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Wheeling, Jan. 1, 1870. ja1

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The Intelligencer.

ADDRESS.

Delivered by A. W. Campbell, of Wheeling, on the Occasion of Decorating the Soldiers' Graves in the Washington Cemetery, May 30th, 1870.

From the Washington Reporter.

In rising to address this audience upon such an occasion as has called it together to-day, I naturally ask myself what a civilian may appropriately say in the presence of those who are here assembled to pay a fresh tribute to the memory of comrades that fell in battle, or perished by the wayside, or died in the prisons and hospitals during the war against the rebellion.

Here are many persons before me who have a practical understanding of what this day means, either through their own personal experience during the war or through the experience of near and dear friends, some of whom lie buried in these grounds, others in the grounds of some National cemetery, and others, perchance, in some lone spot in some far off region, where no grave was ever made.

In the presence of such experiences any one who has not been called to pass through them may well hesitate as to how he should lift up his voice.

In a certain sense of the word we all sympathize with suffering whenever we see it or hear of it. There is scarcely any heart so cold that it does not go out some distance towards those who are in distress or who have endured affliction. This common instinct of our common humanity is the one touch of nature that makes all the world of kin. And especially is this our instinct towards those who have suffered disinterestedly in a cause that was not personal to themselves. All the world appreciates and participates in sympathy for those who suffer or die for the sake of others. And since the day the human family became separated into nationalities, patriotism has been esteemed the most disinterested cause in which men could suffer or die. And hence all people everywhere honor the dead who die for their country.

But in the nearer and more sacred sense of the word sympathy there are only a limited few, even after a great war like ours, who can enter into the holy of holies and attempt to bind up the wounds of broken hearts with the consolations of speech. And these are they whose souls have been chastened and disciplined by a common experience in affliction, or whose lips have been purified from all earthly dross by a near communion with that common Source of all sympathy in the heavens above. It is not for the common speaker to more than allude to the great bereavements of those who mourn their fallen in the war. And yet it seems not impious to think that if by the shedding of any drop whatsoever of human blood any intercession could be made on high for these bereaved ones, surely the great sacrifice of so many precious lives on the altar of their country's redemption would avail to lighten the burden of their heavy hearts.

In the great crusades of the middle ages for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre from the infidel Saracens, the men of God appeared in the ranks where Christian Europe withstood the shock of battle and with grand appeals to the zeal of the soldiers bore up on their holy palms as a rich propitiation in the sight of Heaven the souls of their dead and dying comrades.

That was a crusade on behalf of a grand and noble idea, one that rolled back the tide of Mohammedan barbarism beyond the Mediterranean sea, and, humanly speaking, it was fitting that those who engaged in it should have believed themselves fighting their way to heaven. In all ages the martyr's crown has been assigned to him who falls in the martyr's cause. And none have been so blessed with the prayers of the good as those who have laid down their lives for their country's liberties. Even the Pagans of antiquity believed that such were transported direct from earth to heaven to be conspicuous forever in the society of the blessed. This was a beautiful belief and in its origin and tradition brings down to us an understanding of the esteem in which even a rude civilization held the example of those who sacrificed themselves for the public good. We need not stop here to discuss the theory of it, but leave the virtues of the soldier, as of every one else who falls at his post in the great battle of life, where they in

"Trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his Father and his God."

In this mixed audience, composed of those who served the country in various capacities during the war, as soldiers at the front and friends at the rear, I shall speak to no one class distinctively, but to all as the benefactors of a common cause and the recipients of common benefits. To each one perhaps his place was appointed in order that the final result might be accomplished, but we all, by common consent, as is most fitting and natural, award the highest position to him who took his life in his hand and exposed himself where danger was most to be expected. All that a man has will he give for his life, and therefore the man who offers his life offers more than any one else, and his is the better part in public estimation. The man who gives everything but his life, noble and disinterested as may be his sacrifices, still retains that which is the supreme test of devotion to any cause. The cause may fail but still life remains, and life under almost any circumstances is precious, according to the great law of our nature. Therefore it is that the people of the United States to-day honor the soldier more than all others who had aught to do with the suppression of the rebellion. Because the soldiers of our Grand Army of the Republic, like the great Apostle of the Gentiles, gave themselves to die daily for the cause and thereby gave a test of devotion to it that no civilian could give. And therefore it is that the political parties of the day, recognizing and deferring to this well understood popular appreciation of the soldier, make haste to outbid each other by selecting available names from the late army rolls to place upon their respective tickets.

I refer to political parties, my fellow citizens, in a non-partisan sense as much as possible to-day. I desire to speak acceptably to all classes of citizens as far as so doing befits the history of this commemorative occasion. I rejoice to believe that we can meet here at a scene like this with feelings sensibly softened down by the lapse of time since the close of the war. Not that we hold less firmly to our opinions regarding the origin of the war, or the issues that developed during its progress, or that have grown out of its conclusion. But simply because we are willing to realize that the war has ended, and that the end has crowned the Union cause not only with an imperishable halo of military glory, but with a far more exceeding weight of glory than mere martial renown. If victory is always the signal for magnanimity among civilized nations what must it be for us this day, in view of that grand series of achievements that has followed the success of the Union cause, including as it does results that no one of us here ever dared to anticipate for his children's children. Look beyond your own horizon to-day and see for yourselves what is going on all over our land. People are everywhere assembled, as you are, to pay the same tribute you are paying to the memory of those who died for the country. Thousands of them are those who never had a country until yesterday, but were simply God's orphaned children, scattered, despised and oppressed, because their Maker waited yet a little while to make bare His arm for their deliverance. To-day, thanks to that Omnipotent power, there is not a human being beneath all the sky that canopies our vast domain that has cause or excuse to feel excluded from these patriotic demonstrations. It was to establish a day like this that half a million men died in arms on both sides, during the rebellion. Men who, like those of old, builded far different and far wiser than they knew at the time. For so it is, that throughout all the ages men have been constantly overruled and controlled in their attempts to direct the course of great events or to place a hitherto to their final results.

Let me not seem to speak as a partisan in making reference to this conspicuous result of the war. A mention of it belongs to this day in the sense that I have alluded to it. Let us endeavor to look at this great struggle and its incidents and results as history will look at them, for they are fast disappearing from the arena of our current politics to take their places in the imperishable record of events. Ere yet the children in this audience shall have fully learned the significance of this memorial day, not a vestige of politics will attach to its commemoration in your midst. At present, most communities are more or less divided in its observance. Such, unfortunately, is the natural sequence of a war like ours. But let me remind you that there are those yet living in your midst whose lives, if not their memories, go back to a day in the history of this country when only a part of the American people joined in celebrating the Fourth of July, and when there were those who stood afar off as disaffected and partisan spectators. These latter had been opposed to the war of the Revolution in some shape or other, either as allies or friends of the British government, or as professed neutrals to the contest, and therefore the day of our national independence did not awaken precious memories of the past or bright hopes of the future in their breasts. It was only as the years passed away and deadened the resentments of that war, and made the day more and more familiar to the rising generation, that the Fourth of July became at last a universal American jubilee, held almost as sacred as the Sabbath by the great body of the people.

There are few instances in history where nations have failed to divide at regular intervals in regard to great questions of foreign and domestic policy. History rarely records a case of unity among any people for a long series of years. At all events, not as regards any nation that has possessed the facilities for expressing dissent. Look, for example, at the history of England, and call to your remembrance how much of her progress has been accomplished by one portion of her people in opposition to the other portion. You will recollect that she twice drove one of her dynasties from the throne in spite of the armed and formidable resistance of the opposition. And you will remember that she has carried on many of her foreign wars as a divided nation. And also you will call to mind the fact that even her great domestic reforms, those of them that have been peacefully achieved, were often accomplished amidst tumults carried to the very verge of civil outbreak. The excitement attending the abolition of slavery in her colonies, the abolition of Catholic disabilities, the repeal of the Corn laws, the extension of the suffrage, and lastly, and very lately, the disestablishment of the Irish Church, are familiar to all readers of English history. All of these reforms were accomplished by a divided nation, and some of them in spite of bitter and powerful opposition. And yet to-day, strangely enough in one view of the case, now that these reforms have been actually accomplished, and that most of them have become historical, we hear scarce a word of dissent as regards the wisdom and desirability of their accomplishment. All classes of Englishmen join in congratulations over the fact that they are accomplished. The opposition that once so conspicuously arrayed itself against their success, and at times convulsed the nation, gradually fell away and finally disappeared, no one knows how, nor when, nor where. There is no party in England to-day that would, if it could, go back and restore the *status quo* of those reforms, save perhaps the one last named, which, like our war, is but freshly dead and buried. The history of them has been that acquiescence soon followed success, that next followed satisfaction, and finally, in the fullness of time, followed congratulation and co-operation.

And as it has been in English history, so in like manner, it has been, is now, and will probably ever be in our own history. With us, as with them, results are not willingly accepted by the opposition in the immediate day of their achievement. Disaffection must first heal up and time must deaden a certain amount of public sensitiveness. And nothing but the lapse of time will do this. I have already alluded to the history of the fourth of July. And so I might allude to the history of the war of 1812. And, still later, to the war with Mexico. In both these we had a war and anti-war party in the country. But while this was true, yet in none of our difficulties thus far can it be said of us as it was said of ancient Rome, that while Cæsar had his party, and Pompey had his party, the Republic had none. That day has not yet arrived in our history. On the contrary, that well known motto, so familiar to every school boy, expresses as near as may be the instinct of the American people: "Our country; always in the right; but, right or wrong, our country."

And so to-day, my friends, coming back to this sad and interesting occasion, we participate in its ceremonies, not as so many of you could wish, as a united people but as those who, looking foward by the eye of faith, and relying on the unerring lessons of history, see in its future, a unity of acceptance and a heartiness of commemoration, such as the elder Adams saw when in a letter to his wife, after he had signed the Declaration of Independence, he spoke of its anniversary as a day in our coming history that would be ushered in with the ringing of bells, the booming of cannon, and the glad acclaims of unborn millions.

We are accustomed to look back to the days in which John Adams wrote that letter as to the more enviable period of our national history. No expression is more hackneyed than that one about "the earlier and better days of the Republic." We have all been taught to think disparagingly of our own times as compared with those earlier days. And up to the breaking out of the war, I fear that we had too much reason for thus thinking. But it is not so to-day. Turn to the record as it stands now, and comparing man for man, deed for deed, and result for result, tell me whether it is not our good fortune to live in an era as truly enviable, because as truly heroic, as that of Adams and his cotemporaries. Let no one detract from all that is due to the memory of those illustrious men and the times in which they lived. Certainly their immortality is secure in the affections of posterity. No disparagement of any succeeding generation is necessary to establish their just fame on lasting foundations. And the inexorable pen of impartial history will vindicate this generation from any such disparagement. Even to-day, divided as we still are among ourselves, and amidst so many disappointed hopes, expectations and jealousies abroad, the world pays a sincerer homage of heartfelt respect to this nation, as she stands before them "redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled," than they ever paid to her at any former period of her history. And why should not this be the case? What generation of men and women ever accomplished so much in so short a period, that was calculated to exalt and ennoble their national standing in the estimation of the world? I refer not to the heroic record of innumerable battles and wonderful marches through four long and exhausting years of gigantic war. But to the sleepless and devoted patience, endurance and self-sacrifice of the patriotic millions who had determined to know no such word as fail—who never despaired of the republic in its darkest hours; who poured out their public and private contributions like water; who organized relief associations, and Sanitary and Christian Commissions such as the world never saw before; who fed the soldiers gladly and bounteously as they passed from point to point through the country; who mingled blessings on the flag with prayers for their loved ones each morning and evening; who endured conscription and taxation; and who, higher and more wonderful than everything else in the history of the struggle, amidst all their long deferred hopes for military success, and amidst all their family afflictions, turned a deaf ear to all appeals to their fears and their self-interests, and persistently sustaining the prosecution of the war refused to compromise the result short of its grand consummation.

But this is not all. How can any one in a summary like this omit to allude to the moral heroism of this nation as it was displayed in reference to the great issues growing out of the war? It is the historian Gibbon, if I am not mistaken, who relates an incident that occurs to me in this connection, and that, to my mind at least, is something of an illustration of our national situation in reference to that one overshadowing issue at the outbreak of the war. That issue that, like Achilles' wrath, was the direful spring of woes unnumbered to this country. The Roman soldiers, in one of their foreign campaigns, marched into a city whose tutelar divinity was a hideous idol. Notwithstanding every person in that city could see how hideous it was, and notwithstanding they knew that it was a monster of their own creation, yet in the abjectness of their mental and moral stultification, they had invested it with certain extraordinary and awe-inspiring powers and propensities. No one dared to lay hands upon it for fear of some terrible calamity. They scarcely dared to go into its presence. Hence, when the Roman soldiers entered the gates of the city, bearing at the head of their columns the victorious eagles of their greater and less superstitious nation, these deluded people were solicitous as to what should become of their hideous idol; never daring to hope that this invasion was their opportunity to be delivered from the terrorism which its presence had exercised over their lives. No wonder therefore that they were horror-stricken to see one of these Roman soldiers mount up beside their idol and lay his profane hands upon its sacred proportions. But they stood aghast and shrieked with terror when they saw him swing his battle ax, and with one sturdy blow from his stalwart arm crash the blade right through the monster's skull. For a moment they stood breathless and expectant, awaiting the terrible consequences that everybody had always said would follow an indignity to their idol. But the earth did not open, the walls of the city did not fall down, and all nature held on its course the same as ever. Then it was, seeing that none of their fears were realized, that first to their surprise, next to their satisfaction, and finally to their great joy and congratulation, they were delivered from degrading bondage to an idol. At last they realized that they were freemen. And so it was, my fellow-citizens, in reference to that great idol that was so hideous, and that was the cause of so many threats, so many fears, so many remorseless exactions, so many humiliations to the American people in former days. Thank Heaven we did not have to wait for a foreign invasion to deliver us from its bondage. It was your strong arms, soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic, that swung the battle ax that struck the delivering blow. You freed yourselves, you freed the nation, you freed mankind from that body of death. One of the maxims of Greece was to know an opportunity and improve it. America knew her's and improved it. She stood by you and sustained the blow you struck. And to-day the great heart of humanity swells with gratitude to you and the nation. They rejoice at that great victory over ourselves—over all moral timidity and mercenary hesitation. Men now say "all hail" to "the land of the free and the home of the brave" who never said it before, because they can now say it sincerely and truthfully. They can now recognize that the stone that the builders rejected, and the rejection of which so nearly cost us the fall of the whole edifice, has at last and forever become the head of the corner. They can now see that the theory and practice of this government, its Declaration of Independence and its national constitution, are no longer in conflict.

This then, fellow-citizens, if we would only lift up our eyes and see it

"Is the glad day so long foretold,
The bright morn whose early twilight
Our fathers saw in days of old."
* * * * * * * *
"Blest and thrice blest the Roman
Who sees Rome's brightest day,
Who sees that long victorious pomp
Wind down the Sacred Way,
And through the bellowing Forum,
And round the Suppliant's Grove,
Up to the everlasting gates
Of Capitolian Jove."

But, fellow-citizens, while we can all rejoice to-day in the liberty wherewith we have been made free, let me ask you whether you have ever endeavored to quicken and heighten your appreciation of the happy results that were secured to you by the blood of those you honor here to-day, by thinking to yourselves what might have been our situation at this time had the result of the war been different—had the rebellion been successful. Men have tried to imagine what might have been the consequence to the world supposing that Hanibal, the Carthagenian general, had pushed his army vigorously against Rome after the battle of Cannæ. Also as to what would probably have resulted to mankind had William of Orange been unsuccessful against James of England. Or, as to what might have been the future of Europe, and the human race, if Napoleon had beaten his allied foes at Waterloo. Or, as to what would have been the destiny of this country supposing the colonists had been unable to achieve their independence. Who can tell the consequences to mankind of a different result in any of these great issues? Their possibilities, like the contents of the lost books of Livy, will ever be a source of exhaustless speculation to the scholars. But they are all as dust in the balance to us in comparison with the possibilities of a successful rebellion. Here we should have stood to-day by the side of these graves, as the Southern people recently stood by theirs, mourning for the dead who had died in vain, mourning as those who had no hope. Sadder than that, we should have stood here as one of the fragments of a broken nationality, like Poland, and as a people without a country. To Daniel Webster's vision the possibilities of a successful rebellion suggested scenes of "States dissevered, discordant and belligerent," and of "a land rent with civil feuds, and drenched perhaps in fraternal blood." These were what he saw as he listened long ago to the first mutterings of that storm that burst in all its fury on your heads, in 1861. "I have not," said he, "allowed myself to look beyond the Union to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below. Nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this Government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union may be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it should be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts we have high, exciting and gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day at least that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union."

These inspiring words of the great statesman's best days expressed the feeling that stirred the American people so deeply in 1861, after Sumpter had been fired upon. They could not brook the idea of becoming the "broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union." On the contrary, like that Indiana regiment that knelt and swore to wipe out the taunt of Buena Vista, so the people of the North, who had been taunted so often as the degenerate sons of illustrious sires, swore in their hearts that instead of such a calamity and disgrace, the world should behold a very different sight. It should "behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic still full high advanced; its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, or a single star obscured." And well did they make good their sacred resolve. The world sees no "broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union," but, instead of them, it sees a stronger government than it supposed our republic could ever become. It sees all the States in their original places in the Union, like the planets in our solar system, and all revolving harmoniously around that central government which is the source of strength to them all.

Perhaps there are many here to-day who read that remarkable article that appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly Magazine*, during the war, entitled "The Man Without a Country." An article that it seems to me ought to be read more than once in every American household. Nothing so graphic and so impressive appeared among all the patriotic literature of the war. The narrative goes to the quick of an American's feelings as he discovers what it was to one poor human being, at least, to find himself bereft of a country. There may be some here who never read this article, and I do not know that I can interest any of you to better advantage than to attempt a very brief summary of its remarkable statements. The case was that of a young man named Philip Nolan, a lieutenant in the Army of the United States, stationed at the time at Fort Adams in the then territory of Mississippi. He had, in an unguarded moment, lent an ear to Aaron Burr, and became implicated with him in his great Southern scheme that was supposed to have involved treason to the United States. Burr was tried at Richmond, and this young officer was tried by court martial at Fort Adams. The officers of the court were disposed to deal leniently with him, regarding him as one of Burr's victims, and not as a traitor to the service. In order to give him a chance to make out as good a case for himself as possible, he was asked at the conclusion of his trial what he had to say to show that he had always been loyal to the Government of the United States. In a fit of ungovernable chagrin and mortification, and resentment, at the whole circumstance of his arrest and trial, he replied, to the utter amazement and confusion of the court:

"*D—n the United States. I wish I may never hear of the United States again.*"

Col. Morgan, who presided at the trial, had been an officer in our Revolutionary army, and he was noted for his deep and reverential patriotism. He held the name of his country in sacred estimation. He was horror stricken to hear such an imprecation fall from an American's lips, and especially from an American in his country's uniform and service. Recovering himself, however, in a moment, he called the court into his private room and after a consultation of fifteen minutes returned pale as a sheet into the presence of the young officer. Addressing him he said: "*Prisoner hear the sentence of the Court. The court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again.*"

Nolan laughed when the words first fell upon his ear. Their novelty no doubt excited his incredulity and perhaps his ridicule. But no one else laughed. In a moment the court room was hushed as death. As soon as the papers could be prepared he was forwarded under guard to the Naval commander at New Orleans, and the orders were to see that no one mentioned the name of the United States to him under any circumstances. Thomas Jefferson was then President and he approved the sentence of the court martial and directed the Secretary of the Navy to carry it out as strictly as possible. To this end the Secretary placed the prisoner on board one of the Government vessels going on a long cruise, and in so doing issued the following orders to her commander:

"You will receive from Lieut. Neale the person of Phillip Nolan, late a Lieut. in the United States Army. This person on his trial by court martial expressed with an oath the wish that he might never hear of the United States again. The court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled. You will take the prisoner on board your ship and keep him there with such precautions as will prevent his escape. You will provide him with such quarters, rations, and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his Government. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner. But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country, or see any information regarding it. It is the intention of the Government that he shall never again see the country he has disowned."

These were the orders as made out and delivered to the commander of the United States ship of war "Intrepid," in 1807, and they were never afterwards changed or modified by any succeeding administration of the Government, even down to the year 1864, when after fifty-five years detention at sea the prisoner died. During that long and eventful period in our national history, it is not known that he ever once heard the name of the United States mentioned, or saw it in print in any book or newspaper. Everything containing the name was first examined and the words cut out. This was the rule on board every Government vessel to which he was transferred. The same orders always accompanied the delivery of his person from one ship to another. And also to any mess on ship board to which he might be assigned.

At length, on the 13th of May, 1864, during the great war of the rebellion, of which he had never once heard, Philip Nolan died on board the United States ship Levant, and the strange narrative concerning him concludes with a letter from one of her officers touching his last hours. His dying request was to hear something, if only a few words, concerning all that had happened in his native land during those long fifty-five years. And they did tell him a great deal before he breathed his last. "Where shall we begin?" they inquired of him as they sat by his death bed. "Tell me the names of the States," said he, pointing with his poor, shrivelled and trembling hand to the stars on the flag that hung in his sick room. "The last one I knew was Ohio." "Are they all there?" At that point they commenced and told him hurriedly about the leading events in our national history since 1807. Only they never said a word about the rebellion to him. "I could not bear," said the officer writing about his last hour, "to mention the infernal rebellion, to him." And oh, how he listened to all they told him in that brief hour of his existence. And with what curious and nervous questions he interrupted the recital of all this strange news. No mortal can conceive of the conflicting emotions that must have possessed him at such a time. He was listening to the dream of his life, and he drank in every word as parched lips drink in a cooling draught. As he listened he grew more and more silent. By and by his interruptions ceased altogether. Then they ceased telling him anything further. The peace that passes all understanding had overspread his countenance. The longing of his troubled soul had been satisfied. Finally, raising his eyes once more and for the last time to the flag of his country, his spirit took its flight.

When he had breathed his last they found in his Bible a slip of paper at a place where he had marked this text:

"They desire a country, even a heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city."

On the slip of paper he had written: "Bury me in the sea; it has been my home and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams, or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear?" Say on it: "In memory of Philip Nolan, Lieutenant in the army of the United States. He loved his country as no other man has loved her, but no man deserved less at her hands."

No doubt, my friends, you look upon this man's fate as very tragic indeed. If his error was grievous then grievously did he answer it. But there have been realities within the knowledge of some of you, during the late war, that, woven into song or story, would vie in touching interest with even this well wrought sketch of a patriotic brain. Here within these sacred grounds lie those who were the flower of your youth. Those who in the morning of life, when existence was almost without alloy, "before one joy or hope had taken wing," gave themselves to die for their country. I listened the other day to a story of Gettysburg, on whose bloody field, amidst that murderous enfilading fire, so many of your heroes went down. I learned that out of thirty six men in your Captain Acheson's company, thirty-one fell dead and wounded, himself among the former. Only five escaped unhurt, and two of these were taken prisoners—a fate that meant only lingering death at Andersonville and Libby to so many of our soldiers. What unwritten tragedies were comprehended in the experiences of these brave men! What a story their lives and those of so many others of your fallen heroes—such men as Pentecost, Purviand Templeton—would make, could all that they underwent in mind and body during those years of war be written out just as they felt, and suffered and endured it all! At the call of the President they went forth, first to save the Capital of the nation, and afterwards to save the nation itself. To go they gave up home and friends and every sweet endearment of existence. They were not the mercenary hirelings of a standing army in times of peace. They went forth at the sound of danger, leaving ease and indulgence behind them. With what fortitude and patience they endured a soldier's fortunes—the summer's heat and winter's cold, the weary march by day and night, the pangs of hunger and thirst—few of us can ever know. And at last, after they had stood so often and so long through every position of danger, and when they were so worthy of victory and rest, and of a joyous re-union with their friends, and of a thousand welcomes at your hands, they fell in the heat of battle, at posts where their country "most needed a soldier," with no friend or relative near to close their eyes in death.

When I think of that memorable struggle on that great Waterloo field of the war, in which so many of your heroes met their fate, one of the most cherished and impressive memories of my life rises on my recollection. On the 19th of the November following that terrible three day's battle in July, a portion of that now historic field was set apart and dedicated as a National Cemetery. The President of the United States and two members of his cabinet were there, and there were also Governors from several of the States, and citizens and soldiers in great numbers from all parts of the country. It was a most imposing demonstration, one not to be witnessed twice in a life time. The war was still raging, but both the spirited and strength of the rebellion had been broken at Gettysburg and Vicksburg, almost in the same day and hour, and the hopes of the loyal North ran high. The people were ready to answer almost any demand upon them for more men and more money. Ah, well I remember the scene that so well evinced their feelings! It was on the night before those memorable dedication ceremonies. Our train arrived at midnight, and such a night as it was? I shall never forget the grand moonlit scene that met our eyes as we wended our way into the public square of the town, where a vast multitude of people were congregated. The private house where Mr. Lincoln was stopping was the centre of attraction to this crowd of citizens and strangers. They wanted to see and hear the man who was enshrined in their hearts side by side with Washington. All at once a voice arose in the midst of this crowd of people. At first it was slow, tremulous and hesitating, but gradually it became clearer and stronger, until in a moment everybody from the centre to the circumference of the audience recognized these well known words: "*We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more.*" And as the song grew louder voice after voice caught up the words and mingled in the swelling chorus:

"Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem rich and strong,
Their battle eve confession."

At the conclusion of the song Mr. Lincoln came to the door. The soft bright moonlight shone full upon the scene as he appeared. With his sunken, weary eyes, so expressive of sympathy with the whole human race, so indicative of many sleepless nights for the nation's sake, looking out upon the people like "as a father looketh on his children and pitieth them," he addressed a few short words to them, asking them to excuse him for the night, and telling them of his purpose to say something on the morrow.

And when the morrow came with all its funeral pageantry, with its great procession, with its immense gathering on Cemetery Hill, with its plaintive dirges for the dead, with its inspired prayer from Stockton, with its classic oration from Everett, then spoke again the great Commoner—

"Our greatest yet with least pretence,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime."

What he said at that time has become familiar as household words, and was perhaps the shortest and most unpretending speech ever made by any public man in our country upon an important occasion. And yet one of the British Reviews has said of it that it will live when the panegyrics of Grecian eloquence at Marathon and Salamis are forgotten. There are in it certain words that come home to us here to-day almost as pointedly as if they had been directly addressed to this audience. Let us mingle in the tribute we are paying to the honored dead who sleep in these sacred grounds, the following extract from those memorable words:

"We cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us to highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

And now, in conclusion, I say to you, my friends, as the venerable Stockton said on that same memorable occasion, that "as the trees are not dead when their foliage is gone, so your heroes are not dead when their forms have fallen. The spirit of their example is here. It fills the air; it fills your hearts. And as long as time shall last, it will thrill you with its inspiration, and increase and confirm your devotion to liberty, religion and God."

MEDICAL.

WOMAN.

Females, owing to the peculiar and important relations which they sustain, their peculiar organization, and the offices which they perform, are subject to many sufferings. Freedom from these contribute in no small degree to their happiness and welfare, for none can be happy who are ill. Not only so, but no one of these various female complaints can long be suffered to run on without involving the general health of the individual, and ere long producing permanent sickness and premature decline. Nor is it pleasant to consult a physician for the relief of these various delicate affections, and only upon the most urgent necessity will a true woman so far sacrifice her greatest charm as to do this. The sex will then thank us for placing in their hands simple specifics which will be found efficacious in relieving and curing almost every one of those troublesome complaints peculiar to the sex.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT OF BUCHU.—Hundreds suffer on in silence, and hundreds of others apply vainly to druggists and doctors, who either merely tantalize them with the hope of a cure or apply remedies which make them worse. I would not wish to assert anything that would do injustice to the afflicted, but I am obliged to say that although it may be produced from excessive exhaustion of the powers of life, by laborious employment, unwholesome air and food, profuse menstruation, the use of tea and coffee, and frequent childbirth, it is far oftener caused by direct irritation, applied to the mucous membrane of the vagina itself.

When reviewing the causes of these distressing complaints, it is most painful to contemplate the attendant evils consequent upon them. It is but simple justice to the subject to enumerate a few of the many additional causes which so largely affect the life, health, and happiness of woman in all classes of society, and which, consequently, affect more or less directly, the welfare of the entire human family. The mania that exists for precocious education and marriage, causes the years that nature designed for corporeal development to be wasted and perverted in the restraints of dress, the early confinement of school, and especially in the unhealthy excitement of the ball-room. Thus, with the body half-clothed, and the mind unduly excited by pleasure, perverting in midnight revel the hours designed by nature for sleep and rest, the work of destruction is half accomplished.

In consequence of this early strain upon her system, unnecessary effort is required by the delicate votary to retain her situation in school at a later day, thus aggravating the evil. When one excitement is over, another in prospective keeps the mind morbidly sensitive to impression, while the now constant restraint of fashionable dress, absolutely forbidding the exercise indispensable to the attainment and retention of organic health and strength; the exposure to night air; the sudden change of temperature; the complete prostration produced by excessive dancing, must, of necessity, produce their legitimate effect. At last, an early marriage caps the climax of misery, and the unfortunate one, hitherto so utterly regardless of the plain dictates and remonstrances of her delicate nature, becomes an unwilling subject of medical treatment. This is but a truthful picture of the experience of thousands of our young women.

Long before the ability to exercise the functions of the generative organs, they require an education of their peculiar nervous system, composed of what is called the tissue, which is, in common with the female breast and lips, evidently under the control of mental emotions and associations at an early period of life; and, as we shall subsequently see, these emotions, when excessive, lead, long before puberty, to habits which sap the very life of their victims ere nature has self-completed their development.

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