

WELCOME FOR VETERANS.

A HEARTY RECEPTION IN STORE FOR THE VISITORS TO BALTIMORE.

Meetings of the Various Committees—Ample Funds Provided—The Rise and the Gray—Interesting Letter from a New Jersey Comrade, &c., &c.

Special Correspondence National Tribune.

BALTIMORE, June 1.—The coming Grand Army Reunion will undoubtedly prove the most interesting ever held. Everything that could add to the popular interest of the event has been provided; all the money necessary to give "the boys" an old-fashioned Maryland welcome has been secured, and representative citizens of every political shade have united in the arrangements, extending the most cordial welcome to the delegates and other comrades who will be present.

AT GRAND ARMY HEADQUARTERS

Letters are being constantly received from prominent persons in all parts of the country asking to have accommodations provided at the various hotels. Everything, it may be said, is now in order for the enjoyment of both guest and host during the festival. The details of the organization have been most complete, and have exceeded anything of the kind in the history of the Grand Army. No such reception as is now being prepared was ever attempted before.

THE OFFICIAL PROGRAMME.

The official programme of the celebration is now being prepared. The cover, which is an artistic piece of design and coloring, will be lithographed. Messrs. O'Connell and Bennett are the publishers, and 20,000 copies will be issued and sold by Mr. James Crowley, a news agent. The pamphlet which is being prepared by Comrade John A. Thompson, Jr., Secretary of the Executive Committee, will be quarto size, and will consist of forty-two pages, containing a history of the Grand Army of the Republic, compiled by Colonel Robert B. Beeth, of Philadelphia. It will contain a list of prominent business firms of the city, a roster of all the Departments of the Grand Army of the Republic in the country, a directory of representatives to the National Encampment, and where they will stop when they arrive here, and a programme of the entertainment and parade.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING.

The Executive Committee met at headquarters on Monday, Gen. Ross, chairman. It was reported that the price of round-trip tickets from Washington to return, good for five days, would be \$1.65. The different posts of Baltimore presented lists of names from which to select members of committees on reception, etc. Gen. Ross reported the visit of the special committee to Washington, as notified in the last issue of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, and that they had secured the promise of attendance during the Encampment of the President and his Cabinet, and other notables. Also the selection and acceptance of Gen. Romcyne B. Ayres to act as commander of the parade. Gen. Sherman promised to come and take part in the parade in a carriage, and the retired naval officers would also be in carriages. General Ross stated that the committee had asked Congress for the loan of tents for the accommodation of 5,000 comrades, and that the request would likely be complied with. Sleeping accommodations for 300 persons will be provided at the Masonic Temple, and a restaurant will be in the lower floor to feed 300 more. Dushane Tost will keep open house during the Encampment, and refreshments will be provided for all visitors to their hall. Pennsylvania will send 2,500 men as a Department, and the visiting militia from Washington will come on the morning of the parade. The Washington Light Infantry will bring the Marine Band, fifty-five pieces, with them.

THE HOSPITALITY COMMITTEE.

The General Hospitality Committee also held a meeting on Monday, which was well attended. Ex-Mayor Latrobe, the chairman, announced the following additional names of members of the committee: Summerfield Baldwin, James A. Gary, B. Q. Taylor, J. Ross Diggs, H. W. Marston, Wm. F. Clautice, J. O. Bates, Samuel D. Buck, S. L. Frank, George D. Hill, G. W. M. Cook, J. S. Lewis, Daniel McLaughlin, John Q. Herring, Samuel M. Shoemaker, Joseph Kenshaw, Henry Clark, Robert E. Vint, Charles Heiser, Edward Pels, Thomas Gallagher, Edwin H. Webster, and Charles W. Buzze.

The Finance Committee, through Geo. H. C. Neal, presented a satisfactory report.

PROVIDING THE FUNDS.

Mr. Norman asked if it was known how much money was required to properly entertain one guest, for he knew of many merchants and business men who would give fifty dollars, if needed, where they had only given twenty-five.

General Latrobe said that we must entertain our visitors from the North and South in a style suitable to our reputation and creditable to our people. We have the pride and honor of our city in our charge, and it cannot possibly be maintained with a less sum than \$15,000.

Gen. James B. Herbert said the Committee on Reception of Visiting Comrades would require from \$2,500 to \$3,000. He agreed that Baltimore ought not to be niggard, and thought that our citizens, from one end of the town to the other, would unite heart and hand in making this a grand reception. He thought we ought to have at least \$25,000. The sum of \$2,500 or \$3,000 does not provide for the regular forces of the United States, such as the army, marine corps, or sailors of the fleet who may be ordered here.

Mr. Supple said: Only tell us what is wanted and the merchants and business men will supply the means when they are told what is required and how much is expected of them.

General Latrobe said the visiting Posts and guests were to be here two days.

General Herbert said that when the Corn and Flour Exchange was called upon it would be found in the front rank, and would contribute liberally.

The chairman said it would be well to appoint a special committee to visit the Corn and Flour Exchange.

Mr. Horner said we cannot treat our visitors too well. This reception is the talk of the whole country. Dickinson College is making its commencement secondary to it, so the faculty and students can come here.

Gen. Ross said that \$1,045 had been subscribed before the General Hospitality Committee was organized, and that amount was allowed to be retained by the Executive Committee of the Grand Army to assist it in the expenses of invitations, headquarters, clerk hire, and a great many other incidentals.

It was moved by Mr. Horner, and seconded by General Herbert, that it is necessary to have \$25,000 to entertain the guests. The motion was carried.

Mr. Horner said that he thought there were 1,000 business men who could readily give \$50 apiece.

General Herbert moved that it is the sense of this meeting that the press be asked to aid in the matter of receiving subscriptions to the amount of \$25,000.

A PLEASANT INCIDENT.

General Agnus said he wanted to introduce to the meeting a gallant young fellow, an ex-Confederate, who had a favorable record in the past and a bright prospect for the future, a clever gentleman who was heart and hand in the movement to welcome the soldiers of the Union—Mr. George Savage.

Mr. Savage was received with applause. He said: I thought I was coming to a business meeting where I would not be expected to talk, but I must say I am heartily in favor of this reception, as a Baltimorean, an American, and an ex-Confederate. I am thoroughly in accord with this movement to receive the Grand Army of the Republic. I was a private, and I am sure there are a thousand ex-Confederates in this city who, if not in a body, will, at least, individually heartily receive them. I have crossed Mason and Dixon's line as a guest of the Grand Army of the Republic, and there was the most enthusiastic cordiality in the reception. To better show the warm feelings of our friends, I will read a letter which never was expected to be shown. I am sure it will be heartily received by the ex-Confederates of this city. It is from General E. S. Campbell, of Trenton, the Department Commander of the G. A. R., of New Jersey. He entered the army as a captain, was wounded severely three times, and rose to the rank of brigadier general.

"TRENTON, N. J., May 18, 1882.

"My Dear Mr. Savage: I shall be delighted to meet you at Baltimore, and I think I need not add to you, shall take more pleasure in seeing the soldiers of the gray participate in the demonstration than any others. To some this might sound a little extreme, but to me it is certainly real, and seems logical and natural. The dear old Union of our fathers—in the preservation of which I believed, and still believe, all possibilities of prosperity and happiness for the future, North, South, East, and West, to be bound up—is preserved as an organism. If I can only see, before I die, the hearts of our people thoroughly cemented, the smouldering embers all quenched, and our country one, as it should be, —E pluribus unum—I shall feel that I can fully enter into sympathy with the old Semite priest and say, 'Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!' It is for this reason that it is so specially gratifying to me to see anything like 'getting together' on the part of those who lately were so very far apart (and yet so distressingly near). Although I always was, and still am, as decided a firm in my unionism as perhaps any Northern soldier, I find in my heart no remaining trace of animosity towards anyone because he fought 'on the other side.' On the contrary, my heart warms towards them whenever and wherever I meet them. Recognizing the fact that there is not one of us who was not more or less responsible for the shedding of a torrent of human blood, for the waste of treasures which baffled our arithmetic, and for an amount of human suffering of every kind and description, which transcends even our powers of imagination—I think I do not exaggerate—it seems to me to be more consistent with the highest wisdom, patriotism, and humanity, that, instead of weighing and balancing our mutual degrees of responsibility, we should devote ourselves to preventing all possibility of such a reign of terror in the future. My experience has been that the more men meet each other the better they like each other. Even those who think they hate each other often find they do not. They learn to know each other better, and therein lies the secret of the whole matter. Whilst on some points we may not expect to agree, contact and reflection will give us respect for each other's motives and charity for each other's faults and mistakes. Let us keep our backs turned sternly to that buried past, and our faces to a future which I fully believe is full of hope and promise."

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

Mr. D. M. Newbold moved that the Executive Committee take into consideration the propriety of inviting the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States to be present during the celebration, and it was agreed to.

General Herbert inquired if General Hancock had been invited, and General Ross replied, "Yes, but that he could not positively promise." General Ross knew he had an appointment to meet the Army of the Potomac from the 14th to the 18th of June, but he had urged his secretary to press upon him the welcome that would be given and the earnest desire of the committee to have him come.

The chair appointed the following Reception Committee: James A. Gary, Henry C. Smith, James Hodges, Wm. H. Perkins, Summerfield Baldwin, Frank P. Stevens, Edwin H. Webster, E. V. Hermage, James E. Herbert, Wm. S. Young, Israel M. Parr, Charles A. Baker, A. L. Scott, John Gill, and Charles A. Vogel.

FLOWERS FOR THE BRAVE.

GARLANDS FOR THE GRAVES OF OUR SLEEPING HEROES.

The Duties of Patriotism and the Sweet Office of Remembrance—Eloquent Words, Military Pageantry, and the People's Imposting Tributes—Immersive Decoration Day Ceremonies.

The observance of Decoration Day was never so general as on Tuesday last, when the graves of our sleeping heroes in all parts of the country received their floral tributes at the hands of fair women and brave men.

At many of the cemeteries the graves of ex-Confederate soldiers were also strewn with flowers by the members of the Grand Army, and many of the speeches delivered at several places breathed a spirit of fraternal reunion that augurs happily for a complete restoration of peace and harmony between the sections. To such a remarkable extent was this spirit manifested that many suggestions are being made to unite in harmony the dead of both armies at the same time. Indeed, as will be seen below, this was observed in several instances on Tuesday.

Another thing was noticeable in connection with these memorial services. The day was essentially a National holiday—a holiday that struck deep into the popular heart and awakened a more thorough response of popular sentiment than on any previous occasion. If any further necessity existed for making Decoration Day a National holiday, it was fully demonstrated on this recurrence of the anniversary, and it is to be hoped the lessons taught in that connection will not be forgotten. From the accounts of memorial ceremonies in various places that have reached us up to the hour of going to press, we select such as we think our readers will find of special interest:

THE EMPIRE STATE.

No Decoration Day in New York ever equaled that of Tuesday, in point of magnitude. The weather was clear and bright, and the fact that President Arthur and other distinguished personages participated in the ceremonies lent extraordinary interest to the occasion. The reviewing stand was at Twenty-fourth street and Fifth avenue.

President Arthur arrived at the stand about ten o'clock. The arrivals up to that hour had been so numerous that many people who held tickets of admission were unable to get on the stand. The ladies and gentlemen on the stand were not nearly so comfortably off as those who were obliged to remain on the street, for the military guard, in pursuance of their orders, packed those who were privileged (?) like sardines. It was only a question of the standing capacity of the platform, and it was tested to its utmost. The head of the procession had reached Twenty-ninth street before the Presidential party had arrived, and Major-General Shaler ordered a halt. The President was escorted to his residence in the morning, and waited on the Fifth Avenue Hotel. At a quarter to ten o'clock he came out of the Twenty-third street entrance and was received by the Old Guard, Major George W. McLean commanding. The Guard wore their bearskin hats and were in full dress uniform. The band played the "President's March," and the men stood at present arms. The guard at the reviewer's stand was composed of fifty men of the Seventy-first infantry, every man of whom was over six feet in height. When the President's party approached the order was given: "Turn on the Guard! The President of the United States!"

Immediately the remnants of the Seventy-first were formed in two ranks, facing inward, and making passageway of shining steel from the entrance of the stand to the spot where the President's carriage would stop. The Old Guard marched up in two platoons, with the carriages in the centre, the latter stopping just opposite the passageway of sentinels. As the President was recognized he was greeted with enthusiastic cheers, and the getting through swayed forward in the hope of catching a closer view.

The President was accompanied by the following gentlemen, acting as escort on behalf of the Grand Army of the Republic: G. J. Wenck, of Rise Post, No. 29; J. S. Phillips, of Cameron Post, No. 78; Henry O'Brien, of Rawlins Post, No. 89; Samuel Smith, of Stevens Post, No. 255; and William B. Oalden, of Rise-Post, No. 29. When Lieutenant Danenhower was seen and recognized by the crowd he was enthusiastically cheered. General Grant, among others, started the applause. After the President's party had taken their position on the platform the Old Guard were assigned a position on the exterior side of Fifth avenue fronting the stand, while the stand was surrounded by the President's bodyguard from the Seventy-first.

THE PROCESSION.

When Major-General Shaler appeared on his magnificent black horse, followed by his dashing staff, the sight was a most beautiful one. As far as the eye could reach in every direction there was a moving mass of people. The tops of houses and windows were filled with ladies, who waved flags and handkerchiefs. The stand was a bower of flowers. The parade included the First Division of the National Guard and thirteen divisions of the civic parade. The Grand Army Posts that followed the militia were much alike in general aspect, but the hearts of the throngs that looked on went out to the veterans with their solemn faces, thinking of their dead, their memorial flowers, and their riddled battle-flags. As Post after Post filed by the reviewing point, the solemnity of the occasion fell upon the assemblage, and many a moistened eye followed the thin ranks of the comrades as they marched on toward the resting places of the dead.

The President and his party remained until the last man had gone by and then passed through the lines of the body-guard, again drawn up to the carriages, and returned to the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

The decorations of the monuments in Union and Madison Squares were unique in the extreme. At Greenwood Cemetery the ceremonies were participated in by thousands of people. Mayor Low, of Brooklyn, presided, and made the opening address, and Mr. Robert Collyer delivered the oration. At Calvary Hill, Cypress Cemetery, and other places, deeply impressive services were also held.

COLONEL INGERSOLL'S ORATION.

The day's observance in the city closed with the exercises at the Academy of Music, in the evening. The building was thronged in every part. Among the distinguished people present were President Arthur, General Grant, ex-Senator Conkling, Secretary of the Treasury Folger, Attorney-General Brewster, Chaplain Newman, and Mayor Grace. A poem, by William Winter, entitled, "A Pledge to the Dead," was received with warm applause, after which Colonel Ingersoll was introduced, and spoke as follows:

"This day is sacred to our heroes dead. Upon their tombs we have lovingly laid the wealth of spring.

"This is a day for memory and tears. A mighty Nation bends above its honored graves and pays to noble dust the tribute of its love.

"Gratitude is the fairest flower that sheds its perfume in the heart.

To-day we tell the history of our country's life; recount the lofty deeds of vanished years; the toil and suffering; the defeats and victories of heroic men—of men who made our Nation great and free.

We see the first ships whose prows were gilded by the western sun. We feel the thrill of discovery when the New World was found. We see the oppressed, the serf, the peasant, and the slave—men whose flesh had known the chill of chains—the adventurous, the proud, the brave, sailing an unknown sea, seeking homes in unknown lands.

We see the settlements, the little clearings, the block-house and the fort, the rude and lonely huts, brave men, true women, builders of homes, fellers of forests, founders of States! Separated from the Old World, away from the heartless distinctions of caste, away from sceptres and titles and crowns, they governed themselves. They defended their homes, they earned their bread. Each citizen had a voice, and the little villages became almost republics.

Slowly the savage was driven, foot by foot, back in the dim forest. The days and nights were filled with fear, and the slow years with massacre and war, and the cabins' earthen floors were wet with blood of mothers and their babes.

But the savages of the New World were kinder than the kings and nobles of the Old; and so the human tide kept coming, and the places of the dead were filled.

Amid common dangers and common hopes the prejudices and feuds of Europe faded slowly from their hearts. From every land, of every speech, driven by want and lured by hope, exiles and emigrants sought the mysterious continent of the West.

Year after year the colonists fought and toiled and suffered and increased.

They began to talk about liberty—to reason of the rights of man. They asked no help from distant kings, and they began to doubt the use of paying tribute to the useless. They lost respect for dukes and lords, and held in high esteem all honest men.

There was the dawn of a new day. They began to dream of independence. They found that they could make and execute the laws. They had tried the experiment of self-government. They had succeeded. The Old World wished to dominate the New. In the care and keeping of the colonists was the destiny of this continent—half the world.

On this day the story of the great struggle between colonists and kings should be told. We should tell our children of the contest—first for justice, then for freedom. We should tell them the history of the Declaration of Independence, the charted compass of all human rights—"All men are equal and have the right to life, to liberty, and to joy."

This declaration unceremoniously wrested from the hands of titled tyranny the scepter of usurped and arbitrary power. It superseded royal grants and repealed the cruel statutes of a thousand years. It gave the peasant a career. It knighted all the sons of toil. It opened all the paths to fame, and put the star of hope above the cradle of the poor man's babe.

England was then the mightiest of nations, mistress of every sea, and yet our fathers, poor and few, defied her power.

To-day we remember the defeats, the victories, the disaster, the weary marches, the poverty, the hunger, the sufferings, the agonies, and, above all, the glories of the Revolution. We remember all—from Lexington to Valley Forge, and from that midnight of despair to Yorktown's cloudless day.

We remember the soldiers and thinkers—the heroes of the sword and pen. They had the brain and heart, the wisdom and the courage, to utter and defend these words: "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed."

In defense of this sublime and self-evident truth the war was waged and won.

To-day we remember all the heroes, all the generous and chivalric men who came from other lands to make ours free.

Of the many thousands who shared the gloom and glory of the seven sacred years not one remains. The last has mingled with the earth, and nearly all are sleeping now in unmarked graves, and some beneath the leaning, crumbling stones from which their names have been effaced by time's irrevocable and relentless hand. But the Nation they founded remains. The United States are still free and independent. The "government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed," and fifty millions of free people remember with gratitude the heroes of the Revolution.

Let us be truthful; let us be kind. When peace came, when the independence of a new nation was acknowledged, the great truth for which our fathers fought was half-defeated, and the Constitution was inconsistent with the Declaration. The war was waged for liberty, and yet the victors forged new fetters for their fellow-men. The chains our fathers broke were put by them upon the limbs of others. Freedom for all was the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night through seven years of want and war.

In peace the cloud was forgotten, and the pillar blazed unseen.

Let us be truthful; all of our fathers were not true to themselves. In war they had been generous, noble, and self-sacrificing; with peace came selfishness and greed. They were not great enough to appreciate the grandeur of the principles for which they fought. They ceased to regard the great truths as having universal application. "Liberty for all" included only themselves. They qualified the Declaration. They interpolated the word "white," they obliterated the word "all." Let us be kind. We will remember the age in which they lived. We will compare them with the citizens of other nations.

They made merchandise of men. They legalized a crime. They sowed the seeds of war; but they founded this nation.

Let us gratefully remember; Let us gratefully forget.

To-day we remember the heroes of the second war with England, in which our fathers fought for the freedom of the seas, for the rights of the American sailor.

We remember with pride the splendid victories of Erie and Champlain, and the wondrous achievements upon the sea—achievements that covered our navy with a glory that neither the victories nor defeats of the future can dim.

We remember the heroic services and sufferings of those who fought the merciless savage of the frontier. We see the midnight massacre and hear the war-cries of the allies of England. We see the flames climb round the happy homes, and in the charred and blackened ruins we see the mutilated bodies of wives and children.

Peace came at last, crowned with the victory of New Orleans—a victory that "did redeem all sorrows" and all defeats.

The Revolution gave our fathers a free land—the war of 1812 a free sea.

To-day we remember the gallant men who bore our flag in triumph from the Rio Grande to the heights of Chateaufort.

Leaving out of question the justice of our cause—the necessity for war—we are yet compelled to applaud the marvellous courage of our troops. A handful of men—brave, impetuous, determined, irresistible—conquered a nation. Our history has no record of more daring deeds.

Again peace came, and the Nation hoped and thought that strife was at an end.

We had grown too powerful to be attacked. Our resources were boundless, and the future seemed secure. The hardy pioneers moved to the great West. Beneath their ringing strokes the forests disappeared, and on the prairies

waved the billowed seas of wheat and corn. The great plains were crossed, the mountains were conquered, and the foot of victorious adventure pressed the shores of the Pacific.

In the great North all the streams went singing to the sea, turning wheels and spindles and casting shuttles back and forth. Inventions were springing like magic from a thousand brains. From labor's holy altars rose and leaped the smoke and flame, and from the countless forges rang the chaunt of rhythmic stroke.

But in the South the negro tilled unpaid, and mothers wept while babes were sold, and at the auction-block husbands and wives speechlessly looked the last good-bye. Fugitives, lighted by the Northern star, sought liberty on English soil, and were by Northern men thrust back to whip and chain.

The great statesmen, the successful politicians announced that law had been bribed, and that time had barred appeal. A race was left without a right, without a hope. The future had no dawn, no star—nothing but ignorance and fear; nothing but war and want. This was the conclusion of the statesmen, the philosophy of the politicians, of constitutional expounders. This was decided by courts and ratified by the Nation.

We had been successful in three wars. We had wrested thirteen colonies from Great Britain. We had conquered our place upon the high seas. We had added more than two millions of square miles to the national domain. We had increased in population from three to thirty-one millions. We were in the midst of plenty. We were rich and free. Ours appeared to be the most prosperous of nations.

But it was only appearance. The statesmen and the politicians were deceived. Real victories can be won only for the right. The triumph of justice is the only peace. Such is the nature of things. He who enslaves another can not be free. He who attacks the right, assaults himself.

The mistake our fathers made had not been corrected. The foundations of the Republic were insecure. The great dome of the temple was clad in the light of prosperity, but the corner-stones were crumbling. Four millions of human beings were enslaved. Forty cities had been mistaken for principles, partisanship for patriotism, success for justice.

But pity plied to the scarred and bleeding backs of slaves; we heard the sobs of mothers left of labor, and justice held aloft the scales in which one drop of blood shed by a master's lash outweighed a nation's gold.

There were a few men, a few women, who had the courage to attack this monstrous crime. They found it entrenched in constitutions, statutes, and decisions, barricaded and bastioned by every Department and by every party. Politicians were its servants, statesmen its advisors, judges its menials, President's its puppets, and upon its cruel altar had been sacrificed our country's honor.

It was the crime of the Nation—the whole country—North and South responsible alike.

To-day we reverently thank the Abolitionists. Earth has produced no grander men, no nobler women. They were the real philanthropists, the true patriots.

When the will defies fear, when the heart applauds the brain, when duty throws the gauntlet down to fate, when honor seems to compromise with death—this is heroism.

The Abolitionists were heroes. He loves his country best who strives to make it best. The bravest men are those who have the greatest fear of doing wrong.

More politicians wish the country to do something for them; true patriots desire to do something for their country.

Courage without conscience is a wild beast; patriotism without principle is the prejudice of birth—the animal attachment to place.

These men, these women had courage and conscience, patriotism, and principle, heart and brain.

The South relied upon the hand—upon a barbarous chase that stained, disgraced, and defiled the Federal past, and made the monstrous claim that slavery was the Nation's ward. The spot of shame grew red in Northern cheeks, and Northern men declared that slavery had poisoned, cursed, and blighted soul and soil enough, and that the Territories must be free.

The radicals of the South cried: "No Union without slavery!" The radicals of the North replied: "No Union without liberty!"

The Northern radicals were right. Upon the great issue of free homes for free men a President was elected by the free States. The South appealed to the sword, and raised the standard of revolt. For the first time in history the oppressors rebelled.

But let us to-day be great enough to forget individuals; great enough to know that slavery was treason, that slavery was rebellion; that slavery fired upon our flag and sought to wreck and strand the mighty ship that bears the hope and fortune of this world.

The first shot liberated the North. Constitutions, statutes, and decisions; compromises, platforms, and resolutions, made, passed, and ratified in the interest of slavery, became mere legal lies, mean and meaningless, base and baseless. Parchment and paper could no longer stop or stay the onward march of man. The North was free. Millions instantly resolved that the Nation should not die, that freedom should not perish, and that slavery should not live. Millions of our brothers, our sons, our fathers, our husbands answered to the Nation's call.

The great armies have desolated the earth; the greatest soldiers have been ambition's dupes. They waged war for the sake of peace and pillage, pomp and power, for the ignorant applause of vulgar millions, for the flattery of parasites, and the adulation of sycophants and slaves.

Let us proudly remember that in our time the greatest, the grandest, the noblest army of the world fought, not to enslave, but to free; not to destroy, but to save; not to slay for themselves, but for others; not for conquest, but for conscience; not only for us, but for every land and every race.

With courage, with enthusiasm, with devotion, never exalted, with an exaltation and purity of purposes never equaled, this grand army fought the battles of the Republic. For the preservation of this Nation, for the destruction of slavery, these soldiers, these saviors on land and sea, disinterested by no defeat, discouraged by no obstacle, appalled by no danger, neither pained nor swayed until a stainless flag, without a rival, floated over all our wide domain, and until every human being beneath its folds was absolutely free.

The great victory for human rights, the greatest of all the years, had been won; won by the Union men of the North, by the Union men of the South, and by those who had been slaves. Liberty was national; slavery was dead.

The flag for which the heroes fought, for which they died, is the symbol of all we are, of all we hope to be.

It is the emblem of equal rights. It means free hands, free lips, self-government, and the sovereignty of the individual.

It means that this continent has been dedicated to freedom.

It means universal education, light for every mind, knowledge for every child.

It means that the school-house is the fortress of liberty.

It means that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed;" that each man is accountable to and for the gov-

ernment; that responsibility goes hand in hand with liberty.

It means that it is the duty of every citizen to bear his share of the public burden, to take part in the affairs of his town, his county, his State, and his country.

It means that the ballot-box is the ark of the covenant, that the sources of authority must not be poisoned.

It means the perpetual right of peaceful revolution.

It means that every citizen of the Republic, native or naturalized, must be protected; at home in every State, abroad in every land, on every sea.

It means that all distinctions based on birth or blood have perished from our laws—that our Government shall stand between labor and capital, between the weak and strong, between the individual and the corporation, between want and wealth, and give and guarantee simple justice to each and all.

It means that there shall be a legal remedy for every wrong.

It means national hospitality—that we must welcome to our shores the exiles of the world, and that we may not drive them back. Some may be deformed by labor, dwarfed by hunger, broken in spirit, victims of tyranny and caste, in whose sad faces may be read the touching record of a weary life, and yet their children, born of liberty and love, will be symmetrical and fair, intelligent and free.

That flag is the emblem of a supreme will, of a nation's power. Beneath its folds the weakest must be protected and the strongest must obey. It shields and empowers alike the loftiest mansion and the rudest hut.

That flag was given to the air in the Revolution's darkest days. It represents the sufferings of the past, the glories yet to be; and, like the bow of heaven, it is the child of storm and sun.

This day is sacred to the great heroic host who kept this flag above our heads—sacred to the living and the dead, sacred to the scarred and maimed, sacred to the wives who save their husbands, to the mothers who gave their sons.

Here in this peaceful land of ours, here where the sun shines, where flowers grow, where children play, millions of armed men battled for the right and bled on a thousand fields the iron storms of war.

These brave, these incomparable men founded the first Republic. They fulfilled the prophecies, they brought to pass the dreams, they realized the hopes that all the great and good and wise and just have made and had since man was man.

But what of those who fell? There is no language to express the debt we owe, the love we bear, to all the dead who died for us. Words are but barren sounds. We can but stand before their graves, and in the hush and silence feel what speech has never told.

They fought; they died; and for the first time since man has kept a record of events, the heavens bent above and domed a land without a serf, a servant, or a slave.

MEMORIAL DAY IN PENNSYLVANIA.

At Philadelphia the ceremonies were on a more elaborate scale than on any previous occasion since the war. Most of the leading business establishments were closed, and 6,000 members of the G. A. R. paid their annual tribute to the memory of their comrades. At Fairmount Park an oration was delivered at the Lincoln monument by I. Newton Ritter, and at Laurel Hill one by Wm. P. Bowman, who took the place of Gen. J. W. Keffler, Speaker of the House of Representatives, who was unable to be present. The members of the Scott Legion (Veterans of the Mexican war) decorated the monument erected