AN

ORATION

DELIVERED ON

THE BATTLEFIELD OF GETTYSBURG,

(November 19, 1863,)

AT THE

CONSECRATION OF THE CEMETERY

PREPARED FOR THE INTERMENT OF THE REMAINS OF THOSE WHO FELL IN THE BATTLES OF JULY 1ST, 2D, AND 3D, 1863.

BY

EDWARD EVERETT.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

INTERESTING REPORTS OF THE DEDICATORY CEREMONIES;
DESCRIPTIONS OF THE BATTLEFIELD;
INCIDENTS AND DETAILS OF THE BATTLES, &c.

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It was appointed by law in Athens that the obsequies of the citizens who fell in battle should be performed at the public expense, and in the most honorable manner. Their bones were carefully gathered up from the funeral pyre, where their bodies were consumed, and brought home to the city. There, for three days before the interment, they lay in state, beneath tents of honor, to receive the votive offerings of friends and relatives—flowers, weapons, precious ornaments, painted vases (wonders of art, which, after two thousand years, adorn the museums of modern Europe)—the last tributes of surviving affection. Ten coffins of funereal cypress received the honorable deposit, one for each of the tribes of the city, and an eleventh in memory of the unrecognized, but not therefore unhonored, dead, and of those whose remains could not be recovered. On the fourth day the mournful procession was formed; mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, led the way; and to them it was permitted, by the simplicity of ancient manners, to utter aloud their lamentations for the beloved and the lost; the male relatives of the deceased followed; citizens and strangers closed the train. Thus marshaled they moved to the place of interment in that famous Ceramicus, the most beautiful suburb of Athens, which had been adorned by Cimon, the son of Miltiades, with walks and fountains and columns; whose groves were filled with altars, shrines, and temples; whose gardens were ever green with streams from the neighboring hills, and shaded with the trees sacred to Minerva, and coëval with the foundation of the city; whose circuit inclosed

> "The olive grove of Academe,
> Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
> Trilled his thick-warbled note the summer long;"

whose pathway gleamed with the monuments of the illustrious dead, the work of the most consummate masters that ever gave life to marble.

There, beneath the overarching plane trees, upon a lofty stage erected for the purpose, it was ordained by law, that a funeral oration should be pronounced by some citizen of Athens, in the presence of the assembled multitude.

Such were the tokens of respect required by law to be paid at Athens to the memory of those who had fallen in the cause of their country. To those alone who fell at Marathon, a peculiar honor was reserved. As the battle fought upon that immortal field was distinguished from all others in Grecian history for its influence over the fortunes of Hellas—as it depended upon the event of that day whether Greece should live, a glory and a light to all coming time, or should expire like the meteor of a moment—so the honors awarded to its martyr heroes were such as were bestowed by Athens on no other occasion. They alone of all her sons were entombed upon the spot which they had for ever rendered famous. Their names were inscribed upon ten pillars erected upon the monumental tumulus which covered their ashes, (where, after six hundred years, they were read by the traveller Pausanias); and, although the columns, beneath the hand of barbaric violence and time, have long since disappeared, the venerable mound still marks the spot where they fought and fell—

> "That battle field, where Persia's victim horde,
> First bowed beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword."

And shall I, fellow-citizens, who, after an interval of twenty-three centuries, a youthful pilgrim from a world unknown to Ancient Greece, have wandered over that illustrious plain, ready to put off the shoes from off my feet, as one that stands on holy ground, have gazed with respectful emotion on the mound, which still protects the remains of those who rolled back the tide of Persion invasion, and rescued the land of popular liberty, of letters and arts from the ruthless foe, stand unmoved over the graves of our dear brethren, who, but yesterday—on three of those all-important days which decide a nation's history—days on whose issue it depended whether this august republican Union, founded by some of the wisest statesmen that ever lived, cemented with the blood of some of the purest patriots that ever died, should perish or endure—rolled back the tide of an invasion, not less unprovoked, not less ruthless, than that which came to plant the dark banner of Asiatic despotism and slavery on the free soil of Greece? Heaven forbid! And could I prove so insensible to every prompting of patriotic duty and affection, not only would you, fellow-citizens, gathered, many of you, from distant States, who have come to take part in these pious offices of gratitude—you, respected fathers, brethren, matrons, sisters, who surround me, cry out for

shame—but the forms of brave and patriotic men who fill these honored graves would heave with indignation beneath the sod.

We have assembled, friends, fellow-citizens, at the invitation of the Executive of the great Central State of Pennsylvania, seconded by the Governors of eighteen other loyal States of the Union, to pay the last tribute of respect to the brave men who, in the hard fought battles of the 1st, 2d, and 3d days of July last, laid down their lives for the country on these hillsides and the plain spread out before us, and whose remains have been gathered into the cemetery which we consecrate this day. As my eye ranges over the fields whose sods were so lately moistened by the blood of gallant and loyal men, I feel as never before how truly it was said, of old, that it is sweet and becoming to die for one's country. I feel as never before how justly, from the dawn of history to the present time, men have paid the homage of their gratitude and admiration to the memory of those who nobly sacrifice their lives that their fellow men may live in safety. And if this tribute were ever due, when, to whom, could it be more justly paid than to those whose last resting place we this day commend to the blessing of Heaven and of men.

For, consider, my friends, what would have been the consequences to the country, to yourselves, and to all you hold dear, if those who sleep beneath our feet, and their gallant comrades, who survive to serve their country on other fields of danger, had failed in their duty on those memorable days. Consider what, at this moment, would be the condition of the United States if that noble Army of the Potomac, instead of gallantly and for the second time beating back the tide of invasion from Maryland and Pennsylvania, had been itself driven from these well-contested heights, thrown back in confusion on Baltimore, or trampled down, discomfited, scattered to the four winds. What, under the circumstances, would not have been the fate of the Monumental City, of Harrisburg, of Philadelphia, of Washington—the capital of the Union—each and every one of which would have lain at the mercy of the enemy, accordingly as it might have pleased him, spurred only by passion, flushed with victory, and confident of continued success to direct his course?

For this, we must bear in mind, is one of the great lessons of the war, indeed, of every war, that it is impossible for a people without military organization, inhabiting the cities, towns, and villages of an open country, including of course the natural proportion of non-combatants of either sex and of every age, to withstand the inroad of a veteran army. What defence can be made by the inhabitants of villages mostly built of wood, or cities unprotected by walls—nay, by a population of men, however high-toned and resolute, whose aged parents demand their care, whose wives and children are clustering around them—against the charge

of the war-horse whose neck is clothed with thunder, against flying artillery, and batteries of rifled cannon planted on every commanding eminence, against the onset of trained veterans led by skillful chiefs? No, my friends, army must be met by army; battery by battery; squadron by squadron; and the shock of organized thousands must be encountered by the firm breasts and valiant arms of other thousands, as well organized and as skillfully led. It is no reproach, therefore, to the unarmed population of the country to say that we owe it to the brave men who sleep in their beds of honor before us and their gallant surviving associates, not merely that your fertile fields, my friends of Pennsylvania and Maryland, were redeemed from the presence of the invader, but that your beautiful Capitals were not given up to threatened plunder, perhaps laid in ashes—Washington seized by the enemy, and a blow struck at the heart of the nation.

Who that hears me has forgotten the thrill of joy that ran through the country on the 4th of July—auspicious day for the glorious tidings, and rendered still more so by the simultaneous fall of Vicksburgh—when the telegraph flashed through the land the assurance from the President of the United States, that the Army of the Potomac, under Gen. Meade, had again smitten the invader? Sure I am that, with the ascriptions of praise that rose to Heaven from twenty millions of free men, with the acknowledgments that breathed from patriotic lips throughout the length and breadth of America to the surviving officers and men who had rendered the country this inestimable service, there beat in every loyal bosom a throb of tender and sorrowful gratitude to the martyrs who had fallen on the sternly contested field. Let a nation's fervent thanks make some amends for the toils and sufferings of those who survive. Would that the heartfelt tribute could penetrate these honored graves!

THE MARTYRS AND SURVIVING HEROES OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

In order that we may comprehend, to their full extent, our obligations to the martyrs and surviving heroes of the Army of the Potomac, let us contemplate for a few moments, my friends, the train of events which culminated in the battles of the 1st, 2d, and 3d of July. Of this stupendous rebellion, planned, as its originators boast, more than thirty years ago, matured and prepared for during an entire generation, finally commenced because, for the first time since the adoption of the Constitution, an election of President had been effected without the votes of the South (which retained, however, the control of the two other branches of the Government), the occupation of the National Capital, with the seizure of the public archives and of the treaties with Foreign Powers was an essential feature. This was, in substance, within my personal

knowledge admitted, in the winter of 1860–1, by one of the most influential leaders of the rebellion, and it was fondly thought that this object could be effected by a bold and sudden movement on the 4th of March, 1861. There is abundant proof also that a darker project was contemplated, if not by the responsible chiefs of the rebellion, yet by nameless ruffians, willing to play a subsidiary and murderous part in the treasonable drama. It was accordingly maintained by the rebel emissaries abroad, in the circles to which they found access, that the new American Minister ought not, when he arrived, to be received as the Envoy of the United States, inasmuch as before that time Washington would be captured, and the capital of the nation and the archives and muniments of the Government would be in the possession of the Confederates. In full accordance, also, with this threat, it was declared by the rebel Secretary of War at Montgomery, in the presence of his Chief and of his colleagues, and of five thousand hearers, while the tidings of the assault on Sumter were traveling over the wires on that fatal 12th of April, 1861, that before the end of May "the flag which now flaunted the breeze (as he expressed it) would float over the dome of the Capitol at Washington."

At the time this threat was made, the rebellion was confined to the cotton-growing States, and it was well understood by them, that the only hope of drawing any of the other slave-holding States into the conspiracy, was by bringing about a conflict of arms, and "firing the heart of the South" by the effusion of blood. This was declared by the Charleston press to be the object for which Sumter was to be assaulted; and the emissaries sent from Richmond, to urge on the unhallowed work, gave the promise that, with the first drop of blood that should be shed, Virginia would place herself by the side of South Carolina.

In pursuance of this original plan of the leaders of the rebellion, the capture of Washington has been continually had in view, not merely for the sake of its public buildings, as the Capital of the Confederacy, but as the necessary preliminary to the absorption of the Border States, and for the moral effect in the eyes of Europe of possessing the metropolis of the Union.

I allude to these facts, not, perhaps, enough borne in mind, as a sufficient refutation of the pretence on the part of the rebels, that the war is one of self-defence, waged for the right of self-government. It is in reality a war originally levied by ambitious men in the cotton-growing States, for the purpose of drawing the slave-holding Border States into the vortex of the conspiracy, first by sympathy, which in the case of Southeastern Virginia, North Carolina, part of Tennessee, and Arkansas, succeeded; and then by force, and for the purpose of subjugating Western Virginia, Kentucky, Eastern Tennessee, Missouri, and Maryland; and it is a most

extraordinary fact, considering the clamors of the rebel chiefs on the subject of invasion, that not a soldier of the United States has entered the States last named, except to defend the Union-loving inhabitants from the armies and guerrillas of the rebels.

In conformity with these designs on the City of Washington, and notwithstanding the disastrous results of the invasion of 1862, it was determined by the rebel Government last summer to resume the offensive in that direction. Unable to force the passage of the Rappahannock, where Gen. Hooker, notwithstanding the reverse at Chancellorsville in May, was strongly posted, the Confederate General resorted to strategy. He had two objects in view. The first was by a rapid movement northward, and by manœuvering with a portion of his army on the east side of Blue Ridge, to tempt Hooker from his base of operations, thus leading him to uncover the approaches to Washington, to throw it open to a raid by Stuart's cavalry, and enable Lee himself to cross the Potomac in the neighborhood of Poolesville, and thus fall upon the Capital. This plan of operations was wholly frustrated. The design of the rebel General was promptly discovered by Gen. Hooker; and moving himself with great rapidity from Fredericksburgh, he preserved unbroken the inner line, and stationed the various corps of his army at all the points protecting the approach to Washington, from Centreville up to Leesburgh. From this vantage ground the rebel General in vain attempted to draw him. In the meantime, by the vigorous operations of Pleasanton's cavalry, the cavalry of Stuart, though greatly superior in numbers, was so crippled as to be disabled from performing the part assigned it in the campaign. In this manner, Gen. Lee's first object, viz., the defeat of Hooker's army on the south of the Potomac, and a direct march on Washington, was baffled.

The second part of the Confederate plan, and which is supposed to have been undertaken in opposition to the views of Gen. Lee, was to turn the demonstration northward into a real invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania, in the hope that, in this way, Gen. Hooker would be drawn to a distance from the Capital; that some opportunity would occur of taking him at disadvantage, and, after defeating his army, of making a descent upon Baltimore and Washington. This part of Gen. Lee's plan, which was substantially the repetition of that of 1862, was not less signally defeated, with what honor to the arms of the Union the heights on which we are this day assembled will forever attest.

Much time had been uselessly consumed by the rebel General in his unavailing attempts to out-manœuvre Gen. Hooker. Although Gen. Lee broke up from Fredericksburgh on the 3rd of June, it was not till the 24th that the main body of his army entered Maryland; and instead

of crossing the Potomac, as he intended, east of the Blue Ridge, he was compelled to do it at Shepardstown and Williamsport, thus materially deranging his entire plan of campaign north of the river. Stuart, who had been sent with his cavalry to the east of the Blue Ridge to guard the passes of the mountains, to mask the movements of Lee, and to harass the Union General in crossing the river, having been very severely handled by Pleasanton at Beverly Ford, Aldie and Upperville, instead of being able to retard Gen. Hooker's advance, was driven himself away from his connection with the army of Lee, and cut off for a fortnight from all communication with it—a circumstance to which Gen. Lee, in his report, alludes more than once, with evident displeasure. Let us now rapidly glance at the incidents of the eventful campaign.

A detachment from Ewell's corps, under Jenkins, had penetrated on the 15th of June as far as Chambersburgh. This movement was intended at first merely as a demonstration, and as a marauding expedition for supplies. It had, however, the salutary effect of alarming the country, and vigorous preparations here in Pennsylvania and in the sister States were made to repel the inroad. After two days passed at Chambersburgh, Jenkins, anxious for his communications with Ewell, fell back with his plunder to Hagerstown. Here he remained for several days, and, having swept the recesses of Cumberland Valley, came down upon the eastern flank of the South Mountain, and pushed his marauding party as far as Waynesboro. On the 22d, the remainder of Ewell's corps crossed the river and moved up the valley. They were followed on the 24th by Longstreet and Hill, who crossed at Williamsport and Shepardstown, and pushing up the valley, encamped at Chambersburgh on the 27th. In this way the whole rebel army, estimated at 90,000 infantry, upwards of 10,000 cavalry and 4,000 or 5,000 artillery, making a total of 105,000 of all arms, was concentrated in Pennsylvania.

Up to this time no report of Hooker's movements had been received by Gen. Lee, who, having been deprived of his cavalry, had no means of obtaining information. Rightly judging, however, that no time would be lost by the Union army in the pursuit, in order to detain it on the eastern side of the mountains in Maryland and Pennsylvania, and thus preserve his communications by the way of Williamsport, he had, before his own arrival at Chambersburgh, directed Ewell to send detachments from his corps to Carlisle and York. The latter detachment, under Early, passed through this place on the 26th of June. You need not, fellow-citizens of Gettysburgh, that I should recall to you those moments of alarm and distress, precursors as they were of the more trying scenes which were so soon to follow.

As soon as Gen. Hooker perceived that the advance of the Confederates

into the Cumberland Valley was not a mere feint to draw him away from Washington, he moved himself rapidly in pursuit. Attempts, as we have seen, were made to harass and retard his passage across the Potomac. These attempts were not only altogether unsuccessful, but so unskillfully made as to place the entire Federal army between the cavalry of Stuart and the army of Lee. While the latter was massed in the Cumberland Valley, Stuart was east of the mountains, with Hooker's army between, and Gregg's cavalry in close pursuit. Stuart was accordingly compelled to force a march northward, which was destitute of all strategical character, and which deprived his chief of all means of obtaining intelligence.

No time, as we have seen, had been lost by Gen. Hooker in the pursuit of Lee. The day after the Rebel army entered Maryland the Union army crossed the Potomac at Edwards' Ferry, and by the 28th lay between Harper's Ferry and Frederick. The force of the enemy on that day was partly at Chambersburgh, and partly on the Cashtown road, in the direction of Gettysburg, while the detachments from Ewell's corps, of which mention has been made, had reached the Susquehannah, opposite Harrisburgh and Columbia. That a great battle must soon be fought, no one could doubt; but in the apparent and perhaps real absence of plan on the part of Lee, it was impossible to foretell the precise scene of the encounter. Wherever fought, consequences the most momentous hung upon the result.

In this critical and anxious state of affairs, Gen. Hooker was relieved, and Gen. Meade was summoned to the chief command of the army; and it appears to my unmilitary judgment to reflect the highest credit upon him, upon his predecessor, and upon the corps commanders of the Army of the Potomac, that a change could take place in the chief command of so large a force on the eve of a general battle—the various corps necessarily moving on lines somewhat divergent, and all in ignorance of the enemy's intended point of concentration—and not an hour's hesitation should ensue in the advance of any portion of the entire army.

Having assumed chief command on the 28th, Gen. Meade directed his left wing, under Reynolds, upon Emmettsburgh, and his right upon New-Windsor, leaving Gen. French, with 11,000 men, to protect the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and convey the public property from Harper's Ferry to Washington. Buford's cavalry was then at this place, and Kilpatrick at Hanover, where he encountered and defeated the rear of Stuart's cavalry, who was roving the country in search of the main army of Lee. On the rebel side, Hill had reached Fayetteville, on the Cashtown road, on the 28th, and was followed on the same road by Longstreet on the 29th. The eastern side of the mountain, as seen from

Gettysburg, was lighted up at night by the camp-fires of the enemy's advance, and the country swarmed with his foraging parties. It was now too evident to be questioned, that the thunder cloud, so long gathering blackness, would soon burst on some part of the devoted vicinity of Gettysburg.

The 30th of June was a day of important preparation. At 11½ in the morning, Gen. Buford passed through Gettysburg upon a reconnoissance in force with his cavalry, upon the Chambersburgh road. The information obtained by him was immediately communicated to Gen. Reynolds, who was in consequence directed to occupy Gettysburgh. That gallant officer accordingly, with the First corps, marched from Emmettsburgh to within six or seven miles of this place, and encamped on the right bank of Marsh's Creek. Our right wing, meantime, was moved to Manchester. On the same day, the corps of Hill and Longstreet were pushed still further forward on the Chambersburgh road, and distributed in the vicinity of Marsh's Creek, while a reconnoissance was made by the Confederate General Pettigrew up to a very short distance from this place. Thus, at nightfall on the 29th of June, the greater part of the rebel force was concentrated in the immediate vicinity of two corps of the Union army; the former refreshed by two days passed in comparative repose, and deliberative preparation for the encounter; the latter separated by a march of one or two days from their supporting corps, and doubtful at what precise point they were to expect an attack.

THE THREE GREAT BATTLE DAYS OF JULY, 1863.

And now the momentous day, a day to be forever remembered in the annals of the country, arrived. Early in the morning, on the 1st of July, the conflict began. I need not say that it would be impossible for me to comprise, within the limits of the hour, such a narrative as would do anything like full justice to the all-important events of these three great days, or to the merit of the brave officers and men of every rank, of every arm of the service, and of every loyal State, who bore their part in the tremendous struggle;—alike those who nobly sacrificed their lives for their country, and those who survive, many of them scarred with honorable wounds—the objects of our admiration and gratitude. The astonishingly minute, accurate and graphic accounts contained in the journals of the day, prepared from personal observation by reporters who witnessed the scenes, and often shared the perils which they describe, and the highly valuable "Notes" of Professor Jacobs, of the University in this place, to which I am greatly indebted, will abundantly supply the deficiency of my necessarily too condensed statement.*

* Besides the sources of information mentioned in the text, I have been kindly favored with a memorandum of the operations of the three days, drawn up for me by

Gen. Reynolds, on arriving at Gettysburg on the morning of the 1st, found Buford with his cavalry warmly engaged with the enemy, whom he held most gallantly in check. Hastening himself to the front, Gen. Reynolds directed his men to be moved over the fields from the Emmettsburgh Road, in front of McMillan's and Dr. Schmucker's, under cover of the Seminary Ridge, and, without a moment's hesitation, attacked the enemy, at the same time sending orders to the Eleventh corps (Gen. Howard's) to advance as promptly as possible. Gen. Reynolds immediately found himself engaged with a force which greatly outnumbered his own, and had scarcely made his dispositions for the action, when he fell, mortally wounded at the head of his advance. The command of the First corps devolved on Gen. Doubleday, and that of the field on Gen. Howard, who arrived at 11:30, with Schurz's and Barlow's divisions of the Eleventh corps, the latter of whom received a severe wound. Thus strengthened, the advantage of the battle was for some time on our side. The attacks of the rebels were vigorously repulsed by Wadsworth's division of the Eleventh corps, and a large number of prisoners, including Gen. Archer, were captured. At length, however, the continued reinforcements of the Confederates from the main body on the Cashtown road, and by the divisions of Rodes and Early, coming down by separate lines from Heidlersberg, and taking post on our extreme right, turned the fortunes of the day. Our army, after contesting the ground for five hours, was obliged to yield to the enemy, whose force outnumbered them two to one; and toward the close of the afternoon, Gen. Howard deemed it prudent to withdraw the two corps to the heights where we are now assembled. The greater part of the First corps passed through the outskirts of the town, and reached the hill without serious loss or molestation. The Eleventh corps and portions of the First, not being aware that the enemy had already entered the town from the north, attempted to force their way through Washington and Baltimore streets, which, in the crowd and confusion of the scene, they did with a heavy loss in prisoners.

Gen. Howard was not unprepared for this turn in the fortunes of the day. Early in the morning he had caused Cemetery Hill to be occupied by Gen. Steinwehr, with the Third division of the Eleventh corps. About the time of the withdrawal of our troops to the hill, Gen. Hancock arrived, having been sent by Gen. Meade, on hearing the death of Reynolds, to assume the command of the field till he himself could reach the front. In conjunction with Gen. Howard, Gen. Hancock immediately proceeded to post troops and to repel an attack on our right flank. This attack was feebly made and promptly repulsed. At nightfall our troops on the hill, who had so gallantly sustained themselves during the toil and peril of the day, were cheered by the arrival of Gen. Slocum with the Twelfth corps, and of Gen. Sickles with a part of the Third.

Such was the fortune of the first day, commencing with decided success to our arms, followed by a check, but ending in the occupation of this all-important position. To you, fellow-citizens of Gettysburg, I need not attempt to portray the anxieties of the ensuing night. Witnessing, as you had done, with sorrow, the withdrawing of our army through your streets, with a considerable loss of prisoners; mourning as you did over the brave men who had fallen; shocked with the widespread desolation around you, of which the wanton burning of the Harman House in the morning had given the signal; ignorant of the near approach of Gen. Meade, you passed the weary hours of the night in painful expectation.

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direction of Maj.-Gen. Meade (anticipating the promulgation of his official report), by one of his aids, Col. Theodore Lyman, from whom, also, I have received other important communications relative to the campaign. I have received very valuable documents relative to the battle, from Maj.-Gen. Halleck, Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and have been much assisted in drawing up the sketch of the campaign, by the detailed reports kindly transmitted to me in manuscript from the Adjutant-General's office, of the movements of every corps of the army, for each day, after the breaking up from Fredericksburgh commenced. I have derived much assistance from Col. John B. Bachelder's oral explanations of his beautiful and minute drawing (about to be engraved) of the field of the three days' struggle. With the information derived from these sources, I have compared the statements in Gen. Lee's official report of the campaign, dated 31st July, 1863: a well written article, purporting to be an account of the three days' battle, in the Richmond *Enquirer* of the 22d of July; and the article on "The Battle of Gettysburg and the Campaign of Pennsylvania," by an officer, apparently a Colonel in the British army, in *Blackwood's Magazine* for September. The value of the information contained in this last essay, may be seen by comparing the remark, under date of 27th of June, that "private property is to be rigidly protected," with the statement in the next sentence but one, that "all the cattle and farm horses having been seized by Ewell, farm labor had come to a complete standstill." He also, under date of 4th July, speaks of Lee's retreat being incumbered by "Ewell's *immense train of plunder*." This writer informs us that, on the evening of the 4th July, he heard "reports coming in from the different *Generals* that the enemy (Meade's army) was *retiring*, and had been doing so all day long." At a consultation at headquarters on the 6th, between Gens. Lee, Longstreet, Hill, and Willcox, this writer was told by some one, whose name he prudently leaves in blank, that the army had no intention at present of retreating for good, and that some of the enemy's dispatches had been intercepted, in which the following words occur: "The noble but unfortunate Army of the Potomac has again been obliged to retreat before superior numbers!" I much regret that Gen. Meade's official report was not published in season to enable me to take full advantage of it in preparing the brief sketch of the battles of the three days contained in this address. It reached me but the morning before these pages were sent to the press.

Long before the dawn of the 2d of July, the new Commander-in-Chief had arrived at the front. Having received intelligence of the events in progress, and informed, by the reports of Gens. Hancock and Howard, of the favorable character of the position, he determined to give battle to the enemy at this point. He accordingly directed the remaining corps of the army to concentrate at Gettysburgh with all possible expedition; and breaking up his headquarters at Taneytown at 10 P. M., he arrived on the field at 1 o'clock on the morning of the 2d July. Few were the moments given to sleep, during the rapid watches of that brief midsummer's night, by officers or men, though half of our troops were exhausted by the conflict of the day, and the residue wearied by the forced marches which had brought them to the rescue. The full moon, veiled by thin clouds, shone down that night on a strangely unwonted scene—the silence of the grave-yard was broken by the tramp of armed men; by the neigh of the war-horse, the harsh rattle of the wheels of artillery hurrying to their stations, the voice of the bugle, the roll of the drum, and all the indescribable tumult of preparation. The various corps of the army, as they arrived, were moved to their positions, on the spot where we are assembled, and the ridges that extend southeast and southwest; batteries were planted and breastworks thrown up. The Second and Fifth corps, with the rest of the Third, had reached the ground by 7 o'clock A. M., but it was not till 2 o'clock in the afternoon that Sedgwick arrived with the Sixth corps. He had marched thirty-two miles since 9 o'clock in the morning of the day before. It was only on his arrival that the Union army attained an equality of numbers with that of the rebels, posted upon the opposite and parallel ridge, distant from a mile to a mile and a half, and overlapping our position on either wing.

And here I cannot but remark on the providential inaction of the rebel army. Had the contest been renewed by it at daylight on the 2d of July, with the First and Eleventh corps exhausted by the battle and the retreat; the Third and Twelfth weary from their forced march, and the Second, Fifth, and Sixth not yet arrived, nothing but a miracle could have saved the army from destruction. Instead of this, the day dawned, the sun rose, the cool hours of the morning passed, the forenoon wore away, without the slightest aggressive movement on the part of the enemy. Thus, time was given for half of our forces to arrive, and take their places in the lines, while the rest of the army enjoyed a much-needed half day's repose.

At length, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, the work of death began. A signal gun from the hostile batteries was followed by a tremendous cannonade along the rebel lines, and this by a heavy advance

of infantry, brigade after brigade commencing on the enemy's right against the left of our army, and so onward to the left centre. A forward movement of Gen. Sickles, to gain a commanding position from which to repel the rebel attack, drew upon him a destructive fire from the enemy's batteries, and a furious,assault from Longstreet's and Hill's advancing troops. After a brave resistance on the part of his corps, he was forced back, himself falling severely wounded. This was the critical moment of the second day; but the Fifth and a part of the Sixth corps, with portions of the First and Second, were promptly brought to the support of the Third; the struggle was fierce and murderous, but by sunset our success was decisive, and the enemy was driven back in confusion. The most important service was rendered towards the close of the day, in the memorable advance between Round Top and Little Round Top, by Gen. Crawford's division of the Fifth corps, consisting of two brigades of the Pennsylvania Reserves, of which one company was from the town and neighborhood. The rebel Gen. Barksdale fell in this encounter, and his force was driven back with great loss in killed and prisoners. At 8 o'clock in the evening a desperate attempt was made by the enemy to storm the position of the Eleventh corps on Cemetery Hill, but here, too, after a terrible conflict, he was repulsed with immense loss. Ewell, on our extreme right, who had been weakened by the withdrawal of the troops sent over to support our left, had succeeded in gaining a foothold within a portion of our lines, near Spangler's Spring. This was the only advantage obtained by the rebels to compensate them for the disasters of the day, and of this, as we shall see, they were soon deprived.

Such was the result of the second act of this eventful drama—a day hard fought, and at one moment anxious, and with the exception of the slight reverse just named, crowned with dearly-earned, but uniform success to our arms, auspicious of a glorious termination of the final struggle. On these good omens the night fell.

At dawn of the 3rd, Gen. Geary returned to his position on the right, from which he had hastened the day before to strengthen the left. He was immediately attacked by the enemy, whom, however, after a sharp and decisive action, he drove out of our lines, recovering the ground which had been lost on the preceding day. A spirited contest was kept up all the morning on this part of the line, but Gen. Geary, reinforced by Wheaton's brigade of the Sixth corps, maintained his position, and inflicted very severe losses on the enemy.

Such was the cheering commencement of the third day's work, and with it ended all serious attempts of the enemy on our right. As on the preceding day, his efforts were now mainly directed against our left center and left wing. From 11 till 1½ o'clock, all was still; a solemn pause of

preparation, as if both parties were nerving themselves for the supreme effort. At length the awful silence, more terrible than the wildest tumult of battle, was broken by the roar of 250 pieces of artillery from the opposite ridges, joining in a cannonade of unsurpassed violence—the rebel batteries, along two-thirds of their line, pouring their fire upon Cemetery Hill and the center and left wing of our army. Having attempted in this way, for two hours, but without success, to shake the steadiness of our lines, the enemy rallied his forces for a last grand assault. Their attack was principally directed against the position of our Second corps. Successive lines of rebel infantry moved forward with equal spirit and steadiness, from their cover on the wooded crest of Seminary ridge, crossing the intervening plain, supported right and left by the choicest brigades, and charged furiously up to our batteries. Our own brave troops of the Second corps, supported by Doubleday's division and Stannards brigade of the First, received the shock with firmness; the ground on both sides was long and fiercely contested, and covered with the killed and wounded, till, after "a determined and gallant struggle," as it is pronounced by Gen. Lee, the rebel advance, consisting of two-thirds of Hill's corps, and the whole of Longstreet's, including Pickett's division, the *élite* of his corps, which had not yet been under fire, and was now depended upon to decide the fortunes of this last eventful day, was driven back with prodigious slaughter, discomfited, and broken. While these events were in progress at our left center, the enemy was driven by the Pennsylvania Reserves from a strong position on our extreme left, from which he was annoying our force on "Little Round Top," his battery taken, and three hundred prisoners captured. In the terrific assault on our center, Gens. Hancock and Gibbon were wounded. In the rebel army, Armistead, Kemper, Pettigrew and Trimble were wounded—the first named mortally, the latter also made prisoners; while Gen. Garnett was killed, and thirty-five hundred officers and men made prisoners.

CLOSE OF THE EVENTFUL CONFLICT—RETREAT OF LEE.

These were the expiring agonies of the three days' conflict, and with them the battle ceased. It was fought by the Union army with courage and skill, from the first cavalry skirmish on Wednesday morning, to the fearful rout of the enemy on Friday afternoon; by every arm and every rank of the service; by officers and men; by cavalry, artillery, and infantry. The two armies, after the first day, were numerically equal. If the Union force had the advantage of a strong position, the Confederates had that of choosing time and place, the prestige of former victories over the Army of the Potomac, and of the success of the first day. Victory does not always fall to the lot of those who deserve it; but that so decisive a triumph, under circumstances like these, was gained by our troops, I am inclined to ascribe, under Providence, to the spirit of exalted patriotism that animated them, and a consciousness that they were fighting in a righteous cause.

All hope of defeating our army and securing what Gen. Lee calls "the valuable results" of such an achievement having vanished, he thought only of rescuing from destruction the remains of his shattered forces. In killed, wounded and missing, he had, as far as can be ascertained, suffered a loss of about 37,000 men, rather more than a third of the army which he is supposed to have brought with him into Pennsylvania. Perceiving that his only safety was in rapid retreat, he commenced withdrawing his troops at daybreak on the 4th, throwing up fieldworks in front of our left, which, assuming the appearance of a new position, were intended, probably, to protect the rear of his army in their retreat. That day—sad celebration of the 4th of July for an army of Americans—was passed by him in hurrying off his trains. The main army was in full retreat on the Cashtown and Fairfield roads at nightfall, and moved with such precipitation that, short as the nights were, by daylight the following morning, notwithstanding a heavy rain, the rear-guard had left its position. The struggle of the two last days resembled, in many respects, the battle of Waterloo; and if on the evening of the third day, Gen. Meade, like the Duke of Wellington, had had the assistance of a powerful auxiliary army to take up the pursuit, the rout of the rebels would have been as complete as that of Napoleon.

Owing to the circumstance above-named, the intentions of the enemy were not apparent on the 4th. The moment his retreat was discovered the following morning, he was pursued by our cavalry on the Cashtown road, and in the Emmettsburgh and Monterey passes, and by Sedgwick's corps on the Fairfield road. His rear-guard was briskly attacked at Fairfield; a great number of wagons and ambulances were captured in the passes of the mountains; the country swarmed with his stragglers, and his wounded were literally emptied from the vehicles containing them, into the farm-houses on the road. Gen. Lee, in his report, makes repeated mention of the Union prisoners whom he conveyed into Virginia, somewhat overstating their number. He states also that "such of his wounded, as were in a condition to be removed," were forwarded to Williamsport. He does not mention that the number of his wounded *not* removed and left to the Christian care of the victors was 7,540, not one of whom failed of any attention which it was possible, under the circumstances of the case, to afford them; not one of whom certainly has been put upon Libby Prison fare—lingering death by starvation.

Heaven forbid, however, that we should claim any merit for the exercise of common humanity.

Under the protection of the mountain ridge, whose narrow pssses are easily held even by a retreating army, Gen. Lee reached Williamsport in safety, and took up a strong position opposite to that place. Gen. Meade necessarily pursued with the main army by a flank movement through Middletown, Turner's pass having been secured by Gen. French. Passing through the South Mountain, the Union army came up with that of the rebels on the 12th, and found it securely posted on the heights of Marsh's run. His position was reconnoitered and preparations made for an attack on the 13th. The depth of the river, swollen by the recent rains, authorized the expectation that he would be brought to a general engagement the following day. An advance was accordingly made by Gen. Meade on the morning of the 14th; but it was soon found that the rebels had escaped in the night, with such haste, that Ewell's corps forded the river where the water was breast high. The cavalry, which had rendered the most important services during the three days, and in harassing the enemy's retreat, was now sent in pursuit, and captured two guns and a large number of prisoners. In an action which took place at Falling Waters, Gen. Pettigrew was mortally wounded. Gen. Meade, in further pursuit of the enemy, crossed the Potomac at Berlin. Thus again covering the approaches to Washington, he compelled the enemy to pass the Blue Ridge at one of the upper gaps, and in about six weeks from the commencement of the campaign, Gen. Lee found himself again on the south side of the Rappahannock with the loss of about a third of his army.

Such, most inadequately recounted, is the history of the ever-memorable three days, and of the events immediately preceding and following. It has been pretended, in order to diminish the magnitude of this disaster to the rebel cause, that it was merely the repulse of an attack on a strongly-defended position. The tremendous losses on both sides are a sufficient answer to this misrepresentation, and attest the courage and obstinacy with which the three days' battle was waged. Few of the great conflicts of modern times have cost victors and vanquished so great a sacrifice. On the Union side there fell in the whole campaign, of Generals killed, Reynolds, Weed, and Zook; and wounded, Gens. Barlow, Barnes, Butterfield, Doubleday, Gibbon, Graham, Hancock, Sickles, and Warren; while of officers below the rank of General and men, there were 2,834 killed, 13,709 wounded, and 6,643 missing. On the Confederate side, there were killed on the field or mortally wounded, Gens. Armistead, Barksdale, Garnett, Pender, Pettigrew, and Semmes; and wounded, Heth, Hood, Johnson, Kemper, Kimball, and Trimble. Of

officers below the rank of general and men, there were taken prisoners, including the wounded, 13,621, an amount ascertained officially. Of the wounded in a condition to be removed, of the killed and missing, the enemy has made no return. They are estimated, from the best data which the nature of the case admits, at 23,000. Gen. Meade also captured three cannon and forty-one standards.

PICTURE OF THE BATTLE FIELD—MESSAGES OF LOVE FROM DYING LIPS.

I must leave to others, who can do it from personal observation, to describe the mournful spectacle presented by these hill-sides and plains at the close of the terrible conflict. It was a saying of the Duke of Wellington, that next to a defeat the saddest thing is a victory. The horrors of the battle-field, after the contest is over—the sights and sounds of woe—let me throw a pall over the scene, which no words can adequately depict to those who have not witnessed it; on which no one who has witnessed it, and who has a heart in his bosom, can bear to dwell. One drop of balm alone, one drop of heavenly, life-giving balm, mingles in this bitter cup of misery. Scarcely has the cannon ceased to roar, when the brethren and sisters of Christian benevolence, ministers of compassion, angels of pity, hasten to the field and the hospital, to moisten the parched tongue, to bind the ghastly wounds, to soothe the parting agonies alike of friend and foe, and to catch the last whispered messages of love from dying lips. "Carry this miniature back to my dear wife, but do not take it from my bosom till I am gone." "Tell my little sister not to grieve for me." "I am willing to die for my country." "Oh, that my mother were here." When, since Aaron stood between the living and the dead, was there ever a ministry like this? It has been said that it is characteristic of Americans to treat women with a deference not paid to them in any other country. I will not undertake to say whether this is so, but I will say, that since this terrible war has been waged, the women of the loyal States, if never before, have entitled themselves to our highest admiration and gratitude; alike those who at home, often with fingers unused to toil, often bowed beneath their own domestic cares, have performed an amount of daily labor not less than hers who works for her daily bread, and those who, in the hospital and the tent of the Sanitary Commission, have rendered services which millions could not buy. Happily the labor and the services are their own reward. Thousands of matrons and thousands of maidens have experienced a delight in these homely toils and services, compared with which the pleasures of the ball-room and the opera-house are tame and unsatisfactory. This on earth is reward enough, but a richer is in store for them. Yes brothers, sisters of charity, while you bind up the wounds

of the poor sufferers—the humblest perhaps that have shed their blood for their country—forget not who it is that will hereafter say to you, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THE NATION'S AGONIES?

And now, friends, fellow-citizens, as we stand among these honored graves, the momentous question presents itself, which of the two parties to the war is responsible for all this suffering, for this dreadful sacrifice of life—the lawful and constitutional government of the United States, or the ambitious men who have rebelled against it? I say "rebelled" against it, although Earl Russell, the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in his recent temperate and conciliatory speech in Scotland, seems to intimate that no prejudice ought to attach to that word, inasmuch as our English forefathers rebelled against Charles I. and James II., and our American fathers rebelled against George III. These certainly are venerable precedents, but they prove only that it is just and proper to rebel against oppressive governments. They do not prove that it was just and proper for the son of James II. to rebel against George I., or his grandson Charles Edward to rebel against George II.; nor, as it seems to me, ought these dynastic struggles, little better than family quarrels, to be compared with this monstrous conspiracy against the American Union. These precedents do not prove that it was just and proper for the "disappointed great men" of the cotton-growing States to rebel against "the most beneficient Government of which history gives us any account," as the Vice-President of the Confederacy, in November, 1860, charged them with doing. They do not create a presumption even in favor of the disloyal slaveholders of the South, who, living under a Government of which Mr. Jefferson Davis, in the session of 1860–1, said that it was "the best Government ever instituted by man, unexceptionably administered, and under which the people have been prosperous beyond comparison with any other people whose career has been recorded in history," rebelled against it, because their aspiring politicians, himself among the rest, were in danger of losing their monopoly of its offices. What would have been thought by an impartial posterity of the American rebellion against George III., if the colonists had at all times been more than equally represented in Parliament, and James Otis, and Patrick Henry, and Washington, and Franklin, and the Adamses, and Hancock, and Jefferson, and men of their stamp, had for two generations enjoyed the confidence of the Sovereign and administered the government of the Empire? What would have been thought of the rebellion against Charles I., if Cromwell, and the men of his school, had been the

responsible advisers of that Prince from his accession to the throne, and then, on account of a partial change in the ministry, brought his head to the block and involved the country in a desolating war? What would have been thought of the Whigs of 1688, if they had themselves composed the Cabinet of James II., and been the advisers of the measures and the promoters of the policy, which drove him into exile? The Puritans of 1640 and the Whigs of 1688 rebelled against arbitrary power in order to establish constitutional liberty. If they had arisen against Charles and James, because those monarchs favored equal rights, and in order themselves, "for the first time in the history of the world," to establish an oligarchy" "foundered on the corner-stone of slavery," they would truly have furnished a precedent for the rebels of the South; but their cause would not have been sustained by the eloquence of Pym or of Somers, nor sealed with the blood of Hampden or Russell.

I call the war which the Confederates are waging against the Union a "rebellion," because it is one, and in grave matters it is best to call things by their right names. The Constitution of the United States puts "rebellion" on a par with "invasion." The Constitution and law, not only of England, but of every civilized country, regard them in the same light; or, rather, they regard the rebel in arms as far worse than the alien enemy. To levy war against the United States is the constitutional definition of treason, and that crime is, by every civilized government, regarded as the highest which citizen or subject can commit. Not content with the sanctions of human justice, of all the crimes against the law of the land it is singled out for the denunciations of religion. The litanies of every church in Christendom, as far as I am aware, from the metropolitan cathedrals of Europe to the humblest missionary chapel in the islands of the sea, concur with the Church of England in imploring the Sovereign of the Universe, by the most awful adjurations which the heart of man can conceive, or his tongue utter, to deliver us from "sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion." And reason good; for while a rebellion against tyranny—a rebellion designed, after prostrating arbitrary power, to establish free government on the basis of justice and truth—is an enterprise on which good men and angels may look with complacency, an unprovoked rebellion of ambitious men against a beneficent government, for the purpose—the avowed purpose—of establishing, extending and perpetuating any form of injustice and wrong, is an imitation on earth of that first foul revolt of "the infernal serpent," which emptied Heaven of one-third part of its sons.

Lord Bacon, "in the true marshaling of the sovereign degrees of honor," assigns the first place to "the *Conditores Imperiorum*, founders of States and Commonwealths;" and truly to build up from the discord

ant elements of our nature; the passions, the interests and the opinions of the individual man; the rivalries of family, clan and tribe; the influences of climate; the accidents of peace and war accumulated for ages —to build up from these oftentimes warring elements a well-compacted, prosperous and powerful State, if it were to be accomplished by one effort, or in one generation, would require a more than mortal skill. To contribute in some notable degree to this, the greatest work of man, by wise and patriotic counsel in peace, and loyal heroism in war, is as high as human merit can well rise; and far more than to any of those to whom Bacon assigns the highest place of honor—Romulus, Cyrus, Cæsar, Ottoman, Ismael—is it due to our Washington, as the founder of the American Union. But if to achieve, or help to achieve, this greatest work of man's wisdom and virtue gives title to a place among the chief benefactors—rightful heirs of the benedictions of mankind—by equal reason shall the bold bad men, who seek to undo the noble work—*Eversores Imperiorum*, destroyers of States, who, for base and selfish ends, rebel against beneficent governments, seek to overturn wise constitutions, lay powerful republican Unions at the foot of foreign thrones, bring on civil and foreign war, anarchy at home, dictation abroad, desolation, ruin—by equal reason, I say—yes, a thousand fold stronger—shall they inherit the execrations of the ages.

But to hide the deformity of the crime under the cloak of that sophistry which makes the worse appear the better reason, we are told by the leaders of the rebellion that, in our complex system of government, the separate States are "Sovereign," and that the central power is only an "agency," established by these sovereigns to manage certain affairs, which they could not so conveniently administer themselves. It happens, unfortunately for this theory, that the Federal Constitution (which has been adopted by the people of every State of the Union, as much as their own State Constitutions have been adopted, and is declared to be paramount to them,) nowhere recognizes the States as "Sovereigns;" in fact that, by their names, it does not recognize them at all; while the authority established by that instrument is recognized, in its text, not as an "agency," but as "the Government of the United States." By that Constitution, moreover, which purports, in its preamble, to be ordained and established by "the People of the United States," it is expressly provided, "that the members of the State Legislatures and all the Executive officers shall be bound by oath or affirmation to support the Constitution." Now, it is a common thing, under all governments, for an agent to be bound by oath to be faithful to his sovereign, but I never heard before of sovereigns being bound by oath to be faithful to their agency.

Certainly I do not deny that the separate States are clothed with sovereign powers for the administration of local affairs. It is one of the most beautiful features of our mixed system of government, but it is equally true, that, in adopting the Federal Constitution, the States abdicated, by express renunciation, all the most important functions of National Sovereignty, and by one comprehensive, self-denying clause, gave up all right to contravene the Constitution of the United States. Specifically, and by enumeration, they renounced all the most important prerogatives of Independent States, for peace and for war, the right to keep troops or ships of war in time of peace, or to engage in war unless actually invaded; to enter into compact with another State or foreign power; to lay any duty on tonnage, or any impost on exports or imports without the consent of Congress; to enter into any treaty, alliance or confederation; to grant letters of marque and reprisal, and to emit bills of credit; while all these powers and many others are expressly vested in the General Government. To ascribe to political communities, thus limited in their jurisdiction—who cannot even establish a post-office on their own soil—the character of independent sovereignty, and to reduce a natural organization, clothed with all the powers of government, to the name and condition of an "agency" of the States proves nothing but that the logic of secession is on a par with its loyalty and patriotism.

Oh, but "the reserved rights!" And what of the reserved rights? The tenth amendment of the Constitution, supposed to provide for "reserved rights," is constantly misquoted. By that amendment, "the *powers* not delegated to the United States nor prohibited by it to the States are reserved to the States respectively or to the people." The "powers" reserved must of course be such as could have been, but were not, delegated to the States—could have been, but were not, prohibited to the States;—but to speak of the *right* of an *individual* State to secede, as a *power* that could have been, though it was not, delegated to the *United States*, is simple nonsense.

But waving this obvious absurdity, can it need a serious argument to prove, that there can be no State right to enter into a new confederation reserved under a Constitution, which expressly prohibits a State "to enter into any treaty, alliance, or confederation," or any "agreement or compact with another State or foreign power?" To say that the State may, by enacting the preliminary farce of secession, acquire the right to do the prohibited things; to say, for instance, that, though the States, in forming the Constitution, delegated to the United States and prohibited to themselves the power of declaring war, there was by implication reserved to each State the right of seceding and then declaring war; that though

they expressly prohibited to the States, and delegated to the United States, the entire treaty-making power, they reserved by implication (for an express reservation is not pretended) to the individual States, to Florida, for instance, the right to secede and then to make a treaty with Spain, retroceding that Spanish colony, and thus surrendering to a foreign power the key to the gulf of Mexico—to maintain propositions like these, with whatever affected seriousness it is done, appears to me egregious trifling.

Pardon me, my friends, for dwelling on these wretched sophistries. But it is these which conducted the armed hosts of rebellion to your doors on the terrible and glorious days of July, and which have brought upon the whole land the scourge of an aggressive and wicked war—a war which can have no other termination compatible with the permanent safety and welfare of the country, but the complete destruction of the military power of the enemy. I have, on other occasions, attempted to show that to yield to his demands and acknowledge his independence, thus resolving the Union at once into two hostile Governments, with a certainty of further disintegration, would annihilate the strength and the influence of the country, as a member of the family of nations; afford to Foreign Powers the opportunity and the temptation for disastrous and humiliating interference in our affairs; wrest from the Middle and Western States some of their great natural outlets to the sea, and of their most important lines of internal communication; deprive the commerce and navigation of the country of two-thirds of our seacoast and of the fortresses which protect it; not only so, but would enable each individual State, some of them with a white population equal to a good-sized Northern county, or rather the dormant party in each State, to cede its territory, its harbors, its fortresses, the mouths of its rivers, to any foreign power. It cannot be that the people of the loyal States—that twenty-two millions of brave and prosperous freemen—will, for the temptation of a brief truce in an eternal border war, consent to this hideous national suicide.

Do not think that I exaggerate the consequences of yielding to the demands of the leaders of the rebellion. I understate them. They require of us not only all the sacrifices I have named, not only to cede to them—a foreign and hostile power—all the territory of the United States, at present occupied by the rebel forces, but the abandonment to them of the vast regions we have rescued from their grasp—of Maryland, of a part of Eastern Virginia, and the whole of Western Virginia, the sea coast of North and South Carolina; Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri; Arkansas, and the larger portion of Mississippi and Louisiana, in most of which, with the exception of lawless guerrillas, there is not a rebel in

arms; in all of which the great majority of the people are loyal to the Union. We must give back, too, the helpless colored population, thousands of whom are periling their lives in the ranks of our armies, to a bondage rendered ten-fold more bitter by the momentary enjoyment of freedom. Finally, we must surrender every man in the Southern country, white or black, who has moved a finger or spoken a word for the restoration of the Union, to a reign of terror as remorseless as that of Robespierre, which has been the chief instrument by which the rebellion has been organized and sustained, and has already filled the prisons of the South with noble men, whose only crime is that they are not traitors. The South is full of such men. I do not believe there has been a day since the election of President Lincoln, when, if any ordinance of secession could have been fairly submitted to the mass of the people, in any single Southern State, a majority of ballots would have been given in its favor. No, not in South Carolina. It is not possible that the majority of the people, even of that State, if permitted, without fear or favor, to give a ballot on the question, would have abandoned a leader like Pettigrew, and all the memories of the Gadsdens, the Rutledges and the Cotesworth Pinckneys of the revolutionary and constitutional age, to follow the agitators of the present day.

Nor must we be deterred from the vigorous prosecution of the war, by the suggestion, continually thrown out by the rebels and those who sympathize with them, that, however it might have been at an earlier stage, there has been engendered by the operations of the war, a state of exasperation and bitterness, which, independent of all reference to the original nature of the matters in controversy, will forever prevent the restoration of the Union, and the return of harmony between the two great sections of the country. This opinion I take to be entirely without foundation.

No man can deplore more than I do the miseries of every kind unavoidably incident to war. Who could stand on this spot and call to mind the scenes of the 1st–3d of July, with any other feeling? A sad foreboding of what would ensue, if war should break out between North and South, has haunted me through life, and led me, perhaps too long, to tread in the path of hopeless compromise, in the fond endeavor to conciliate those who were pre-determined not to be conciliated. But it is not true, as is pretended by the rebels and their sympathizers, that the war has been carried on by the United States without entire regard to those temperaments which are enjoined by the law of nations, by our modern civilization, and by the spirit of Christianity. It would be quite easy to point out, in the recent military history of the leading European Powers, acts of violence and cruelty in the prosecution of their wars, to

which no parallel can be found among us. In fact, when we consider the peculiar bitterness with which civil wars are almost invariably waged, we may justly boast of the manner in which the United States have carried on the contest. It is, of course, impossible to prevent the lawless acts of stragglers and deserters, or the occasional unwarrantable proceedings of subordinates on distant stations; but I do not believe there is, in all history, the record of a civil war of such gigantic dimensions, where so little has been done in the spirit of vindictiveness, as in this war, by the Government and commanders of the United States; and this notwithstanding the provocation given by the rebel Government by assuming the responsibility of wretches like Quantrell, refusing quarter to colored troops, and scourging and selling into slavery free colored men from the North who fall into their hands, covering the sea with pirates, and starving prisoners of war to death.

In the next place, if there are any present who believe that, in addition to the effect of the military operations of the war, the confiscation acts and emancipation proclamations have embittered the rebels beyond the possibility of reconciliation, I would request them to reflect that the tone of the rebel leaders and rebel press was just as bitter in the first months of the war—nay, before a gun was fired—as it is now. There were speeches made in Congress in the very last session before the rebellion, so ferocious as to show that their authors were under the influence of a real frenzy. At the present day, if there is any discrimination made by the Confederate press in the affected scorn, hatred, and contumely with which every shade of opinion and sentiment in the loyal States is treated, the bitterest contempt is bestowed upon those of the North who still speak the language of compromise, and who condemn those measures of the Administration which are alleged to have rendered the return of peace hopeless.

No, my friends, that gracious Providence, which overrules all things for the best, from seeming evil still educing good, has so constituted our natures that the violent excitement of the passions in one direction is generally followed by a reaction in an opposite direction, and the sooner for the violence. If it were not so, if anger produced abiding anger, if hatred caused undying hatred, if injuries inflicted and retaliated, of necessity led to new retaliations, with forever accumulating compound interest of revenge, then the world, thousands of years ago, would have been turned into an earthly hell, and the nations of the earth would have been resolved into clans of furies and demons, each forever warring with his neighbor. But it is not so; all history teaches a different lesson. The wars of the Roses in England lasted an entire generation, from the battle of St. Albans, in 1455, to that of Bosworth Field, in 1485. Speaking of the former, Hume says: "This was the first blood spilt in that fatal quarrel, which was not finished in less than a course of thirty years; which was signalized by twelve pitched battles; which opened a scene of extraordinary fierceness and cruelty; is computed to have cost the lives of eighty princes of the blood; and almost entirely annihilated the ancient nobility of England. The strong attachments which, at that time, men of the same kindred bore to each other, and the vindictive spirit which was considered a point of honor, rendered the great families implacable in their resentments and widened every moment the breach between the parties." Such was the state of things in England, under which an entire generation grew up; and when Henry VII., in whom the titles of the two houses were united, went up to London after the battle of Bosworth Field, to mount the throne, he was everywhere received with joyous acclamations, "as one ordained and sent from Heaven to put an end to the dissensions" which had so long afflicted the country.

The great rebellion in England of the seventeenth century, after long and angry premonitions, may be said to have begun with the calling of the Long Parliament in 1640, and to have ended with the return of Charles II. in 1660—twenty years of discord, conflict, and civil war; of confiscation, plunder, havoc; a proud hereditary peerage trampled in the dust; a national church overturned, its clergy beggared, its most eminent prelate put to death; a military despotism established on the ruins of a monarchy which had subsisted seven hundred years, and the legitimate sovereign brought to the block; the great families which adhered to the king proscribed, impoverished, ruined; prisoners of war sold to slavery in the West Indies—in a word, everything that can embitter and madden contending factions. Such was the state of things for twenty years, and yet, by no gentle transition, but suddenly, and "when the restoration of affairs appeared more hopeless," the son of the beheaded sovereign was brought back to his father's blood-stained throne, with such "inexpressible and universal joy," as led the merry monarch to exclaim, "he doubted it had been his own fault he had been absent so long, for he saw nobody who did not protest, he had ever wished for his return." "In this wonderful manner," says Clarendon, "and with this incredible expedition, did God put an end to a rebellion that had raged near twenty years, and had been carried on with all the horrid circumstances of murder, devastation and parricide, that fire and sword, in the hands of the most wicked men in the world—[it is a royalist that is speaking]—could be instruments of, almost to the desolation of two kingdoms, and the exceeding defacing and deforming of the third. By these remarkable steps did the merciful hand of God, in this short space of time, not only bind up and heal all these wounds, but even made the

scar as indiscernible as, in respect of the deepness, was possible, which was a glorious addition to the deliverance."

In Germany, the wars of the Reformation and of Charles V. in the sixteenth century, the thirty years' war in the seventeenth century, the seven years' war in the eighteenth century, not to speak of other less celebrated contests, entailed upon that country all the miseries of intestine strife for more than three centuries. At the close of the last-named war, "an officer," says Archenholz, "rode through seven villages in Hesse and found in them but one human being." More than three hundred principalites, comprehended in the Empire, fermented with the fierce passions of proud and petty States; at the commencement of this period the castles of robber counts frowned upon every hill-top; a dreadful secret tribunal froze the hearts of men with terror throughout the land; religious hatred mingled its bitter poison in the seething cauldron of provincial animosity—but of all these deadly enmities between the States of Germany, scarcely the memory remains. There is no country in the world in which the sentiment of national brotherhood is stronger.

In Italy, on the breaking up of the Roman Empire, society might be said to be resolved into its original elements; into hostile atoms, whose only movement was that of mutual repulsion. Ruthless barbarians had destroyed the old organizations and covered the land with a merciless feudalism. As the new civilization grew up, under the wing of the Church, the noble families and the walled towns fell madly into conflict with each other; the secular feud of Pope and Emperor scourged the land; province against province, city against city, street against street, waged remorseless war against each other from father to son, till Dante was able to fill his imaginary hell with the real demons of Italian History. So ferocious had the factions become, that the great poet-exile himself, the glory of his native city, and of his native language, was, by a decree of the municipality, ordered to be burned alive if found in the city of Florence. But these deadly feuds and hatreds yielded to political influences, as the hostile cities were grouped into States under staple governments; the lingering traditions of the animosities gradually died away; and now Tuscan and Lombard, Sardinian and Neapolitan, as if to shame the degenerate sons of America, are joining in one cry for an united Italy.

In France, not to go back to the civil wars of the League in the sixteenth century, and of the Fronde in the seventeenth—not to speak of the dreadful scenes throughout the Kingdom which followed the revocation of the edict of Nantes—we have, in the great Revolution which commenced at the close of the last century, seen the bloodhounds of civil

strife let loose, as rarely before in the history of the world. The reign of terror, established at Paris, stretched its bloody Briarean arms to every city and village in the land; and if the most deadly feuds which ever divided a people had the power to cause permanent alienation and hatred, this surely was the occasion. But far otherwise the fact. In seven years from the fall of Robespierre, the strong arm of the youthful conqueror brought order out of the chaos of crime and woe; Jacobins, whose hands were scarcely cleansed from the best blood of France, met the returning emigrants, whose estates they had confiscated, and whose kindred they had dragged to the guillotine, in the imperial ante-chambers; and when, after another turn in the wheel of fortune, Louis XVIII. was restored to his throne, he took the regicide Fouche, who had voted for his brother's death, to his cabinet and confidence.

The people of loyal America will never take to their confidence, or admit again to share in their government, the hard-hearted men whose cruel lust of power has brought this desolating war upon the land; but there is no personal bitterness felt even against them. They may live, if they can bear to live after wantonly causing the death of so many thousand fellow-men; they may live in safe obscurity beneath the shelter of the government they have sought to overthrow, or they may fly to the protection of the governments of Europe—some of them are already there, seeking, happily in vain, to obtain the aid of foreign powers in furtherance of their own treason. There let them stay. The humblest dead soldier, that lies cold and stiff in his grave before us, is an object of envy beneath the clods that cover him, in comparison with the living man, who is willing to grovel at the foot of a foreign throne, for assistance in compassing the ruin of his country.

THE MASSES OF THE PEOPLE SOUTH YEARNING TO GREET THE OLD FLAG AGAIN.

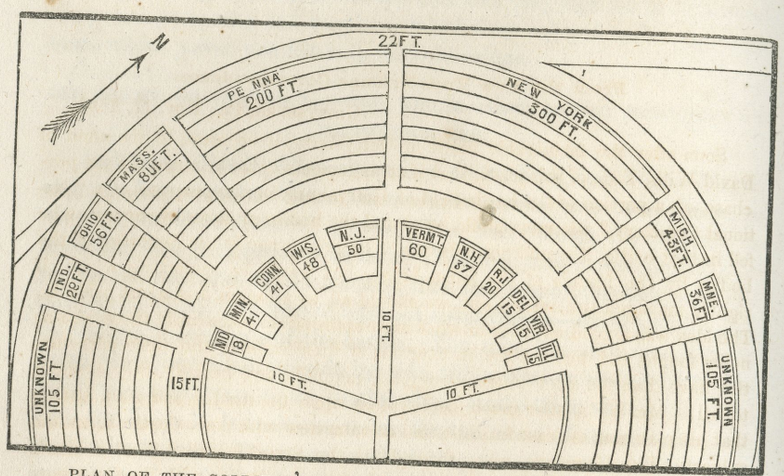
But the hour is coming, and now is, when the power of the leaders of the rebellion to delude and inflame must cease. There is no bitterness on the part of the masses. The people of the South are not going to wage an eternal warfare for the wretched pretexts by which this rebellion is sought to be justified. The bonds that unite us as a people—a substantial community of origin, language, belief and law (the four great ties that hold the societies of men together); common, national and political interests; a common history; a common pride in a glorious ancestry; a common interest in this great heritage of blessings; the very geographical features of the country; the mighty rivers that cross the lines of climate, and thus facilitate the interchange of natural and industrial products; while the wonder-working arm of the engineer has

leveled the mountain walls which separate the East and West, compelling your own Alleghanies, my Maryland and Pennsylvania friends, to open wide their everlasting doors to the chariot wheels of traffic and travel—these bonds of union are of perennial force and energy, while the causes of alienation are imaginary, factitious and transient. The heart of the people, North and South, is for the Union. Indications, too plain to be mistaken, announce the fact, both in the east and west of the States in rebellion. In North Carolina and Arkansas the fatal charm at length is broken. At Raleigh and Little Rock the lips of honest and brave men are unsealed, and an independent press is unlimbering its artillery. The weary masses of the people are yearning to see the dear old flag floating again upon the capitols, and they sigh for the return of the peace, prosperity and happiness which they enjoyed under a government whose power was felt only in its blessings.

THE GRAVES OF GETTYSBURG—THE WHOLE EARTH IS THE SEPULCHRE OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

And now, friends, fellow-citizens of Gettysburg and Pennsylvania, and you from remoter States, let me again invoke your benediction, as we part, on these honored graves. You feel, though the occasion is mournful, that it is good to be here. You feel that it was greatly auspicious for the cause of the country, that the men of the East, and the men of the West—the men of nineteen sister States—stood side by side on the perilous ridges of the battle. You now feel it a new bond of union, that they shall lie side by side, till a clarion louder than that which marshaled them to the combat shall awake their slumbers. God bless the Union! It is dearer to us for the blood of those brave men shed in its defense. The spots on which they stood and fell; these pleasant heights; the fertile plain beneath them; the thriving village whose streets so lately rang with the strange din of war; the fields beyond the ridge, where the noble Reynolds held the advancing foe at bay, and while he gave up his own life, assured, by his forethought and self-sacrifice, the triumph of the two succeeding days; the little streams which wind through the hills, on whose banks in after times the wondering plowman will turn up with the rude weapons of savage warfare the fearful missiles of modern artillery; the Seminary ridge, the peach orchard, Cemetery, Culp and Wolf Hill, Round Top, Little Round Top—humble names, henceforward dear and famous—no lapse of time, no distance of space, shall cause you to be forgotten! "The whole earth," said Pericles, as he stood over the remains of his fellow-citizens who had fallen in the first year of the Peloponnesian war, "the whole earth is the sepulchre of illustrious men!" All time, he might have added, is the

millennium of their glory. Surely I would do no injustice to the other noble achievements of the war, which have reflected such honor on both arms of the service, and have entitled the armies and the navy of the United States, their officers and men, to the warmest thanks and the richest rewards which a grateful people can pay. But they, I am sure, will join us in saying, as we bid farewell to the dust of these martyr-heroes, that, wheresoever throughout the civilized world the accounts of this great warfare are read, and down to the latest period of recorded time, in the glorious annals of our common country, there will be no brighter page than that which relates THE BATTLES OF GETTYSBURG.



PLAN OF THE SOLDIERS' NATIONAL CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURGH.

THE GETTYSBURG CEREMONIES.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BATTLEFIELD AND CONSECRATION EXERCISES.

From the New York Tribune Correspondence.

GETTYSBURG, Pa., Nov. 17, 1863.

Soon after the memorable battle of Gettysburg, it occurred to the mind of David Wills, Esq., of this place, that if arrangements could be made for the purchase of a portion of the battle-field of Gettysburg for the purposes of a "National Cemetery," wherein should be placed the bodies of those of our men who fell in that battle, it would not only save a large expense in the removing of the bodies by the friends of the fallen brave, but would be something which, if rightly managed and carried out, we should all, as a nation, feel a just pride in. The idea was a good one; for in what more appropriate place could those who so nobly fought and died for the institutions of their country and their perpetuation have than the spot where, struggling manfully and heartily, they chanced to fall? Mr. Wills, after much deliberation upon the matter, and after finding that his plan was at least feasible, had an interview with Gov. Curtin upon the subject. The Governor, who, throughout the State, is called the "Soldier's Friend," at once seized upon the idea, and after consultation with the Governors of the different States, ordered Mr. Wills to purchase, for the State of Pennsylvania, such ground as he might deem most suitable for the purpose. This was at once done, and some seventeen acres of land were purchased for the sum of $3,150; and arrangements were immediately made for the removing from the places where were so hastily buried after the battle, our brave Union defenders, and placing, within the grounds of the "National Cemetery," their hallowed remains. From that time to the present this good work has been going on; and some six weeks since it had so far progressed as to fully prove its perfect success. It was then deemed advisable to appoint a day when the grounds so sacredly set apart should be formally consecrated with appropriate exercises. It should be mentioned here that each of the eighteen States represented at the battle, purchased portions of the grounds, and agreed with the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania that the future expense should be borne by each.

All things having thus been most satisfactorily arranged, Thursday, the 19th of this month, was fixed upon as the day of consecration; and Mr. Wills, whom

Gov. Curtin had previously appointed his agent, and who had also been specially selected by the other States to act for them all, through the newspapers of the land, invited all who so felt inclined, to lend their presence upon the occasion. It being considered a national undertaking, invitations were specially addressed to the Governors of all the loyal States, and various public men and notabilities.

The Hon. EDWARD EVERETT, of Boston, who had been requested to deliver an oration upon the occasion of the consecration, had arrived the evening before, and was the guest of Mr. Wills. Invitations had been extended to the President and Vice-President of the United States, the members of the Cabinet, Lieut.-Gen. Scott, Admiral Charles Stewart, and the Governors of the several States; also, Gen. Meade, requesting his presence, and, if compatible with the movements of the army, the presence of small delegations from each regiment or company, to do honor to the remains of those by whose side they so gallantly fought. In reply to the invitation, the following letter was received from Gen. Meade, declining, for the reasons therein mentioned, to be present:

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
Nov. 13, 1863.

David Wills, Esq., Agent for the Governor of Pennsylvania, &c.

SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the invitation which, on behalf of the Governors of Pennsylvania and other States interested, you extend to me and the officers and men of my command, to be present on the 19th instant, at the consecration of the burial-place of those who fell on the field of Gettysburg.

It seems almost unnecessary for me to say, that none can have a deeper interest in your good work, than comrades in arms, bound in close ties of long association and mutual confidence and support, with those to whom you are paying this last tribute of respect, nor could the presence of any be more appropriate than that of those who stood side by side in the struggle, shared the peril, and the vacant places in whose ranks bear sad testimony to the loss they have sustained. But this army has duties to perform which will not admit of its being represented on the occasion, and it only remains for me in its name, with deep and grateful feelings, to thank you and those you represent for your tender care of its heroic dead, for your patriotic zeal, which, in honoring the martyr, gives a fresh incentive to all who do battle for the maintenance of the integrity of the Government.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

GEORGE G. MEADE,
Major-General Commanding.

A dispatch was also received from Lieut.-Gen. Scott, stating that the feebleness of his health alone will prevent him from being present on the occasion of the consecration.

GETTYSBURG, Pa., Wednesday evening, Nov. 18, 1863.

As this place is destined to be for all future time one of more or less resort, and certainly of great national interest, perhaps some slight description thereof may not prove altogether uninteresting. Gettysburg, the capital of Adams County, is situated on the turnpike road from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh—being distant 114 miles west of the former, and 36 miles south-west of Harrisburgh. The ground surrounding the town is slightly undulating, or perhaps might be better described as a sort of elevated, rolling table-land. The immediate country surrounding Gettysburg is owned and worked principally by farmers. The town

contains one bank, one academy, seven churches, one college, and four newspaper offices. The manufacture of carriages is carried on quite extensively, there being some ten carriage manufactories here. The population is about 3,500. So much for a brief description of the place, and now for a hasty look at the battle-field.

Soon after breakfast we took a conveyance, and in company with a few friends started out, first upon the Chambersburgh road, upon which the rebels first entered the town on Friday, June 26. Pushing straight out from the center of the village, or from the Diamond, as it is here called, from its peculiar shape, for perhaps the distance of a mile, we came to the house occupied by Gen. Lee as his headquarters. As we halted before the door, an old lady, some sixty years of age, who owned the property and resided therein, came forth to look at the party. After asking of her various questions with reference to the manners and habits of her uninvited guests, one of the party asked if she cooked for the General during his stay. Drawing herself up for a moment, and eyeing very keenly her questioner, she replied in a manner and tone as indicative of just indignation as of patriotism, "*No, I guess I didn't cook for any rebel. They had to do their own cooking.*"

I find that this very question of the General's meals was one which occasioned him some considerable difficulty. Soon after arriving, it appears that he sent to the Eagle Hotel orders that meals should be cooked for himself and staff. Mr. Tate, the proprietor of the hotel, being absent at the time, his wife sent in reply to the order that no meals could be cooked in that house for either Gen. Lee or any of his staff, and they were not. Certainly the ladies of Gettysburg stood well up to their duty; and had it devolved solely upon them to provide the meals for Gen. Lee and his officers, I am fully convinced that he would have waited until this time ere some here would have even turned a slapjack for his rebel highness. But to return. Passing on from Lee's headquarters about a quarter of a mile, we get out, and jumping the fence on the left of the road, we come, after a moment's walk, to a small grove, where the fighting was first commenced on the morning of July 1st. Here it was that we, with 8,000 men, held, from 9½ A. M. to 3 P. M., not only our own, but drove back, by fearful charges, 20,000 of the enemy's men, and in an effort of Gen. Archer's to flank and capture our "Iron Brigade," captured him and his whole brigade, reduced then to 1,500 men.

Here, too, is the spot where, early in the engagement, the brave General Reynolds fell a victim to his cool bravery and ardent zeal. And here permit me to say, not only what is firmly my own belief, but which I found, on expressing it, was almost the unanimous conviction of all—that great injustice has been done to the memory of that gallant officer by charging him with rashness and foolhardiness, and prematurely bringing on the battle. The battle was forced upon him by the rebels, and if they had not been held in check that day, they would have pressed on and obtained the control of the impregnable position which we are enabled to occupy and hold. The struggle for days was one for position, and none better probably could have been selected, search where one might, than that which finally we did obtain, and from which it was utterly impossible to have dislodged us. But as I may refer to this again, I will return to my narrative. Through the woods we found unmistakable signs of the severity of the contest. Trees

marked, limbs and branches torn, breastworks and rifle-pits before and around us; the houses in the neighbourhood scarred and torn in various ways—some peppered, some with holes in them large enough to admit a barrel, and some almost destroyed, certainly ruined. But now, resuming our seats in the carriage, we turn, and riding back to the Diamond, take the Emmitsburgh road. This was the road upon which our army entered the town. We are now on our way to Round Top and Little Round Top, which was the left of our line during the battle, and the point at which the contest waged the fiercest. The road throughout bears the same marks and evidences of the bloody struggle here enacted, as have been described on the Chambersburgh road, only to a much greater extent. Rifle-pits line the whole length of the road, and knapsacks, canteens, cups, bayonets, cartridge-boxes, shoes, stockings, remnants of coats and vests, and numberless caps and belts are scattered in great profusion through the fields and woods and along the road. Wooden fences are torn down, and the stone ones strengthened and used as breastworks. Traveling on thus for some two miles, we turn to our left, passing at the turn the famous peach orchard of Mr. Sherfy, where Sickle's corps engaged in a most terrific struggle with the enemy, in which they were finally compelled by the overwhelming mass of the rebels, numbering some 26,000 men, to give way. This was the critical spot and the critical moment. The point aimed at was to break our left and flank us; and this, had not the old Fifth, under Sykes, arrived speedily, would have been accomplished, for even unitedly, Sickles and Sykes, two brave and gallant commanders, with equally heroic men under them, could hardly withstand the shock of the enemy's fire and desperate charges. On then by the Peach Orchard we pass, and after a half-mile's travel reach the base of Little Round Top. Once more leaving our coach, we commence the ascent on foot of the sturdy, rocky old mountain. Proceeding cautiously, and picking our way with great care, we finally reach the top, and from it we behold in one glance, as it were, the whole battle-ground. What thoughts fly through the mind as, standing here, we survey the field!

Directly at our left and towering a little above is Round Top, and from its top waves the flag presented by the "Ladies of Valley Forge," Montgomery County, to the Citizens of Gettysburg—Valley Forge and Gettysburg—1776 and 1863—hand in hand and heart to heart. Away to the east of us is Cemetery Hill, our center, just south of that Culp's hill, and south-east of that again, Wolf's Hill, our right.

Pressing around all these several points and surrounding them was the flower of the rebel army. Little Round has not inaptly been called "a second Gibraltar." It certainly is a natural fortress. Fronting the rebel army, and at the place where we ascended, the side of the mountain is solid rock, and climbing it as we did at our leisure, we oftentimes slipped; and no one but a man in Gen. Lee's position could have led his men, as was done, across an open extent of territory a distance of nearly three-quarters of a mile, and attempt to carry by storm our position, exposed as he was the whole of that distance to a murderous fire from our batteries.

Near the foot of the mountain is to be seen a persimmon tree, in the branches of which a rebel sharpshooter stationed himself, but, owing to the wind, was not able to pick off our officers, and, therefore, turned his attention to our horses,

particularly those attached to the batteries. He succeeded in picking off fifty-six of these, when he was, after repeated trials, brought to the ground by one of our men, possessing a telescopic rifle. The rebel lies buried now at the foot of the tree. Rebel graves are thickly scattered over the fields in every direction.

In the afternoon, Major-Gen. Couch, the Commander of this Department, reviewed the military present to the number of 1,200 men. The 5th New York were present, serving as infantry, and looked remarkably well. Trains are constantly arriving crowded with strangers. The President, Secretary Seward, Blair, and Usher, and some seven of the foreign ministers, arrived at about five o'clock. The President is the guest of Mr. Wills; Secretary Seward and others, of Mr. Harper. Serenades seem to be the order of the evening. Speeches have been made, in response thereto, by the President, Secretary Seward, John W. Forney, and others. Secretary Seward, in response to the calls made for him, spoke as follows:

MR. SEWARD'S SPEECH.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: I am now sixty years old and upward; I have been in public life practically forty years of that time, and yet this is the first time that ever any people or community so near to the border of Maryland was found willing to listen to my voice; and the reason was that I saw, forty years ago, that slavery was opening before this people a graveyard that was to be filled with brothers falling in mutual political combat. I knew that the cause that was hurrying the Union into this dreadful strife was slavery, and when during all the intervening period I elevated my voice it was to warn the people to remove that cause while they could by constitutional means, and so avert the catastrophe of civil war which has fallen upon the nation. I am thankful that you are willing to hear me at last. I thank my God that I believe this strife is going to end in the removal of that evil which ought to have been removed by deliberate councils and peaceful means. (Good.) I thank my God for the hope that this is the last fratricidal war which will fall upon the country which is vouchsafed to us by Heaven—the richest, the broadest, the most beautiful, the most magnificent and capable of a great destiny that has ever been given to any part of the human race. (Applause.) And I thank Him for the hope that when that cause is removed, simply by the operation of abolishing it, as the origin and agent of the treason that is without justification and without parallel, we shall thenceforth be united, be only one country, having only one hope, one ambition, and one destiny. (Applause.) To-morrow at least we shall feel that we are not enemies, but that we are friends and brothers, that this Union is a reality, and we shall mourn together for the evil wrought by this rebellion. We are now near the graves of the misguided, whom we have consigned to their last resting-place, with pity for their errors and with the same heart full of grief with which we mourn over a brother by whose hand, raised in defense of his Government, that misguided brother perished.

When we part to-morrow night, let us remember that we owe it to our country and to mankind that this war shall have for its conclusion the establishing of the principle of democratic government—the simple principle that whatever party, whatever portion of the community, prevails by constitutional suffrage in an

election, that party is to be respected and maintained in power until it shall give place, on another trial and another verdict, to a different portion of the people. If you do not do this, you are drifting at once and irresistibly to the very verge of universal, cheerless and hopeless anarchy. But with that principle this Government of ours—the purest, the best, the wisest, and the happiest in the world—must be, and, so far as we are concerned, practically will be, immortal. (Cheers.) Fellow-citizens, good night.

The town is fairly running over with people, and the churches are being thrown open. Hundreds are on the road, unable to arrive to-night. To-morrow, we suppose, will bring them and numbers from the surrounding neighborhood.

The following is the order of procession for to-morrow, and the programme of arrangements:

ORDER OF PROCESSION
FOR THE
INAUGURATION
OF THE
NATIONAL CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG, PA.,
ON THE 19TH OF NOVEMBER, 1863.

Military, under command of Major-Gen. Couch.
Major-Gen. Meade and Staff, and the Officers and Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac.
Officers of the Navy and Marine Corps of the United States.
Aids. Chief-Marshal. Aids.
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
Members of the Cabinet.
Assistant Secretaries of the several Executive Departments.
Hon. Edward Everett, Orator of the day, and the Chaplain.
Governors of the States, and their Staffs.
Commissioners of the States on the Inauguration of the Cemetery.
Bearers with the Flags of the States.
Vice-President of the United States and Speaker of the House of Representatives.
Members of the two Houses of Congress.
Officers of the two Houses of Congress.
Mayors of Cities.
Gettysburg Committee of Arrangements.
Officers and members of the United States Sanitary Commission.
Committees of different Religious Bodies.
Officers of different Telegraph Companies.
Hospital Corps of the Army.
Soldiers' Relief Associations.
Knights Templar.
Masonic Fraternity.
Independent Order of Odd-Fellows.
Other Benevolent Associations.
Literary, Scientific, and Industrial Associations.
The Press.
Officers and Members of Loyal Leagues.
Fire Companies.
Citizens of the State of Pennsylvania.
Citizens of other States.
Citizens of the District of Columbia.
Citizens of the several Territories.

GETTYSBURG, Pa., Nov. 19, 1863.

The eventful morning has at last dawned. The sky is bright, and all nature has donned her best attire. The streets are thronged; it is estimated that at least 15,000 persons are in town. The line of procession has just been formed in accordance with the programme I sent in my last, and I hasten therefore, and, taking a side street, shall gallop on to the Cemetery grounds in advance, as fast as a Government horse I have managed to obtain will carry me. Upon arriving at the site of the Cemetery, which is on the side of a hill facing the town, I find some four or five thousand who, like myself, have come on in advance. The side of the hill is laid out in half circles around a common center, on which it is proposed to erect a monument.

These semicircles are divided by broad avenues radiating from this center, and the divisions thus made are appropriated to different States, according to the number of their dead soldiers. Thus, New York, having the largest number, has the largest division or the outer semicircles—Pennsylvania the next, and so on.

This simple but appropriate plan was designed by Mr. William Saunders, a landscape gardner, of Washington.

At the head of each grave will be placed a broad and permanent stone, in which will be cut the name, regiment and State of the deceased.

Between rows of graves there are paths. Avenues will be opened through other portions of the grounds, and the whole will be surrounded by a substantial stone wall.

In due time the line reached the Cemetery, and the military formed around the inadequately sized platform, and the distinguished guests took their places thereon. In addition to the Presidential party, we noticed Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania, Governor Seymour of New York, Ex-Governor Tod of Ohio, Governor Brough of Ohio, Governor Coburn of Maine, Governor Morton of Indiana, Ex-Governor Wright of Indiana, Governor Bradford of Maryland, Ex-Governor Pierpont of West Virginia; Mrs. Commander Henry A. Wise, daughter of the Hon. Edward Everett; Gen. A. L. Russell, Adjutant General of Pennsylvania; the Hon. J. W. Forney, Governor Parker of New Jersey, Ex-Gov. Dennison of Ohio, the Hon. S. Cameron, Major-Gens. Schenck, Stahl, Doubleday, Stoneman, Couch, Brig-Gen. Gibbon, and Provost-Marshal-General Fry. On the arrival of the Hon. Edward Everett and party they were presented to the President, after which Birgfeld's band struck up a noble air. The Rev. Dr. Stockton, Chaplain of the United States Senate, then followed in a fervent prayer.

An oration was then delivered by the Hon. Edward Everett. It was one of that gentleman's best efforts.

At the close of Mr. Everett's oration, the Baltimore Glee Club sung the following Ode, written for the occasion by B. B. French, Esq., of Washington.

'T is holy ground—
This spot, where, in their graves,
We place our Country's braves,
Who fell in Freedom's holy cause,
Fighting for Liberties and Laws—
Let tears abound.

Here let them rest—
And Summer's heat and Winter's cold,
Shall glow and freeze above this mold—
A thousand years shall pass away—
A Nation still shall mourn this clay,
Which now is blest.

Here, where they fell,
Oft shall the widow's tear be shed,
Oft shall fond parents mourn their dead,
The orphan here shall kneel and weep,
And maidens, where their lovers sleep,
Their woes shall tell.

Great God in Heaven!
Shall all this sacred blood be shed—
Shall we thus mourn our glorious dead,
Oh, shall the end be wrath and woe,
The knell of Freedom's overthrow—
A Country riven?

It will not be!
We trust, Oh God! Thy gracious Power
To aid us in our darkest hour.
This be our prayer: "Oh Father! save
A people's Freedom from its grave—
All praise to Thee!"

The dedicatory remarks were then delivered by the President, as follows:

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S SPEECH.

Four score 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. (Applause.) Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any 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. (Applause.) The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. (Applause.) It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. (Applause.) 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 that 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, (applause;) that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that governments of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth. (Long-continued applause.)

The exercises were closed by a song from the choir present. The procession then returned to the town. Crowds, however, hung about the Diamond and around the house where were stopping the prominent public men.

In the afternoon, President Lincoln attended the Presbyterian Church, where Mr. Anderson, the Lieutenant-Governor elect of Ohio, eloquently addressed the Ohio and other delegations. The President walked to the Church arm and arm with John Burns, the heroic Gettysburger, who fought voluntarily in the ranks of the army during the great battles of the 1st, 2d and 3d of July, and the only man from the place who took part in the three days' fight. The President was escorted by Marshal Lamon, and about one hundred of his special aids, together with the Commissioners representing the several States.

THE PATRIOT REMAINS.

The following is a list of the remains already interred in the Cemetery, with the States they represent:

Maine	17	Indiana	31
New-Hampshire	4	Illinois	3
Vermont	19	Michigan	48
Rhode Island	4	Wisconsin	21
Massachusetts	139	Minnesota	24
Connecticut	12	Virginia	2
New-York	158	U. S. Infantry (Regulars)	19
New-Jersey	22		606
Pennsylvania	100	Unknown	582
Delaware	14		
Maryland	15	Total	1,188
Ohio	24		

From the New York Times Correspondence.

GETTYSBURG, Penn.,
Thursday Evening, Nov. 19, 1863.

The only train that has been permitted to leave here, to-day, was the special train bearing the President and his party, which left at 6 o'clock this evening. Even the mail train, which should have left at 8 o'clock this morning, was detained for fear it would come in collision with some of the numerous trains that have been following each other in rapid succession from Hanover Junction, bringing visitors to the Dedication. How they are all to sleep here to-night it is difficult to imagine. All the hotels, as well as the private houses, were filled to overflowing last night. Every housekeeper in Gettysburg has opened a temporary hotel, and extends unbounded hospitality to strangers—for a consideration. People from all parts of the country seem to have taken this opportunity to pay a visit to the battle-fields which are hereafter to make the name of Gettysburg immortal. The Dedication ceremonies were apparently a minor consideration, for even while Mr. Everett was delivering his splendid oration, there were as many people wandering about the fields, made memorable by the fierce struggles of July, as stood around the stand listening to his eloquent periods. They seem to have considered, with President Lincoln, that it was not what was *said* here, but what was *done* here, that deserved their attention. During the last three days, the scenes of the late battles have been visited by thousands of persons from every loyal State in the Union; and there is probably not a foot of the grounds that has not been trodden over and over again by

reverential feet. But little over four months have passed away since the champions of slavery and freedom met here in deadly strife, and already the name of Gettysburg has become historical, and its soil is classic ground. This, too, while the contest is yet undecided, and the camp-fires of the contending armies still illume the Southern sky. If the people of the North can thus forestall history, it is because the manifest justice of their cause enables them to see the future in the present, and to behold in the fresh-made graves of their fallen sons the shining monuments of their glory in ages to come.

The National Cemetery which has been consecrated to-day by such imposing ceremonies is located in the very midst of the fierce strife of those terrible July days, and many of the Union heroes fell on the ground comprised within its inclosure. It is little over half a mile to the south of the Gettysburg Court-house, in the outskirts of the town, on what is called Prospect Hill, which is but a continuation of the elevated ridge known as Cemetery Hill. This hill, it will be recollected, formed the northernmost line of the Union armies during the last two days of the battle, and was several times stormed by the rebel infantry without success. The new Cemetery is contiguous to the town cemetery of Gettysburg, and comprises 17¼ acres. It was purchased by the State of Pennsylvania at something like $25,000, and is to be devoted exclusively to the loyal dead who fell in the three days' battles. The present appearance of the Cemetery is not very inviting, but the plan on which it is laid out is excellent, and when it is finished and covered with green sward, it will be one of the most beautiful burial-grounds in the country. The graves will form semicircular rows, one within another, the whole presenting an appearance similar to the Senate Chamber or House of Representatives at Albany. Sections of the semicircle are allotted to the various States whose soldiers fell at the Gettysburg battle, the different sections being divided from each other by a foot-walk. The number of States represented is eighteen, and at either end of the semicircle is a section devoted to the "unknown" dead, or those whose identity cannot be established. This class, however, is fortunately not so large as one would naturally be led to suppose. I am told that nearly all who fell in the last two days of the battle can be easily identified by the temporary head-boards placed over their graves by their comrades. Out of 1,300 who have thus far been exhumed from the various battle-fields and buried in the new cemetery, there are not more than one hundred whose identity is not fixed. The work of exhuming the bodies and reburying them in the National Cemetery is to be done by the various States individually, or at least at their expense. It is proposed to erect a large monument near the base of the semicircle, to which all the States will contribute, and leave each State to erect such other monuments in its own section as it may see fit. All the bodies exhumed from the battle-fields are placed in most substantial coffins, and buried two feet apart in trenches from four to five feet deep. At the head of the coffins will be built a continuous stone wall, 1½ feet in thickness, and extending from the bottom of the trench to the surface of the ground. On the top of this wall a smooth granite or marble railing will be erected, 1½ feet in height and one foot thick, on which will be inscribed the names of the dead, with the regiment and State to which each belonged.

The position of the new Cemetery is very fine, and commands a view of the whole country for miles around, including the entire ground covered by the Union and rebel lines. It is less than a quarter of a mile from the house occupied by Gen. Meade as his headquarters, about half a mile from Culp's Hill, where the hardest fighting occurred on the 3d of July, and about two miles from Round Top, which was occupied by the extreme left of the Union lines, and was the scene of the hand-to-hand fight of the 2d.

In wandering around these battle-fields, one is astonished and indignant to find at almost every step of his progress the carcases of dead horses, which have been permitted to remain above ground since the battle, and which still breed pestilence in the atmosphere of this whole region. I am told that more than a score of deaths have resulted from this neglect in the village of Gettysburg, during the past summer; and in the house in which I was compelled to seek lodgings, there are now two boys sick with typhoid fever, attributed to this cause. Within a stone's throw of the whitewashed hut occupied as the headquarters of Gen. Meade, I counted yesterday no less than ten carcases of dead horses, lying on the ground where they were struck by the shells of the enemy.

The ceremonies of the Dedication passed off without an accident, and nearly in accordance with the programme previously published. There was not, however, so large a military display as was anticipated, and the procession was unexpectedly slim, for the reason that most of the guests who were expected to join it were either off viewing the battle-fields, or hurried up to the Cemetery before the procession started. The opening prayer, by Rev. Mr. Stockton, was touching and beautiful, and produced quite as much effect upon the audience as the classic sentences of the orator of the day. President Lincoln's brief address was delivered in a clear, loud tone of voice, which could be distinctly heard at the extreme limits of the large assemblage. It was delivered (or rather read from a sheet of paper which the speaker held in his hand) in a very deliberate manner, with strong emphasis, and with a most business-like air.

From the New York Herald Correspondence.

GETTYSBURG, Pa., Nov. 19, 1863.

In this town, surrounded by its gray mountains, and rendered as famous in American as is Waterloo in European history, by the sanguinary and decisive battles of the first, second and third days of last July, a sad, solemn and impressive ceremony is being to-day enacted. From the New England, the Middle and the Western States, from the capital, and from all parts of the country that have remained faithful to the Union, are here assembled thousands of people, some in their public capacity as officials, some as private citizens, some in martial array, some as societies, and some as the representatives of the dead whose blood ensanguined these streets and fields, and woods and hill-sides, making the whole region holy ground. They have come, headed by the man whose lot it has been to have the guidance of the national helm in these times of storm and tempest, to dedicate a National Cemetery, wherein the brave soldiers who fell during those terrible days of conflict, in defence of the national integrity and honor, may "Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking."

Buried near where they fell, by plain and mountain slope, it has been deemed a sacred public duty to have a suitable space of ground set apart for the final resting-place of our dead at Gettysburg; and though, at the first view, it may have seemed a sort of desecration of their soldier graves to disturb their remains, still, the proposition to place them in a national cemetery, to be specially honored and guarded by the present and future generations, commended itself to the approval of the loyal people of the land. To this sacred spot will be ever applicable the lines of the poet:—

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest?
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

"By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.
There honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

THE BATTLES OF GETTYSBURG.

The official reports of the respective commanders of the Union and of the rebel armies, have recently told the story, in simple language, of the battles on which seemed to hinge the destinies of the nation. General Lee states that his object in the campaign which resulted so disastrously to his army, was, to draw the Union army from its strong position opposite Fredericksburg, the relief of the Shenandoah valley, the transfer of the scene of hostilities north of the Potomac, and the attainment of other advantages which it was hoped military success would insure. The movement commenced on the 3d of June, and on the 3d of the following month he realized, on the heights around Gettysburg, that his plans had signally failed, that his second invasion of the loyal States had been as badly punished as the preceding one had been at South Mountain and Antietam, and that no resource was left him but a retreat back to the south side of the Potomac. That retreat he commenced on the night of the Fourth of July, leaving in the hands of the victors three of his guns, forty-one standards, and nearly 14,000 prisoners, and taking with him, as he states, 4,000 prisoners. What his loss in killed and wounded was, General Lee did not state in his report; but it has been estimated, rather largely we presume, at five thousand five hundred killed, and twenty-one thousand wounded. General Meade, in his report, dated October 1, sets down the Union loss at two thousand eight hundred and thirty-four killed, fourteen thousand seven hundred and nine wounded, and six thousand and six hundred and forty-three missing—in all twenty-three thousand one hundred and eighty-six. The rebel prisoners captured by our army, including a large proportion of wounded men, numbered thirteen thousand eight hundred and twenty-one.

This is not the time or place to rehearse the details of the three days battles. Suffice it to say, that the fighting on both sides was close and obstinate; and if

the rebels were driven back at all points, it was not for lack of daring and reckless courage on their part. But in the Army of the Potomac they met "foemen worthy of their steel"—and all their courage and desperation were fruitless against the embattled hosts of our array. Their dead are buried in trenches on the battlefield, and it is not proposed to disturb their remains.

THE LOCATION OF THE CEMETERY

is about half a mile southwest of the town, and adjoins the old cemetery, the scene of part of the eventful struggles of July. It is situated between the Baltimore and Taneytown roads, and contains about ten acres of land. The ground set apart for the resting places of the departed heroes comprises about one half the lot purchased by the State of Pennsylvania, and has been laid out in a semi-circle, with the base resting upon the old cemetery, the ground sloping away to the west. It contains three principal avenues; one extending along the base line, the second around the arc of the semicircle, and the other forming an interior semicircle, concentric with the outer one. Minor paths radiate from the centre of the base line, and form division lines werewith to mark the different State apportionments. Each State has its separate lot, and the burials have been made in trenches parallel with the main avenues. It is intended to place at the head of the trenches a plain hammered granite curb, running entirely across the lot, upon which will be cut the names of the soldiers, with their regiment, company, &c. This plan will obviate the necessity of private monuments, and places the memory of all who are buried here upon an equal footing. The location of the proposed commemorative monument has not been fully decided upon.

VISITORS ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

For the last few days there has been a stream of visitors wandering over the battlefield, picking up mementoes of all kinds, from pieces of shell to walnut branches to be converted into walking canes.

The first place usually visited is Seminary Hill, on which stands the college, the theological school and a school for young ladies. Just over the brow of the hill stands a low-roofed, small stone house of ruinous aspect, the headquarters of the rebel General Lee. An old German woman, who was the matron of the domicil, answered to our inquiries, and gave Lee a good character for his moral discourse and bearing; but she protested indignantly that she had cooked nothing for the rebels. Lee had his pick of good houses, but preferred this humble one. Quite contiguous to it are the premises of Hon. E. M. McPherson. No wilful damage was done them or to any other property at Gettysburg.

THE GRAVES OF THE FALLEN.

All around are marks of the fearful conflict, in fences torn down, rifle-pits hastily thrown up, opened graves, from which the bodies of Union soldiers have been removed, and graves, where sleep, undisturbed, the rebel victims of the strife. Many of the latter have headboards, with the names of the sleepers marked on them. These are they who were buried by their own men before the retreat. Gen. Barksdale's body is said to be still in possession of an enterprising embalmer, who took it up on speculation.

MARKS OF THE CONFLICT.

The college bears numerous marks made by shells. The ladies' school-house, of Miss Carrie Shead, presents a memento of the fight, in a large aperture made near the roof. This lady and her pupils busied themselves during the fight, in attending some sixty wounded Union soldiers. The Misses Callow, of Baltimore, are spoken of as earnest and gentle ministers in this good work. Another pupil —Miss Amelia E. Harman—lived with her aunts, in a fine house, between this point and the Emmettsburg road. As it was used by the Union sharp-shooters, the rebels, on the retreat of our forces, made preparations to burn it. The young lady, however, protested against the outrage, assuring them that she was born of a Southern mother. She was told that the house would be spared, if she would hurrah for the Southern Confederacy; but she spurned the condition, and the torch was applied to the dwelling, while herself and her aunts had to run the gauntlet of the fire from both armies. Curiously enough, the house was built by the brother-in-law of Stonewall Jackson. Along the Gettysburg road, are still strewn the remains of Union uniforms and accoutrements; the fields are dotted with graves, the houses are riddled with shot and shell, and the fences and trees show signs of the rain of missiles. Near here, is pointed out a persimmon tree, in which a rebel sharpshooter had taken his position, and plied his rifle with terrible effect on our batteries. He is said to have killed three or four men and fifty-six horses. A whole company had fired upon him without effect. Finally, a Western rifleman, who had a telescope rifle, was sent for. He drew a bead on the rebel, and fired. That was the death-bolt of the rebel, and he lies buried under the tree.

LITTLE ROUND TOP.

Another point of great interest is the elevation known as Little Round Top. Here our men had increased the natural strength of the position by artificial defences. It must have appeared a desperate enterprise to endeavor to gain this position; but the attempt was made. A fearful slaughter of rebel troops was the result; the rocks and boulders on the hill-side did not save them from the sweeping fire of our men, and they went down in thousands.

CULP'S HILL,

on our extreme right, has almost every tree upon it destroyed by the iron hail that swept over it, and even in the old borough town of Gettysburg there are innumerable battle-scars in walls and houses.

These scenes have all been visited, within the last few days, by thousands of strangers. But, perhaps, the saddest spectacle of all, is that which is presented in the new Cemetery, where the work of re-interring the dead has been going on without cessation.

Many of those whose graves were unmarked, have furnished proofs of identity in letters from friends, Bibles in pockets, daguerreotypes, and other things. I have heard some fearful stories of how human skulls and other remnants of poor mortality have become stripped of the thin covering of clay hastily thrown over them, and have been exposed to sight; but I would rather draw a curtain over these sad recitals, for the sake of the now entombed heroes themselves.

I believe that a becoming care from the first has been used to give the dead of both armies a decent sepulchre, and suppose the time is not far distant when such affectionate attention, as is now paid to the relics of loyal soldiers, will be also extended to the dead of the Southern army.

From the New York World Correspondence.

HUNTING FOR RELICS.

During the day the battle-ground, which is some nine miles in extent, was scattered all over with little parties and single individuals hunting for relics. I passed over quite a large part of it, observing, with much interest, the position of the field, noting what had been the disposition of the forces, where our troops stood, and from where the rebels trained their batteries. The ground has been pretty well cleared from any such vestiges of the battle as could be conveniently carried away. There only remains the charred sticks of extinguished camp-fires, bits of leather-straps of knapsacks, of bayonet-scabbards, and of cartridge-boxes, with here and there a stocking or fatigue-cap trodden into the ground. At one place, however, are the rotting bodies of a dozen or more horses, that still make an intolerable stench in the vicinity, nobody having taken the trouble to bury them. A few shells are still laying on the ground, but they are unexploded, and no one cares to handle them too familiarly. Careful search will disclose marks of rifle-balls upon the stone fences, and the trees in the woods are barked and broken and penetrated, nearly every one bearing marks of the conflict. There are now few "relics" to be found, except the rifled shells and shot which somebody has collected, and exhibits for sale in the village.

THE NATIONAL CEMETERY.

It is perhaps unnecessary to give any detailed description of the new National Cemetery, additional to what has already been published. The eminence of Cemetery Hill bears upon its crest a proud and noble burden of fallen heroes, from nearly every State in the North; and foremost in the list, with the broadest plot of ground, and occupying the front of the Cemetery, is the part allotted to the dead soldiers of the Empire State. The graves are fresh, for they are newly made, marked as yet, at head and foot, only by bits of board stuck in the ground, numbered, or bearing the hastily-written name of the dead soldier, the letter of his company, and his regiment. No flowers or trees are yet planted over them. No marble monument or lofty gateway guards the approach to these hundreds of sepulchers. That is a work of art and time, yet to be performed.

The Cemetery of Gettysburg, from which Cemetery Hill takes its name, is just beside. It is very neatly and tastefully arranged, and a few small monuments arise from amongst the humbler grave-stones. They, too, are marked and broken by the shot and shell. The iron fences surrounding the family lots are broken in many places by the same shot that broke off the grave-stones. One pretty monument, about twelve feet high, has only one mark upon it, made near the top, evidently by a leaden rifle-ball. The walks have gone sadly to decay.

There are two places proposed as the site of the principal monument of the

National Cemetery. One is at the extreme left of the grounds, within an oval lawn to be laid out, and the other place proposed, is at the center of the Cemetery, from whence the walks radiate to the circumference. It is said that the latter place will probably be adopted for the site.

THE PARADE AND PRELIMINARY EXERCISES.

The parade previous to the delivery of the oration moved as shown in the programme issued some days since. As they slowly marched up the road, "minute guns" were fired in front. Listening to the reverberations that Culp answered to Wolf and Round Top returned again, till they died upon the blue mountains of the Cumberland, dim in the distance, one could imagine something of the din and roar that must have shook the hills when, from the mouths of concentrated batteries, the fire grew more frequent, till the very hill-tops seemed aflame—not with the July sun. The pageant, to one accustomed to see parades, was not remarkable, except from the presence of President Lincoln, with three of his Secretaries, and of other dignitaries. The marshals from each State were distinguished by being mounted upon horses, and wearing a yellow silk scarf or badge, thrown over the shoulder and confined at the side by a rosette of red, white and blue. They also bore white batons with black ends.

THE BATTLEFIELD BY MOONLIGHT.

I seized a few moments in the evening to look at the battlefield by moonlight. Upon this group of cemetery, Culp's and Wolf's Hills, the Federal army stood its ground against an outnumbering enemy, that occupied all that line of hills almost surrounding them, at the west, north and east, and the "volleyed thunder" flew across the intervening plains. Over that little valley the rebels charged only to meet showers of shot that drove them, bleeding, back. Yon brick house, with the moonlight shining through huge rents in the wall, was occupied by rebel sharp-shooters, and those holes are the results of training a Federal gun upon it. The air, the trees, and the the graves are silent. Even the relic-hunters are gone now, and the soldiers here never wake to the sound of reveille.