THE UNION DEAD.

Decoration of Their Graves in All Parts of the Country.

Interesting Ceremonies at Arlington Heights.

Addresses by Distinguished Speakers at Arlington, Boston and Elsewhere.

Programme of the Ceremonies in New York and Brooklyn To-Day.

THE MEMORIAL SERVICES AT WASHINGTON.

Immense Crowd from Washington to Arlington Heights—President Grant and Other Distinguished Persons Present—Interesting Address by S. S. Fisher—Affecting Ceremonies—Scenes and Incidents.

WASHINGTON, May 29, 1869.

The city to-day presented the appearance of Sunday, thousands having left to attend the solemn ceremonies of the decoration of the graves of our fallen heroes who lie buried beneath the sod at Arlington. The departments were all closed, and but one subordinate official was in attendance at the White House. The President, accompanied by Mrs. Grant and Mr. Dent, her father, left in his private carriage shortly before noon to attend the decoration ceremonies. All the heads of departments were also at Arlington paying tribute to the honored dead.

The road to Georgetown and through Georgetown and across the Aqueduct bridge to the cemetery was thronged at an early hour, and the carriageways with vehicles of all descriptions. The street cars were literally packed all the morning. A battalion of marines were on the grounds.

The visitors passed through the grounds and visited all points of interest, and stopped for a while among the graves. Before eleven o'clock the crowd was immense, and every moment brought additions. On the ground Major Lubey, Colonel Sandburn, Captain Fachtz, and other members of the committee of arrangements were busy carrying out the programme and necessary preparations. The platform was draped all over with flags and banners, and large American flags covered the front, with the banner of the Eighteenth brigade veteran corps in the centre. The rear of the stage was decorated with two large flags upon a staff draped either way to represent the front of a tent. Small banners were grouped around the edges, while above all was the green foliage of the over-spreading oak, the lower boughs of which were gracefully draped with the national colors. One of the greatest points of attraction was the "Tomb of the Unknown." The monument erected to the unknown soldiers stands to the front and right of the stand. Around it had been erected a canopy of American flags supported by six upright posts. The canopy was beautifully trimmed with wreaths of evergreens, and decorated with small flags and streamers of parti-colored cambric. The monument is a solid block of granite about eight feet square and six feet high. On either corner is placed an iron twelve-pounder. Between these guns is piled a stack of the balls as used in the guns. Around the monument were tastefully hung beautiful wreaths of evergreens, laurel and choice roses. The effect was elegant. The inscription on the monument is as follows:—

Recorded in the archives of their country, and his grateful citizens honor them as of their noble array of martyrs. May they rest in peace. September, A. D. 1866.

Beneath this stone repose the bodies of two thousand one hundred and eleven unknown soldiers, gathered after the war from the fields of Bull Run and on the route to the Rappahannock. The national salute of twenty-one guns was fired at one o'clock precisely by Colonel Dupont's battery, which was stationed in front of the Arlington House. The assembled multitude, which had gathered between the stage and the tomb of the unknown, was then called to order by Major Timothy Lubey, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, who, in a brief speech, appropriate to the occasion, introduced Comrade Samuel Duncan, Grand Commander of the Department of the Potomac, as President of the day. Comrade Duncan then proceeded to address the throng.

From the Georgetown Aqueduct to Arlington, a distance of nearly two miles, the road was traversed by thousands of pedestrians and many carriages of all classes, including ambulances, so that travelling was somewhat dangerous. Long before the commencement of the exercises a dense crowd was in front of the stand, which was decorated with evergreens and flowers and a profusion of national flags. About one o'clock President Grant and family, General Sherman, members of the Cabinet, Foreign Ministers and other prominent officials took seats, when a salute was fired to indicate the commencement of ceremonies. Comrade Samuel A. Duncan, Grand Commander of the Department of the Potomac, called the assembly to order, when a full marine band played the "Misérére," and prayer by the Rev. Dr. Newman followed. An ode to the dead having been sung, the general order of the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, Logan, ordering an observance of the day, was read. The concluding exercises on the stage were the singing of "God Bless Our Native Land;" poem, "Our Martyrs," written for the occasion by Francis De Haas Jarvier; song, "Sleep Well, Ye Heroes Brave," sung by the Washington Saengerbund.

THE ADDRESS.

Hon. S. S. Fisher, Commissioner of Patents, delivered the following address:—

A year ago these mounds, beneath which dead heroes sleep, were strewn with garlands by loving hands and watered by tears from loving eyes. The flowers that we scattered have long since withered; the spring that gave the flowers has long since passed away. Summer and autumn and winter have come and gone. Each grave has been wrapped in a winding sheet of snow and bleak winds have sung dirges over the spot which the living had deserted. But nature never forgets the dead. From her lap she brings forth green blades and leaves and modest wild flowers, and herself decks their graves with beauty. We can only add her gifts to us to her gifts to them. She does more than this; for if there be any tomb unknown to us, or that we have forgotten; any peaceful sleeper in some village churchyard, in the lonely wood, by the roadside, at the ford, on the picket line, or tenting still "on the old camp ground," she has found the spot where he lies and flung over him her mantle of beauty. If these graves be dear to her, by how much more are they dear to us! We read in an old familiar story that one day, in the Roman forum, the earth opened and a great gulf yawned in the very midst. The augurs said that this gulf would never close its horrid mouth until it had been fed with the most precious thing in Rome. There was doubt as to what the most precious thing might be, when a young soldier, armed and mounted, rode boldly forward and plunged into the chasm, declaring that there could be nothing so precious as a life given for one's country.

One day, in our own land, stretching from side to side, from ocean to desert, a great gulf yawned, dividing in twain families, communities, States—yea, the very nation itself. Into this widening chasm we have cast our most precious possessions—the youth, the strength, the talent, the virtue, the patriotism of the land. From homes where gray-haired grandsires still spoke of Washington; from cabins which sheltered the emigrant of yesterday, fresh from the shores that he left in search of freedom; from the lap of luxury; from cramping poverty; from the wayside of the blacksmith; from the broad acres of the farmer; from the woodland clearing of the pioneer; from the jewelled cave of the miner; from the halls where pale students gathered; from the marts of trade where busy merchants thronged; with the bounding step of youth; with the sober walk of manhood; aye, and with the halting of age, they came in a great throng to stand between the nation and its foes. The gulf is closed, but seams and scars like these remind us how imminent the danger and how great the sacrifice. The storm has passed, but many giants of the forest are laid low, and many trunks are torn and twisted and maimed and blasted. We come not here to mourn the loss of men like these. Fire no minute gun over their graves. Toll no funeral bell. Rejoice rather that the nation has given birth to such sons. Deck their tombs with the crowns and garlands and laurel wreaths of victory; bid their children and ours mark well their example; and for ourselves, let us draw fresh inspirations of love for our land and for liberty, and seek from them lessons of deliverance from narrow party spirit, greed of gain and lust of power. And first among these lessons these graves remind us that we have a country. This seemed once to be doubted. We were told by patriotic nations—and ourselves repeated and half believed the charge—that we were such worshippers of gold that we had lost the love of country; that the very form of our government had fostered State pride and destroyed pride in the nation; that men loved party, but not their native land; that they hated their political opponents, but not their country's foes; that boasting of our liberty we were a patron of slaves; that our coin was a circulating falsehood, and our flag a flaunting lie. The reproach has been taken away forever; but the answer to the foul slander is found, not so much in the great uprising when Sumter fell—not so much in the flag of Barbara Fretchie, and the thousands of waving banners that floated from loyal home oes; not so much in gathering bands of armed men or in the treasure freely proffered. It is found here. If any man shall hereafter ask, "Do Americans love their country? Have we a nation?" from these mounds shall the question receive its final, conclusive, eternal answer: for if these men had no country, why are they here? Another lesson which we review to-day is the oft-told tale of history, that no nation can live that is founded on wrong. There was a time when we refused to heed this warning; we stilled the voice of conscience and defied the voice of God; we sought in the virtues of our fathers to find excuse for their errors; we put union before right, and with the memory of dead compromises sought to shut out the knowledge of living wrongs. We failed. Not until we stood squarely upon right and liberty did success follow our banners. Repenting of our sin, we live, while our foe who clung to it has perished. But we were slow to learn this lesson, and the teaching was sharp and terrible—how the young, the brave, the good upon either side were madly sacrificed that we might learn that "right is might, and truth is God." For now many weary days and months and years the war dragged slowly on, while upon both sides men prayed with equal unction for Divine assistance. Both sides were wrong, and no help came to either. When we became right the fight was over. We were fighting for Union—they were fighting for slavery. God meant that we should fight for liberty. Whatever statesmen may plan or armies strive to execute—

His truth goes marching on.

It is but a little while since these hills were a great fortification, resounding with the notes of war. Here, in long extended chain around the seat of government, stood the men who now, rank upon rank, rest behind the battlements which they built and manned. Thus their living bodies protected the capital of the nation from the grasp of those who would have seized upon it with unhallowed hands—who would have withstood the will of the people and perverted the free institutions of the land. Those living lines were never broken; the city over which they kept watch and ward was never lost. To-day they rest from their labors and hardships; but they remain at the post of duty—they sleep; but they sleep in line of battle and sleep upon their arms. It seems as if in the gray of morning the long roll might break their slumbers, and that a mighty host would fall in line and stand again to their guns; and, in truth, not less dead than living are they a wall of defence. Let the man who wishes his country ill look well upon these grass-grown mounds. If there be one here who would still destroy what these have preserved, who would impair the right of self-government, who would surrender the principles which have been baptized in blood and purified by fire—who would pull down the statue of liberty and set up a throne, let him look upon the shadowy forms of these soldiers of freedom and of the republic, as they form ranks again—again push to the charge—again shout their war cry, and again fall amid the din of strife; and remembering what history they have written—what people they represent—what mothers bore them—what fathers trained them, and what children they have left behind them—let him stay his hand, and cry with one who like him loved the bloody road to power—"By Saint Paul, shadows to-night have struck more terrors to the soul of Richard than could the substance of ten thousand soldiers." For if the hand of treason should again be raised and the living should stand aloof, it seems as if these graves would open and the dead come forth to shame them. There is yet another lesson which we may learn in their presence. The war cry is no longer sounded. War's thunders have rolled muttering away and the skies are bright after the storm. Our heroes are sleeping side by side with those whom they withstood in battle, and they sleep in peace. In the graves dead foes have stricken hands and proclaimed a truce forever. Let the living strike hands also, for we are not enemies, but brethren. The nobler part of man may succumb to a temporary madness, but he is nevertheless a man, and when the cloud has passed away he is to be restored to a man's loves, rights and privileges.

Brother, late our foe in battle, but brother still, this country was always our joint inheritance—this flag was always our joint banner. The glory of our past belongs to both of us. Our grandsires and our fathers stood side by side in battle—sat side by side in council. The glory of the future belongs to both of us. This purified land; this great united people; these broad acres, stretching from ocean to ocean, yet bound by a chord of commerce that made of oceans near neighbors and of mountains level plains; this boundless wealth; this tireless energy; this hunger for progress; this thirst for knowledge, it is yours, it is ours, and no man can take it from us. We alone can despoil and destroy the rich inheritance. Over brothers' graves let brothers' quarrels die. Let there be peace between us; nay more, let there be love between us; that these swords that we have learned so well to use may, if ever used again, strike only at the common foe. In a few days assembled thousands in the city of the Pilgrims will sing anthems of peace. Let the song be taken up throughout the land—by the shores of the great lakes, by the waters of the Gulf, in the land of the loom and spindle, in the land of gold, on broad prairies, on sunny savannah—let the chorus again and again break forth, "Peace on earth, good will towards men." We have had enough of war. Too many widow's weeds are scattered in this throng; too many orphan children are gazing upon this scene. It was a just and righteous war. It was nobly fought and nobly won. Thank God it is over; and let us hope it will be revived only in memory.

And now, we lay our tribute upon these tombs. To these, who rest beneath this tomb of the unknown—lost to fame, but great in deeds—let us give our choicest flowers; for here, unrecognized, may be the form of some stout soldier who stood, in the critical hour when the fate of the nation hung trembling in the balance, on some bloody field, and when to stand was to gain the victory. The forms of those whom he loved may not be with us to-day—they, alas! know not that he is here—but we know that all who rest in this spot, or in yonder vast and beautiful camp of the dead, form a worthy part of the noble army of martyrs whose epitaph is written, "Faithful unto death."

After the applause had ceased the ceremonies on the platform closed by a chorus "Prayer" from a quartet club. Near the platform is a granite monument to the memory of over two thousand unknown Union dead. This was covered with a canopy, the pillars of which were entwined with evergreens and flowers, while flags were tastefully festooned between the supports. Four cannon are planted as an ornament on the top of the monument. The crowds gathered around it while the band played Beethoven's dead march, during which time the orphans from the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphan Home passed from the stage and gathered round the tomb. Prayer was offered, next a requiem by the Beethoven Club, and then the orphans sang "Shall we know each other," and also "The children of the fallen brave." The procession was then formed and passed into the National Cemetery, where the decoration of the graves took place. The two full bands stationed in opposite sections of the cemetery played dirges while the graves were being strewn with flowers.

After the observances at the tomb of the unknown dead, the assemblage proceeded to the lower part of the cemetery, where the graves are located. Here a large cross had been erected, and around it the orphans gathered, the bands occupying positions upon either side. After the orphans had sung "Rest to the fallen brave," the ceremony of decorating the cross took place, the orphans forming a circle around it, with a widow in the midst of the group. The flowers were then handed to her and she transferred them to a soldier in full uniform, without equipments, two other soldiers standing by his side in citizens' dress, one without arms and the other with arms. The cross was decorated with the various corps badges and wreaths. Upon it was the following inscription:—

In memory to the heroes of Antietam, Gettysburg, Wilderness, Shiloh, Fair Oaks, Corinth, Bull Run, Stone River, Vicksburg, Cedar Creek, Chattanooga, Cold Harbor, Petersburg and Atlanta.

The foot-board bore the names of the last two battles of the war, Fort Fisher and Five Forks. It is estimated at least twenty-five thousand persons were at Arlington.

The ceremonies were concluded by the firing of a signal gun, the people gathering round the small stand in the cemetery, where the band played "Rossini's Stabat Mater" and the chaplain of the Department of the Potomac pronounced the benediction. The ceremonies throughout were of an interesting and affecting character. There were on the ground thousands of colored persons, including a company of uniformed colored zouaves, and many of them, like the whites, participated in the decoration of the graves.

At the conclusion of the services at Arlington a delegation from each post of the Grand Army of the Republic and a large number of those who had witnessed the ceremonies proceeded to the cemetery near Alexandria, where similar ceremonies were conducted.

The graves of the soldiers in the cemetery adjoining the Soldiers' Home, those in the cemetery beyond Fort Stevens, who fell in defence of the city in July, 1864, and also those in Oak Hill and Glenwood cemeteries, will be decorated to-morrow.

NO REBEL GRAVES ALLOWED TO BE DECORATED.

An incident that occurred during the decoration services at Arlington to-day, not set down in the programme, is worth mentioning. It will be remembered that a portion of the cemetery is appropriated to hundreds of the Confederate dead, and that according to the arrangements of the Grand Army no flowers were to be strewn on the graves of the poor defunct rebels. One of the Washington divisions of the Grand Army had even adopted resolutions declaring that to throw flowers on the Confederate graves would be a desecration of the graves of the loyal Union soldiers. It seems that, notwithstanding these resolutions and the grand programme, some people who went to view the ceremonies to-day carried flowers with them and quietly dropped them over the earth covering the Confederate dead. The fact becoming known, six marines, under the command of a fierce looking lieutenant, were despatched to that part of the cemetery to prevent any further desecrations. The marines marched up and down, three on each side of the plot appropriated to the rebel dead, and prevented all who came that way from dropping any more disloyal offerings. I mention this little incident, as it probably will not appear in the general despatch about the ceremonies to-day.

OBSERVANCE OF THE DAY IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Interesting Ceremonies In and Around Boston—Address of General Butler.

BOSTON, May 29, 1869.

Appropriate services and floral testimonials, in commemoration of the soldiers and sailors who died in serving their country during the war, took place throughout New England to-day. In Boston and vicinity business was generally suspended. An imposing military and civic procession, carrying flowers, visited the several cemeteries and strewed the graves with their floral tributes. Eloquent orations were delivered, and the ceremonies throughout were of an interesting and affecting character. The speakers at the different cemeteries included Senator Wilson, at Nativity; George B. Loring, at Plymouth; General H. Binney Sargeant, at Mount Auburn; General W. S. King, at Forest Hills; T. H. Russell, at Mount Hope, and Mayor Forsythe, of Chelsea, at Woodlawn. Post No. 45, Grand Army of the Republic, of Gloucester, accompanied by the Masonic and other associations of the town and vicinity, after visiting the cemeteries and decorating the graves of the seventy-five dead patriots there buried were eloquently addressed by General B. F. Butler. He said, in commencing:—

Through all time, in every nation, savage or refined, the memory of the patriotic dead has been fondly cherished. Pyramids were built for the tombs of kings; triumphal arches preserved the fame of warrior chiefs; pillars pierced the heavens to point the victories of nations. The mausoleum was a testimony of the grief of a widowed queen. Thus, heretofore in the history of the world the tribute of a nation's sorrow has idolized a chieftain alone. Monuments have been raised only to the prince and noble, or in commemoration of battles fought for the aggrandizement of power. To-day the American republic decorates the graves of her private soldiers with emblems of the people's grateful tribute to their most deserving sons—not in sorrow, not in mourning, for these, our ceremonies, partake more nearly of the gladness of a holy festival, the imperishable marble, the urn and sculptured vase, and brazen cenotaph, which in themselves stand as coldly enduring monuments of grief, and not the chosen tokens of our care and remembrance. In early spring time we strew the resting places of our soldiers with flowers—the most beautiful of the treasures lavished by God's love on earth. We will raise over it the starry flag of the nation that is hallowed by his blood. To the patriot soldier the banner under which he wars has a high and noble significance. To him it is the symbol of protection, authority and power. It is the emblem of his country's glorious memories of the past and bright hopes of the future. On its folds he sees emblazoned the great deeds of patriot heroes who have gone before, written for his reverence, his devotion, his worship, and sacred to his love. He will follow the flag as the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night. He will fight that it may be triumphant and honored; he will brave death and wounds that it may not be dishonored; and dying, he asks no richer shroud than its folds, and desires that he be borne to the grave by the music to the sound of which he has folded it in victory, and that his last requiem may be the volleys of his comrades which he has heard in its defence in life. Whosoever honors the soldier's flag warms his friendship; whosoever salutes it kindles his pride; whosoever fires upon it rouses his patriotism; whosoever lowers it shames his manhood; whosoever disgraces it shall meet his merited vengeance. After an eloquent allusion to the uprising in the North, East and West when the republic was attacked by treason, the General continued:—Pause we here, for no more instructive or sublime sight shall ever greet mortal vision than the citizen trained solely in the arts of peace, surrounded by the comforts of civilization, leaving a prattling babe, a loving wife and a fond mother, or it may be a helpless and almost dependent father. We see him as he steps forth from his hearth and roof to take leave, all fired by patriotic devotion to the demands of his country's need. Follow him through the dull, wearisome routine of the camp of instruction, trace him through the perpetual privations of the march, behold him in the hardships of bivouac, and storm, and rain; behold him, all unused to the horrors of death, as he bares his bosom to the bullet and bayonet of the enemy in the field of battle, or watch him when the fortunes of war doom to a living death in the murderous prison house of Belle Isle and Andersonville. He bears his protracted agonies that his country may live. No better soldier ever suffered for a country; no better men ever made better soldiers.

General Butler concluded his address as follows:—The annual return of this occasion, which should henceforth be a holiday, when we gather about these graves to again strew flowers upon them will be the occasion only of reviving our own patriotism, of pledging ourselves anew year by year to our country and of teaching our children the cost at which the blessings they enjoy and must transmit to those who come after have been purchased by their fathers. There is, it would seem, a peculiar felicity in the choice of this time, at which hereafter a triumphant festival of the republic should be celebrated, in the opening spring, when the budding trees and teeming earth give promise of fruition, prosperity and plenty in the land, and that the seed planted shall increase and bear fruit in most abundant harvest, so shall the seeds of reverence for the laws, devotion to duty, sacrifice to principle, sown in the precious blood of those we honor bring forth their fruits in the preservation of the liberties of the people and the just rights of all men, rendering our government the missionary republic to regenerate the republics of the world. While we mourn the departed with softened grief, because of the great work they have wrought, we may not forget the wrongs which filled so many of these graves, which now have become the very altars of liberty. While we swear our children upon them to eternal fealty to free institutions, equal rights, equal powers and equal laws for all men, we may not, as did the Carthaginian, swear his son to eternal hatred to Rome. Yet we do remember that government whose ready aid and perfidious alliance to rebellion in behalf of slavery cost us so much and so many who lie buried here to-day. We will teach our children here by these green mounds which cover their father's ashes to enforce the lesson in the story of the hatred of that monarchy of republican institutions which sought to strangle the free government at its birth, hiring Hessians and savage warriors to fight the battles of tyranny against our fathers in the war for independence; that government which then failed to make slavery and despotism the rule on land even against an infant republic, yet vaunting herself mistress of the seas, and through impressment and search in after years tried but failed to make the ocean and those who go down to the seas her subjects. Let us tell our children, too, and call the spirits of the gallant dead who hover around us, to bear us witness and impress the lesson teaching the story how when slavery, her legacy, to us as a nation, had caused treason and rebellion to raise their parricidal hands against the nation's life and by its fiendish spirits to arm brother against brother, England, jealous of our prosperity in rivalry of her commercial greatness, and in hatred of our freedom, when she could do so with safety to herself, when she hoped we were in a death grapple with each other, let loose her pirate steamers to destroy our ships, as she had sent out barbarous Indians in revolutionary times to burn the dwellings of our mothers and scalp them and their little ones. Hereafter, when the Gloucester boy shall say to his father, "Where are the fishing vessels that you once had as the dependence of your old age?" the man shall answer, "Boy! do you remember the smoke you saw from the Eastern point when a child? That was your father's vessel, burned by pirates sent out from British ports by British builders, who were cheered for so doing by a British Parliament." The boy will say, "What shall be demanded for so great a wrong?" and the old man shall write the single word, "Reparation." And so shall remembrance of the injuries received be kept alive in the hearts of the people. But more and more do these sins of England become a part of this occasion because there is not a child whose basket is hung with blossoms to place with pious care upon the green turf of his father's grave, who does not know that he and his comrades here lost their lives in a war encouraged, aided and prolonged by a hatred of England to the institutions of his country and her endeavors to destroy the republic. In death our soldiers, therefore, shall serve their country as in life, for in their bright example, as the best hope of the nation, they still live. They have snatched from death the victory and saved thereby the country. To them and to us for them death brings no terrors.

The Ceremonies at Worcester.

WORCESTER, May 29, 1869.

Decoration day was observed here under direction of Post No. 10, Grand Army of the Republic. Business was suspended, and the citizens joined with the post and the city government in the exercises. The procession was composed of over 500 persons. Three cemeteries were visited, and about 160 graves were decorated. At the different cemeteries Rev. William H. Hall, Rev. Mr. Richardson and Rev. P. T. O'Reilly made memorial addresses, and the choirs of the different churches furnished vocal music. The demonstration was much larger than last year, and was more generally participated in by the public.

THE DECORATIONS IN RHODE ISLAND.

PROVIDENCE, May 29, 1869.

The rite of decorating the graves of the soldiers with flowers was observed to-day by the Grand Army of the Republic. A large number of soldiers paraded. An address was delivered by Chaplain Woodbury. Bells were tolled and flags were displayed at half-mast. Most places of business were closed during the exercises. Post No. 10 went to South Kingstown to pay special tribute to the memory of General Rodman, buried there. All the cemeteries in this vicinity were visited.

The Newport and Woonsocket exercises take place to-morrow.

THE DECORATION IN PENNSYLVANIA.

The Ceremonies in Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, May 29, 1869.

The ceremony of decorating the soldiers' graves was only observed at one cemetery here to-day, but to-morrow the ceremonies will be general at a large number of cemeteries. At Monument Cemetery to-day a granite monument to Washington and Lafayette was dedicated. It is an obelisk sixty feet high.

The Ceremonies at Carlisle.

CARLISLE, May 29, 1869.

The decoration of soldiers' graves was duly observed in this place to-day. There was a large turnout of the officers and soldiers of the Carlisle barracks, the Lodge of the Grand Army of the Republic and of citizens generally. An interesting address was delivered by Rev. Joel Swartz of this place. The occasion was an imposing one.

DECORATION CEREMONIES IN NEW JERSEY.

The Day in Newark.

The beautiful and touching ceremony of strewing the graves of the national heroes who fell in defence of the Union, with choice floral tributes, was observed with marked unanimity by public and private citizens in this city yesterday. The observance was, in fact, a regular demonstration and went to show that if Republics are ungrateful, it cannot be said that citizens are either forgetful or ungrateful. The admirably arranged programme as agreed upon by Posts Nos. 2 and 11, Grand Army of the Republic, was carried out with a success far beyond the most sanguine expectations. The ominous threatening aspect of the weather in the morning and along well into the forenoon was a source of much uneasiness to those in charge of the arrangements, but as the day wore one and brought forth a most smiling sun and a bright clear sky, many hearts were made glad. A few minutes after three o'clock the procession, which consisted of over three hundred carriages, bearing civil and military dignitaries, ex-soldiers, ladies and children, began to move from the place of formation on Broad street, along that thoroughfare and up Market street to Fairmount Cemetery, located just beyond the city limits, in full view of the beautiful Orange Mountains, of which Essex county people are so justly proud. The carriages were preceded by a fine brass band and the veteran regiment in fatigue uniforms. Besides every window, piazza and door step being filled with citizens, the route on either side was lined with crowds of ladies and gentlemen, arrayed in holiday attire and bearing streamers and bouquets in their hands. Most of the flagstags, public and private, had the national ensign floating at half-mast. Besides the veteran regiment there were also present in the procession the German Veteran Association, commanded by Lieutenant Schmalz, and Posts Nos. two and eleven. Post No. two proudly bore the handsome silk flag presented to it by Mrs. General Kearney. Worked in gold, silver and silk on the flag is a *fac simile* of the cross of the Legion of Honor presented to the "gallant Phil" by Napoleon III. The ceremonies at the cemetery were equally touching as impressive. Immediately in front of the spot allotted for the graves of New Jersey braves was the platform from which the ceremonies were conducted by Grand Marshal Colonel A. J. Johnson. On the platform were present ex-Governor Marcus L. Ward, Rev. R. R. Meredith, the orator; Major General Theodore Runyon, Brigadier General Joseph W. Plume, Judge Depue, Mayor Peddie, Aldermen Baker, Stansby, Westervelt, Lord, Slaight, Perry, Kase, Malus, Brotherdy and Webner; Colonel Harris, Majors Courtos and Dwyer, and many other distinguished citizens and their ladies. After a dirge by the band and the singing of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" by a quartet, prayer by Rev. Dr. Fish, "Rest, Spirit, Rest," by the quartet, Mr. Ward was introduced and he delivered himself of a very neat address, appropriate to the occasion. In the course of his remarks the ex-Governor said:—"While we are paying this beautiful tribute to the dead let us not forget the living." The speaker gave it as his opinion that positions of honor and trust should be placed in the keeping of those who had already shown devotion to their country. He closed by remarking that the great iron band which bound the Pacific to the Atlantic was an evidence of a united effort to make a great nation.

Next came the orator of the day, Rev. R. R. Meredith, a Methodist clergyman, of this city, who during the rebellion raised a company and went out with it as captain. The oration was lengthy, but deeply interesting throughout. Then followed appropriate music and the depositing on the graves the floral tributes presented, after which the vast concourse, numbering about 6,000 people, dispersed. Excellent order was preserved by the Grand Marshal's aids and a squad of police in charge of Sergeant Benedict.

The observance in Orange was almost universal. In deference to the request of Mayor Ferry all places of business were closed, and the day rendered a regular holiday. Even the stores, during the hours of one and five, were closed. A procession of civic, military and school children was formed and proceeded to the cemetery, where the graves were covered with flowers. There was also delivered an address by Rev. George B. Bacon; singing by the children and the German Singing Society and prayer by Rev. Mr. Elder.

THE DECORATION IN VIRGINIA.

Ceremonies at Richmond.

RICHMOND, May 29, 1869.

A large number of whites and blacks participated in the ceremonies of decorating the Union soldiers' graves. The Seventeenth infantry also participated in the proceedings.

OBSERVANCE OF THE DAY IN WEST VIRGINIA.

WHEELING, May 29, 1869.

Decoration day is generally observed throughout the city, the citizens, without regard to politics, uniting in honor of the gallant dead.

DECORATION OF GRAVES IN OHIO.

COLUMBUS, May 29, 1869.

Business was generally suspended here to-day. An immense crowd of people went to the cemetery to participate in the ceremonies of decorating the soldiers' graves.

TOLEDO, May 29, 1869.

The ceremony of decorating the soldiers' graves in the cemeteries adjacent to this city was performed this afternoon by Forsythe Post, G. A. R., assisted by a large concourse of citizens. Business was generally suspended during the afternoon.

DECORATION OF GRAVES IN TENNESSEE.

The Ceremonies in Nashville.

NASHVILLE, May 29, 1869.

The soldiers' graves in the National cemetery near this city were decorated to-day. A vast concourse of people were in attendance.

MEMORIAL CEREMONIES AT CYPRESS HILLS CEMETERY TO-DAY.

Programme of the Procession—Line of March to the Cemetery.

The following is officially promulgated for the information of the various military and marine organizations, posts of the Grand Army, civic organizations and citizens, designing to take part in the memorial ceremonies over the graves of Union soldiers in this vicinity to-day:—

ORDER OF THE DAY.

The Grand Marshal directs the following to be observed in the formation of the procession:—

The First division, under the command of Major General Alexander Shaler, will consist of Marine band and four companies of marines, Lieutenant Colonel Broome, commanding, and the National Guard of the city and county of New York.

General Shaler will turn out a full staff and cavalry escort.

This division will form on Fifteenth and Sixteenth streets, east side of Union square, right resting on Fourth avenue. Commander of organization assigned to this division will report to Major General Shaler at ten o'clock A. M.

The Second Division will be formed as follows under direction of Colonel John W. Marshall, one of the assistant marshals:—

Band.
—— Regiment National Guard, Colonel ——, commanding.
Officers of the Memorial Executive Committee.
Officers of the National and Department Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic.
Orators of the Day—Major General Daniel E. Sickles, Grand Commander Colonel Edward B. Lansing, V. C. C. G. A. R.
Poet of the Day—Colonel A. J. H. Duganne.
Catafalque used at obsequies of President Lincoln, drawn by eight horses furnished by Mr. Dodd, of Dodd's Express, decorated with flowers, arranged in monumental form, surrounded with a guard of honor, consisting of one armed veteran, under command of Major J. T. Crosby.
Seventy-five boys of the Union Home and School, orphans of deceased Union soldiers in uniform, under command of one of their number.
Fifty girls of the same school.
Managers of the Ladies' Union Home and School.
Disabled soldiers in wagons.
Officers of the United States Army and Navy.
Mayor and Common Council of the City of New York.
Board of Supervisors of the county of New York.
Heads of Departments of city and county of New York.
Civil officers of the United States Government.
Invited Guests.

The Second division will form on south side of Fourteenth street, west of Broadway, right resting on Broadway.

Third division.—This division will be under the command of Major C. W. Cowtan, Assistant Marshal, and will consist of the Post of the Grand Army of the city of New York, viz.:—Post Phil Kearny, No. 2; Sedgwick, 11; Sumner, 24; Winthrop, 25; Kolten, 32; Isaac I. Stevens, 36; Kilworth, 39; Smythe, 62; Miller, 76; Cameron, 79.

This division will be formed on Fourteenth street, east of Fourth avenue, right resting on Fourth avenue, and will be posted from right to left in the following order, according to seniority of Post Commanders:—1st, 6th, 4th, 9th, 3d, 8th, 5th, 10th, 7th, 2d.

Fourth division under direction of an assistant marshal will consist of

Civic organizations.
Ladies and citizens in carriages.

The several organizations intending to participate will form at ten o'clock A. M. on Seventeenth street, north Union square, right on Broadway.

The column will move at half-past ten o'clock A. M. Line of march will be as follows:—

Down Fourth avenue to Tenth street, to Broadway, to Fulton street; thence by Fulton ferry to Brooklyn. On arriving in Brooklyn the procession will proceed to East New York by Fulton and Atlantic avenue cars and other conveyances. At East New York the column will reform in the same order and march to Cypress Hills Cemetery, where the ceremonies will take place, under the direction of the Memorial Executive Committee.

On the sound of the assembly the column will again form, and, after the benediction, will march to East New York, where it will be dismissed.

The following aids-de-camp are hereby appointed and will report to Major William H. Copsa, Chief of Staff, at No. 10 Union square, at ten o'clock A. M. Sunday, 30th inst., viz.:—

Col. Alfred Wagstaff, Jr.
Brevet Colonel Alexander D. Bailey.
Major F. W. Brinsninghausen.
Major Thomas Elliott.
Captain John S. Dingwall.
Lieutenant S. G. Hayter.
Lieutenant Louis Anderson.

They will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

All mounted officers will appear in regulation uniform according to the rank they held in United States service, with side arms.

All bands in the column will cease playing as the procession passes the different churches and places of public worship on the line of march.

Invited guests and those desiring to take position in the line in carriages are requested to report promptly at ten o'clock A. M.

The procession will move at half-past ten o'clock precisely.

By order of

LEVIN CRANDELL, Grand Marshal.

W. A. COPSA, Chief of Staff.

THE DEATH PENALTY.

Execution of Albert Tyler, a Negro Poisoner.

REMARKABLE DEPRAVITY.

Scenes and Incidents at the Scaffold.

RICHMOND, Va., May 29, 1869.

Albert Tyler, a negro, was to-day publicly executed for the murder by poison of Pauline Hubbard, on the 23d of February last.

HISTORY AND SCENE OF THE CRIME.

Near Broad, and not far from Twentieth street, stand the dilapidated ruins of Bellevue Hospital, recently destroyed by fire. It had been exclusively inhabited by negroes since the close of the war, who were thus driven to seek other shelter; but Albert Tyler, not wishing to sever old associations, with such material as he could conveniently gather fitted himself up a room and still continued to reside within the old walls. He had three step-children, whose mother was dead, the oldest of them not over twelve years, and to in part supply the mother's absence Tyler took in as sharers of his home and fireside Pauline Hubbard and her husband Henry, on condition that the woman was to do the cooking for the entire household. This family copartnership, however praiseworthy, did not long work harmoniously; for with that envy so peculiar to negroes the men soon began to quarrel over the "boss-ship," and despite the efforts of the woman to maintain peace and quiet, angry scenes, sometimes violent, were not unusual. The proprietorship of two old desks saved from the conflagration of the building was the subject of aggravated and continued dispute, and, if Tyler's version of the case is to be believed, formed the basis of a deadly hatred between him and Hubbard. He swore eternal vengeance against Hubbard on this account. Whatever may have been the feelings of the latter towards Tyler, it is certain they were not amicable, his wife, of course, as in duty bound, being a stanch supporter of her husband's cause; and thus matters progressed until the 21st of February, when Tyler was detected in the attempted commission of a crime which afterwards resulted in a tragedy.

AN UNNATURAL OUTRAGE.

On the night just mentioned the children had long been asleep, Hubbard and his wife had retired, and alone of the occupants of the room Tyler remained up sitting by the fire. He was waiting, for what no one knew, and as he anxiously watched the embers on the hearth there was a certain nervousness in his manner, and he listened eagerly for the sounds of heavy breathing, which would assure him the married pair were asleep. At last a gleam of satisfaction indicated that there were no listeners. He then carefully and noiselessly covered the coals with ashes and all was darkness. Mary Ann Billups, the oldest of his stepchildren, was asleep with the others. Tyler was fifty years of age, and had been twice married. A fiend incarnate must have taken possession of the wretch on this particular night, for shortly afterwards Pauline Hubbard was awakened by a noise as if a smothered cry, which caused her to exclaim, "Who is dat?" but receiving no reply, she again went to sleep. Tyler had attempted to violate the person of his stepchild, but was foiled. Again, when all was silent, he renewed his hellish efforts, but was resisted by the little girl with all the strength she was capable of. He threatened her, and smothered her cries; but the unfortunate victim made a desperate effort to free herself, crying at the same time for assistance. Again Pauline Hubbard was awakened; and now, with a woman's instinct realizing the true state of affairs, she sprang from bed and said, "'fore God, it's a shame!" But her husband compelled her to return to bed, and desired her not to meddle with Tyler, as he might "kill her." Foiled a second time in his brutal purpose, the unnatural stepfather relinquished for the time being his attempt to outrage his stepchild, and with curses on Pauline Hubbard, "not loud, but deep," he lay in his bed planning revenge.

This all occurred on Sunday night. The Saturday evening previous Tyler had purchased a quantity of flour, a portion of which had been made into rolls for the breakfast of both families on Sunday morning. They had all eaten of the rolls. Monday was a stormy day in the miserable room. Pauline Hubbard, furious with indignation, charged Tyler with the attempted crime of which he had been guilty the night previous, the evidences of which were visible in the very appearance of the girl Mary Ann Billups. The guilty wretch fumed, swore, denied, and threatened the entire day. In the evening he sent one of the children to a drug store with some money to buy "some of dat what you kill rats wid"—arsenic. The child returned with the desired poison. Whether resolved to be revenged, or acting under the rule that "dead men tell no tales," Tyler mixed the poison in the remaining portion of the flour, and put it in the tray to be made into bread. On Tuesday morning Tyler desired his children to eat corn bread only for breakfast. Pauline Hubbard eat flour bread.

THE POISONED WOMAN.

Soon after breakfast the woman left home to carry dinner to her husband, who was at work in a brick yard at Rocketts, about three-quarters of a mile distant. On the way the poison began to work and she became giddy and violently sick. Nearing the brick yard she tottered and staggered like one drunk and made such extraordinary gestures that her husband, observing her, ran to meet her when yet some fifty yards distant. Upon coming up to her she waved her hand and said, in a husky tone, "Henry,