THE SEVENTH.

PRO PATRIA ET GLORIA.

"FAIR WOMEN AND BRAVE MEN."

Reception Address by Major General Dix.

Georgeous Decorations and Artistic Displays.

SCENES WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

THE PROMINENT GUESTS.

&c. &c. &c.

The reception by the Seventh regiment, National Guard, of its members who have served in the regular and volunteer army and navy of the United States during the great rebellion took place last night at the Academy of Music and Irving Hall, the two buildings forming for the nonce one immense edifice, devoted to the worshippers of Terpsichore and a host of heathen deities. Balls, hops and soirees of the past sink into utter insignificance when compared with the festive gathering remarkable for beauty and fashion assembled within a palace on the decoration of which art and wealth had lavished genius and gold as the signal recklessness. Never, even in the memory of that omnipresent but intangible individual, the oldest inhabitant, has an affair of the kind been more truly noteworthy for a combination of magnificence and good taste on the part of the organizers and for a display of beauty and *toilette* as furnished by the guests.

THE PREPARATIONS.

The idea of this reception, it is generally understood, originated with Captain George Moore Smith, chairman of the Acting Reception Committee, and was received with enthusiasm by the members of the regiment. It was then formally proposed to hold a grand fashionable levee at the Academy of Music, whereat the five or six hundred soldiers belonging to the organization who had served during the rebellion, should be "welcomed home"—figuratively of course, at this late day—in an appropriate address to be delivered by some prominent gentleman. Since the introduction of this suggestion and its adoption the committee and members have worked zealously to insure the success of the soiree. The result of their labors was clearly set forth by the unanimous vote of a few delighted thousands whom dawn found plodding on their homeward way after a night's sojourn in fairyland.

BEFORE THE BALL.

For all parties interested—and who in the fashionable world was not?—yesterday was an occasion fraught with excitement. Would the committees prove efficient? Would the decorations be worthy of the *festa*? Would tickets be at all obtainable for those who had confided in procrastination, that thief of time? No answer could be given to these interrogatory remarks save a request to be patient and await developments. This plan was accordingly resorted to, and the anxiety of all was vastly relieved when a seemingly endless file of vehicles—large and small, private and public—lined Fourteenth street, without suffering any apparent diminution in length because of the constant disappearance of the foremost carriages.

THE OUTSIDE SCENE

was one of eminent practicalities. There was neither romance in the cold flagging upon which the expectant and wondering guests landed from their carriages, nor yet in the partially thawed ice and. snow clinging around the boots of the patient policemen who stood ready to open the doors and help the visitants through the overzealous company of spectators. There was nothing unusual in the exterior of the building. No extra covered ways had been prepared nor had carpets been provided on the walks. People came as they are wont to come to the opera, and under similar circumstances, only that they rushed up at the main entrance as if they supposed the orchestra had wound up with its grand flourish and the curtain had certainly wound up after it.

THE FIRST CARRIAGE

rolled round into Irving place at precisely six o'clock, and stood patiently at the head of the line for upwards of two hours. At seven o'clock the carriages of the committee, fifty one in number, began to arrive and deposit their precious burdens at the second entrance on Fourteenth street. To prevent all confusion, give satisfaction to every one, and at the same time insure the speedy egress of the committee, Captain Brackett, of the Twenty-sixth precinct, had provided them with a red card, which enabled them to pass the line and drop into their appropriate place, fronting the committee door. At half-past seven o'clock the line of carriages extended through Fourteenth street to Third avenue, and thence to Eighteenth street. An hour later and the line had reached Thirtieth street, the cross streets being crowded as well. From this time until midnight they came almost without cessation until one thousand carriage loads had been deposited. This was accomplished only by adhering to the admirable system established by Captain Brackett, and carried out by himself and Sergeant Robinson and twenty-five men from the Twenty-sixth precinct. For the first two hours the carriages were emptied at the rate of about six per minute on the average, all feeling satisfied that they had been set down at the earliest possible moment, considering the unprecedented jam. The same regularity and order were observed at the conclusion of the ball.

THE CROWD

began to assemble with the carriages. It was a good natured, orderly crowd of curiosity seekers. It rose and fell at the slightest wave of the baton, and stood in long double lines reaching from the Third and Fourth avenues inward to Irving place, and extending up to the police lines about the Academy door. This crowd, like all others, had its preferences. It was a critical crowd as well, and did not hesitate to express itself in loud terms of either commendation or condemnation, as the fancy took it. The prices of fabrics, the taste of the ladies, the bearing of the gentlemen, the style of dress, fashion of the hair, ornaments of the person, brilliancy of the jewels and a hundred other points were discussed with familiar freedom, as one after another of the guests alighted and passed in from the public gaze. It was a crowd, too, of regrets. First of all it regretted that it could not get in at the ball; then it regretted that it could not dress fine and ride in carriages; but its most sincere and final regret was that it was a necessity on Captain Brackett's part that it should get back and give gangway to the company.

THE POLICE

were everywhere. Captain Brackett had so arranged his men in detail that nothing could go amiss. The back inspectors furnished every carriage driver with a card that would enable him to come into line at the close of the ball and take up the guests in regular order. Any carriage that could not pass inspection was denied a ticket, and thus shut off. This system insures a good carriage for every one. Detachments of police from the Tenth, Eleventh, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Seventeenth, Twentieth, Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth precincts, and the Broadway squad, under Captain Copeland, were detailed to report to Captain Cameron, of the Eighteenth precinct, who had the entire charge of the inside of the house, and was assisted by Sergeant Vosburgh, of his precinct. Some of these men were detailed outside, but it was soon seen that their services were not especially required there, and they were relieved and detailed to other quarters. The Broadway squad were observed by all parties, and received commendations on all sides. They never looked finer. The arrangements of the police altogether have never been surpassed at any previous affair at this house, either inside or out.

THE SIDE SCENES

are worthy of a passing word. The calcium light that glared out so suddenly from the balcony on the Fourteenth street side sent a stream of light up Fourteenth street to Fourth avenue, illuminating Irving place and disclosing the myriads of heads looking out of the open windows of the houses fronting the Academy. It showed up the crowd, too, and made it next to impossible for the most adroit thief to ply his vocation. The balconies and door stoops of the adjacent houses were covered with an eager throng, who kept their eyes fixed on the flood of light down which the guests who had left their carriages at Fourth avenue appeared almost to glide, and seemed well pleased to think something, if even only a calcium light, had turned up to make them part and parcel of the grand affair.

THE GRAND ENTREE

began at eight o'clock precisely. Previous to that hour a crowd of some two hundred ladies and gentlemen had assembled outside on the Academy steps. As soon as the doors opened the rush began. At a given signal the carriage doors were opened also, four at a time, and then began the shouting of the whips, who were quickly silenced by the vigilance of the inspectors, and fell into regular line without a murmur.

THE SCENES WITHIN

lay at first glance in the outer vestibules, gorgeously decorated with trophies of every description, and through which the guests were compelled to wend their way to reach the hat and cloak rooms provided for the accommodation of all superfluous wearing apparel. Having doffed pilot cloth overcoats and heavy mocques, the fortunate holders of tickets entered the precincts of the ball room proper, and having looked upwards to catch a glimpse of the angel in mid air bearing heavenward the flag of our Union, turned to the decorations of the lower portion of the *salle*.

THE FIRST TIER.

The balusters of the first tier were fringed with draperies of red and gold. Snowy cupids and fanciful devices were alike twined with festoons of red and white roses and evergreens, while large rustic baskets of the rarest flowers suspended in midair, mediaeval breastplates and modern trophies relieved the monotony of the silken festoons. On the red field of this drapery were inscribed in white lettering the names of those members of the regiment who rose to the higher ranks of the army during their term of service. The soldiers to whom this graceful tribute of recollection was thus paid were Brigadier General H. S. Ganseevoort, Colonel J. L. Spaulding, Brigadier General Edward Jardine, Brigadier General Abram Duryee, Brigadier General R. U. Bowerman, Lieutenant Colonel R. T. Mitchel, Brigadier General Edward L. Molineux, Brigadier General William Gurney, Captain William H. Underhill, Brigadier General Joseph B. Hamblin, Brigadier General George H. McKibbin, Lieutenant Colonel George A. Bernard, Major General Alexander Shaler, Engineer A. M. Cummings, United States Navy; Lieutenant Colonel William H. Crocker, Captain L. O. Goodridge, Major General John M. McNeil, Brigadier General N. B. McLaughlin and Lieutenant Colonel Louis Fitzgerald.

THE SECOND TIER.

The balusters of the second tier were twined with evergreen and hung with white and gold drapery, relieved with touches of pink. Rustic baskets of flowers were placed here and there, overshadowing the snowy groundwork of the festoons, each panel of which bore the name of a soldier or a hero. Jones, Mansfield, Collin, King, Barry, Gowdry, Hall, Bartlett, Murray, Lawrence, Grain, Viele, Van Rensselaer, Clarkson, Ford, Pierson, Carey, Hart, Hendrickson and Gley—these ran the simple lettering, destined to transmit to the guests, if not to posterity, the names of the valiant.

THE THIRD TIER.

On the third tier deep blue and gold and silver drapery, with white lettering, and knapsacks and flags were used with good effect by the *decorateur*. The glittering throngs below could look above and clearly read the record of bravery that bore the names of Henry, Costar, Ellis, Moss, Waldron, Mears, Evans, Benley, Wallace, Costar, Heuberer, Dubois, Denslow, Platt, Slocumb, Villepiatte, DePoyster, McIlvaine, Belknap and Shaw. Above the depths of the amphitheatre were concealed by a piece of scenery bearing more or less pre-Raphaelite representations of cupids on the eve of committing an assault on sundry gigantic vases of flowers. The pillars of the tiers were all entwined with tributes of nature in every variety, the effect of the decorations being most pleasing, without an over abundant display of materials palling on the eye.

THE PROSCENIUM BOXES.

The boxes were decorated with an unusually lavish quantity of flowers, lace, drapery and flags. Festoons of pink, red, white and blue ran around the balusters, entwined the gilded composite pillars and graced the fronting of the loges, while a knight in full mediaeval armor stood on each side of the stage. Above two of the large boxes soared enormous eagles, holding in their beaks huge streamers, with the national colors, and strands of evergreen that overhung the occupants of the seats below. Around trophies of flags were placed circular panellings, ten in number, bearing upon sombre groundwork the names of those who fell during the struggle. These decorations *in memoriam* were destined to recall the bravery of the departed even while the assembled masses were doing joyous homage to the deeds of the living. These whose names stood forth on this funereal roll of honor were:—Captains George Le Fort, Theodore Russell and J. J. Trenor, of Co. A; Captains H. H. Alden and Eugene Kelty; Colonel Noah L. Farnham, Lieutenants Silas A. Miller and De Van Postley, and Sergeant G. L. Phipps, of Co. B; Lieutenant Colonel Robert McD. Hart, Captains F. Hurst, H. G. Radcliffe, Samuel G. Mulligan, and Lieutenants J. A. Baker and W. R. Tremaine; Colonels A. B. Chapman and J. E. Mallon, Captains E. A. Harrison and Samuel H. Starr, and Lieutenant John E. Mores, of Co. D; Lieutenant Colonels Thomas J. Addie and George Tucker, Captains A. Biddle, G. W. Bissell and G. W. Lewis; Lieutenants W. H. Kingsland and H. N. Timolat and Sergeant Augustus Fleet, of Co. E; Colonel Robert G. Shaw, Captains H. Arnold, E. A. Cowdrey, A. M. Ellsworth and H. Hicks; Lieutenants C. G. Smedberg and C. F. Van Duzer, of Co. F; Lieutenant Colonel G. H. Stevens, Captains Fitz James O'Brien, L. H. Lent, G. A. Morey and W. J. Williams, Lieutenant A. S. Bogert and private William E. Schenck, of Co. G; Adjutant L. O. Parmelee, Captain S. A. Mellick and private J. L. Keyes, of Co. H; Major Theodore Winthrop, Captain William Wheeler and Sergeant Ferdred Drayson, of Co. I; Adjutant Charles A. Gadsden, Major C. K. Prentiss, Captains J. H. Flume, H. A. Sand, R. Seabury, and Wright Staples and private E. B. Welles, of Co. H.

THE STAGE.

The great features of the stage were undoubtedly the scenic display and gigantic trophy at the rear. The flat consisted of a magnificent painting of Fort Federal Hill, occupied by the Seventh regiment in 1862, with a view of the city of Baltimore in the back ground, the monuments and spires standing forth on the horizon with wondrous effect. This, the most decidedly artistic of all the decorations, is to be ascribed to Mr. Hannibal W. Calyo, a scenic artist who ranks second to none in excellence and brilliancy of conception and execution. Placed directly in front of the flat was a huge trophy, the background of which comprised a stand of colors and national ensigns, these being topped by a miniature golden eagle bearing heavenward the Star Spangled Banner. In front of this were stacked muskets, secured to each other by cavalry sabres laid across the bayonets and entwined with evergreens and red and white roses; while huge piles of heavy shot, knapsacks and drums, capped with golden helmets, filled the space between six brazen howitzers in the foreground. On either side of this trophy broad draperies of white and blue floated from each wing of the stage, which was canopied by an immense white tent, and lighted by many-branched golden chandeliers, suspended from above by spirales of gold and *couleur de rose*. The foremost portion of the stage, the proscenium above, was adorned with an immense piece of drapery, painted expressly for the occasion, and bearing on a crimson ground, richly fringed with gold, the national coat of arms and the motto "*Pro Patria et Gloria.*"

THE BRIDGE OF SMILES.

Passing through the right hand door of the inner vestibule the massed, feverish with the pleasures of the dance, sought other than spiritual refreshments to be found within the precincts of Irving Hall. Thence a carpeted flairway, bordered with marble vases, led to a wide passage way of surpassing beauty of decoration. The walls were white, with golden stars, and the upper portions were draped with red, white and blue silk bordered with golden fringe. From the canopy above were suspended chandeliers, and innumbered cages wherefrom canaries warbled their sweetest songs. On either side of the passage way were large photographs and paintings of statesmen and soldiers. Six of the most remarkable, from an artistic *point de vue*, were forwarded from Cincinnati by Middleton, at the express request of the committee, and placed in charge of Mr. L. L. Lewis, of this city. These were counterfeit presentments of Washington, Lincoln, Clay, Webster, Grant and Sherman, and were much admired. As the guests proceeded towards Irving Hall, over a path of superb crimson Brussels, they reached a second flight of steps, on either side of which were huge purple, crimson and gold candelabra and vases brimming with tropical flowers, while every column and pillar was entwined with the folds of the red, white and blue. Through these doorways, over the arched heads of which were double trophies of flags, draped devices and innumbered garlands of moss roses, the assemblage passed into the supper room, which in dimensions and beauty of decoration, was worthy the palace of an Eastern king on a gala night.

THE SUTLER ROOM.

The main feature of the decorations was a large white fountain located in the centre of the hall, the structure comprising a number of snowy mermaids and chubby cupids with inflated cheeks, flooding with crystalline showers the mass of sea shells and bouquets on marble shelves below. Vases of floral tributes were placed at each of the four corners, and chains of evergreens and roses formed a network over the basin, in which deposited gold and silver fishes. The arched heads of the numerous windows encircling the upper tier were draped with orange silk and bordered with a blue field studded with golden stars, while from the balusters of the tier were suspended strands of evergreen and alternate rustic baskets of flowers and gilded prisons vocal with the songs of merry birds. In the background were two large double trophies, formed by shields and flags, while minor devices of the kind encircled the walls, and the glare of a thousand jets of flame gave brilliancy to the scene. The supper table surrounded the hall, and was laden with the delicacies of the season, and a number of gigantic ornaments due the good taste and skilful execution of the acting confectioner, Mr. Fraser. Prominent among the ornaments was a miniature reproduction of the Capitol at Washington of exquisitely correct proportions, surrounded by a few dozen members of the Seventh regiment—*en pure*, of course—mounting guard over the imaginary inmates of the lilliputian edifice. This piece was mounted on a pedestal of blue, on which was to be admired an accurate representation of a military charge, by white figures, alleged to be soldiers engaged in the battle of Sugar creek. A second ornament was a saccharine model of the armory, with the inevitable National Guard in sweet attendance, and a pedestal of the favorite hue.

THE RECEPTION.

The amateurs of artistic and scenic effect, having feasted their eyes on the glorious achievements of Signor Calyo and Mr. Maximilian, the most prominent of all past, present and future *decorateurs*, returned within the precincts of the Academy shortly after nine o'clock, to the strains of the overture to "William Tell" and selections from Ricci's "Crispino." The members of the regiment, attired in full uniform, then formed a hollow square, the centre of which was formed by the platform erected for the use of the orator of the evening. There was but little delay in the appearance of Major General John A. Dix, who soon stepped upon the stand in company with Major General Robert Anderson and Colonel Emmons Clark, the latter officer occupying the chair.

REMARKS OF COLONEL CLARK.

Colonel CLARK, in introducing General Dix, said:—

To the members who have served in the army and navy of the United States during the great rebellion the Seventh regiment of New York extends a hearty welcome. The dangers of the battle field are past; you have exchanged the hardships of the camp, the bivouac and the march for the pleasures of your own happy homes, and now your former comrades, publicly recognizing your devotion to the flag of the Union, open wide the doors of hospitality. We have watched with pride your brilliant career during four long years of civil war; we have sympathized with you in defeat and rejoiced with you in victory, and, with peace smiling once more upon our beloved land, we meet to-night to honor your patriotism and pay a tribute to your bravery. I have the honor of introducing to you, as the representative of the Seventh regiment on this pleasant occasion, the distinguished statesman, soldier and patriot, Major General John A. Dix.

After this introduction General Dix came forward and spoke as follows:—

GENERAL DIX'S ADDRESS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—It affords me great pleasure to perform the service just announced to you by the Colonel of the Seventh regiment of the National Guard of the State of New York—to reiterate to those of the former members of the regiment who have gone forth during the war, under other organizations, to defend the government of their country against a formidable combination to overthrow and destroy it. This reunion of those who, in the past, have been bound together by the ties of a common association, has its familiar analogies in the incidents of domestic life. As when the heads of a household, after a lapse of years, remember their scattered children who have gone out into the battle of life, to congratulate them on the success they have achieved and on the reputation they have acquired, and to thank them for sustaining and advancing, by meritorious actions, the family name and renown, in like manner the Seventh regiment reunites its former associates, to congratulate them on the distinction they have gained for themselves, and to thank them for the honor which the fame of their services has reflected upon the corps and the country. Having during my military services had most of those who were members of the organization at the commencement of the war, and of those to whom this reception is tendered, under my command, I feel that it my duty to-night will be best performed by addressing all as members of a common brotherhood, and by briefly recounting the valuable service they have rendered in standing by the country during the ordeal of fire through which it has triumphantly passed. And first, gentlemen, let me congratulate you on your good fortune in living at a period in our history marked by the most extraordinary domestic conflict of this or any other age. I say your good fortune, for whenever a community is menaced by the greatest of all calamities—the destruction of its nationality—it must be the most earnest desire of every good citizen to participate in the danger, to do what he can to avert it, and to contribute by toil and endurance and self-sacrifice to mitigate its effects. You stand in this honorable relation to the country. Those of you who have not been in the field during the entire war have in repeated instances volunteered your services to uphold the national standard, which, by the blessing of Providence still waves over us, the hallowed emblem of the authority of the Union, with no dimness on its folds excepting that which it has gathered from the smoke of honorable and successful battle. At the outbreak of the rebellion, when the Sixth Massachusetts regiment was attacked at Baltimore, and the deepest concern was felt for the safety of the capital, you were among the first to hurry to the scene of action. A gentleman high in position at Washington gave me, two or three years ago, an account of the condition of things there at the time of your arrival. Open communication with the North had been entirely suspended, railroad travel and the transportation of the mails through the State of Maryland had been broken up by force, and no intelligence could be obtained from the loyal portions of the Union except through secret messengers and couriers, whose journeys were always performed with difficulty, and sometimes not without absolute danger. At this juncture, when all was uncertainty and doubt, when each revolving hour came freighted with some new burden of anxiety or peril, a column of armed men, with bayonets glittering in the sunlight, was seen entering the Pennsylvania avenue, near the Capitol; and the feeling of relief and security was unspeakable when the welcome intelligence spread throughout the city, as by some magnetic influence, that the Seventh New York had come to oppose to the gathering cohorts of treason the aegis of its discipline and its name. In the early spring of 1862, when the army of the Potomac was lying before Richmond, when Washington and Baltimore and the adjacent country were almost denuded of troops, and there were well grounded apprehensions of a rebel raid from the Valley of the Shenandoah, you volunteered your services a second time. I was in command at Baltimore when you arrived there with your gallant companions, the Twenty-second, the Thirty-seventh, the Sixty-ninth, the Seventy-first, and I believe some other New York regiments whose numbers I cannot at this moment recollect. You were detained at Baltimore by the government at my special request, and during a large portion of this term of your service you occupied the post of honor—Federal Hill—that remarkable promontory rising up in the heart of the city, and seeming to be placed there by nature as a site for a citadel. When you occupied it, it was crowned by a fort, as you see it before you (pointing to a painting representing it), built in the summer of 1861, to protect the city from external attack, and, if need be, to defend the city against itself. Happily, the unshaken loyalty of the Baltimoreans, through all trials and temptations, rendered the latter service unnecessary. In the summer of 1863, when General Lee invaded the State of Maryland with a powerful army, but now volunteered your services a third time, and were assigned by the government to the defence of the city of Baltimore, on which an attack was considered imminent. During a portion of this third term of service you were again in the occupation of the Federal Hill, and during the remainder on duty in the interior of Maryland, remaining in the field until after General Lee had retreated beyond the Potomac. You were then suddenly recalled here to assist in quelling the riot, and your reappearance had a powerful influence in restoring order and saving the city from further depredations. In the summer of 1864 when rebel raiders from Canada were plundering our frontier, you tendered your services to me as commanding officer of this department; and they would have been accepted had not some new regiments, which had never been in the field, claimed the privilege of serving the country. Most fortunate and creditable is the community in which the condition of its citizens is not to evade military duty, but to be received into the public service and to be assigned to posts of danger. Giving you all the praise which is most eminently your due for your promptitude, your patriotic spirit, and your alacrity on all occasions in accepting and courting military service, yet it is a crowning distinction to your regiment is in the large number of officers which you have furnished for other organizations. I hold in my hand a roll of five hundred and fifty-seven members of your regiment who received commissions in the army, the navy or the volunteer service. Nine-tenths of the number were serving with the regiment when the war broke out. Three rose to the rank of Major General, nineteen to the rank of brigadier general, twenty-nine to the rank of colonel, and forty-six to the rank of lieutenant colonel. Many whose names are on this roll of honor are sleeping in soldiers' graves. Others are moving about with mutilated limbs and with frames scarred by honorable wounds, the silent but expressive memorials of faithful and heroic service. For years before the war you devoted yourselves with an assiduity and a zeal worthy of all commendation to martial exercises, and I believe I may safely say that there was scarcely a man in your ranks who was not capable of filling other men—of commanding a platoon, a company, a battalion or a regiment. And the gratifying result is that under nearly every battle flag which the State of New York unfurled you had an honored representative. The historian Justin, in his account of the preparations of Alexander the Great for his Asiatic expedition, says that some of the corps in organization were so well disciplined that they would have considered them not so much soldiers as the chosen leaders of soldiers:—

Non tam milites quam magistros militie electos putares.

You have fairly earned the same praise and are justly entitled to the honorable appellation of *militie magistri*—the leaders of soldiers. I do not know anything a better illustration of the truth of a maxim which is usually considered of modern origin, but which is as old as the Augustan era, when it was proclaimed by the most grateful of the poets of imperial Rome, in that pure Latinity for which he was so distinguished,

Si pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello;

which may be liberally interpreted: "In peace, if you are wise, you will prepare for war." To have furnished the most remarkable proof of the profound wisdom of this ancient maxim, is a distinction to be remembered with gratitude by your fellow-citizens and to be cherished with a manly pride by yourselves. It is now nearly two months since the trial of arms between the North and the South was brought to a termination; and I trust it will not be deemed inappropriate if I present to you, who have borne so conspicuous a part in it, some considerations arising out of this still absorbing subject. I do not intend in what I say to strike a single note of discord. I should greatly regret to speak one word which should not be in harmony with the scheme of reconciliation now in progress between the two sections of the Union. The views I desire to state are purely philosophical, applicable to all nations, and must be drawn from the sober lessons of experience, which no community can wisely disregard. It was in the month of April last that the war was brought to a close by a sudden collapse of the whole vital power of the insurgent States. No equal period of time in the history of any people has ever been so crowded with extraordinary events. During the twenty-five days of the month were fought those remarkable battles before Petersburg, equally honorable to the genius and skill of the Commander and to the gallantry and steadiness of his troops. The evacuation of Richmond immediately followed. A few days later General Lee surrendered, with the remains of the army of Virginia, the last and the last hope of the rebellion. And here I desire to say that I consider this result—and such I believe will be the judgment of posterity—as the direct consequence of one of the most remarkable movements in history, the great march from the Wilderness to the Chickahominy, the James and the Appomattox—army opposed to army, one continuing and the other pursued, a conflict at every step; not one square mile of territory traversed by the combatants which was not crimsoned with heroic blood. The unconquerable perseverance, the unwavering persistence, with which one single purpose was pursued through the memorable march and the patient endurance which followed it, prepared and accomplished the surrender of the most numerous and best disciplined army the insurgents ever brought into the field. I do not, of course, overlook or lose sight of the subsidiary movements which were parts of the grand and comprehensive plan of the Generalissimo. Chief near the middle of the month (on the 14th) the old flag was hoisted over the battlements of Fort Sumter—the same flag against which the first rebel missile was hurled. And on the evening of the same day was enacted that darkest deed of infamy which has ever disgurred the annals of the United States—the assassination of the noble-hearted and lamented President. I have dwelt upon this subject with a sense of horror. No language of reprobation or abhorrence can illustrate or intensify its atrocity. It is one of those great crimes which, in the history of our race, occur only after intervals of centuries; crimes which the recording angel sheds no tear to blot out; crimes which are written down in the great chronicle of eternal retribution in letters of blood as a perpetual memento of the madness and the malignity of which human passion is capable. Near the close of the month General Johnston surrendered with his army, comprehending in the capitulation the whole rebel force north of the Chattahoochie; embracing, in fact, nearly the whole military force of the insurgent States, and thus closing the war. These events are becoming rapidly incorporated into the solid substance of our history, and mankind will pass a calm and impartial judgment upon them. It is very difficult for any of us, while they are so fresh in our remembrance, to speak of them with becoming moderation and dispassionate impartiality. I do not know whether we are not impartial judges of a conflict which has brought with it so much skill in leadership, so much heroic courage and still more heroic endurance in all ranks of our combatants, both by land and sea, and so much patriotic effort and cheerful self-sacrifice on the part of the great body of our people, yet it has seemed to me some traces of which it may be useful for coming in us to refer to, and which it may be useful for all the generations of men now and hereafter to reflect upon. They are not new lessons; on the contrary, they have been taught over and over again to those who have gone before us, but they have always been forgotten when the events with which they were connected have faded into the distance, and the attention of men has become engrossed by new and more urgent interests. First of these is the great truth that the course of military successes is always from north to south—from frosts and snow to flowers and sunshine. Our very instincts teach us that it must be so, and all history confirms it. It is not because the southern mind is less spirited or less capable of high and heroic achievement, but because the northern muscle, elaborated under a colder sky and through more invigorating influences of climate, acquires more compactness, tenacity and strength, carrying with it (for the mental and physical conditions always assimilate) a greater moral power of endurance. Southern races are, for the most part, precipitate, impassioned, fiery, vehement, sometimes breaking down all opposition by force of their resistless impetuosity. Northern races, on the other hand, are calm, deliberate, persistent, determined, and as immovable as a rock against which wind and storm are idly expending their fury. The remark may seem fanciful, and yet I believe it to be historically true, that great military successes, considered in reference to parallels of latitude, are subject to a law analogous to that which governs currents of running water. They do not rise above the level of their source, or if carried to a greater height by some special force, they do not continue in the elevated position when it is withdrawn. Accordingly we find that the great tides of conquest in all ages have flowed from north to south or east and west on nearly the same parallels of latitude. It required the extraordinary genius of Julius Cæsar, the most finished military commander, perhaps, that ever lived, to carry the victorious arms of Rome, when the great republic was in the fullness of its prosperity and power, a few degrees of latitude north of the metropolitan centre. And yet we all remember that it was more than a hundred years after his first invasion of the little island of Great Britain before it was reduced to the condition of a Roman province. Then only the lower part was subjued, and the Emperor Adrian was compelled to build a wall across it to protect the Roman soldiery from the incursions of the Caledonians, the predecessors of the Scotsmen of our day. Now I venture to say, that if that island had been fifteen or twenty degrees further south it would not have resisted the Roman power so obstinately through a single campaign. The operations of Hannibal in Italy may seem to conflict with my theory, but not if they are properly considered. It is true he marched up through Spain, crossed the Alps, descended into Italy, and obtained several signal victories over the Romans. But his operations did not result in one of the elements of permanent conquest. They were nothing but a protracted raid, and after a few years he was compelled to return to Carthage to defend that city against the very people whom he was invading. There was a remarkable instance eighteen nine centuries later of the truth of the proposition I have stated. Some six hundred years after the Christian era, when paganism and idolatrous of the celestial messages of the great Teacher, had sunk into mental torpor as dangerous to all the interests of civilization as the living paganism which had preceded it—God raised up an avenger in Mahomet, to destroy all that deserve to perish, and to preserve to the human all that was worthy of being preserved. The creed of Mahomet, if full of errors, still contained one vital truth, that under its influence his followers were roused to a wild enthusiasm which lasted for ages. It was in the name of God, and the ever living God, that their ancestors descended from their native heights, and poured down through Western Asia into Africa, across Egypt and the Desert of Barca, overwhelming the ancient Pentapolis, over the narrow strait which separates Africa from Europe, sweeping across the sunny plains of Andalusia and over the vine-clad hills of Granada, until the great wave burst at the base of the mountains of Asturias. It did not rise in the West above the level of its source in the East. And thus the great human deluge, impelled by the spirit of conquest and religious frenzy, bearing on its crest the trophies of Eastern science and art, was poured out over Western Europe, and planted there some of the richest germs of civilization, to be purified and perfected in after ages by the clearer light of Christianity. Wherever armies have gone to the north for the purposes of conquest they have been defeated. The Greeks and Romans were constantly repulsed by the rude nations north of them. The legions of Varus were cut to pieces in the wilds of Germania by Arminius and his followers. Nay, the great modern conqueror of Europe, when he undertook—if I may so express myself—a campaign against the Arctic Circle, with one of the most numerous and best disciplined armies the world ever had embodied, was discomfited—not so much, it is true, by the arms as by the strategy of his enemies, and by the rigors of the climate. His immense host, like that of Xerxes, was broken to pieces, and he was compelled to retreat, leaving thousands of his followers sleeping in bloodless death upon the frozen plains of Muscovy. On the other hand, when great conquering armies have been sent to the south, they have nearly always been victorious. The Romans overran everything south of them down to the shores of the great African desert—one of those seas of sand which are far more impracticable than any waste of waters. The Romans, in their turn, were overrun by the barbarous nations north of them. The Goths, the Normans, the multinomial races which were swarming century after century out of the great northern hive, overwhelmed all Europe down to the very shores of the Mediterranean; and even Southern Italy saw these rude warriors, with frames compacted almost to the hardness of iron by hyperborean frosts, unbuckling their armor and lying down in the summer radiance on the heights of Sorrento, by the blue waters of Baiæ, and even in the classic grotto of Pausillipo. In like manner armed multitudes from Central and Western Europe poured down into Syria under the unconquerable banner of the cross, and wrested the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the infidel possessors. The flaming cimeter of the fiery Saladin, as described in Walter Scott's Crusaders, falling in fast but ineffectual blows on the massive battle-axe of the cool Plantagenet, is but a type of what the world has seen, and will continue to the end of time to see, in the conflicts of Southern with Northern races. I wish some of our Canadian friends were here to take comfort from these suggestions. When the rebel raiders whom they were harboring crossed our frontier to plunder our villages, shoot down our unarmed people and give this city to the flames, through a scheme of incendiarism which for atrocity has no parallel in the annals of barbarism; and when a certain department commander, whose name I will not mention, with a frontier of nearly a thousand miles to guard, with only six military posts along its whole extent, and without two hundred men in any one of them, gave orders to the commanders of these slender garrisons, in case the depredations were repeated, to pursue and capture the marauders, even if it were necessary to cross the astronomical line which constitutes the boundary between the two countries—the stout hearts of our northern neighbors need not have been disturbed by any imaginary apprehension of invasion. No, gentlemen, whenever the tide of emigration, the only instrument of conquest the United States employ when unprovoked, shall rise again in the East, it will move on across our own territory to Nebraska, Colorado, Idaho, Nevada, Montana, California, Oregon and the calmer shores of the Pacific. Or, if it shall deviate from our own parallels of latitude, it will not be in the direction of Hudson Bay and the coast of Labrador, where the bosom of our mother earth is hidden from the sight of her children during more than half their natural lives, but down into the sunny districts of the palmetto, where the reproductive powers of nature are at work throughout the whole circle of the year, and where the magnolia and the orange tree load the atmosphere with perpetual fragrance. I know that the mental and muscular energy of the North will gradually give way, in obedience to the universal law, to the amenities and the seductions of the climate, but not until it shall have done its work by waking up those soporific districts to the new life and the intense activities of this earnest and enterprising age. Another lesson which this war has taught is that human slavery, in some way or other, and at some stage or other of its existence is always calamitous to those who maintain it. The justice of God is sure to make itself felt itself, in some form of retribution, against the injustice of man, even though it be through the slow operation of what we call natural causes. Wherever the subjugated class does all the work and the governing class does none, whenever the latter seeks to evade the universal sentiment of mankind and to live in the sweat of the face of the former must acquire a physical superiority, which in the end is sure to work out its own deliverance. We have not waited for this tardy process of centuries. Slavery with us has perished through the insensate attempt of the masters to extend and perpetuate it by destroying their own government. It has gone down amid the clash of arms and the shock of battle; and the amendment to the constitution just adopted has confirmed and executed what the behests of war had decreed. This great social revolution has been accompanied by an equally great marvel. Slavery has been abolished in Delaware and Kentucky by the votes of Georgia, Florida and South Carolina; and those who were the most earnest in defending and seeking to extend it have "conquered their prejudices," and are marching on, with the great army of emancipators throughout the world, to the majestic minstrelsy of universal freedom. These are two of the great lessons of this war. As I have already said, they are not new, but they have been brought out of the darkness by the throes of contending populations—thrown off, if I may so express myself, like flashes of light from the great mirror of history. But these old lessons are not the only ones this war has taught. It has illustrated a new truth of far greater value than any political moral which can be drawn from the annals of the past. It has demonstrated beyond contradiction that the strongest of all governments in times of great peril is that of a republic. It cannot well be otherwise, notwithstanding all we have heard from monarchists of the weakness of republican institutions. The great mass of the people are the part of the government. The governing administration is always the work of their own hands. Through the principle of popular representation their wishes and opinions are impressed on every movement it makes and on every measure it adopts. The ability of such a government to defend itself against foreign aggression is only to be tested by the aggregate physical force of the whole community. In times of internal disorder, throwing the insurgent district out of the account, its power is the same. Under arbitrary systems the rights of the government are distinct from and antagonistic to those of the people. Whenever the government is in danger the people who suffer it and who consider themselves debarred of their just rights are very apt to think that if it goes down their own condition will be no worse, and may perchance be ameliorated. The ability of such a government to defend itself is limited, apart from the aristocratic classes, to so much of the physical power of the community as it can bring into its service by force. Out of these radical distinctions has sprung up the feeling of hostility to our political system which has existed from its foundation among the friends of monarchical institutions. They have desired to see the experiment of self-government on this continent fail, in order to strengthen arbitrary government in other quarters of the globe. And yet the governments of Europe, with two exceptions, have maintained a strict neutrality in this contest. They would have been most unwise as well as unjust if they had not. For centuries the secondary governments of Europe have been struggling, sometimes by separate action and sometimes in combination, to enlarge the circle of neutral rights, and to restrict the rights of belligerents. In their course towards us, therefore, they have acted in accordance with a long established policy in which they have a vital interest. But I do not place their neutrality on that ground. I believe they acted in obedience to a conscientious sense of duty. France and Great Britain, on the other hand, our rivals on the ocean, had, or thought they had, an interest in the destruction of this Union outweighing all prudential considerations. There is no doubt that Louis Napoleon did all in his power to induce Great Britain to join with him in recognizing the independence of the insurgent States. He availed himself of our internal disturbances to overthrow republicanism in Mexico, our nearest neighbor, and to set up a monarchy on its ruins, with a sovereign dependent upon himself. Yet at the interior of Great Britain on the ocean she had to encounter the sympathies of millions of her population; and when our Minister complained to him that vessels were fitting out in his ports to cruise against our commerce, he promptly gave orders that they should be detained. Great Britain, on the other hand, conscious of her superiority, has been as unmindful of her neutral obligations towards us as we have been mindful of the rights of neutrals in others when she has been a belligerent. She permitted vessels to be built in her shipyards, equipped in her ports and manned by her seamen to make war upon our commerce, and she has allowed them to depart against the most urgent remonstrances of our Ministers, under the most frivolous pretexts. Her cruisers, sailing under the rebel flag, have literally swept our commerce from the ocean. Nay, more, for two years the armies of the insurgents were kept in the field through supplies of arms, ammunition and clothing from her workshops. I believe it is no exaggeration to say that she has cost us two hundred thousand lives and added fifteen hundred millions to our national debt. Gentlemen, I am one of those who believe that these wrongs must be redressed. I do not object to the postponement of our reclamations until our internal tranquillity shall be fully assured. Nor do I despair, when a better spirit shall prevail in the councils of Great Britain, of seeing our just claims acknowledged and disposed of by amicable negotiation. In the meantime we have this great consolation: the very arm which France and Great Britain—two of the most powerful nations of Europe—have given to the insurgent cause has only rendered our triumph the more marked; and it may be that this last proof of the strength of our system may react upon both those countries and lead to a thorough reorganization of their social and political systems. We have reason to believe that the people of both, notwithstanding the bad faith of their governments, were on our side. The liberal party in England, under