest for the regeneration of the Republic who can doubt the glorious part which the Democracy of New England will enact? This is the home of Democracy upon principle. Place, position, offices and patronage are not the reward of your devotion. The spoils of victors are not in your hands. But the sublime consciousness of rectitude and true love of country unite and uphold you.—Storms have beat upon you in vain. The flames of persecution have licked the very stars over your head. The winds and the rains have descended, but your house has not fallen, for it is founded on the rock of eternal truth. The base material is gone from your ranks.—The smell of the flesh-pots was in the nostrils of some. Others bowed their heads to escape the tempest. You that remain are like your own elms and oaks that rear their lofty heads to Heaven and defy the hurricane. All the land has taken note of you. The West this day greets you, and joins hands with you in the name of a common country, and a common glory. Let us know each other better.—Let us cultivate fraternity. Let State speak to State until the voice of a united Democracy shall be heard like the voices of the deep crying unto deep. And then at no distant day the sun of our prosperity, Union, and peace will once more arise upon this now bleeding and mourning nation.

INVASION OF PENNSYLVANIA.

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

One of the best and most graphic accounts of the invasion and the late repulse, which we have seen, is the following, from the pen of Mr. Cooke, the special correspondent of *The Age*. Our readers should not be deterred by its length, from a perusal of what will be found an unusually clear and veritable chapter in the history of the present war:

The battle of Gettysburg will be one of the longest remembered of all the battles of this war. It is the only contest yet fought upon Northern soil. It repelled an invasion. It was sanguinary and desperate. Both armies had good positions, and, what is most anomalous in war, both occupied such advantageous ground that neither could drive the other away. At different times during the battle each commanding general contemplated a retreat. One made it, but the other did not. Both Lee and Meade wished to act on the defensive, but misapprehensions made each attack at different times, and both attacks were defeated. Poor Reynolds lost his life when driven back from his advance on Cashtown; and Barksdale fell as Longstreet's Grand Division was repulsed in their fierce attack upon the Cemetery. Each commander, too, relied upon reinforcements to accomplish his purpose. Meade received his; but Lee got none. Eighty thousand men fought on each side, each army supported by at least a hundred cannon, and the losses may be safely stated at one-fifth of the whole number engaged. Gettysburg, a small inland town, has become as famous as Waterloo.

PREVIOUS TO THE BATTLE.

The great landmark of the battle-field is the South mountain. This runs almost north from Harper's Ferry until it enters Pennsylvania, and then it curves gradually around towards the northeast, and sweeps off to the upper Susquehanna. There is a valley on each side of it. Hagerstown is the principal city in the western one and Frederick in the eastern. Entering Pennsylvania, we have Chambersburg to the west of the mountain and Gettysburg to the east. As the two valleys curve around to the northeast, we find Carlisle in the western one, north of Gettysburg. There is no railroad running along the eastern valley; the Cumberland Valley road, however, runs the entire length of the other.

After the battle of Chancellorsville was fought, both armies lay for some time quietly watching each other at Fredericksburg. Then silently and secretly General Lee began his movements. He hurried away with the principal portion of his force before the Federal army knew it. Up along the southern bank of the Rabpahannock, through Culpepper and around the bases of Rattlesnake Mountains, his army marched as swiftly as was possible. He passed west of the Bull Run Mountains, sending cavalry to Thoroughfare Gap and Aldie to watch the passes. His troopers had numerous skirmishes with Federal cavalry on the eastern side of the mountain. Still Lee marched on. He passed between Leesburg and Harper's Ferry with part of his force. The remainder crossed the Blue Ridge into the Shenandoah Valley, which is but a continuation on the south side of the Potomac of the Chambersburg Valley. He pounced upon the astonished Milroy at Winchester. On and on his two columns marched, until both reached the Potomac. The lower one, with the smallest force, crossed below Harper's Ferry, and the main body passed the stream at a dozen different fords and bridges between Sharpsburg and Williamsport. The lower one entered Frederick, and the upper Hagerstown; and afterwards the different raids through the Pennsylvania valleys were made, resulting in such great destruction of property.

It was not until General Lee had secured a good start that General Hooker discovered the movement. Then began those great long marches which tested the endurance of the Federal soldiers. Twenty and thirty miles a day General Hooker's army journeyed, from Fredericksburg to the mouth of the Monocacy, crossing the Potomac near there and waiting for further information. Lee made the Antietam field his quarters, whilst Hooker halted at Frederick.

The Confederates made several feints toward Washington and Baltimore, frightening every one in both cities, and then General Lee began that bold and daring movement which has astonished the world. As swiftly as possible he marched up the Cumberland Valley. One strong column went through Chambersburg to Carlisle; another came east through the South mountain to Gettysburg and York and Columbia. The North was more frightened than ever. After the first raids there had been a lull, but a new fear seized all, and many of the farmers loaded up their household goods and deserted the threatened country, hastening to the east bank of the Susquehanna. The enemy's columns, however, retreated, one to Gettysburg, and the other to Chambersburg. Thus matters stood on Sunday, June 28th.

Suddenly the addministration relieved Gen. Hooker of his command. He ordered the evacuation of Maryland Heights, where by just such an invasion last year Col. Miles and nine thousand men were captured. Halleck forbade it. Hooker asked to be relieved, and he was relieved. At three o'clock on the morning of June 29th, an officer who had ridden post-haste from Washington entered Gen. Meade's tent. He woke Meade with "General, I bring you trouble," and handed him an order to take command of the army. At daylight Meade found himself the leader of a force of which, beyond his own corps, he knew but little, and with which he was expected to drive from Pennsylvania a triumphant enemy, flushed with victory, loaded with booty, and led with consummate ability. With many misgivings General Meade took command, and marching north until he struck the turnpike from Baltimore to Gettysburg, he turned northwestward to find the enemy.

The administration was frightened—so much so that for almost the first time since the war began it forgot political schemes to attend to the wants of the army. Every available soldier was gathered from Fortress Monroe and North Carolina. General Heintzleman's reserve in the entrenchments of Washington was depleted to add to Meade's force, and the Federal army marched to Gettysburg about eighty thousand strong. At ten o'clock on Monday morning, June 29th, General Foster's North Carolina troops passed through Baltimore, and made what haste they could towards Gettysburg.

The removal of General Hooker was the first blow which the enemy received, and Meade's march towards Gettysburg was the second. They had confidently relied on meeting a fatigued Federal army, exhausted by long marches and commanded by an officer in whom confidence was impaired, on the comparatively flat country near York. They scarcely expected to have a battle further west.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

On Wednesday morning, July 1, Gen. Reynolds, with twenty-five thousand men, the advance of the Federal army, approached Gettysburg from the southeast and began the great battle. The field upon which it was fought was a peculiar one. The South Mountain, a long ridge several miles west of Gettysburg, is the great land mark, and the most prominent spot near the town is the hill upon which stood the unfortunate but famous cemetery. Gettysburg is situated in a valley. Two ridges, a mile apart, parallel to each other, are on each side of the valley. It and the ridges are all curves, the concavity being towards the east. It was upon these ridges that the battle was fought, the combatants advancing and retreating through the town and across the valley above and below it. There is but one stream of water on the field—a narrow, swampy one, a mile south of Gettysburg, which runs zigzag down the valley towards the Monocacy. The lines of battle formed by the two armies were upon these ridges, and resembled two horseshoes, one inside of the other.

The best view of the field is had from the top of the Cemetery Hill. It is a short distance south of the town. In front there is a rather steep declivity to the valley, then a gentle ascent, covered with low, scrubby timber and pieces of rock, to the Seminary Hill, a mile distant. Here was the Confederate line. As the gazer stood amid the broken tombstones he could see the entire field. The valley, the debateable ground, stretched around from right to left, almost a semicircle. He could look over the tree-tops and little patches of wood, and passing his eye up the hill on the other side, could see the seminary towards the northwest. Further to the right is the Gettysburg College, also on the Seminary Hill.

Beginning at the left hand, the Confederate line rested on the little stream; then ascended the hill and ran along a stone fence, which had been made into a rifle-pit. As it approached Gettysburg it curved around, crossing the Chambersburg and Emmettsburg roads and the road to Carlisle, and passed the seminary and college, between which it crossed a serpentine railway leading into the town, called the "Tape-worm." The ridge continued the entire length, its front, except in a few cleared spots, being covered with timber. The line must have extended at least eight miles.

The ridge occupied by the Federal troops was half enclosed by the other. It was an inner circle, and was made up of much higher and bolder hills than the outer one. The Federal left rested also on the little stream and ran along a rocky ravine, then ascended the Cemetery Hill, and so on in a semicircle over one round-topped wooded hill after another until it was lost on the right in the mazes of a thick forest. Meade's line was about five miles in length, and in the battle, beside the higher ground, he had all the advantages of interior lines, and also was in a friendly country. His headquarters was on a wooded knoll, a mile east of the cemetery.

Away off behind the Confederate line, and curving around in a larger circle still, was the South Mountain.

THE BATTLE.

In all the contests, except the opening one, the enemy attacked. On Wednesday morning, General Reynolds, with the Federal advance, approached the town from the southeast, the enemy evacuating it on his arrival. He passed through and out on the west side, towards Chambersburg. He marched several miles, was met by the enemy in stronger force, and after a slight contest was compelled to retire. The enemy pushed him very hard, and he came into the town on a run, his troops going along every available road, and rushing out on the east side, closely followed by the enemy. One of his brigades came along the "Tape-worm" with a Confederate brigade on each side of it. All three were abreast, running as hard as they could—the two outside ones pouring a heavy fire into the centre, out of which men dropped, killed or wounded, at almost every footstep. This Federal brigade, in running that terrible gauntlet, lost half of its men. General Reynolds was killed, and Gettysburg was lost; but the Federal troops succeeded in mounting the Cemetery hill, and the enemy ceased pursuing. At night the enemy encamped in the town and the Federal troops on the hill.

During Wednesday night and Thursday morning the two armies were concentrating on the two ridges, which were to be next day's lines of battle, and by noon on Thursday each general had a force of eighty thousand men at his disposal. Then began the great artillery contest, the infantry on both sides crouching behind fences and trees and in rifle pits. The Federal soldiers in the cemetery laid many of the tombstones on the ground to prevent injury, so that many escaped. There was but little infantry fighting on Thursday, and neither party made much impression upon the other. The Confederates in the town erected barricades, and had their sharpshooters posted in every available spot, picking off Federal soldiers on the hills to the north of the cemetery. The cannonade was fierce and incessant, and shell from both sides flew over and into the devoted town. Beyond killing and wounding, breaking trees and shattering houses, and making an awful noise, however, this cannonade had but little effect on the result of the battle. Both sides fought with great ferocity, and neither could drive the other out of position.

On Friday night, fearing that the enemy had flanking parties which might turn his rear,