

the twin sister of courage, be uppermost in our hearts and minds, remembering that, "forgiveness to the fallen does belong." Then will charity, the handmaiden of valor, be doubly blessed. The monarchs of the Old World, full of trepidation, will be asking each other these questions: "Has the national feeling in the United States again been restored?" "Have the sectional jealousies which once incited to arms been stilled?" "Has brotherly love again linked them together in one indissoluble union?" Now let us present to a wondering world the glorious spectacle of reunited hearts, and exhibit to that world that, forgetting hatred, forgetting strife, we have come together once more and forever bound in one common feeling, with one common cause. To the soldier I need not address this admonition to forget hatred. Soldiers never hate each other. They battle for the love of the cause in which they are enlisted—brethren of the one house, with one mind, one heart and with the same aspirations for the welfare and future of our country.

Yes, my friends, on this Decoration day let us inaugurate a new era of fraternity and national affection. Let us here, now, and in these graves before us, bury all the animosities of the past. Let us here still and quiet forever all ancient bitterness. Let us over these graves clasp the hand of fellowship with those whom the dead here were obliged to meet as valorous foes on many a battle-field, but who to-day are once more our brethren. In life those who lie here in their honored graves saved the nation. The benign influence which emanates from their graves now reconciles us with those whom they encountered in bloody conflict. From this day forth since the survivors on either have joined to pay a common tribute of respect to those who perished, let us hope, let us firmly believe, that peace, fraternity, universal good will, and restored national unity will again scatter upon a smiling land their beneficent and sweet influence. May all the benedictions of heaven be showered on the braves of our departed heroes. As their deeds were noble and great, may their memories be sublime and imperishable. Let them sleep a sweet sleep, honored by their comrades and fellow citizens, with the consolation that

"On Fames eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And Glory guards with solemn round  
This bivouac of the dead."

#### Decoration Day.

"These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They sleep in the land they made free, under the Flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of the sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for the soldier living and dead—cheers for the living, and tears for the dead."—R. G. INGERSOLL.

The 30th of May has now become a National Holiday. The time is not intended as one for mirth and festivities, but rather for the cultivation of grateful feelings and patriotic thoughts. It is a season for us specially to call to mind all the blessings we enjoy, in this free Government, secured to us, through the priceless devotion of the soldiers of the Republic. The day was observed with appropriate ceremonies in almost every part of the land from whence loyal men issued, when the Union soldiers came forth to crush treason.

At Washington, D. C., the Arlington Cemetery, where 10,000 soldiers "sleep their last sleep," was visited by a great concourse of people, composed of the President of the United States and his family, heads of Departments, Senators and Representatives in Congress, members of the G. A. R., Citizens and strangers.

Shortly after eleven o'clock President and Mrs. Hayes arrived upon the ground, and, after a few minutes' rest, proceeded to the grave of the unknown, upon which Mrs. Hayes placed a handsome wreath. Her example was contagious, and in about five minutes this resting place of dead heroes was one mass of flowers, nearly every one present contributing their share.

At noon a national salute was fired by a detachment of the United States Signal Service, under command of Captain R. P. Strong, U. S. A.; and at its conclusion, the vast throng hurried toward the graves of the "Unknown," where a dirge was played by the Marine Band. A procession was then formed consisting of invited guests, members of the Grand Army of the Republic, and ex-soldiers and sailors, and marched down the main road of the cemetery, where it separated, and the ceremony of decorating the graves began. A small Union flag was placed at the head of each grave, and flowers were scattered in profusion.

Discourses were delivered and poems recited by distinguished citizens. From the address of the Hon. J. W. Keifer of Ohio, we take the following brilliant passage.

"Having spoken of our dead comrades—their achievements, their honor, their true glory—and rendered to them a full meed of praise, it remains to briefly call attention to the continuing duty of the living. While we proceed to complete the work of crowning the graves of these silent dead with jewels of devotion and love, let us draw new inspiration from their life and heroic death.

"The history of all nations teaches that frequent recurrence to the principles which animated their patriots in times of peril is essential to the preservation and perpetuation of the results of their grand achievements.

"The living are called upon by the same high obligation to preserve and perpetuate the results of these achievements as were the dead in their time called upon for their accomplishment.

"When danger threatens, we should imitate their high resolve.

"In the presence of the tombs of our dead comrades we should learn anew the lesson of their heroic lives.

"Imbued with their patriotism, their love of constitutional liberty and the spirit of nationality, let us transmit these qualities unimpaired to our posterity.

"My comrades, listen! Turn back the dial of time less than a score of years. Do you not hear voices sounding now which we heard when red-handed war stalked, demon

like, abroad in our land? Was there any uncertain sound then? In your imagination of the voices of the dead, is there any uncertain sound now? Did duty then command you to march upon the roads from whence the finger board of duty now turns away? Were you commanded to bivouac on fields of duty then which you are not still required to guard? Were you called upon to defend and preserve the honor of a flag then, now of too little value to be worthy of your jealous care?

"What stronghold did you storm then that you are not called upon still to hold? What ramparts did you with sword or bayonet in hand, with daring courage, scale and dye with your then young blood that it is now your sacred duty to occupy and on it stand sentinel?

"Comrades, let these silent dead speak and teach us the solemn and impressive lesson of the hour: speak and thrill us with new inspiration and fervid devotion for our common country; speak, and swear us, by the memory of their deeds of valor, by their sufferings and wrongs, and by the Heaven-consecrated blood of above 500,000 of our comrades who muster on fields of glory beyond the grave, that we will be true while life lasts to liberty and the Union.

"Let this nation be filled with these silent but inspiring voices of the dead.

"Let this monument erected over the mingled ashes of the 'Unknown' Union dead, and these honored tombs be the real orators of the day.

"When the heart is full, let the tongue falter, that in silent awe we may imbibe the supreme lesson, and take new courage and hope.

"As our work of love and devotion closes with the day, and we turn again for another year to the common duties of life, with renewed pledges and devotion to our country filling our hearts, remembering that our nation, though proud and mighty among the nations of the world, is the only surviving truly free Republic to which the oppressed of all lands turn their eyes filled with expectation and hope, let our anxious inquiry for our country's future be—

"How shall its eagle be unfurled  
In broader grandeur to the world."

At the Congressional Cemetery salutes were fired, addresses made, and the grand poem, by Will Carleton (published on our first page) recited.

At New York the ceremonies and display were on a grander scale than ever before. They threw all Fourth of July processions into the shade. There were 20,000 men in column, nearly 10,000 of them being the 1st Division of the New York State troops belonging in the Cities of New York and Brooklyn, all under the command of Major General Shaler and Brigadier General Ward and Vilman. The division comprised the 5th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 11th, 12th, 22d, 69th, 71st Regiments, the 3d Cavalry, and Batteries B and K. There were also a regiment of colored men, the Old Guard, and some engineers, making about 9,000 men, 10 cannon, and 200 horsemen. The swell regiments were the 7th, in gray coats and white trousers, trappings, and plumes; the 9th, in dark blue coats with gold ornaments, white trousers, trappings, and plumes; and the 22d, in white coats and blue trousers. Each was accompanied by a band of 50 or 60 pieces and a drum corps of from 20 to 30 men.

#### THE SCENE ON THE STREETS.

As they came down Broadway in column of companies, between the black masses of people on the walks and on the balconies and buildings, filling the street with color and motion as far as the eye could reach, they made the street resemble an undulating sea. An influential Republican, a stranger to the city, on one of the great stands, was much impressed with the sight. He said: "Why, there are in that column, there, half as many men as there are in the standing army of the United States. If there is any man who believes that the liberties of the people of this city are in danger from the standing army of the United States, I wish he could see this sight." This was an allusion to recent utterances in Congress. As the 2d Division, under General Jourdon, which paraded in Brooklyn to-day, comprises about 6,000 men, this remark might have been made stronger.

Business was totally suspended in the city. All the exchanges, the stores, the banks, Custom House, Post Office, and city buildings were shut up.

After the services at the graves were over, in the evening at the Academy of Music came the closing ceremonies. From the oration of the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, we extract these fine sentiments:

"The occasion which calls us together is the most interesting of our national celebrations. While others appeal to our pride or recall the recollections of a historic past, the events of to-day form a part of our own experience, revive the sorrows and sufferings we all, individually and collectively have felt, and recall those whose loss touched and stirred the deepest and tenderest emotions of the heart. We are one of the most fortunate of the generations of man. While others have passed their peaceful and eventless lives without incident and without history, it has been our lot to witness some of the mightiest events of all time; to participate in the discussion of the grandest questions which have ever agitated a people, and to take part in the conflict and decide the issue which settled the destiny of humanity and liberty upon this continent. Eighteen years have passed since the first gun was fired at Sumpter, fourteen years since Lee surrendered at Appomattox, and yet so rapid has been the stride of opinion and the march of events that this great struggle seems already relegated to a dim and historic past. But around our knees, about our chairs and in this audience are gathered the eager, upturned faces of those who are to be the future citizens of the Republic, asking, 'What is the meaning of these ceremonials? Why are flowers strewn upon these graves? Why this gathering of the people together? For what did these men fight and die?'

"Our forefathers, great and wise as they were, committed a fatal error in the formation of the Republic when they clipped freedom by a compromise with slavery. While proclaiming in noble language and lofty spirit that 'all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, the only

answer the American citizen had for seventy years to the sneer of the monarchist was a blow or a blush. For the preservation of that institution opinions were inculcated and measures proposed which for three-quarters of a century imperilled the existence of the Union. It was the cancer in the body politic, which, until it was cut out by the civil war, constantly threatened to destroy the national life.

"In 1860 the people of the United States under the forms of law and according to the constitution elected the President of their choice. By residence, association and opinion, he was distasteful to the men interested in upholding the system of slavery. And they immediately plunged the country into the most tremendous and disastrous civil war of modern times. That contest was not a conflict of ambition or aggression, or territorial aggrandizement. It was a war of ideas. On the one side for three-quarters of a century had been cultivated a belief in the righteousness and rightfulness of human slavery and State rights. On the other devotion to human liberty and nationality. These two ideas, with men of the same race and of kindred blood behind them, met in deadly conflict upon the battle field.

"From the battlements of heaven to-night there look down upon us the spirits of both the Union and the Confederate dead. I believe that as together in the clearer light of the spirit land they see right from wrong, the Confederate and the Federal alike join with us in gratitude and thankfulness to Almighty God that the issue of the war was liberty and nationality and not slavery and secession.

"But we all remember that beautiful Sunday morning when the news was flashed over the country that the flag had been fired upon at Sumter. Instantly all apathetic elements and diverging opinions were cemented into one common mass, with one common resolve. The flag fired upon! We had seen it floating from mast heads and public buildings, carried in processions and upon mimic battle fields, and little knew how much tenderness an affection were emblemized to us in its folds. The manufactory was deserted, the plough was left in the furrow, the spade in the sod, the mining tool in the shaft. The law office was closed, the pulpit was empty, and without regard to previous opinions or party affiliations, a million of men marched forth to the defence of the country and the preservation of the Union.

"The distinction of the volunteer army, the graves of whose dead we strew to-day with flowers, over all other armies of all time, was its intelligence. Behind every musket was a thinking man. On the march, around the camp fire, in the hospital and the prison, and in letters to friends at home, these men discussed the issues at stake and the results which would follow defeat or victory with as much statesmanship and prophetic force as the representatives in Congress. Of the million volunteer soldiers, thousands were fitted by culture, ability and character to be Presidents of the United States. While thousands of Confederates in that last moment when upon the confines of eternity the mind recognizes more accurately the right from the wrong, confessed to themselves that they had spilt their blood on the wrong side, there never was a Union soldier whose life was ebbing upon the field whose last moments were not comforted and consoled by the glorious and inspiring consciousness that he was dying for his country and his God."

Philadelphia, true to its historic as well as to its patriotic record, proves itself the first of cities in the Union in doing honor to the memories of the dead—of the men who died to save the Union from destruction. There was that about the day in this city which could not fail to impress even those who did not enter into the spirit of ceremonial at once as glorious as it was full of melancholy although inspiring recollections. The day bright and beautiful as befitted it; the balmy air, with its sultriness relieved with cooling breezes; the crowds of interested spectators on the streets—men, women, and children who had lost father or brother, husband or son, friend or relative in the deadly and unholy conflict waged by traitorous hands against the United States of America—all these thronged to the principal thoroughfares, and added to the effect of the superb spectacle which was presented in the leading streets of Philadelphia.

The streets of the city were all alive with people and with flags, and banners flying, and with superb floral decorations, and with every evidence of an ardent interest in the patriotic ceremonies of the day, were the leading thoroughfares of the city. Nearly all the principal buildings on Chestnut, Walnut, and Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, and Tenth streets, Spring Garden street, Girard avenue, and other leading thoroughfares, as well as almost every other street and thoroughfare, had the national flag with all its glorious memories floating in the breeze. It may be safely said that this—the truest national anniversary of our national life—was never more generally, more spontaneously, more enthusiastically, and more patriotically observed in this city.

Chestnut street was lined with promenaders, all out as for a semi-holiday occasion, and all anxiously awaiting the arrival of such Posts as were to appear on this thoroughfare en route to the several cemeteries, the graves of which they were announced to adorn.

And all the people who assembled and lined in countless thousands Chestnut street as the various Posts, with flying banners and soul-stirring music, marched by—all these people, by their insignia appropriate to the day, and by their respectful demeanor, and by their enthusiastic words as the soldiers who fought the battles passed by—all these showed how thoroughly they were in accord with the spirit of the day.

There was no general military parade, the very many Posts according to the honors to the distinguished dead. These Posts marched to the various cemeteries where appropriate ceremonies took place. From the masterly oration delivered by the Hon. E. Joy Morris at the Philadelphia cemetery we quote the following:

"The story of civil war cannot be written without mention of the services and sublime qualities displayed by

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