IN MEMORIAM.

Decoration Day in the City, the Suburbs and Throughout the Country.

BRIGHT SKIES AND SUMMER WEATHER.

Description of the Procession from Union Square to the Ferries.

FARRAGUT'S GRAVE AT SUNRISE

Imposing Ceremonials at Greenwood, Woodlawn and Cypress Hills Cemeteries.

Evening Exercises at Steinway Hall.

The beautiful ceremony of decorating with the flowers of spring the last resting places of those who died in the service of their country was celebrated in every hamlet and village in this nation yesterday. The days of tremendous victories or dreadful defeats are allowed to pass, and we are glad to forget them; but this day all cherish, because of the sad, sorrowful memories which are associated with it. The feeling of grief is of a very different sort from that which caused the great heart of the nation to throb over a disaster to our arms. The glory of the final victory now surrounds each grave, whether amid the desolation of the Wilderness or the grass grown mounds of Greenwood. Liberty, triumphant and strong, stands chief mourner at every sepulchre. The presence of rescued Columbia dispels the sterner shadow of death without destroying the awful solemnity of his coming. It is a pity that the day has been declared a legal holiday; rather should it be a free will offering of tender grateful hearts actuated by the kindliest sympathy. It must ever remain the most reverenced of days, and even when the individual memory of the heroes has passed away the lesson will go down to children's children. Much more solemn and sacred should be the observance of such an anniversary than the tradition of Independence Day.

And so it was observed yesterday. The unknown graves, the tombs of the distinguished in army and navy, all knew alike the presence of friendly hearts. The tomb of Farragut was visited at dawn and strewn with roses. The great cities of the dead—Greenwood, Cypress Hills, the Evergreens and Woodlawn—each had its throng of visitors. To some of these friends came singly and alone; to others in all the solemnity of a funeral cortége. The dead who rest in the Naval Cemetery were not forgotten; nor did the tombs of Montgomery, Kearny and Lawrence, amid the bustle of Broadway, lack the tenderest offerings. If the tomb of Alexander Hamilton was passed by there is some consolation in knowing that it is not to be taken as an evidence of a republic's ingratitude.

It is sadly to be regretted that, amid so much that is to be respected, so much that is to be praised, in this ceremony of yesterday there is one feature of the procession which is to be unhesitatingly condemned. The people of this city believe in enterprise, but they do not approve of the use of such a solemn occasion as the funeral-like cortége of Decoration Day for the advertising of any branches of industry, however much said industry may be in need thereof.

THE DAY IN NEW YORK.

That much abused power in nature, which is commonly known as the "Clerk of the Weather," for once smiled acquiescence on Decoration Day, and favored the great work of decorating the last resting place of America's brave departed soldiers by giving us the loveliest day of the season. On the cerulean vault overhead there was not a cloud the size of a Quaker's hat. The balmy atmosphere and brightly verdant vegetation in the parks and squares breathed a fragrance which stole gratefully on the senses, charged with the perfume of the many thousands of sweet-scented flowers that willing hands had gathered to strew on the graves of our soldiers and sailors. It was thought that the procession could take up the line of march at half-past nine o'clock in the morning, but although General Jardine, the Chairman of the Memorial Committee, and his staff were at the Everett House by seven o'clock, the different sections and bodies of the procession could not be got in order nor started before a quarter past ten o'clock. The principal reason of this was that some of the posts decorated the monuments of their chosen heroes before going to the place of general rendezvous.

Soon after seven o'clock A. M. Lincoln Post, No. 13, formed in Union square and marched to the corner of Fourteenth street, where they decorated, in a promise and extremely tasteful manner, the monument and statue of the great emancipator. The pedestal of the monument was covered with evergreens, bearing the device, worked on the south side, "Tribute Post 13," and on the north side,

"CHARITY TO ALL."

The other sides were ornamented with vermilion stars worked in flowers with white centres. The Post wore semi-military uniform, carried their worn out old regimental flags and were accompanied by the Governor's Island Band, Company E, Eighty-fourth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y. and the Twenty-second Regiment drum corps. Commander Oscar Tompkins delivered an appropriate address. He was followed by General John Cochrane, in the course of which he referred to the virtues and greatness of the immortal man whose monument, less durable than his fame, they had gathered together to honor. The speaker referred in respectful language to the Confederate dead and showed that the day should be one of reconciliation as well as mourning in both the North and South.

At the close of these ceremonies Post 13 joined their comrades, who were forming around the cottage in Union square.

The following floral offerings were contributed yesterday morning in addition to those already received by the committee:—From Primary School No. 40, 60 pots; G. Koehler, Grammar School No. 20, 5 pots; H. T. Pratt, 2 baskets; Grammar School No. 25, 99 pots; Thomas James, Grammar School No. 16, 1 pot; J. Poor, 15 pots; Grammar School No. 16, 23 pots; Primary School No. 12, 119 pots; Primary School No. 45, 455 pots and 2 baskets; Primary School No. 13, 44 plants and $22; Primary School No. 35, 4 pots; Grammar School No. 43, 37 pots; Grammar School No. 47, 149 pots and 9 vases; William Marshall, Grammar School No. 32, 1 pot; Miss J. L. Coulter, 1 pot; Miss Lina Kiethaems, 20 pots; Grammar School No. 55, 233 pots; Miss Searles, 30 plants; George R. Hemans, Grammar School No. 32, 2 pots; Malvina Jameson, Colored Grammar School No. 3, 2 pots; Grammar School at 125th street, 219 pots; Mrs. J. J. Roosevelt and Miss Roosevelt, 12 pots; Mrs. Smith, 10 pots, and Miss A. Lee, 13 pots and 2 baskets. The greater portion of the morning was taken up in filling the various wagons with the flowers which had been contributed, which, after being filled, moved off and took their places in the procession, making way for the others. Cameron Post No. 13 had a mounted six-pounder gun which was decorated with flowers and evergreens and drawn by four horses, gayly caparisoned with ribbons and miniature flags. The catafalque, which attracted much attention, was placed in a Dodd's express wagon, drawn by eight horses, which was surrounded by mourning trappings. In the centre of the wagon rose a white obelisk, surrounded by flowers and plants. On the side of the obelisk was the inscription, "In memoriam."

Among those seated in the carriages which were to accompany the procession were Mayor Havemeyer, General Hancock, Alderman Morris, Lieutenant Manning, Samuel T. Willis, Major Harding, Captain Munies, General Joseph C. Jackson, General Weber, General Wilcox, General Jardine, with wife and daughter; Lieutenant Governor General Robinson, General Bowen, Stephen A. Smith, General Owen, Colonel Glazier and wife, Miss Halpine, daughter of the General; Miss Kreamer, General Joseph C. Pinckney, Thurlow Weed and many others.

THE COMMITTEE ROOMS.

General Edward Jardine made his headquarters at the Everett House. With the General were his wife and daughter and Miss Kreamer; Miss Halpine, daughter of the deceased soldier poet, Colonel Charles G. Halpine; Colonel Glazier and wife; Major General Hancock, United States Army, in colonel's uniform; the Lieutenant Governor of the State, General Robinson, Mayor Havemeyer, General Wilcox, United States Army, General Superintendent of the Recruiting Department for the United States Army; General Webber, General Owen, General Joseph C. Jackson, General Bowen, Captain Minnis, P. S. V. C.; Samuel T. Willis, Major Harding, Stephen Smith, and a number of other distinguished citizens. The centre tables of the reception parlors were loaded with most exquisite floral trophies of the season, impregnating the air with their delicious aroma like the breath of angels.

ON THE MARCH.

The procession moved out of Union square at a quarter after ten o'clock in the order prescribed by the programme already published.

The whole length of Broadway was lined on both sides and crowded on the east (which had the advantage of being shady) by two parallel living walls of spectators reaching from Union square to South ferry. As work was stopped on the public buildings and on many private edifices, the tradesmen and laborers connected with the building business were out in force, and for once

LABOR LOOKED CONTENTED.

The police, under Captain Allaire, at the head of the column, looked well and marched regularly; the mounted squad sometimes forgot that the public eye was upon them, and at some of the street corners rushed at an occasional unfortunate teamster with a "Go back there, damn you."

THE BUNTING ALOFT.

In the morning there was no display of bunting on the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the Union League Club or other prominent buildings in Madison square and down Broadway. Only a flag here and there proved that some genuine American was not ashamed to show his sympathy with the day's proceedings. In Union square the people seemed to have a better sense of the propriety due to the occasion, and the Everett House, in common with a number of other conspicuous edifices in the vicinity, displayed the starry banner to the fondling zephyrs that kissed its folds. All down Broadway there appeared to be

THE SAME WANT OF BUNTING

and a long vista of flagstaffs, for the most part undraped, greeted the dissatisfied eye as far as it could reach. In the lower part of the city the Custom House, Sub-Treasury, Post Office, City Hall and other federal and State buildings had their flags hoisted half-mast. Among the shipping on both sides of the island, wherever a ship could be found under an American register, she showed her sympathy with the decoration celebrations by maintaining her flag at half-mast.

PASSING GRACE CHURCH.

When the procession reached Grace church the bands ceased to play and the church bells chimed forth the melodious tones of their dulcet notes like an incense of harmony on the morning air, leaving in their wake a dash of pensive thought akin to melancholy in the mind.

AT TRINITY CHURCH.

A few minutes after eleven o'clock the procession arrived at St. Paul's, where Major General Richard Montgomery lies buried. At that time there was not a flower nor a wreath nor a token to distinguish the brave hero's resting place.

At Trinity Church the procession made a dead halt of half an hour, while Phil. Kearny Post, No. 8, under the leadership of W. B. Van Houton and a number of Mexican veterans, went in to the sacred precincts to cover with flowers the last resting place of the hero of Cherubusco. Old Trinity chimes pealed forth their doleful notes while the fraternal rite was being celebrated, and the remains of the once gallant Kearny, in common with those of the no less redoubtable Captain Lawrence, of Chesapeake fame, and others, received their meed of floral gifts from men who, like themselves, have served their country. The catafalque erected in honor of Kearny, mounted on a large wagon and drawn by eight splendid horses, was one of the finest sights in the procession. At the base it must have been fifteen feet long by half as many wide. The base was covered with black velvet, ornamented with silver cord and at intervals the United States arms in relief. In the centre rose an ornamental pyramid of some six feet in height, and this was surrounded by bronzed chains connecting four posts at the different angles. The pyramid bore the inscription, "In memoriam." The whole was decked with flowers and immortelles.

After concluding the ceremonies at Trinity church the procession wended its way to South ferry. Here the ferry company had put on an extra boat, three being as many as could be run, and they were despatched in such rapid succession that by one o'clock the whole procession, with its thousands of participants and over 100 horses, at least, were safely embarked for Brooklyn.

ON GOVERNOR'S ISLAND.

A HERALD reporter took a run across the Governor's Island ferry to see what Uncle Sam's boys were making such a noise about. He found them tossing and handling in seemingly the lightest and easiest way possible a battery of some twenty great guns in Castle William. From this formidable array of 48-pounders minute guns were fired from nine to eleven o'clock in the morning and from two to three in the afternoon, while the procession was passing and repassing the ferry. Altogether 180 guns were fired. This salute was given in compliance with a request of General Jardine to General Wilcox. For the same reason the Governor's Island Band came over to participate in the celebration, also a post order was issued by which fatigue duty and other works on the island were stopped for the day. Upon the same terms the Artillery Band from Fort Hamilton was present; but no salute or demonstration was made in any of the other forts in the harbor.

THE MEXICAN WAR VETERANS.

Yesterday, for the first time, the New York Association of Veterans of the Mexican War decorated the graves of the heroes of the war of the United States against Mexico whose remains are buried in this city and vicinity. Owing to the smallness of the association they carefully avoided anything like ostentatious display, and in a quiet manner, by committees, appropriately commemorated the valor of their fallen comrades. The monument erected to the memory of General Worth, Broadway and Twenty-fifth street, was handsomely dressed with festoons of evergreens and wreaths of flowers, while around the base was displayed a large number of pots, containing a variety of exotics. Suspended were the words, nicely wrought in flowers, "Veterans of the Mexican War. The whole country." Over the grave of General Kearney, in Trinity churchyard, was a beautiful wreath, with the words "Kearney, Mexico," in flowers. Conspicuous among the flowers on the monuments of Captain Drayton and Lieutenant Hunter, in the same place of sepulchre, were anchors in flowers, to distinguish the character of their service.

The Flowers.

For the past two weeks the markets and the flower dealers' stalls in various parts of the city were well patronized—a fact which shows that Decoration Day has taken hold of the people's affections and that they prepare themselves beforehand for the loving duty of strewing the graves of the soldiers with flowers. This year so ample were the preparations made for the day that the military organizers of the ceremonies had their depots fully supplied with flowers of all kinds, without any danger of want of abundance. There must have been between twenty and thirty cart loads of flowers at Cypress Hills yesterday, the value of which was about $5,000. These were the gifts of those who wished to honor the soldiers' graves and had the means to do so. These flowers had been ordered from the greenhouses on Jersey City Heights, or had been, during the preceding week, purchased at the markets in the city. A large quantity of them also came from the Botanic Gardens of Flatbush, L. I., the proprietors of which generously made large reductions in their prices. The thousands whose friends repose in Cypress Hills, and who wished themselves to have the pleasure of laying a tribute upon the graves, had days before supplied themselves with some favorite flower for the purpose. These were the people who might be seen among the multitude journeying to the graveyard bearing a flower pot in their arms or carrying bouquets in baskets. There were many families, too, each of whose members brought a single bunch of the simplest flowers, the tokens of still cherished love, though not adequately expressive of its beauty or its preciousness. It would be difficult to say which kind of flowers most prevailed upon the graves. The beautiful and costly emblems which were profusely scattered around were the tributes of the wealthy. The charming bouquets which shone out in their varied colors from among the clusters of fuchsias, geraniums and roses had been entwined by those to whom the labor was one of sad memories, but still a grateful task. The variety of other flowers placed upon the graves included every class of flower offered for sale in the markets—heliotrope, lily of the valley, tube rose, cape jasmine, carnation pink, camelia, honeysuckle, oleander, spirea japonica, violet, mignionette, lemon verbena and the rest. There was considerable chagrin at the markets yesterday, owing to the absence of customers. Though the trade had been so lively for the past two weeks, still it had been expected that early yesterday morning there would have been an immense sale. Except at Jefferson Market, where the colored men invested largely, the sales amounted to scarcely anything. The market men attribute this to the cause already stated, that the people this year, unlike former years, had been preparing themselves for the day.

A Southerner's Tribute.

As the procession was passing down Broadway yesterday considerable indignation was caused both among the spectators and in the ranks of the various posts participating in the day's ceremonies by the exhibition of the following inscription outside of one of the stores on Broadway, the proprietor of which is a Southerner.

THE PLACARD.

> We have no flag to hang out to-day. The banner of Lee and Jackson, under which we fought, is furled forever; but, remembering the federal troops who decorated the graves of the Confederate dead at Mobile and Atlanta, we close our doors out of respect to the federal soldiers who sleep upon every battle field of the South.

Crowds congregated around the store throughout the day, and great indignation was manifested at the displayed writing, which was shortly after four o'clock torn down and thrown in the gutter by three gentlemen who happened to be passing by and noticed it. No protest was made by the storekeeper, and the matter thus fortunately ended without causing a serious disturbance, which was anticipated earlier in the day.

The Lincoln Post's Tribute.

The Abraham Lincoln Post, No. 13, Department of New York, met before sunrise in the armory of the Twenty-second regiment in order to do honor to the memory of Abraham Lincoln. They marched up Fourteenth street to Union square, preceded by the Governor's Island Band; company E, Eighty-fourth regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., and the Twenty-second regiment drum corps and accompanied by a section of artillery. When the statue had been decorated with the most lovely wreaths of flowers, among others an inscription in white flowers on a bed of leaves, "Welcome to All," Commander Oscar Tompkins addressed the post. He said they were gathered here to honor with appropriate ceremony and to adorn with the returning flowers the statue raised to the memory of the martyred leader who brought them through the funereal days—ay, the years—of their country's fearful agony into the steady light of peaceful quietude and universal liberty. They were assembled here not for pomp or show, but in sincere and affectionate remembrance to bear witness to the truth of the sublime sentiment of Pericles that "of illustrious men the whole world is the tomb."

Commander Tompkins then introduced General John Cochrane, who spoke substantially as follows:—

We come to commemorate our kindred dead—perhaps to retrieve the national degeneracy—perhaps to kindle at the pile of national martyrdom the flame of a purer patriotism. Wherever, within the precincts of the light, our comrades are sleeping, reverent hands shall bring and strew their graves with flowers. Here we begin the pious task. Here, where from the bosom of the luxurious city, the sculptured form of Lincoln ascends above its injury and outrage, we raise our banners and inaugurate the ceremonies of the day. It is fitting that the post that bears his name should renew the laurels on his brow; fitting that at this sweet hour of prime we should breathe our earliest incense to the large, truest and gentlest heart of all that suffered and endured in the dire stress of war. Behold the risen sun lighting all the scene in his coming. The signal presses, and we hasten to strew with spray and flower the effigy of Abraham Lincoln in his station as he lived. And now the vernal hours lead up the day. Through all the land the procession moves to martial strains, with floral store to decorate the graves of soldiers slain in the cause of country. As it departs let faction sleep, feuds dissolve and enmities expire. These flowers symbolize life without its bitterness. They plead to its charities, not to its hates. They are the gathered from all the earth, they should be as widely strewn. The dead do not remember war, and thoughtful statesmanship surely does not disapprove the suggestion of the heart that reconciliation consists with decorating the graves of both the Union and the Confederate dead. They only nourish the hatreds of war whose interested schemes turn on them. The soldier holds the prowess of his enemy in respectful remembrance. He does not exult in vengeful spites, his cherished ensigns make no record of the resentments, but only of the honors of battle. Civil war is a national catastrophe, and no government has ever yet found its account in commemorating its carnage. Retire, then, his trophies. From the national standards let its battle names pass, and from the tomb of the martyred Lincoln let the Gospel go forth that "with malice toward none, with charity to all" folds in equal embrace all kindreds and races and colors—the blue, the gray and the black together.

From the Lincoln statue the Post proceeded, in company with the other posts in the procession, to St. Paul's church, where they decorated the grave of Major General Montgomery, who fell so gloriously in the attack on Quebec, on December 31, 1775. They were received by the Rev. Algernon S. Crapsey, who extended to them a hearty welcome. The decorations consisted of a wreath of flowers, geraniums, tearoses, &c., and a little flag bearing the following inscription:—

> Tribute of the Lincoln Post, 13,
> Department of New York,
> Grand Army Republic.

The Lincoln Post, 13, took also part, with other posts, in decorating all the graves in the United States plot at Cypress Hills Cemetery—among others the graves of General Charles G. Halpine (Miles O'Reilly), Colonel W. D. Kennedy, of the Forty-second New York volunteers; John A. Kennedy, who captured the first arms belonging to rebels, and Mrs. Edward Vanderpool, who nursed so many of the wounded soldiers. It certainly did its full share in the noble work of the day.

At Farragut's Grave.

About midnight the members of the Brooklyn posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, in accordance with the programme announced, assembled in the rooms of the War Veterans' Club, corner of Court and Joralemon streets. There were five posts represented—Post Thatford, No. 3; Post Rankin, No. 10, Commander Lewis; Post Mallory and Post Charles Griffin, who, with their lady and gentlemen friends, numbered nearly 1,000 persons. At about half-past one the word "March" was given, and, preceded by the marine escort, numbering 100 men, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Browne, the procession passed through the gates of the Navy Yard to the pier and embarked on board the steamer Harlem and the government tug Catalpa, which were in readiness to convey them to Harlem Bridge. About an hour's time was consumed in the sail up the East River, when the Morrisania pier was reached. The procession was again formed and march to the Mott Haven Railroad depot taken up. A special train of eleven cars had been provided, but the accommodations were found insufficient. Half an hour's ride brought the party to Woodlawn station, where the number was increased to over 2,000, the citizens of Westchester for miles around having come in to be present at the ceremony. This immense concourse, headed by the band, which had struck up a funeral march, then filed through the gates of the cemetery, along Central avenue to the Aurora Hill plot, in the vicinity of which the remains of the Admiral are laid. A beautiful monument of white marble, with emblematical carving and bearing the inscription "Erected by his wife and son in memory of David Glasgow Farragut, First Admiral in the United States Navy. Born July 5, 1801. Died August 14, 1870." The base of the monument had been decorated with roses and lilacs even before the procession arrived. Considerable time was consumed in assigning proper places to the multitude, but at precisely four A. M. the color bearer of Post Wadsworth marched to the head of the grave and the color bearer and guard of honor of the marine detachment to the foot, holding their flags so that they drooped over the grave. Every head was in an instant uncovered, and amid the most profound silence Rear Admiral Melanchton Smith was called to take charge of the proceedings. Rev. Dr. Parker, of the Warren street Methodist Episcopal church, offered up a short but fervent prayer, when the band again played a dirge and the Choral Association sang a choral. Mr. Robert Anderson then delivered an oration eulogistic of the dead hero of New Orleans. He said that the sacrifices men made, that the suffering they endured in the cause of truth, of right, of justice and of liberty—in short, that the lives of noble men would be of no avail if the example of them was not made use of by the youth of the nation. The ceremony of strewing the grave with flowers was then commenced. At the head of the mound was placed a large anchor, formed entirely of white roses and camelias; at the foot was placed a heart, in the centre a beautiful cross, and several stars were placed in appropriate positions. Around the edge of the mound loose flowers of every description were strewn. More singing was indulged in, after which Rev. Dr. Parker pronounced the benediction. The marines then fired a salute of three volleys over the grave, after which the party returned to New York.

Woodlawn Cemetery.

Amid the general observance of Decoration Day the graves of Privates Page, Prior and Wyatt, who were killed in the July riots of 1871, were not forgotten. At a quarter past nine A. M. a volunteer detachment of the Ninth regiment, N.Y.S.N.G., under command of Captains Prior and Tucker, and accompanied by a large party of the friends and relatives of the dead heroes, embarked on board the Harlem and New Haven train for Woodlawn Cemetery. On arriving at the station a procession was formed, and with slow and solemn tread the concourse marched on through the winding paths to the place where their late comrades were buried. There was no music save that furnished by nature, and no attempt at anything like ostentation. Each one seemed to feel that he was taking part in a solemn ceremony, and hard hearted indeed would he have been who could have failed to be impressed. The graves are side by side; as in life they were friends, so in death it was meet they should not be separated. Their last resting place, simple grassy mounds, are unmarked by any effort of the sculptor's art. On arriving at the graves the military formed a semicircle, the relatives and friends forming on the outer edge. Heads were bared, and Chaplain William Flagg delivered an impressive address. He said it was a beautiful, although a solemn custom, this custom of strewing flowers over the graves of departed friends. Flowers are full of suggestive meaning. They whisper to us of the past, the present and the future. How many a fond recollection may be recalled by a little withered bud! Does not the lovely blossom speak to us of the joy, the hope, the beauty and the deep significance of the present day, and when its loveliness is gone and it drops leaf by leaf from its parent stem, does it not speak to us of the future—the time to come, alas! not far distant, when we, too, shall fade away and die, but only to be translated into purer beings and to enter on a life of immortality? The Chaplain then delivered a glowing eulogy on the lives and characters of the deceased, after which flowers were strewn over the mounds, almost completely hiding them from view. Roses and lilies, lilacs and heliotropes, tube roses and mignonette combined their fragrance in honor of the three gallant fellows who offered up their lives in the cause not only of liberty, but of American liberty, and in the defence of home, of law, of order and of American institutions. A short prayer was then offered up, after which the military formed in line and marched to the depot, returning to New York by the half-past one o'clock train.

THE DAY IN BROOKLYN.

The bright skies and genial summer days of "Old Sol" (something new in the annals of Decoration Day celebrations in these parts) had the effect of bringing out unusually large numbers of people to take part in the beautiful ceremonials of the occasion. Certain it is that no preceding anniversary of this now legal holiday, devoted to honoring the memories of long since departed patriots, has been so well observed as was yesterday. It would almost seem that as the years intervene between the sad period of fraternal strife, which cut off so many thousand young lives, that affections centre with greater force upon the memory of those that are gone, and the national heart throbs impulsively when reawakened to the past by each recurring act of devotion to the patriot dead.

The City of Churches certainly gave this impression to the observant visitor yesterday. The courts remained closed, the departments of municipal and county government were closed, and a full holiday was given to all overworked and underworked employés. In the forenoon nearly all the stores on the principal thoroughfares were opened; but at twelve they closed their doors and did not resume business until six o'clock in the evening. The Pension office, in Commonwealth Hall, Washington street, was opened at an early hour in the morning for the reception and distribution of flowers and plants. Several elderly ladies were in attendance performing their labor of love with a grace and self-abnegation worthy of them. This was the headquarters of the Grand Army of the Republic for the day, and from this point delegations of the G.A.R. took their departure as early as half-past nine o'clock for the Cemetery of the Holy Cross, Flatbush. The escort was accompanied by wagons laden with choice flowers, plants, wreaths, anchors and various floral devices. At half-past ten o'clock the services were to have begun

AT THE NAVAL CEMETERY.

Flushing avenue, but, owing to some unfortunate misunderstanding, no detail of the Grand Army attended the resting place of the hundreds of gallant tars who sleep their last sleep beneath the weeping willows in that pretty cemetery. This failure to carry out the original programme was a serious disappointment to about 100 people, who assembled at the Naval Cemetery to witness the ceremony of decoration. Shortly after eleven o'clock Rev. Mr. Thompson came upon the scene and made a brief address. He spoke of the heart of the nation going in solemn procession to the graves to strew with flowers the honored dead. It was a sad and at the same time pleasant observance. Always through death is the highway of life; always through the cross comes light. Those who breasted the perils of battle have given us the blessings of peace. He referred to the gratitude we owed those who gave themselves for their country and urged everybody to be unforgetful of them.

After the address a few flowers were strewn and the small company dispersed.

HOLY CROSS, FLATBUSH.

The services here commenced shortly after eleven o'clock, consisting of a prayer by Rev. J. J. Doherty, and a few appropriate remarks on the solemnity of the occasion, by Rev. FatherRansioli, of St. Peter's church. The reverend gentleman in the course of his remarks said:—They who tendered the invitation must have noticed that he accepted it rather reluctantly, and his reason in so doing was that he was afraid he would fail to do justice to so beautiful a subject, because there was only one sublimer spectacle offered to an American citizen—they who had shed their blood in defending great rights. There was only one other subject that transcended it in sublimity, and that was when a man and a Christian yielded his life in defending the glory and greatness of his God. That was a sacrifice which partook of a supernatural nature, but in the natural order of things the soldier who yielded up his life in defending his country was entitled to honor. The speaker then traced the history of the Catholic Church, and showed that it sanctioned the purest principles of patriotism by citing many illustrations from both early and modern history. He also said that one might search the Catholic Church in vain for a saint who was not a patriot. Patriotism had been sanctioned by the Lord Jesus Christ, who wept when He saw the capital of His country, Jerusalem, being destroyed.

About one thousand persons were present. Among the Union officers interred there are the following:—Colonels—James Monroe, Twenty-second regiment, N. Y. S. M., July 31, 1862, died at New York; James Mallon, Forty-second New York Volunteers, October 14, 1863, Brooklyn; Francis S. Belton, Fourth regiment, September 11, 1861, Brooklyn; W. M. Nagle, August 15, 1869, New York. Captains—John Sullivan, Ninetieth United States regiment, August 16, 1862, died at Key West; R. E. Nagle, Irish brigade, October 6, 1864, Brooklyn; B. E. Nagle, Irish brigade, December 12, 1865, Brooklyn.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

The ceremony assigned to the encampment of the Grand Army in the honors for Greenwood Cemetery was, of course, the particular feature of the day's observance. In the forenoon the soldiers' and sailors' graves, other than at the Soldiers' plot, were decorated by details from Thatford Post, No. 3, under direction of Comrade James Woodhead. At one o'clock the grand procession to that necropolis, wherein slumber nearly 170,000 human beings, was formed on Washington street, and the line moved off in the order subjoined:—

MARINE BAND.

Battalion of United States Marines, commanded by Colonel Broome.

Grand Army of Republic, commanded by Officers of Posts.

Carriages containing Orator, Chaplain, Presiding Officer and Crippled Comrades.

WAGONS LADEN WITH FLOWERS.

The route of march was through Fulton street and Flatbush avenue to Atlantic avenue car stables. Here those who were on foot took the cars to Greenwood, where they alighted and marched to the Soldiers' Plot. After a dirge by the band Rev. W. R. Davis offered the prayer, and the Chichester Choral Union sang "And the Glory of the Lord," followed by the

ANTHEM OF THE DAY,

"Our Braves," written by Colonel C. H. Clark and dedicated to the "G. A. R."

General Isaac R. Sherwood, member of Congress, of Ohio, delivered the oration. In the course of his address, which was listened to with deep attention by an audience of several thousand people, he said:—The custom we this day commemorate, of floral decorations by the hands of fair women, had its origin in the days of chivalry—in the twelfth century. We note it first in the songs of the troubadours, many of which were written by women. The mistress of the slain knight, in token of her constant love, was wont to strew his rustic grave with flowers. Let us hope that this beautiful ceremony, conceived in chivalric sentiment and sanctified love, may be forever perpetuated. Let it be for all time our most honored anniversary. Let us baptize anew the Roman Flora in limpid waters of a living patriotism and in the bright trinity of heroism, beneficence and fraternal love, and may the fair women of America, in their unselfish devotion, make these sacred places the Mecca of a worship holier than the Saracens, and at these shrines let us name no titled heroes, but for the brave, patient rank and file, who, dying, won the victories the laurel-wreathed heroes planned. Let us keep an enduring crypt in the *sanctum sanctorum* of our hearts. And of those graves in the far-off south what shall I say? Many will doubtless be festooned to-day by the kindly hand of sympathetic affection, but there are thousands unrecognized, neglected and unknown. Over them there is no kindly voice of praise, no music but the wild bird's song and the sighing winds. But gentle nature is kindly, and in the secluded nook, where a brave comrade once turned above an unshrouded corse the last green sod, the snowy magnolia shall diffuse a sweeter balm than the wild passion flower, winding its sweet tendrils above the waving grasses, shall gather tears beneath the stars and shed them in the sunlight.

A liberal share of flowers was distributed by the soldiers, to which several hundred relatives of the departed contributed, so that many mounds were literally covered with flowers. This ceremony over, the band played, the benediction was given and the silent city of the dead was left to its wonted solitude; but the memory of many visitors looked back to its verdure and its lights and shades long after Greenwood was shut out from view by busy habitations and haunts of everyday life.

Cypress Hills.

The observance of the day at Cypress Hills Cemetery was of the most imposing character. At an early hour of the morning the people began to enter the cemetery and seek the graves of their friends. By eight o'clock several thousand persons were on the grounds, strewing the graves with flowers, and the numbers continued to increase constantly during the forenoon, until, at noon, the cemetery presented a scene in which many thousands of persons might be witnessed moving around with solemn bearing, evidently mindful of the purposes for which they had come hither. Around the graves were gathered the most recently arrived of the multitude, lovingly placing their offerings upon the sod, seeking to express by the tasteful manner in which they laid them she still cherished memories of those who slept beneath.

The Post of the Grand Army of the Republic and the civic associations arrived at the cemetery soon after one o'clock, and at this time the grounds were thick with people. A large platform had been erected near the hill, which stretches around favorably for the convenience of a vast multitude to become spectators of a scene going on beneath. As the military and the civic associations took up their places around the platform this hill was black with the thousands who stood upon it, reverently and silently, and everywhere around the people stood as closely as possibly to the platform. The military and the associations marched through the grounds to the platform, while the bands played appropriate music, and when those who were to control the ceremonies had taken possession of the platform the proceedings were opened with a prayer by Chaplain S. B. Willis, of Cameron Post No. 79. Then there was singing by the German Veteran Singing Society, after which came an address by General Joseph C. Jackson, of New York.

General Jackson addressed the assembled thousands in a most eloquent speech, full of passages expressive of the heroism, fidelity and patriotism of those who slept in the graves around. In the most pathetic manner he dwelt upon the touching scenes which these revivals of the memories of the brave who were gone occasioned, and spoke most feelingly of the claims which the dead brave had not only to the living recollection of their own kindred, but to the everlasting love of the nation.

The address being concluded, there was music by the soldiers' orphans of the Union Home and School, and then the German Veteran Singing Society sang the "Sänger Grüss." Next came a dirge by the juvenile band, and while this was being played the members of the Grand Army moved to the place where their comrades lay buried and strewed the flowers on the graves.

The vast assemblage lingered in the grounds for some time after the ceremonies were concluded. By degrees the people moved away, until at nightfall the cemetery was again left solitary and undisturbed.

AT STEINWAY HALL.

The exercises of the day were most fittingly closed by the memorial services which were held in the evening at Steinway Hall. The hall was nearly filled by an audience which was composed of the employés of the several federal departments of this city. Much enthusiasm was manifested by the people who gathered to celebrate the dead heroes of the war. The platform was decorated very handsomely with evergreens, and a number of federal officials occupied the platform. The Department Commander, Edward Jardine, introduced to the assemblage General Wilcox, United States Army, who presided. The Governor's Island Band performed in an excellent manner the overture to "Stradella," under the leadership of Band Master Joseph Stigler, after which a fervent prayer was offered by the Rev. Thomas K. Conrad. One of the features of the evening's entertainment was the singing of the Union Glee Club, who sang "All Honor to the Soldier Give." There was then an original poem, read by a Mr. A. L. Childs, of Waterloo, New York State; and then, at the request of the audience, which was unanimously made, Mr. George W. Morgan, the well known organist, performed a voluntary in his best style. After an "Ode to the Brave" had been sung by the Glee Club, an oration was delivered by General Sharp, to which succeeded selections by the band from different operas. The most dramatic and stirring feature of the evening, however, was the recitation of a poem, entitled "Night on the Wilderness," by Mr. William H. Pope, the elocutionist and tragic actor. This poem was listened to with breathless attention, and the gestures and actions of Mr. Pope during its delivery were loudly applauded by the audience. At the close of his exercises the Rev. Mr. Conrad gave a benediction and the congregation dispersed.

THE DAY IN WESTCHESTER.

The quiet earnestness which marked the observance of Decoration Day in Westchester county tended to demonstrate that as time rolls on the memory of the nation's slain still remains enshrined in the hearts of a patriotic people. Small, indeed, was the hamlet that did not yesterday send its floral tribute to adorn a soldier's grave, while in many of the more populous villages preparations for the event had been in progress for weeks past, a determination seemingly having been formed that the commemorative arrangements this year should exceed in numbers and display the efforts made in the same direction on previous similar occasions. In some places business was almost entirely suspended, especially during the afternoon, the storekeepers and their families swelling the throngs which moved towards the various cemeteries. The national colors floating at half-mast over numerous public and private buildings contributed to carry out the appearance of a general holiday.

At Yonkers the memorial ceremonies took place under the auspices of Posts Kitching and Oliver Tilden, G. A. R., assisted by the local civic and military societies. The Twenty-seventh regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., participated in the observances, having visited Yonkers especially for that purpose. Brigadier General James W. Husted, of Peekskill, was also conspicuous among the visitors. Shortly after eleven o'clock a procession, numbering about 4,000 persons, formed in Getty square, and after passing through a few of the principal streets, wended its way to St. John's Cemetery, preceded by bands of music, which discoursed dirges to the accompaniment of muffled drums. On arriving at the cemetery an affecting prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Mudge, of Yonkers, after which addresses were delivered by Colonel L. W. Fiske, of Booneville; City Judge E. P. Baird and others. The touching ceremony of placing flowers on the graves of those who fell during the late war was then performed.

In the village of Sing Sing a large number of the citizens assembled in the Spring street Methodist church, where religious services appropriate to the occasion were held. A procession was then formed, which included the Common Council, town officers and pupils of the public and private schools of the village and vicinity. The procession marched by a circuitous route to the cemetery, where prayer was offered by Rev. James Boxer, and an oration delivered by Rev. Walter Scott, after which the graves were decorated with flowers by the surviving soldiers and sailors, assisted by a committee of Sing Sing ladies. At White Plains, Peekskill and Tarrytown the day was also appropriately observed.

THE DAY AT STATEN ISLAND.

Decoration Day was generally observed as a holiday in Richmond county. The various committees of the Grand Army of the Republic met in the Brick Church at Tompkinsville at one o'clock P. M. The procession, preceded by a band of music, was headed by two companies of the Eighth regiment, N.G.S.N.Y., and a platoon of police under command of Sergeant Rathzen. Then followed soldiers and citizens and three double team wagons, dressed with the American colors and loaded with flowers. In the procession were the members of Post Ellsworth, No. 67, and Post Meagher, No. 88, G. A. R. The route was from Tompkinsville through Montgomery avenue and Tompkins avenue to the village Hall at New Brighton, where an address was delivered by Mr. Tompkins Westervelt; then to the Episcopal Cemetery at Factoryville; then to the Cemetery of the Rev. Dr. Brownlee's church, of Port Richmond; then to St. Peter's Cemetery at West Brighton, and then back to Cooper's Cemetery and Woodlawn, at New Brighton; round the shore road to St. Mary's Cemetery at Clifton, the Moravian churchyard at New Dorp, and Camp Lafayette. Ex-Alderman D. Archie Pell was Grand Marshal of the day.

THE DAY IN NEW JERSEY.

The customary procession and military display in connection with the decoration ceremonies were abandonded in Jersey City yesterday, but the ceremonies withal were carried out in a most impressive manner. Van Houten Post of the Grand Army of the Republic decorated the graves in the New York Bay Cemetery and the two cemeteries near Bergen square. Stanton Post proceeded to the Jersey City Cemetery and the George H. Thomas Post marched to the cemeteries in North Bergen. Rev. A. J. Palmer addressed an assemblage in Bergen square previous to the decoration, and in the evening he delivered a discourse in the Jersey City Tabernacle.

In Hoboken the flags were displayed from several buildings, and the spirit of the citizens kept pace with that of previous years. Wadsworth Post, G.A.R., proceeded to the Hoboken and Weehawken cemeteries and that of the Reformed church, where they formed the mournful procession, and paid the customary floral tributes to the memory of those who risked limb and life for the Union. Dr. Goble was not present, he having been called to Fortress