National Republican.

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W. J. MURTAGH::::PROPRIETOR.

MONDAY MORNING::::::::::::::JUNE 1, 1868.

☞ All communications, whether on business or for publication, should be addressed to WM. J. MURTAGH, Proprietor NATIONAL REPUBLICAN, Washington, D. C.

FOR PRESIDENT:

ULYSSES S. GRANT,

OF ILLINOIS.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT:

SCHUYLER COLFAX,

OF INDIANA.

TO THE VOTERS OF WASHINGTON.

To-day the electors of this city are called upon to cast their votes for a mayor and municipal officers. The Republican ticket, which will be found in another column, ought to be, and we trust will be chosen. Most certainly it will if our friends do their whole duty.

Of our candidate for mayor, S. J. Bowen, we have spoken freely, and have shown his ability to discharge the duties of this position, and have stated the reasons that demand his election at this time. That Mr. Bowen is a gentleman of capacity, integrity, and executive ability, and that he would make a good mayor, none of his political opponents have ventured to deny. That his influence with Congress will be potential, and that his election will do more for the benefit of this city, ten fold, than can possibly be secured by the election of Mr. Given, is admitted. To all we have said upon this view of the subject the papers in opposition have made no reply. They have no arguments and no principles which they dare avow. They have carried on the campaign by whole columns of personal abuse of Mr. Bowen, and their sheets have teemed with *distribes* of slang brought forward against the party that supports Mr. Bowen. We have left all these weapons of personal abuse in the hands of those journalists whose trade in politics is, as they think, promoted by these means. It is enough for us to know that Mr. Bowen will make a good Mayor, and that his success and the success of the party which has placed him in nomination guarantees the building up and the improvement of this city.

We want a change; we want improvement; we want to see this city in a condition that shall reflect credit upon the country of which it is the capital. Elect the Republican ticket and we at once enter upon a career which will not stop till this city becomes what its founders designed it to be.

All these statements which we now recapitulate the opposition reply to with personal abuse of our candidate and such slang as this: "negro candidate," and "negro party."

They are improving, however, in their style. We congratulate them upon the acquirement of better manners. It used to be *nigger*, it is now negro. By and by, when they experience more reverses, they will come to speak of this class as our colored fellow-citizens. Who knows!

Impotent, if not Impudent.

The *World* makes the following impotent attempt to clear itself of the inconsistency in which it is involved in consequence of the articles which it wrote on Gen. Grant at the close of the War and those which it now produces.

The course of the *World* is contemptible, and this last dodge is absolutely too puerile to merit a serious reply.

Why does not the *World* oppose Gen. Grant on political grounds, and let alone his military record; or, does that journal feel that he is as strongly fortified in his political position as he is in his character as a great captain, and that it can better afford to eat its own words and assault his military record than to make an attempt to overthrow his political stronghold? At any rate there is confession of weakness in the *World's* position, and we propose to let our readers see its self-stultification. Here it is:

"That we spoke of him (Grant) in terms of generous, and even lavish appreciation, at that time (the surrender of Lee,) is quite true; and it is a circumstance for which we think we have no occasion to blush. We shared the profound joy of the country in the close of the war, and fervent, overflowing gratitude is not very apt to measure its language. In the contagious glow of feeling, we spoke of Gen. Grant as a lover would speak of his mistress, or rather as all patriots have spoken of *all successful generals* in the hour of victory. A writer must be of a very churlish disposition who, on such an occasion, *bestows hailing or niggardly praise*, or stands to weigh with much exactness his complimentary epithets. But probably *such effusions are not the sources* on which a historian would chiefly rely for a just estimate of military commanders. They neither estop the writer nor anybody else from cooler and more exact inquiry."

The Chinese Embassy.

Hon. Anson Burlingame, Envoy Extraordinary, and Minister Plenipotentiary from China to the treaty-making powers of the Western World with twelve of the most distinguished men of the Chinese Empire, with their servants and retinue, will arrive in Washington to-night.

They have secured apartments at the Metropolitan Hotel.

This is an event that marks an epoch in the history of civilization and progress. Mr. Burlingame says "it means the unification of the human race."

The Piled Up Agony.

The Sunday *Herald* fairly raves and froths at the mouth. Its contortions and throes are terrible to behold. The recent volcanic eruption and earthquake in one of the group of the Sandwich Islands could scarcely have been more terrific to the beholder, than this lurid display from our Sunday neighbor is intended to be to all the supporters of Mr. Bowen. He discharges at us, and every one who supports Mr. Bowen, a whole dictionary of expletives, and fairly overflows with billingsgate of the rarest type. We cannot help feeling a sympathy for a man who carried so much bile in his stomach for an entire week.

The Secretary of War.

General Schofield is in town and will take charge of the Department of War to-day. He has had interviews with the President and General Grant.

TO THE FREEMEN of this city we say, vote to-day, but do not wrangle; use no words calculated to excite bad passions. You know your rights; maintain them. Be firm, but gentlemanly and kind in your intercourse with all.

A FRIEND asks us what would become of Democracy if the words "negro," "bondholder," and "rich men" were stricken from the language, and the leaders should appeal to reason instead of prejudice?

We confess our inability to answer this conundrum, but are quite sure there would be no Democratic party—can't say where it would go to.

FOR SEVERAL DAYS PAST the town has been full of rumors that there will be trouble to-day. If there is, we know where the blame will rest. It will not be with the Republicans, white or black.

SAYLES J. BOWEN is the working man's friend. He goes for the liberty of the citizen and the rights of man, and if elected will interfere with no man's rights who keeps within the purview of the laws.

Election Day.

The following poem is appropriate to-day, and let every one who sees the REPUBLICAN this morning read it, and then, if he have a vote, cast it, and cast it on the right side.

It is from the pen of that gifted Quaker poet of New England, John G. Whittier.

THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY.

The proudest now is but my peer,
The highest not more high;
To-day, of all the weary year,
A king of men am I.
To-day, alike are great and small,
The nameless and the known;
My palace is the people's hall,
The ballot-box my throne!

Who serves to-day upon the list
Beside the served shall stand;
Alike the brown and wrinkled fist,
The gloved and dainty hand!
The rich is level with the poor,
The weak is strong to-day;
And sleekest broadcloth counts no more
Than homespun frock of gray.

To-day let pomp and vain pretense
My stubborn right abide;
I set a plain man's common sense
Against the pedant's pride.
To-day shall simple manhood try
The strength of gold and land;
The wide world has not wealth to buy
The power in my right hand!

While there's a grief to seek redress,
Or balance to adjust
Where weighs our living manhood less
Than Mammon's vilest dust—
While there's a right to speed my vote,
A wrong to sweep away,
Up! cloated knee and ragged coat!
A man's a man to-day.

A WORD TO COLORED VOTERS.—Colored men in the city of Washington who have sense and reason enough to reflect and look to the inevitable future, should be forewarned. The next national administration will be Democratic, and so will the next House of Representatives. The Freedmen's Bureau will not get another lease of life and power, and its protegee will have to seek a living outside of its protecting folds. In a few years the Senate, too, will be Democratic, and then, with the Government in the hands of the Democracy, what will be the fate of the negroes! Just exactly the fate they shall earn or deserve by their conduct. If they prove unworthy the right of suffrage that right will be taken from them. Let them bear this in mind, and beware of the storm they may arouse but whose fury they cannot stay.—*Sunday Herald.*

It is not often that we find so much frank *diabolism* crowded into so small a space. It is not enough that this sheet should be filled with abuse and slander of the colored people, but they must be told that unless they consent to vote with the *negro-hating sham Democracy* they will be, when this perfidious party gets the reins of government, crushed out.

This is the programme. "We thank thee, Jew," for divulging it at this early day.

This attempt to intimidate voters is, perhaps, a more serious thing than the writer of the above imagines. There is a law that makes such deeds a penal offense. We think the grand jury may well inquire whether this deliberate threat now put forth to intimidate a large class of voters in this city does not come within the meaning of the statute, and may not be punished as a crime.

When we say that the *animus* of the above paragraph is diabolical we but utter the opinion of every reflecting and honest man in the community.

BY BRINGING out our full strength we can win. Let us see to it that every man goes to the polls to-day.

THE WHISKY TAX.—We trust that Congress will reduce the whisky tax to 25 cents, if not below that figure. It is hardly possible that the bill, as reported by Mr. Schenck, can, under existing circumstances, pass the House; at least, we trust it will not. Congress has a good work before it, and it should go strait forward to consummate the overthrow of the whisky ring. Public safety, the welfare of the Government, and the purity of elections demand this.

ALL THE CITIZENS who to-day shall attempt to use the privilege belonging to Americans, whether white or colored, and to vote the Republican ticket, are to be bullied and browbeaten. This is the *programme.*

CONGRESS did not agree to furnish Vinnie Ream with a shop when the resolution passed authorizing her to model Lincoln. There is no violation of contract in either House demanding the room in the Capitol which she has occupied as a studio, or—what-not.

UNDER REPUBLICAN RULE the city will thrive and prosper, and business will take a start. Under the rule of the opposition Washington will pilt.

LOOK OUT FOR SPURIOUS TICKETS, for such will be as plenty as the leaves of autumn to-day. Scrutinize all and be sure that you cast the right one.

IT is currently reported that the President has offered the portfolio of the Treasury to Hon. William Groesbeck, of Ohio. Mr. McCulloch retires, and, it is said, goes to London to establish a branch house of Jay Cooke & Co.

THE BALTIMORE *Commercial* attributes to us the credit of an article headed "Officious Clerks," which we never wrote.

OURS IS THE CAUSE of the country, of good government, and of freedom. Let it have our united support.

LET NO REPUBLICAN fail to deposit his vote to-day. It is his right. Let him maintain it. Give one day to your country.

THE NATIONAL TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION.—Up to 10 o'clock last night about eighty printers had arrived in this city, and are stopping at the Sexton house. There will be one delegate here from San Francisco, Cal., two from Canada, and two from Kansas. The delegates visited Alexandria yesterday afternoon, and were escorted around to the venerable Christ church, the Marshall house, and other places noted in history, by George T. Whittington, esq., the gentlemanly delegate from that ancient city. The delegates to the convention will assemble at Odd-Fellows' Hall, at 10 o'clock this morning, when they will hold their first session. The following is a full list of delegates who have arrived:

No. 1. Indianapolis, N. R. Ruckle.
No. 2. Philadelphia, William Turner, H. J. Hampton, and Jas. Daley.
No. 3. Cincinnati, John Collins and W. F. Vaughan.
No. 4. Albany, C. E. White.
No. 5. Columbus, Ohio, Wm. Bloor.
No. 6. New York, Robert McKechnie, N. W. Young, and John S. O'Donohue.
No. 7. Pittsburg, R. S. Gatchell and Andrew Wayt.
No. 8. St. Louis, Chas. J. Newton and Geo. Clarke.
No. 9. Buffalo, Wm. Roland.
No. 10. Louisville, John King and E. B. Barnard.
No. 11. Memphis, William Mullens and H. White.
No. 12. Baltimore, Columbus Huzza, David Foster, and Frank Swain.
No. 13. Boston, Alex. Troup.
No. 14. Harrisburg, Jno. D. Kinneard.
No. 16. Chicago, Geo. W. McDonald.
No. 17. New Orleans, Girard Stith.
No. 18. Detroit, A. H. Raynor.
No. 20. Nashville, R. H. Barry.
No. 21. San Francisco, Jere Gray.
No. 22. Dubuque, Sam. C. O'Regan.
No. 23. Milwaukee, Geo. A. Freyser.
No. 27. Mobile, Wm. R. McLean.
No. 33. Providence, S. A. Wilcox and R. S. Measnin.
No. 34. Columbia, S. C., J. W. Cavis and E. R. Law.
No. 37. Jackson, Miss., B. C. White.
No. 38. Savannah, W. J. Middleton.
No. 39. Grand Rapids, Mich., Robt. Mullen.
No. 40. St. Joseph, Mo., Peter Nugent.
No. 41. Augusta, Ga., John M. Judge.
No. 45. Leavenworth, Kansas, Jno. W. Dickinson.
No. 47. New Haven, Walter C. Wells.
No. 52. Troy, Wm. C. Gillis.
No. 54. Raleigh, J. H. Black and E. MacMurray.
No. 55. Syracuse, Chas. J. Alexander.
No. 57. Dayton, Ohio, David Hayes.
No. 60. Springfield, Illinois, Wm. Cochran.
No. 61. Cambridge, Mass., John Gorman.
No. 63. Toledo, Ohio, De Witt C. Hotchkiss.
No. 64. Lafayette, Ind., Harry C. Smith.
No. 72. Hartford, Conn., William R. Goodenough.
No. 73. Lawrence, Kansas, John A. Wallace.
No. 74. Cairo, Ill., Robert F. Kerr, John H. Oberly and James J. Kavanaugh.
No. 77. Erie, Pa., James Hendricks.
No. 79. Wheeling, West Va., W. W. Deloe.
No. 83. Alexandria, Va., George T. Whittington.
No. 84. Macon, Ga., R. R. Ricks.
No. 90. Richmond, Va., Charles Ellis and James H. Walford.
No. 91. Toronto, Canada, Johnson Gian.
No. 100. Norwich, Conn., James H. Hoyt.
No. 101. Washington, D. C., Thomas Maher, O. A. R. McNeir and A. T. Cavis.
No. 103. Newark, N. J., G. D. Wallace.
No. 107. Hudson county, N. J., —— Dunning.
No. 108. Newbern, N. C., G. E. Allen.
No. 110. Newburgh, N. Y., Wm. Vincent.
No. 113. Scranton, Pa., E. A. Lackey.

In addition to above delegates, Vice President D. C. Morris, of Memphis, and Corresponding Secretary W. W. Mayberry, of Philadelphia.

LATEST TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

WELCOME TO THE FRENCH EMPEROR

BATTLE AND RUSSIAN VICTORY

INDIAN BATTLE IN THE WEST

Another Large Fire in New York

TRIAL OF JEFF DAVIS POSTPONED

Enthusiastic Grant Meeting in Maine

FROM EUROPE BY CABLE.

LONDON, May 31.—A dispatch from Bombay reports that the Russians in Central Asia have defeated the Bokharians in a pitched battle, in which the Emir of Bokhara was killed. The Russians subsequently captured the city of Bokhara by storm.

LISBON, May 31.—The United States squadron, with Admiral Farragut on board, sailed yesterday from the Tagus for Antwerp.

PARIS, May 31.—The Emperor Napoleon and Eugenie visited Rouen to-day, where they were received with great ceremony and rejoicing by the authorities and citizens. The Emperor made a speech, in which he publicly returned thanks to the Mayor for the energetic and efficient measures of relief which had been provided by the municipal government for the poor of the city during the past winter, and expressed the hope that their sufferings were now ended.

In his reply to the address of the Cardinal of Rouen, the Emperor said: "We will not sever our love of God from our love of country."

In the evening the Emperor and Empress returned to Paris.

From California.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 31.—A fire at Jackson, last night, destroyed ten thousand dollars worth of property.

The United States steamer Lackawana has arrived here from the Sandwich islands. She is reported to have left Honolulu because of the intimation that the King regarded its presence as a menace.

Considerable sensitiveness prevails in certain circles in Honolulu relative to American doings.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 30.—The *Bulletin* and *Alta*, papers of this city, pronounce the Gairshan quicksilver land claim now before Congress a fraud, and show by the records that it has been so declared by the United States courts in California. The claim has been moreover floated from its original location to cover the New Idra quicksilver mines. The plea of preventing a quicksilver monopoly by the New Almaden Company is met by stating that three or four other mines are now producing quicksilver in California, and it is estimated that ten different furnaces will be in operation before the close of the year.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 27.—The official report from Captain Munson announces the result of a conflict with a party of thirty or forty Indians in the vicinity of Paradee Valley, Northeastern California, on May 7.

Captain Munson's force consisted of fifty men belonging to the Ninth infantry and Eighth cavalry.

The Indians occupied a strong position in the mountains, but were driven from it after four hours' fighting, with a loss of several killed. The troops lost one killed and two wounded. The Indians were nearly all armed with rifles.

Enthusiastic Grant Meeting in Maine.

BANGOR, MAINE, May 31.—A large meeting was held here last evening to ratify the nominations of Grant and Colfax. It was addressed by John A. Peters, Hanibal Hamlin and others. Hamlin, after speaking in strong terms for Grant, testified to the integrity of Colfax, declaring him a true man; one whose purity in private life, is a guarantee that he will do no public wrong.

Fire in New York.

NEW YORK, May 31.—A fire at number eighteen Murray street, last night, destroyed property valued at from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars.

The heaviest loss falls on H. E. Dibblee & Co., dealers in silk goods, who occupied the first floor.

D. Samter, M. Steinhart, and M. Stern, all dealers in men's clothing, had their stock badly damaged.

The Davis Trial Postponed.

RICHMOND, VA., May 31.—It is now probable that the Davis trial will be postponed until October, as the leading counsel on both sides have agreed on that time.

The witnesses have been summoned for next Wednesday.

Mr. Davis has not arrived here, in view of the probability of the postponement.

Higher Prices and Less Hours.

NEW YORK, May 31.—The journeymen bakers of Brooklyn and Williamsburg have united in a demand for higher wages and less hours. Last night they had a grand torchlight procession, after which speeches were made. Eighteen dollars per week was agreed upon as a standard of wages and twelve hours as a day's work.

Gift Enterprise.

NEW YORK, May 31.—The application for a suspension of the injunction against Kelly & Co's gift enterprise has been refused by Judge Brady of the Court of Common Pleas.

THE EXCURSION BY RAIL AND WATER, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, which is to take place on Tuesday next, June 2, promises to be a very pleasant affair, and we trust will be liberally patronized by the friends of the organization and the public generally. The music will be furnished by the Marine band.

The round trip railroad tickets will be for sale at Metzerott's music store this (Monday) afternoon and evening and on Tuesday, the day of the excursion, until 3 o'clock, p. m. See advertisement in another column.

REPUBLICANS, go to the polls early and stay there till you cast your votes, and linger if your presence is needed.

MARRIED.

CISSEL—RITTENHOUSE.—On Thursday, May 28, at Bridge street church, by Rev. A. A. E. Taylor, B. S. T. CISSEL, of New York city, to Miss CLEMENTINA C., daughter of R. P. Rittenhouse, of Georgetown, D. C. No cards.

Clothing.

HEADQUARTERS

FOR BOYS' CLOTHING.

WALL, ROBINSON & CO.,

No. 322 Penn. avenue, between Ninth and Tenth streets.

GRAND OPENING OF BOYS', YOUTHS' AND CHILDREN'S SPRING CLOTHING, SUITABLE FOR

SCHOOL AND DRESS WEAR.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO THIS BRANCH OF THE BUSINESS.

Purchasers would do well to drop in and see a tasty stylesand low prices. may29-

SHIRTS

MADE TO ORDER.

Also, a full line of Davies' celebrated

SOFT FINISHED SHIRTS

on hand, of all sizes, for sale at very low prices.

WALL, ROBINSON & CO.,

322 Penna. Av., bet. 9th and 10th Sts.

my12-tf

VENTRILOQUISM.—FULL AND SIMPLE INSTRUCTIONS in No. 8 of HANES'S JOURNAL, also, "Rich Men of the World and how they Gained their Wealth." Exposures of humbugs, &c. Three cents, at all news depots. my30-3t

SOLDIERS' GRAVES DECORATED.

Honors to our Noble Dead—Ceremonies at Arlington National Cemetery—Oration by Hon. James A. Garfield—Scenes and Incidents.

Yesterday the ceremonies that took place at the Arlington National Cemetery, on Arlington Heights (the occasion of decorating the graves of our departed soldiery there buried) were of the most solemn, impressive, touching, and yet interesting that we ever beheld. There, in that secluded, yet beautiful retreat, assembled, with thousands of others, on Saturday afternoon, many relatives of the departed heroes, who lost their lives in a war sprung upon our then happy country by those whose motto and whose highest aim was "rule or ruin;" and who, for the sense, at least, forgot their God and dared to raise their hand against their brothers, the brothers who plead with them for the privilege of living harmoniously together, and who were scorned and spurned with indignation and taunts.

In compliance with General Orders, No. 11, issued on the 5th ultimo, by General Logan, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, arrangements were, for many days past, being made for this commendable object, and, by the kind permission of the proper authorities, choice flowers were collected from the Botanical Garden, from the President's Conservatory, the Treasury Gardens, and elsewhere, with which to decorate the graves; and many more were contributed from private gardens. Many hours of patient toil were expended at Foundry M. E. church, by patriotic and kind-hearted ladies and gentlemen in arranging these flowers into wreaths, crosses, bouquets, &c., for the purpose intended. All these, comprising myriads of flowers, were taken to the grounds in ambulances, and it required not a few of these to carry them to Arlington.

By the consent of President Johnson, those engaged in the Departments who desired to attend were permitted to do so, the employees of the Government printing office being permitted to leave the office at 10 a. m.

As early as 9 a. m., many persons could be seen wending their way to the Heights, that they might avoid the dust and heat of the day in their journey. The route taken by most of those who went over was by way of the Georgetown aqueduct, and thence along the Alexandria road. Some six or eight omnibuses and other vehicles were run from the bridge to the grounds for the accommodation of those who desired to ride. The number on the way thither grew larger until about 1 o'clock, when they were appearing on the grounds in almost a solid column. A great many who resided in the country came also, and assisted in swelling the mass, until there were present some four or five thousand ladies and gentlemen.

Among those we noticed present were Gen. Grant and lady and staff, Gen. Hancock and staff, Gen. O. H. Howard, Gen. Emery, Gen. Hale, Gen. Porter, Gen. Blanchard, Commander Caprou and lady, the English, Prussian, Russian and other ministers; Senator Patterson, Hon. Burt Van Horn, Hon. Mr. Loughridge, Hon. Mr. Marshall, and a host of other prominent persons.

The old mansion presented an unusual appearance, the verandah being festooned with American flags, while lines from which hung flags representing every army corps extended from the eaves to the tall flag-staff, from which floated proudly in the breeze the glorious Stars and Stripes. The huge pillars of the verandah were twined around with black, contrasting with the otherwise gala appearance of the banners, and indicating that the occasion was one of solemnity and sorrow.

As the visitors arrived on the ground they dispersed in different directions along the smooth and well-kept walks to visit the graves of friends, or strolled around in the cool shade of the trees, while others devoted themselves to an inspection of the apartments and curiosities of the spacious mansion. The cemetery, stretching off to the rear of the mansion, at this time presented a beautiful appearance with its regular rows of white head-stones, by the side of which were small American flags, placed there during the day by one of the committees. Preparatory to opening the proceedings the invited guests seated themselves upon rows of seats in the verandah. Among those invited were the children of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphan asylum of this city, fifty-four in number, who presented a decidedly neat appearance, the girls wearing white dresses with black sashes and light-colored straw hats, and the boys neat bluish gray suits. Immediately in front, and adjoining the verandah, was a small stand for the use of the speakers. Beyond this, and arranged in a semi-circle, were the seats for the spectators, all of which were occupied, while many persons secured the most eligible positions in the immediate vicinity.

Gen. N. P. Chipman announced that the order of ceremonies would now commence with the reading of General Orders, No. 11, designating the 30th of May as a day to be observed throughout the United States in decorating the graves of Union dead, by W. T. Collins, esq. The same ceremonies, Gen. Chipman said, were now being performed at the other cemeteries containing the dead of the Union army.

Mr. Collins then read the order, as follows:

I. The 30th day of May, 1868, is designated for the purpose of strewing with flowers, or otherwise decorating, the graves of comrades who died in defence of their country during the late rebellion, and whose bodies now lie in almost every city, village, and hamlet church-yard in the land. In this observance no form of ceremony is prescribed, but posts and comrades will, in their own way, arrange such fitting services and testimonials of respect as circumstances may permit.

Dr. Sunderland then offered up a prayer, in which he invoked the all-wise Creator to remember those present, who had come together to call upon His name, in this city of the dead, the sepulchre of the heroes who were slain in battle; who had given up their lives for the sake of their country and for the sake of suffering humanity. We have come to weep with those who have survived to weep, over the fallen brave. We come with garlands of flowers to decorate the graves of these precious dead. Well do we know that these flowers will perish where they fally get we pray, O Lord, that year by year they may be strewn afresh by others who may come after us. May this be done each spring time, and may the Lord protect this our native land, our beloved nation. Bless the general and soldiers of the army and the officers and sailors of the navy, and to Thee will we ascribe endless praises. Amen.

The Beethoven Ocotette club, of this city, composed of Messrs. W. H. Burnett and H. Selzson, first tenor; C. C. Ewer and D. E. Burnett, second tenor; L. E. Gannon and W. A. Widney, first bass; and F. A. Chase and J. B. Lawson, as second bass, here advanced to the front of the stage and sang, with fine effect, "Honor to the Soldier."

This was followed by the oration by

HON. JAMES A. GARFIELD, OF OHIO.

I am oppressed with a sense of the impropriety of uttering words on this occasion. If silence is ever golden it must be here beside the graves of fifteen thousand men whose lives were more significant than speech, and whose death was a poem the music of which can never be sung. With words we make promises, plight faith, and praise virtue. Promises may not be kept, plighted faith may be broken, and vaunted virtue only the cunning mask of vice. We do not know one promise these men made, one pledge they gave, one word they spoke; but we do know they summoned up and perfected, by one supreme act, the highest virtues of men and citizens. For love of country they accepted death. That act resolved all doubts, and made immortal their patriotism and their virtue.

For the noblest man that lives there still remains a conflict. He must still withstand the assaults of time and fortune; must still be assailed by temptations before which lofty natures have fallen. But with these the conflict was ended, the victory was won, when death stamped on them the great seal of heroes' character, and closed a record which years can never blot.

I know nothing more appropriate on this occasion than to inquire what brought these men here! What great impulse led them to condense life into an hour, and to crown that hour by joyfully welcoming death. Let us consider:

Eight years ago we appeared the most unwarlike nation of the earth! For nearly fifty years no spot in any of these States had been the scene of battle. Thirty millions of people had an army of less than ten thousand men. The faith of our people in the stability and permanency of our institutions was like their faith in the sun and the stars. Peace, liberty, and personal security were blessings as common and universal as sunshine and showers and fruitful seasons; and all sprang from a single source—from the principle proclaimed in the pilgrim covenant, that all owed due submission and obedience to the lawfully expressed will of the majority. This is not one of the doctrines of our political system; it is the system itself. It is the political firmament in which all other truths are set, as stars in heaven. It is the encasing air; the breath of the nation's life. Against it the thunderbolts of the rebellion were thrown. Its overthrow would have brought such ruin as might follow in the physical universe if the power of gravitation were destroyed, and

—"planets rushing from aspects malign,
Of fearest opposition in mid sky, should commit,
And their jarring spheres confound."

The nation was summoned to arms by every high motive that can inspire men. Two centuries of freedom had rendered the people of this Union unfit for despotism. They must save their Government or miserably perish.

As a flash of lightning in a midnight tempest reveals the abysmal horrors of the sea, so did the flash of the first gun disclose the awful abyss into which rebellion was ready to plunge us. That disclosure in one moment lighted the fire in twenty million hearts. I love to believe that no heroic sacrifice is ever lost; that the characters of men are moulded and inspired by what their fathers have done; that treasured up in American souls are all the unconscious influences of the great deeds of the Anglo-Saxon race, from Agincourt to Bunker Hill. It was such an influence which led a young Greek two thousand years ago, when he heard the news of Marathon, to exclaim,

"The trophies of Miltiades will not let me sleep." Could these men be silent in 1861—these whose ancestors had felt the inspiration of battle on every field where civilization has fought in the last thousand years? Read their answer in this green turf. Each for himself gathered up all the cherished purposes of life, its aims and ambitions, its dearest affections, and flung all, with life itself, into the scale of battle. At first they fought for the Union alone, but soon a new element was added to the conflict—an element which filled the army and the nation with a cheerful but intense religious enthusiasm. In lessons that God had indissolubly linked to its own the destiny of an enslaved race—that their liberty and our Union were one and inseparable. It was this conviction that made the soul of John Brown the marching companion of our soldiers, and made them sing on their way to battle—

"In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom which transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While his God is marching on."

With such inspirations failure was impossible. The struggle consecrated in some degree every man who bore a worthy part. But doubly consecrated were those who received into their own hearts the fatal shafts that were aimed at the life of their country.

Fortunate men! Your country lives because you died. You have been placed where the breath of calumny can never reach it—where the mistakes of a weary life can never dim its brightness. Coming generations will rise up to call you blessed.

And now, consider this silent assembly of the dead. What does it represent? Nay, rather, what does it not represent? Here is an epitome of the war. Here are the sheaves reaped in the harvest of death from every battle-field of Virginia. If each grave had a voice to tell us what its silent tenant last saw and heard on earth, we might stand still and hear the whole story of the war. We should hear that the life of one went out in the darkness of that first great disaster, Manassas, which fell like an eclipse on the nation; that another died of disease while wearily waiting for winter to end; that this one fell on the field in sight of the spires of Richmond, little dreaming that the flag must be carried through three more years of blood, before it should be planted in that citadel of treason; and that one fell when the tide of war had swept us back till the roar of rebel guns shook the dome of the Capitol, and re-echoed in the chambers of the Executive Mansion.

We should hear mingled voices from the Rappahannock, the Rapidan, the Chickahominy, and the James—solemn voices from the Wilderness, and triumphant shouts from the Shenandoah, from Petersburg and Five Forks, mingled with the wild acclaim of victory and the sweet chorus of returning peace. The voices of these dead are filling the land like holy benedictions.

What other place so fitting for their last rest? Here they sleep in the heart of a nation saved by their valor!

The view from this spot bears some resemblance to that which greets the eye at Rome. In sight of the Capitoline Hill, up and across the Tiber, and overlooking the city, is a hill, not rugged, nor lofty, but known as the Vatican Mount. On its summit, at the beginning of the Christian era, was an imperial circus, where gladiator slaves died for the sport of Rome, and where wild beasts fought with wilder men. In that arena a Galilean fisherman gave up his life a sacrifice for his faith. Probably no human life was ever so nobly avenged. On the spot where he perished was reared the proudest Christian temple ever reared by human hands. For its adornment the rich offerings of every clime and kingdom have been contributed. And now eighteen centuries have passed; the hearts of two hundred million dwellers on the earth turn toward it with reverence when they worship God. The traveler, descending from the Appenines, sees the dome of St. Peter's rising above the desolate Campagna and the dead city, long before the seven hills and ruined palaces appear to his view. The name of the dead fisherman has outlived the glory of the eternal city. A noble life, crowned with heroic death, rises above and outlives the pride and pomp and glory of the mightiest empire of the earth.

Yonder from the eastern slope of our capital, in direction, distance, and appearance, this spot is not unlike the Vatican Mount, though the river that flows at our feet is larger than a hundred Tibers. Seven years ago this was the home of one who lifted his sword against the life of his country, and who became the great impeacher of the rebellion. The soil beneath our feet was watered by the tears of slaves. The beauty of yonder proud Capitol awakened in their hearts no pride, and brought them no hope. The face of the goddess that crowns it was turned toward the sea and not toward them. But, thanks be to God, that stain of rebellion and slavery is a scene of violence and crime no longer. This will be forever the sacred mountain of our capital. Here is our temple. Its pavement is the sepulchre of heroic hearts; its dome is the bending heaven, and its altar candles are the watching stars. Hither will our children's children come to pay their tribute of grateful homage. For this are we met to-day. By the happy suggestion of a great society, assemblies like this are gathering at this hour in every state of the Union. Thousands of our soldiers are to-day turning aside in the march of life to visit the silent encampment of dead comrades who fought by their side.

From many thousand homes whose light was put out when a soldier fell, there go forth today, to join these solemn processions, loving kindred and friends, from whose hearts the shadow of grief will never be lifted till the light of the eternal world dawns upon them.

And here are little children, to whom the war left no father but the Father above. By the most sacred right theirs is the chief place to-day. They come with garlands to crown their victor fathers. I will delay the coronation no longer.

The Beethoven Ocotette Club here sang, with good effect, "Our Native Land," by Mohring; after which the following poem, composed for the occasion, was read by J. C. Smith, esq. It was excellently well delivered, and Mr. Smith was frequently applauded during its delivery:

THE POEM.

Peace, peace on earth! No battle-flags are flown,
No war-clouds rise and frown along the sky;
Where the red field lies the harvest grass is blown,
No lightning glare of red artillery.

Light, from the high empyrean glancing down,
Its ledger falls on heaps of mangled dead,
Reveals no more the close beleaguered town,
Or path of fire, whereon the foe hath fled.

We hear no more from battle-plain arise
The ringing shout of frantic, grappling hosts,
Quick-pulsed, with life, or the last sigh of agony
That haunt the memory like immortal ghosts.

How changed the scene, since those we mourn today
Heard slavery's challenge, at their peaceful toil:
Met the defiant foe in battle fray;
Moistened from pulsing veins the parching soil,

Then rose the nation's pibroch lend and shrill,
Then flashed the burning cross o'er Northern plains;
On mountain steeps, by hamlet, vale, and rill,
True manhood roused to break the bondman's chains.

These forms, then animate with earnest life,
Thousands of fifteen thousand men, who caught,
Pressed to their bosoms mother, sister, wife,
And the dark field of strife and carnage sought.

And shall we sing how first the hands, nerved
To martial weapons, at Manassas failed,
How Tyranny our name and fame abused,
Our manly courage and our cause assailed!

Recite the tale of Ball's unrecognized height,
Of Bethel's slaughter, and Vienna's gore,
How dying, gifted Baker, Winthrop, light,
How gallant Lander's wounds shall heal no more;

Repeat the tale of Chickahominy,
Of Fredericksburg, and Chancellor's barren sand,
Where rebel legions pressed to victory,
And Grief's a curtaine glares o'er all the land;

Tell how at Wilson's noble Lyon died,
And how at Lexington the wrong was wiped away;
How once again Manassas' field was tried
And doubly lost upon that fatal day?

From infancy to youth, from youth to age,
By failures oft life's lessons are attained;
Preludes are stammering words to wisdom sage;
By stumbling steps pedestrian skill is gained.

Thus our brave comrades learned the art of war
At Chickamauga, Belmont, Perryville;
'Twas wisdom bought with many a costly scar,
Lessons no early victory could instil.

At last by patient toil came strength of limb,
Came skill of eye and hand in martial art:
They felt the muscles of the Anakim,
The throbbing pulses of a Titan's heart.

These fleshless hands, now motionless and cold,
But one experience taught, were raised in might;
These eyes, now changed to pale terrestial mould,
Along the carbine gained unerring sight.

Enough; 'tis done! Hark to the cannon's roar
Upon Antietam's blood-encircled field;
See! Gettysburg is drenched in rebel gore,
At Donelson the boastful traitors yield.

The Shenandoah's vale is darkly red—
The rebel blood, transformed to clean hue;
Vicksburg is ours; and see how proudly tread
Our marching legions, broad savannas through.

Yet from the hurricane our arms rescued
At Shiloh's church and Murfreesboro's plain,
But battling still our steadfast heroes toiled
Till on yon banner Victory smiled again.

Nay, weep not, mother, for thy gallant son,
Who pillowed his head in the unmarked wood;
He gave his life for man—'twas nobly done—
And here he sleeps among the brave and good.

See Richmond, traitorous, fire-begirdled town,
See Mountain Lookout, Missionary Heights;
Above the clouds the brazen cannon frown,
Above the clouds each stalwart here fights.

From Chattanooga to Atlantic's coast,
From the sea northward to Virginia's line,
Lees the track of Freedom's conquering host,
To justice, friends—to wrong, a scourge divine.

At Appomattox, Lee surrenders all;
At Durham, Johnston bends the suppliant knee.
Send the glad shout o'er earth's revolving ball;
Slavery is crushed! our native land is free!

Yet pause, the triumph has been bought with blood
Great was the purchase, great the price we paid.
A million forms are crumbling beneath the sod,
A score of thousands are around us laid.

Pause, and remove the sandals from thy feet;
Press not with rash intrusion, holy ground;
This forest is the hero's calm retreat,
The camp, angelic guards encircle round.

Yet tell me not the gallant youth are dead;
These are but forms that moulder and decay;
The man shall live, who s'er for manhood bled,
Through time's vast ocean, reserved e'ternal day.

He lives in memory of the good and wise,
He lives in grateful historic love,
He lives in generous realms beyond the skies,
He lives in fervid song forever more.

All art at portraiture divine has failed,
In sculpture, pyramid, and fadeless stay;
Oft the sun-crowned, late, darkly veiled,
Or Memnon musical at rising day.

Yet rest there comrades with the God that loves,
In all the race one interval life,
By which creation ever onward moves
To brighter scenes through elemental strife.

There is no life that can cast
Its phantom shade beyond the mystic tomb,
But one eternal tableaux of the past,
One present Eden of immortal bloom.

And tell me not these unnamed are unknown,*
These thousands in the consecrated tomb—
No missing roll of monumental stone
Can shroud a hero in historic gloom.

In all these interblended heaps of bones
There's not a nerve to feel, a heart to love;
No passion's flame, no wayward silvery tones;
Sense, life, and feeling all have passed above.

They have passed onward through the rift of light
That parts the clouds above primordial strife;
They march with God in embryon of white,
And drink the true nectar the freight of Life.

Martyrs for truth, for liberty, and right!
To you shall rise the nation's high acclaim;
You are not lost in dim historic night—
These graves are subterranean paths to fame.

The emerald verdure on earth's mother-breast,
These oaks umbrageous, and this moist'ning dew,
This orchestra of birds, this holy rest,
Are nature's smiles upon the brave and true.

Green be the hillocks o'er this hallowed clay;
Sweet be the garlands loving hands shall bring;
Just be the tribute eloquence shall pay;
Tender the song the minstrel harp shall sing.

Long may these lyric trees, with waving boughs