HONOR FOR HEROES

(Continued from First Page.)

telles, the edge of lilies and white flowers. White immortelles in the center made the inscription, "Gabriel R. Paul, Post No. 101, N. J.," at the foot of the grave a luxurious bush bearing scores of white roses added to the effect.

Another impressive decoration was at the tomb of Medical Director John Mills Browne. This was a blanket of ivy leaves, edged with white immortelles, while across the ivy in the same flowers was the word "fidelity."

Women's Work.

The Loyal Legion of Women, the Woman's Relief Corps, Sheridan Post, No. 14, G.A.R., and other organizations aided in the decoration and embellishment of the resting place of the great Sheridan, and Admiral Porter's tomb was exquisitely treated by the survivors of the brave sailors who loved and followed him.

But everywhere was brightness and beauty, and the fragrance of the flowers that filled the air was almost as sweet as the spirit that inspired their bringing.

The road to Arlington was crowded all day with the coming crowds. There were countless carriages, scores following scores on foot, and every electric car on both the Arlington-reaching lines was crowded in every inch of space on every trip made. The crowd at the cemetery at noon numbered at a conservative estimate 20,000 people.

The arrival of the Grand Army and the other organizations, with their bands playing and banners flying, caused the convergence of the multitude to the vicinity of the mansion, where the parade was formed to visit the tomb of the 2,000 illustrious though unknown dead, who lie together beneath the massive granite sarcophagus south of the mansion. This noble spot had been literally hidden by floral tributes, and seemingly every visitor had cast a bloom to the immense mass that lay scattered around it.

From the tomb of the Unknown the way was made to the amphitheater, where the services of the day were held. The people crowded around in every possible place of vantage to hear the words of the eloquent orators and listen to the inspiring music of the Marine Band and the choir.

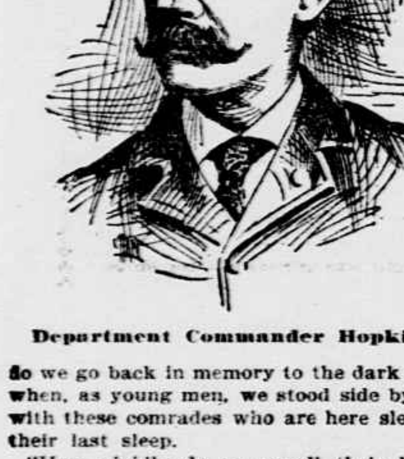
At the Amphitheater.

Reaching the amphitheater the boom of cannon firing the national salute made the echoes reverberate, and shortly after the noon hour the exercises were commenced with the impressive "sounding of the assembly" by a bugler of the 4th cavalry. The grand music of Reinhart's funeral march followed. The Grand Army Musical Union, under the direction of E. D. Tracy, rendered Herbert's "The Burial of the Dead" with excellent effect, and Thos. S. Hopkins, department commander of the Department of the Potomac, G. A. R., called the assembly to order.

Calling to Order.

Department Commander Thos. S. Hopkins, in calling the assembly to order, said:

"Once more do we meet on this historic ground, in this city of our dead. Again do we come with flowers in our hands for the graves of our dead comrades, and again



Department Commander Hopkins.

so we go back in memory to the dark days, when, as young men, we stood side by side with these comrades who are here sleeping their last sleep.

"How vividly do we recall their bright young faces, their gallant bearing, their matchless heroism! We remember them as they followed the flag through the fierce storm of battle, and as they went down under the merciless fire. We remember them as they lay on the battlefield, with their white, upturned faces; in the hospital, and, saddest of all, in the prison pen, where they starved and died, and were buried in nameless graves. We set apart this day as one sacred to their memory, to the memory of those who so bravely died that the nation might live. We are old now and life is not worth much to us, but these gave up their young lives in the first blush of early manhood and with all life's possibilities before them. It was a great sacrifice, but it makes every star and every stripe upon that flag so much the dearer, for that which costs much is worth much.

"The magnitude of the sacrifice made by those who gloriously died, and by those who fortunately survived, will never be fully known to others than the soldiers themselves. It will not be found written in books; monuments to their memory will not reveal the story; the records of the Grand Army of the Republic will not show it; the immortal pages of history upon which will be engraved their names will but faintly reflect it. The full knowledge of what they suffered for flag and country is locked in the heart of the soldier himself, and it will die with him, for he could not reveal it if he would.

"And in our respect for the dead we should not forget the living, with their heavy burden of wounds, infirmities and advancing years. It has been said that ofttimes it requires a higher courage to live than to die. How true is this of many, many of our crippled and prematurely old comrades.

"Yet the most of us have much to be grateful for. We rejoice in the memory of our dead heroes; that they died not in vain; that we have one country and one flag; that so many of us have survived; that, though your bodies are scarred and crippled and there are deep lines of suffering written in your faces, your mental powers are unimpaired and you are as well able now, if not better than ever before, to discharge with credit to yourselves and with honor to your country the duties of an American citizen, or to serve in an official capacity your state, or the general government. We also rejoice that one of our comrades, who in the early days of the war carried the musket on his shoulder, is now chief magistrate of this great nation, and sits here today with us side by side with the humblest comrade.

"The beautiful month of May, with its birds and flowers and soft sunshine, will come and go, but we, the survivors of that great struggle, will soon join our comrades on the other shore, and we shall be found no more in these hallowed grounds, where we have so often come to do homage to the memory of our beloved dead.

"We are living, and we shall die, in the happy belief that the observance of this day will be perpetuated by a patriotic and a grateful people, and that the lessons of patriotism, which we here seek to emphasize in the presence of the living and the dead, may continue to be taught at these graves by the rising generations.

"And we are confirmed in this belief today by the presence with us and the cooperation of so many patriotic men and women who are younger than we."

At the conclusion of Commander Hopkins' address, which was followed with close attention, the Marine Band rendered Rossini's sacred chorus, "Charity." The exquisite strains had hardly died away when the voice of Rev. W. H. Black, chaplain of the Department of the Potomac, arose in a solemn invocation. The scene was most impressive, the uncovered heads of the multitude within the amphitheater and without were bowed in reverence and each heart seemed responsive to the words of the prayer.

Chaplain's Prayer.

Department Chaplain W. H. Black in the prayer at Arlington said:

"O Lord, our God, Thou art very great; Thou art clothed with honor and majesty. We are the workmanship of Thy hands; fearfully and wonderfully hast Thou made us. Nevertheless, by an abuse of man's moral agency, we are all sinners. We come to Thee on this Memorial day, amid these monuments of the dead, with the stars and stripes floating over us, to repent of our sins, and, in the name of Jesus Christ, the Captain of our salvation, to ask Thy blessing upon us on this momentous occasion. We thank Thee for this great country, lying between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. We thank Thee for our republican form of government, so elastic, so strong, that enemies without and foes within have not been able to mar its beauty and glory. We thank Thee that in the '60's the chivalrous and patriotic spirit of our revolutionary fathers prompted men and women, believing in the God of battles, to defend our country against the most gigantic rebellion known in history. Thou knowest how great was the sacrifice of blood by brave men on both sides of the conflict. But Thou hast brought us out of all our strife, and we bless Thee that this day we are brethren beloved over all this fair land, with prospects and responsibilities marvelously great. And now, Father, bless the G. A. R. and women's relief organizations, and all citizens, and may we ever serve Thee. Be gracious unto the President of the United States, and upon all in authority may Thy benediction rest. Give to Cuba and Greece, and struggling humanity everywhere, Thy favor. Save us all in heaven, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

It was appropriate that such an impressive song as Springer's "Once More With Solemn Tread" should have followed at this juncture, and the choir sang it with great feeling. The Marine Band rendered Fanciulli's elegy, "Departed Heroes," and after the reading of the orders of the day by Assistant Adjutant General Arthur Hendricks of the Department of the Potomac Representative Jonathan P. Dolliver of Iowa delivered the oration.

Assistant Adjutant General Hendricks

Arthur Hendricks, the assistant adjutant general of the Department of the G. A. R., is one of the most valuable members of the Grand Army in the country. The program of the ceremonies in connection with Decoration day has been prepared under his direction, and he accomplished this important work with the same energy and zeal that characterises him in everything he undertakes. He enlisted in Company G, New

Arthur Hendricks.

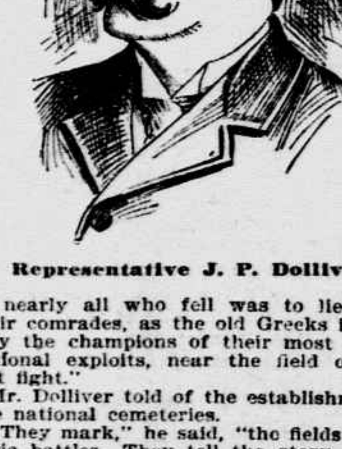
York Volunteers (Duryea Zouaves), August 26, 1862, and was transferred to Company G of the 145th New York Volunteers, on the battlefield at Chancellorsville. He was honorably discharged July 22, 1865. He joined the Grand Army of the Republic twenty-five years ago. He became a member of Burnside Post, No. 8, of this department in 1885, and has occupied all the positions of trust and honor in that post, having served as commander in 1890. He was chosen as delegate-at-large at the national encampment in 1891, and was assistant adjutant general of the department in 1892, his present being his second term in that important office. Mr. Hendricks is a member of the Old Guard of this city and is now serving as its judge advocate. He was also attorney of the board of trustees. He has been identified with the organization for several years and takes great interest in its welfare and success. He is of invaluable assistance to Department Commander Hopkins, endeavoring to aid him to the fullest extent, and, with the commander, leads an active life among the comrades, endeavoring in every way to advance their interests.

Mr. Dolliver's Address.

Mr. Dolliver, at Arlington, spoke, in part, as follows:

"This day, first set apart by the reverent custom of the people, has been designated by law as a perpetual memorial of the men who gave their names to the Union army and navy, and were faithful unto death. Only a few thousand are buried in the beautiful inclosures that surround this capital. What you have done, therefore, is only a part of the universal ceremony of the nation, at all the high places of the land where the veterans are at rest. Every year makes its mournful contribution to the silent army. What you have done, therefore, is in memory also of the new graves, fast outnumbering the old. A few more years and the last survivor will have departed, the last encampment will be adjourned in silence, the last post deserted, the worn ritual put away, and little children upon the streets will hush their laughter, to look at bent and white-haired men, the last of the Grand Army of the Republic. What we have done, therefore, is a grateful recognition of the living, no less than a memorial of the scattered dead. The spirit of this hour puts to silence the voice of partisan dispute. It persuades our thoughts from the sordid enterprises of the world. It sanctifies these flying minutes to the tender offices of memory and of love. The day of right belongs to the veterans of the civil war, and to the men and women who shared with them the experience of those torn and bleeding years. To all others, and most of all to us who are younger, the simple rites of this anniversary cover a secret; the hidden things of blood, that touch the foundations of the world, dimly interpreted of old, and only brought to light at last by the Holy One of Israel, in that mysterious gift of the divine life, by which the weary and heavy-laden centuries have been redeemed.

"It is one of the hard necessities of war that men must be buried where they die. In some cases, it is true, the care of kindred brought back the bodies of the dead to the old home, and there they sleep in quiet churchyards, where a beaten pathway through the tangled grass still proves the patient loyalty of tears. But the fate



Representative J. P. Dolliver.

of nearly all who fell was to lie beside their comrades, as the old Greeks interred only the champions of their most famous national exploits, near the field of their last fight."

Mr. Dolliver told of the establishment of the national cemeteries.

"They mark," he said, "the fields of historic battles. They tell the story of barbarous prisons. They recite the elegy of the universal mourning. More than seventy-five in number, they guard the dust of more than 300,000 men. In some of them great multitudes sleep together. These historic heights have been made holy by the graves of 16,000 men, while at Vicksburg a number even larger, attest the stubborn struggle of treason against the iron genius of our greatest soldier. In others, only a few sleep side by side. Yonder at Ball's Bluff twenty-five are buried, as if a little company of friends had gone into camp together. Besides those enumerated in the record, thousands no doubt from both army and navy received no orderly funeral. Of them it may be said, as it is written of the Hebrew patriots, no man knoweth their sepulcher unto this day."

Speaking of gratitude to the soldier the speaker said: "While it is true that nations are not wealthy enough to reward all the devotion to which their great struggles give rise, yet I do not hesitate to say that the American republic cannot neglect the old age of the army, on what Mr. Lincoln used to call 'a picayune argument addressed to the pocket,' without inviting a national degradation more disgraceful than the penalties of common shame. Within sight of the national capital stands a stately mausoleum to which thousands have gone today, in grateful appreciation of a public life that was full of service to the afflicted and unfortunate among his comrades. To him the veterans of the Union army were no paupers, no mendicants, no beneficiaries of drudging charity. They were public creditors whose claims accrued in the memorable years when from Shiloh to Appomattox they made a thousand battlefields glorious by their valor. He knew them, as with Sherman they marched past the ruined cities of Georgia to the sea. He knew them, as they rode with Sheridan through the valley of the Shenandoah. He knew them, as with Grant, in the wilderness of Virginia, they drew the line of fire about the rebel capital. He knew them in the years of peace, and followed with a kindly sympathy the struggle of their daily life, and today from many a desolate fireside there has fallen a comrade's blessing on the name of John A. Logan, the ideal volunteer of the civil war."

After a beautiful tribute to the unknown dead Mr. Dolliver said:

"It is no part of the purpose of this anniversary to keep alive the prejudices of the past. But we do not fitly commemorate the Union dead unless we hold in mind the exact principles they defended and the truth which their blood sealed. Take from an army the high purpose that inspires it, the ideas that march with it, the faith that lives in its victory and you have left only the yells of contending barbarians, an ignoble parade of death. The civil war was great as a military display, but it was greater as a moral spectacle. The final surrender was more than a mere enumeration of prisoners, more than a mere schedule of munitions. It was a parole of abandoned systems, a parole of defeated theories, a parole of discredited heresies. A few years ago I saw the surviving leaders of the south standing amid the shouts of popular acclamation about the figure of Robert E. Lee, set up in the capital of Virginia. In the throng gathered about the statue were aged men and women who had doubtless heard the jargon of the auctioneer repeated over their defenseless heads, for nearby lay the dismantled market place where for two centuries men were bought and sold, while from the state house, just at hand, waved the captured flag of the fallen empire of American slavery. Measured by what we know of the past and by what we hope for the future these monuments seem like a weak and clumsy protest against the flood of years. If they are meant for more than the tribute of a brave people to the favorite soldiers of their misfortune they will only serve to show how vain and empty are the plans of men against the increasing purpose that runs through the ages. I speak without the poison of sectional bitterness, for I was born in Virginia, and I love the old commonwealth with a filial affection. Nor do I forget that in the grandest act of peace the world ever saw your great commander handed back the sword of Lee, that in the hour of victory he might not lose the privileges of a friend.

"Already prophetic voices anticipate the sober second judgment of the south. In business, in politics, in literature men are coming forward who breathe the air of a better era. George W. Cable, with the white fingers of genius, has touched the 'mystic chords of memory stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone" of the nation. He is the pioneer of the new literature of the south, and has brought the credentials of the confederate soldier into the academy of American letters. In one of his most fascinating romances, the heroine of the story is seen standing at a street corner in New York, watching the enlisting regiments as they march through applauding multitudes away to the theater of war. It is a notable picture, and portrays with the skill of a masterpiece, those tumultuous days when the heart of the metropolis was stirred by the tides of a mighty enthusiasm, which forgot the care of stocks and bonds and merchandise, in solicitude for the life of the republic. Suddenly the scene changes. The timid woman, standing on the street corner, disappears and we see only the flying banners; but in the tumult of the populace we hear the returning reason of the south exclaim: 'Go marching on, soldiers of the Union. Your cause is just. Lo, now, since night twenty-five years have passed, we of the south can say it.' We cannot ask the people of the southern states to withhold from their leaders the marks of honor, nor from their dead the signs of mourning. On the other hand, you of the Grand Army can draw near and give a soldier's salutation to the misguided valor of your countrymen. You cannot do more. You owe it to the past, you owe it to the infinite future, to keep alive the faith that your cause was just. When that sentiment shall find a place in the laws, in the literature, in the politics, in the daily life of all the people, then shall be fulfilled the prayer of patriots and martyrs and soldiers—then shall these scattered graves of the republic, recalling to all hearts a perfect patriotism, witness at least a perfect amnesty."

The choir rendered Neale's "Garland Their Graves" at the conclusion of Mr. Dolliver's masterly address, and many voices in the gathering were heard joining in the hymn. Dr. Thomas Calver then read an original poem.

Dr. Tmomas Calver.

At Arlington.

The sunshine of summer down vistas of shade,
Through beautiful branches, in glancing
And turning the turf to a silken brocade,
With fairies all over it dancing;
The breeze is as balmy and sweet as the breath
Exhaled from the lips of the flowers,
And beautiful life tells of glorious death
In Arlington's sanctified bowers.

The robins and thrushes are sending their song
From bosoms with beauty enraptured;
The winds that without seem to hurry along
Are here by the sweets gently captured;
The monuments, graven and carved with designs
Of mourning and grief emblematic,
Seem framed by the scene into loveliest lines
That speak of a glory ecstatic.

The river, below, like a silvery bend
The gems of the nation is binding,
As, circling this crown of historical land,
So lovingly past it is winding;
For here are set jewels, refulgent and rare,
Columbia's history prizes;
Their splendor seems filling the rapturous air
That over their resting place rises.

The city, beyond, of the glorious name
It won from its founder, immortal;
The Capitol, temple of national fame,
Sublime from its dome to its portal;
The beautiful fane of the world's richest lore,
The light from its golden crown beaming;
The typical shaft of the man we adore,
In purity far aloft gleaming.

The homes where the thousands in happiness rest;
The streets in bright greenness embowered;
The lofty, magnificent piles that attest
That plenty here freely has showered;
All tell of the nation's enriching success
And seem in their grandeur and beauty
To smile at this shrine of her brave ones and bless
Her soldier's allegiance to duty.

For here repose heroes who valiantly braved
All perils to show their devotion
And carried her banner aloft till it waved
In triumph from ocean to ocean;
And many whose requiem only was sung
By chorus of echoes of battle—
The sound of the cannon's red, death-dealing tongue,
The musketry's murderous rattle.

Though buried unknown, yet their memory lives
Enshrined in the hearts of the living;
In national glory their sacrifice gives
And blesses with peace in its giving.
Yet sadly we think of the hopes and the joys,
The love and the sweet words unspoken,
The vows, the ambitions here laid with our boys,
Unknown save in hearts that are broken.

In reverence tread near the spot where they lie
And deck it with garlands the fairest;
Let tears like the dews that are wept from on high
Refreshen its verdure, the rarest;
For nearest to heaven of all earth is the sod
Where dust of our brave boys reposes,
And nearest their souls to the great throne of God
When death their proud history closes.

The Marine Band played Fanciulli's march, "Military at Appomattox." Assistant Secretary of the Interior Webster Davis was introduced at this point. His youth and strong features at once attracted the vast audience, and when he began his address his first sentence held the complete attention of all within reach of it. Few speakers have occupied the famous amphitheater at Arlington on such an occasion with greater effect. In the course of his address Mr. Webster said:

Assistant Secretary Davis.

"The children, who by the side of patriotic mothers welcomed home the surviving soldiers at the close of the civil war, and the little ones who waited and watched, but in vain, for the return of fathers who came not, have grown up to be the young men and women of today. As one of these, I am invited to participate in the beautiful ceremonies of this Memorial day. To them it is a most sacred day. It is taken from their eager labors for the future, to testify their reverence for the past. It is the day that brings into remembrance the sacrifices made for us by our fathers, and the great truths for which they were made. Immortal heroes, they each performed a part in the greatest drama in our republic's history. They settled for all time the supremacy of the Union of the states, and the eternal equality of all men. They grappled with the monster giant, armed secession, and after a conflict so terrible and bloody that the world as it looked on stood breathless in horror and amazement, left its lifeless body to molder on the field of conflict. They perpetuated the free institution of a free land in the heart of this republic, and on its hill tops, in its valleys, on its plains, and amid God's wondrous temples in its picturesque woodlands, erected the altars of liberty and invited the genius of the earth to worship at their shrines.

"After the war was over, realizing that mercy is the brightest flower in the victor's wreath, they bade the vanquished return to their homes, lay aside their swords and muskets for the tools and implements of workshop and farm, and mingle with the songs of the birds their joyous songs of contentment, industry and peace. Thus spreading over al lthe past the mantle of sweet charity and brotherly love, they returned to their homes, and soon as comrades and soldiers in war were lost in the busy throng of citizens of peace.

"Surely the Union soldiers are the assured idols of undying renown, for in every emergency, in every danger, in the shadows of every cloud however dark, they were always found clinging to the Constitution and the Union, as the sheet anchor of hope for the welfare of their children. Some of them sleep today in the groves of the sunny south; some lie in lonely ravines; some in graves and trenches in national cemeteries, marked "unknown." Yet they are not unknown, and not forgotten; for their names are engraved on Columbia's temple of fame where time can never dim their splendid luster. They live in the immortality that blooms beyond the grave; they live in the records of their country's history; they live in the hearts of living millions, on mountain, valley and plain, and their graves will be known as shrines so long as chivalry girds on a sword, shrines where patriot knees will bend and patriot eyes will weep so long as freedom has a worshiper and patriotism a devotee. While we honor and revere their memory, we do not forget their comrades who stood by their sides when they fell, and who are yet with us; they must share our gratitude and praise. I for one do not believe in the practice so common of waiting until men are dead to honor them; I believe it is just right and proper that worthy deserving men should be permitted to enjoy the rehearsal of their glorious achievements while they live I would just as leave honor a living hero as to immortalize a dead saint; and when we speak of the virtues of the men who loved liberty and Union well enough to defy all hazard in their defense, we speak equally of those who have pitched their tents on the plains of the spirit land and those who yet walk with us the walk of life.

"Standing here on the heights of Arlington, followed with ten thousand heroic dead, we feel proud of them all, but we are also proud of their comrades who yet survive; and we are glad that one of them—the gallant Wm. McKinley, stands at the helm of the old ship of state, and with a firm hand has turned its prow toward the beckoning seas of a still more prosperous future, while waving at her masthead with stars that appear to liberty-loving people like the morning stars of God, and stripes like beams of morning light, we see the banner of the republic, bearing the beautiful inscription, 'No East, No West, No North, No South,' but the United States of America, the home of the heaven born gift—liberty.

A Beautiful Example.

"A few years ago, Jem Hollingsworth, a young miner in a western camp, was turning a windlass by which a bucket filled with earth was being lifted to the surface, while two of his comrades were digging at the bottom of the mine. When within a short distance of the top the handle broke and the bucket started down with fearful force; then remembering his friends at the bottom of the mine, Jem threw his body into the cogs of the wheel and checked the fall of the bucket. Bystanders seeing the accident hastened to him, and after securing the windlass, took poor Jem's bleeding and mangled body out, and laid it on a stretcher; as they carried him away one of the men said: 'Jem, this is awful,' but with a smile on his dying lips poor Jem replied: 'What's the difference since it saved the boys.'

"Thousands of splendid young men, over a third of a century ago, threw their strong, manly forms into the iron jaws of rebellion, and when they were taken out mangled and bleeding and sent home on crutches, with empty sleeves, bearing scars and wounds, the legacies of battlefields, their loved ones said, 'Isn't it awful!' Their answer was: 'What's the difference since it saved the Union.' Oh, patriotism superb! Oh, heroism sublime! Let a grateful nation see to it that not one of the least of these shall be permitted to die in a poor house, or be buried in a potter's field."

Mr. Davis, after a tribute to women's work in the war, spoke vividly of the opportunities afforded the poor boy in this country.

Eloquent Picture.

"Today we see the beautiful picture of many an old veteran on the porch of his quiet home, smoking his pipe and dreaming of the long ago. His little grandson climbs upon his knee, and putting his arms about the old man's neck, says: 'Grandpa, tell me about the war and the soldier boys.' The old veteran's eyes light up, a sad smile plays o'er his wrinkled face, as his mind wanders back through the last third of a century. Then, in the simple speech of childhood, he tells the little lad how, one night many years ago, he returned from the village to the old farm, and as he sat down to supper his mother, noticing upon his face a look of sadness, inquired its cause. Then he said: 'Mother, dear, all the boys in the village and on the neighboring farms have enlisted in Colonel Jones' regiment, and tomorrow will respond to Lincoln's call for volunteers; I feel that I, too, must go.'

"Then that heroic mother, with tears streaming down her face, said: 'John, my boy, you are the only staff on which to lean in my old age, but if I had a hundred sons, and old Abe should need them to save the Union, I would freely give them all.' And how the next morning, placing on his arm the small bundle that contained a Bible, a picture of father, who died years ago, and some small trinkets, such as only a mother can think of, the start for the village was made. As he neared the end of the lane leading to the highway he turned to take a last look at all that was near and dear to him. In the distance he saw the fields of waving grain, the orchard, too, with its red apples; the meadow, o'er which at eventide the cattle came winding o'er the lea; the well by the house, with its old oaken bucket, out of which many a time he drank on his return from the harvest field, and, standing on the porch, waving her handkerchief, as a last farewell, he saw the dear old mother, the best and truest friend a young man ever had. Then he tells the little lad how he turned away to join his comrades, and to the music of the fife and drum marched away to the land of Dixie. Then he tells of long, weary marches, of queer, sad and amusing incidents of camp life, of untold sufferings in hospital and prison pen, of battles fierce and terrible; how he and his comrades bared their breasts to storms of shot and shell at Bull Run, Antietam, Shiloh and Donelson; how they climbed the rugged side of Missionary Ridge, over belching cannon, shrieking muskets and valiant men, to pluck the floweret of victory that blossomed on its lofty crest; how they followed the waving plume of 'Black Jack' Logan, stood as firm as a rock with 'Pap' Thomas at Chickamauga, and, weary and footsore, marched in ragged blue with 'Uncle Billy' Sherman from Atlanta to the sea; how, with wonderful valor, they walked with 'Fighting Joe' Hooker above the clouds on Lookout Mountain, and, like a whirlwind, with Phil Sheridan swept down the valley of the Shenandoah; how with Porter and Farragut they proved their prowess and valor on the water, as well as on the land, and how they incarnadined the heights of Gettysburg with the crimson tide of their lives, and brought the flag they loved so well in glory to Appomattox, where on its victorious staff the God of our nation brought the eagle of victory to nestle with the sweet dove of peace. Then he tells of peace restored to a grateful nation, and of the return of the surviving soldiers to their homes in the north and south, and that now no more shall the war cry sever, nor the winding rivers be red, for the boys in blue and the boys in gray have banished their anger forever, since they have begun to garland the graves of their dead. And sweetly the little lad listens—how proud he is of the old veteran's fame! But by and by another little grassy mound will appear in the old soldiers' burying ground, and then, in the springtime, when all nature is bursting into new life and bloom, a little lad will come to kneel by its side, and, placing a bunch of sweet violets and forget-me-nots, moistened with his own tears, on that precious grave, will say, 'Grandpa sleeps here, and this is Decoration day.'"

The services in the amphitheater closed with the singing of Tregina's "American National Anthem" by the choir, the rendition of Beethoven's "Funeral March on the Death of a Hero" by the Marine Band and the benediction pronounced by Department Chaplain Black.

WHERE SOLDIERS REST

Ceremonies at the Home and General Logan's Tomb.

The seared and scarred veterans of the Soldiers' Home were interested witnesses to the tribute of love paid by a patrotic throng to the heroes whose ashes lie in the silent camp where are gathered the ashes of so many men who have passed their last days in the refuge provided by soldiers' contributions. The services at Soldiers' Home cemetery began early. The parade formed at the home at 9:30 o'clock. The Soldiers' Home Band headed the column, and following were the committee and officers of the home, those who were to take part in the exercises, members of Henry Wilson Post, No. 17, G.A.R., veterans of the home and visitors.

The 4th United States Artillery was to have been present to open the proceedings by a salute over the graves of the hero soldiers, but did not arrive. The parade having reached the speakers' stand, the veterans and their friends took great bunches of daisies that had been provided, and, passing between the rows of graves, where ten thousand veterans are buried, strewed them with the simple flowers of the field. Each grave had a small American flag planted at its head. At Gen. Logan's tomb there was a profusion of choice flowers, and Mrs. Logan remained there most of the time while the ceremonies were in progress at the speakers' stand.

At the Stand.

The Soldiers' Home Band, under the leadership of Professor M. C. Meyrelles, opened the services with a rendition of "Grand Old Ocean," and the Mozart Club, directed by Mr. Joseph H. Hunter, sang "Memories of Memorial Day." When Dr. J. F. Raub, department commander, Sons of Veterans, called the meeting to order, there were gathered before the stand several thousand veterans and others who came in respect to the dead whose lives had been offered up as a sacrifice on the altar of their country.

Dr. Raub's Remarks.

In calling the assembly to order at Soldiers' Home, Dr. J. F. Raub spoke feelingly of the new graves added the past year to the silent cities of the dead.

"In honoring the men who died in defense of the right," he said, "we honor ourselves and receive a new inspiration, a new baptism of patriotism; we receive a new impulse, a new determination to up-

Dr. J. F. Raub.

hold the principles of a free republic, and we bring home to the hearts and understandings of the rising generation the necessities, yea, the duty, of supporting and maintaining the government under which we live, and, if need be, to die in its defense.

"Thirty-six years ago, when rebellion reared its unholy head, without any inspiration from the past, but with an impulse and indignation, a patriotism fired to fever heat at the intelligence that rebels had laid violent unholy hands on the dear old 'Stars and Stripes,' these who lie here buried, and those living who, in their suits of blue, mingle with you, hurried to the defense and support of their government. They were then but boys, as are many who today stand within the sound of my voice, boys from the tender age of fifteen years to twenty-two years of age. I am forcibly reminded, as I read on one of the tombstones in this sacred 'bivouac of the dead' the name of a Pennsylvania soldier who died as a lieutenant less than twenty-two years old, and that of another who died at the age of eighteen, that it was the boys who saved our country. Need you wonder that the name of boys still clings to them a third of a century after the close of these events, this war?

"Many of them never returned, many others were brought back in the silent embrace of a warrior's death, many died in prison pens and sleep in unknown graves, many others died on the battlefield or in the hospitals and 'sleep their last sleep' in this and other cemeteries. These who in the providence of God were permitted to return as triumphant conquerors did so with shattered limbs, with bullet-pierced bodies or health undermined by disease, but with hearts aglow from the knowledge that they helped to save their country; and however poor they may be in the possession of worldly goods, no money, no price, can buy their heritage of patriotism and devotion to country.

"Many of these old veterans, who in this beautiful home rest on their laurels after devoting their whole active life to the service of their country, withstood the flattering offers to forsake her and follow their disloyal leaders into the rebel army.

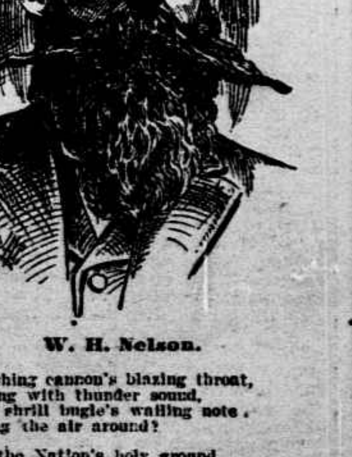
"Others of them were among those who sprang to arms as volunteers when the war of the rebellion began, served loyally and faithfully as such, and on the expiration of the term of enlistment they entered the regular army and gave more than a score of the best years of their lives to their country. All honor to the old veterans of the regular army who survive, and while we drop our tears and strew flowers on the graves of the dead, let us rededicate; reconsecrate ourselves to our flag and our country."

Rev. G. H. Johnston of St. Paul's P. E. Church delivered the invocation and the Mozart Club, accompanied by the band, sang "To Thee, O Country."

Mr. W. H. Nelson read an original poem.

Decoration Day, 1897.

What mean these solemn banners, blown
Half-mast upon the gale,
A nation's sign of mourning shown
O'er every hill and dale?



W. H. Nelson.

The crashing cannon's blazing throat,
Speaking with thunder sound,
And the shrill bugle's wailing note,
Piercing the air around?

This is the Nation's holy ground.
Here Love's last gifts are spread,
"While Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."
Here, rank on rank, in slumber deep,
Deaf to all sounds of war,
Ten thousand men, self-offered, sleep
For every stripe and star.

Not ever shall the drum's alarms,
Or startled sentry's cry,
Disturb with midnight call to arms
These sleepers where they lie.
Not summer's heat nor winter's chill,
Nor aught of hopes or fears,
Can break this silence which we fill
With gifts of flowers and tears.

Silence! Ah, comrades, we can hear
A diapason strong,
The echoes of a Union cheer
Borne from the Past along;
The flaming guns on Malvern Hill,
Antietam's musketry,
The faint far groans of those who fell
On bloody Saint Marye.

The thunder of that Sabbath day
Beside the Tennessee,
The moans of those who now are clay
On Chickahominy.
The roar of battle on the crest
Of Cemetery Hill;
The sigh of those who sank to rest
By Yazoo's bayous still.

The cheer on cheer of Hooker's men
On Lookout's mighty wall;
The shouts when Mission Ridge again
Saw treason's banner fall.
The carnage in the Wilderness,
The shriek of shot and shell;
The awful cries of their distress
Who burned in that fierce hell.

The "Crater's" horror! Ah, our ears
Must deafened be in death
Ere sounds like these can dull with years
Or fail to start the breath.
The roar on Chickamauga's hills
Can never die away,
Nor hushed be Nashville's thunder-thrills
Till we have turned to clay.

The cliffs by Shenandoah's side
Re-echo loud today
The clang of Sheridan's wild ride
From "twenty miles away."
The hot lips of Saint Philip's guns
Still pour their thunder-flame,
And Vicksburg's mighty river runs
With her great conq'ror's name.

But these, who sleep so soft and still,
What motive led them forth
From every city, vale, and hill
In the long-suffering North?
Why left the clerks their wares unsold,
Farmers their fields unsown,
The priests their orisons untold,
Scholars the desk and gown?

The Cause they fought for now is yours;
The Flag they loved so well,
Their Country—and your own—endures,
Because they fought and fell.
Oh, then be yours the holy task
To keep the faith as they;
This is the guerdon that they ask,
On you this charge they lay.

The Mighty Dead, who sped the bolts
Which laid foul treason low,
Call from their dark sepulchral vaults
To ward us 'gainst the foe.
The Silent Man of Destiny
Pleads from fair Riverside,
"The land I've left united, see
That naught shall e'er divide."

He, who, on Chickamauga's sky
Wrote his immortal name,
Who Mission Ridge's ramparts high
Swept with his sword of flame,
Speaks from his wreath-enshrouded grave
The Hudson's waters by;
"Forever let that banner wave
Above me where I lie."

From where Potomac's hills look down
Upon her mirrored breast;
And Arlington's soft echoes drown
War's last faint bugle-blast,
The fiery Sheridan bequeaths
To us his glory bright,
The flag he bore through battle-wreaths
To victory and light.

Lo! from the silence that enthralls
These sleepers round us here,
A voice that every patriot calls;
'Tis Logan's from his bier.
"Keep well, oh, ye who come to spread
Your flowers over me,
The starry banner—o'er the dead—
And o'er the living—free.

And they, the humble sleepers here,
Though lowly was their lot,
Who faced the storm with bosoms bare
When Hell's fierce breath was hot;
These left their work for us to take
Just where they laid it down;
And charge us for their mem'ry's sake
To make their cause our own.

What tongue or pen may speak of those
Whose epitaph is spread
On moldering marbles which disclose
Where sleep the Unknown Dead?
These from their nameless sepulcher
Pray us "Be faithful still!"
Lift we our hands to heaven and swear,
"God helping us we will."

These—ever-living Dead; the few—
Old, halting, worn, and gray—
The young, and strong, these, these, all true
Shall keep the flag alway.
Nor shall the stars be dimmed while yet
With each returning Spring
Memorial suns shall rise and set
And Love her offerings bring.

Miss Sallie Nicholson, accompanied by Miss B. May Hunter, rendered 'Rest the Brave," the clear soprano voice of the singer echoing over the nearby encampment of the dead. Mr. Tracy L. Jeffords was the principal orator.

Mr. Jefford's Address.

Mr. Tracy L. Jeffords in his oration at Soldiers' Home opened his eloquent address with the quotation:

"Peace is the dream of philosophers; war is the history of man." Freedom and society, he said, are based on foundations of blood and bones. The world's progress is marked by mile stones of conflict and carnage.

Martyrdom, sacrifice and suffering in all countries and in all ages have been the cost of liberty and free institutions, said the orator, who briefly referred to the history of war and the great examples of warriors.

"Our own country," he said, "has not been unlike others in its war record. Some one has said of our country that its his-

Mr. Tracy L. Jeffords.

tory consists of making laws and fighting. But who will say our revolution was not worth all it cost? Who will say that the preservation of this Union, making the United States of America the greatest and grandest country in the world, was not worth all the sacrifice of our civil strife?

"May the memory of those who achieved the victories, the fallen heroes and those who were with us, be kept fresh in the minds of fondly admiring millions, and may we soon see like victory and success come to pitiable and oppressed Cuba.

"To review the rebellion would take more time than this occasion allows. You who were in the service realize that there is no language capable of expressing what you saw and learned and endured in the long marches, the tiresome sieges, the battles, charges and sufferings.

"Words are but feeble reminders of Bull Run or the hornet's nest at Shiloh—34 per cent of 61,000 fell—or Vicksburg, or Chickamauga, or Chattanooga, or Lookout Mountain, under the gallant Hooker, and above the clouds. My words could never tell all the story of Gettysburg, or the Wilderness, or Winchester, or Cold Harbor, or Andersonville.

"All the efforts of all the historians and speakers can never do full justice to the patriotism and valor of those men who left home and mother or wife and children and went to the front, many never to return.

"The tearful good-bye, the fond embrace of the one on earth most dear, the handing back of that chubby baby boy—the first born—into the arms of its proud, young and beautiful mother, the last look backward at the old home, with tear-dimmed eyes, the wave of that white hand only a year ago clasped at the marriage altar, and never another meeting till the family unites in the home not made with hands.

"Wife and child waited for the homecoming of the husband and father who never came, whose life was freely given up for the love of home and native land. After the first battle he was buried by loving comrades, and against his cold, manly breast they found the likeness of that little baby and its mother. They waited for him and he never came, but he waits for them in that family meeting place where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

"God grant that other wars may nevermore come to our land of peace and plenty. Who shall ever, in words, describe the rally to gain and hold Round Top, or the scenes in the bloody angle at Gettysburg; or Farragut lashed to the mast and steaming into Mobile bay, or the shocking and sickening experiences of Andersonville?

"Natural barriers often determine the boundaries of nations, and so high-minded men limit the periods of war and shape its results. Such men were Washington and Grant and Lincoln—great warriors, great statesmen, large-hearted patriots. When Lincoln called for 75,000 men for three months and later for 300,000 for three years, the prompt response was gratifying indeed, and the victories of our armies during the war made a record of which liberty-loving people must be proud; but the most highly satisfactory event of all that was its close.

"Grant's movements to the south and his success there, the proud achievements of Burnside, Halleck, Pope, Hooker, Thomas, Howard, Hancock, Prentiss, Logan, Sherman, Sheridan, Meade, Farragut and others, were grand and glorious, but none compare in everlasting luster with that crowning event of the enemy's final surrender, the successful termination of the bloody conflict, and an established victory for the right."

Entitled to Care.

"The sacred memory of the slain and departed heroes it is right and meet we should preserve, and in manner like this of today we ought to gather and recall and recount the past, refresh our recollections of the comrades who have gone before us and place a floral tribute at the spot where each one sleeps. 'Blessed is he who really loves flowers,' said Beecher, and I will pray that a blessing shall come to every person who contributes in any way toward these beautiful decorations, or the perpetuation of these memorial observances.

"The widows and orphans of our soldiers have made their sacrifices and are entitled to the care and solicitude of every community in which they live, and the general government will be a stranger to its duty if it ever fails to make abundant provision for them, and the feeble and needy veteran. It is a credit to the generosity and justice of our people and our law makers that such provisions as are seen about us here are made available for the disabled and decrepit men who have served their country on land or sea.

"Inspiration comes to me from the sights and surroundings of this occasion. In this city, the most beautiful in the world, and in this sequestered spot dedicated as a burial place for the brave dead, and the comfort of the gallant living, who have fought for their country, we see an example of the tender solicitude of the law and the people for the old soldiers. May other institutions of this kind still be provided whenever needed, and may the soldiers and sailors and their widows and orphans never come to want."

Bravery and Patriotism.

After speaking of the tributes paid in Venice to the memory of Daniel Manin, Mr. Tracy continued:

"In like manner we observe this day set apart in honor of the dead and respect for the living heroes of war. We are on high and favored ground. The historic Potomac rolls at our feet; Washington and Sheridan and Logan and thousands of illustrious dead sleep beneath the shadow of that majestic Capitol dome; but all the grandeur and beauty lavish nature can bestow—all the adornment and magnificence that the handiwork of man can create—will never indicate so much greatness or reflect so much glory to a country as the bravery and patriotism of her people, the character of her men.

"Statesmen may revolutionize fallacies, generals make a nation tremble, orators bind a throng with the spell of enchantment, but the common people, the rank and file, determine its character, defend its statesmen and support its orators. Washington monument, massive and towering, fit memorial of him who, in the dying words of Madame de Stael, loved his God, his father and his country, has never witnessed a scene half so striking and grand as the march through our city in 1865 of that home-bound conquering army.

"We heap high the beautiful flowers, sing sweet the patriot strains. Let their fragrance and harmony blend in sweet unison till it mounts even to the gates of heaven and we still to the soldier and sailor owe a debt of gratitude that can never be wholly paid.

"On this occasion, and near the tomb of the gallant General Logan, we must not omit to pay especial tribute to his greatness and to his memory. He was at the head of that powerful Army of the Tennessee; he was an officer devoted to his men and admired by them. He was a true patriot, a good campaigner, a victorious leader; he loved his country and fought to save it; he was sincere, large-hearted, courageous, successful.

"Beautiful and appropriate final resting place is this for General Logan, so near the home of the soldiers, with some of whom no doubt he served, and at the capital of the country he and they helped to save. His remains are enshrouded in the soil of his country's capital and his memory is enshrined in the hearts of his country's people.

"We are proud of the past and hopeful of the future.
We front the sun and on the purple ridges
the virgin future lifts the veil of snow.
Look backward and an arch of splendor
bridges the scenes of long ago."

When "America" was sung by the Mozart Club many in the assemblage took up the tune with splendid effect. The benediction was pronounced by Very Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, rector of the Catholic University, after which taps, with drum accompaniment, was rendered.

At Logan's Tomb.

Special services were then held at the tomb of General Logan, under the direction of a subcommittee composed of the Logan Guard of Honor and a committee from the Legion of Loyal Women. The Soldiers' Home Band opened the service by playing "Star of Hope." The two orators at the tomb were Senator Mason and Dr. J. F. Raub.

The Greatest Volunteer.

In his address at the tomb of General Logan, Dr. J. F. Raub spoke of General Logan as the greatest volunteer soldier of the war. Dr. Raub drew an eloquent picture of the conditions.

"More than a third of a century ago, when the country was in profound peace, when we were so far removed from the experience and passions of war that but little thought was had of the axiom 'In time of peace prepare for war,' and the other great truth, that the best preventative of war is to be prepared, both on land and on sea, for a clash of arms, treason reared its unholy head and raised its unholy hand against the flag of our country and defied the majesty of the law."

Dr. Raub told of the firing on the flag, of the wave of indignation and the rush to arms. Continuing, he said:

"Conspicuous amongst the first to forget party strife and party disappointment, whose soul was fired with love of country, with loyalty to the old flag, with that patriotism that forgets self and all personal interests when the nation is assailed, and to offer his sword and himself to his country was the gallant, the intrepid, the pure-hearted, noble John A. Logan. Amongst the first to cheer the heart of 'Honest Abe Lincoln' in response to his call for troops was his erstwhile political antagonist, Honest John A. Logan.

"Patriotism, love of country, respect for law, obedience to constituted authorities, swayed the loyal sons of the republic, and a peer amongst these loyal sons stood the great exemplar of the volunteer soldiers, brave, true, intrepid John A. Logan.

"With one impulse, with one motive, with one resolve, the loyal sons abandoned the plow in the furrow, dropped the tools on the mechanic's bench, laid aside the yard stick, and closed the school and college books, sprang to arms and thronged to the front, resolved that treason must be crushed, rebellion must be put down, that old glory shall float over every hamlet from Maine to California, from the lakes in the north to the gulf and the Rio Grande in the south, the emblem of liberty and equal rights to all men; while the loyal mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts encouraged their loved ones in their resolves and purposes. First among these loyal, devoted women was the now silver-crowned lady who today is known and loved all over this broad land as the friend of the soldier, the defender of his rights, the advocate of his cause, the beloved widow of the great leader, General Logan."

After an earnest tribute to the loyal women of the land, the speaker said:

"Four years of comradeship, four years of privation and suffering, of weary marches, and bloody battles, of wounds and disease, of starvation and the other horrors of the rebel prison; four years of sacrifices which language fails to describe; the recollections of comrades who, with buoyant spirit and elastic step, braved approaching recklessness, entered by our sides into the hell of carnage, whose faces we saw pale in death from the wounds from the cruel rebel bullet, are among the causes that gave birth to the Grand Army of the Republic, and in turn animated the heart of Gen. John A. Logan to conceive and put in operation these beautiful Memorial day services, these annual reminders of the debt we as citizens owe to the bravery, the patriotism of the men who preserved us as a nation."

The ceremonies were concluded by the

(Continued on Twelfth Page.)