

TEXTS FROM HANCOCK'S LETTERS.

When fraud, violence or incompetence controls, the noblest Constitutions and wisest laws are useless. The bayonet is not a fit instrument for collecting the votes of freemen. It is only by a full vote, free ballot and fair count that the people can rule in fact, as required by the theory of our Government. Take this function away and the whole structure falls. The great principles of American liberty are still the rightful inheritance of this people, and ever should be. The right of trial by jury, the *habeas corpus*, the liberty of the press, the freedom of speech, the natural rights of persons, and the rights of property, must be preserved. The Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution of the United States, embodying the results of the war for the Union, are inviolable. If called to the Presidency, I should deem it my duty to resist, with all my power, any attempt to impair or evade the full force and effect of the Constitution, which, in every article, section and amendment, is the supreme law of the land. This Union, comprising a general Government with general powers, and State Governments with State powers for purposes local to the States, is a polity the foundations of which were laid in the profoundest wisdom. This is the Union which our fathers made, and which has been so respected abroad and so benignant at home. The war for the Union was successfully closed more than fifteen years ago. All classes of our people must share alike the blessings of the Union, and are equally concerned in its perpetuity, and in the proper administration of public affairs. We are in a state of profound peace. Henceforth let it be our purpose to cultivate sentiments of friendship, and not of animosity, among our fellow-citizens. As one people, we have common interests. A sedulous and scrupulous care of the Public Credit, together with a wise and economical management of our Governmental expenditures, should be maintained, in order that labor may be lightly burdened, and that all persons may be protected in their rights to the fruits of their industry. Let us encourage the harmony and generous rivalry among our own industries which will revive our languishing merchant marine, extend our commerce with foreign nations, assist our merchants, manufacturers and producers to develop our vast natural resources, and increase the prosperity and happiness of our people. Public office is a trust, not a bounty bestowed upon the holder. The basis of a substantial, practical Civil Service Reform must first be established by the people in filling the elective offices; if they fix a high standard of qualifications for office, and sternly reject the corrupt and incompetent, the result will be decisive in governing the action of the servants whom they intrust with appointing power. No form of Government, no matter how carefully devised, no principles, however sound, will protect the rights of the people unless administration is faithful and efficient. Power may destroy the forms, but not the principles of justice; these will live in spite even of the sword. The true and proper use of the military power, besides defending the national honor against foreign nations, is to uphold the laws and Civil Government, and to secure to every person residing among us the enjoyment of life, liberty and property. The Regular Army should be so directed by its superior officers as to be recognized as a bulwark in support of the rights of the people and of the law. I would, under no circumstances, allow myself or my troops to determine who were the lawful members of a State Legislature.

Our system does not provide that one President should inaugurate another. There might be danger in that, and it was studiously left out of the charter.

The Army should have nothing to do with the election or inauguration of Presidents. The people elect the President. The Congress declares in joint session who he is.

I like Jefferson's way of inauguration; it suits our system. He rode alone on horseback to the Capitol, tied his horse to a rail fence, entered, and was duly sworn; then rode to the Executive Mansion and took possession.

WHERE HE WAS.

In Mexico—Breveted for Gallantry at Contreras and Cherubusco.

At Williamsburg—McClellan telegraphed to Lincoln: "Hancock was superb to-day."

At Antietam—He was in the thickest of the fight.

At Chancellorsville—His horse was shot under him.

At Gettysburg—He seemed there the very incarnation of war. On the second day he was at Cemetery Heights during the frightful cannonade, when the rebels concentrated the fire of one hundred and fifty guns on our lines. The air was full of missiles; streams of shot and shell screamed and hissed everywhere; it seemed as though nothing could live under that terrible fire—men and horses were torn limb from limb; caissons were exploded one after another in rapid succession, blowing the gunners to pieces. The infantry hugged the ground closely, and sought every slight shelter that the light earthworks afforded. It was literally a storm of shot and shell, like the fall of raindrops or the beat of hailstones. Those who had taken part in every battle of the war never had seen anything like that cannonade, and the oldest soldiers began to be uneasy for the result. Hundreds and thousands were stricken down; the shrieks of animals and screams of wounded men were appalling; still the awful rushing sound of flying missiles went on, and apparently never would cease. It was then, when the firmest hearts had begun to quail, the army witnessed one of the grandest sights ever beheld by any army on earth. Suddenly a band began to play "The Star Spangled Banner," and General Hancock, with his staff, with corps flag flying, appeared on the right of his line, uncovered, and rode down the front of his men to the left. The soldiers held their breath, expecting to see him fall from his horse, pierced by a dozen bullets; but still he rode on, while the shot roared and crashed around him, every moment tearing great gaps in the ranks by his side.

Every soldier felt his heart thrill as he witnessed the magnificent courage of his general, and he resolved to do something that day which would equal it in daring. Just as Hancock reached the left of his line, the rebel batteries ceased to play, and their infantry, 18,000 strong, were seen emerging from the woods and advancing up the hill. Hancock knew the artillery fire had been intended to demoralize his men and cover the advance of their infantry, which was to make the real attack. Turning his horse, he rode slowly up his line from left to right, holding his hat in his hand, bowing and smiling to his troops as they lay flat on the ground. Hardly had he reached the right of the line when the men, who, inspired by the courage of their General, could now hardly restrain themselves, received orders to attack the advancing rebels. Eighty guns which Hancock had concentrated opened their brazen mouths, and streams of bullets flew from the muzzles of our rifles to the breasts of the Confederates.

It was an awful day, and Longstreet's "Old Guard of the South" melted away like wax under that terrible fire. Of the 18,000 who came to the attack, 5,000 fell or were captured on the hill side. Thirty stands of colors and an immense number of small arms were taken. Hancock was everywhere, riding the storm of battle as if he bore a charmed life. At last, just in the moment of victory, he was seen to reel in his saddle and would have fallen to the ground had he not been helped from his horse. A ball had pierced his thigh, and for a time it was thought the wound was mortal.

REPUBLICAN EDITORS IN DESPAIR.—HUNTING A BAD RECORD FOR HANCOCK.

