The Rutland Daily Globe.

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 31, 1873.

TERMS IN ADVANCE.

DAILY—Per month	75
Three months	$2 00
Six months	4 00
One year	8 00
WEEKLY—Three months	75
Six months	$1 25
One year	2 50

Address GLOBE PAPER CO., Rutland, Vt.

Boston again suffers by fire. Some more narrow streets were to blame for part of it, as will be seen from our dispatches.

The oration of Colonel Albert Clarke, which we publish in full, was appropriate, vivid in its descriptions, and pointed towards the close by some practical remarks, deserving high commendation.

The south is hereafter to have increased postal car service. Some parts of Texas will then get their mails one week earlier than at present. This is the way the South is being oppressed by the administration.

The village meeting last night stuck to the economical idea, and voted no tax. This is equivalent to instructing the trustees against paying any expenses of the fire department, and against giving us light and watchmen. Perhaps the village may reconsider this action.

DEPARTING SPRING.

This day thou goest from us, fairest sister of the seasons. Summer hath, indeed, more and more brilliant glories than thou; and Autumn more and more golden tresses, and richer and fuller and more gorgeous robes. But thine is the youthful freshness of the innocent, guileless maiden, blushing amid the unfolding buds of coming womanhood.

Welcome, thrice welcome wert thou. Thou camest to our home as a messenger from the Paradise of Promise, and our hills and vallies, cold beneath the winding sheets of Winter, revive to new life in the light and love of thy smiles! With warm and genial breath thou hast dissolved the chains that bound our brooks in ice, and they sing their wonted songs once more in our ears. The hard earth thou hast softened by the distilling showers of thy presence, and, in grateful return, richer than glittering gems, the modest violet hast given thee a many colored flower, and of purest dyes, to be wreathed in the chaplet of thine honor. At thy bidding "the time of the singing of birds has come and the voice of the turtle dove is heard in the land."

And now thou art bidding us adieu, for thy work is done, and well. Then farewell to thee.

"Thou green tressed beauty, charming Spring,
The music of whose morning voice
Bids all the sons of earth rejoice!"

"Farewell? But not the farewell of Despair. Thou goest now to come again. Thou goest to make the ancient promise sure, that while the earth remaineth there shall be seed time and harvest, the former and the latter rain, and so in the wise orderings of the All-Merciful Father, as to the unseen future, it shall be as in the Heaven blessed past, that "seed shall still be given to the sower and bread to the eater."

Nor is this all thy work, messenger of love. Thou comest and goest as the sign and symbol of another and better life to come, when in lands that shall know no winter of death, "this mortal shall put on immortality," where

"Everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers."

KEY NOTE FOR THE TIMES.

"The Providence *Journal*, alluding to the dull state of trade and manufactures, says the one word to be spoken, and to be listened to now, is economy—individual, family, municipal and national economy."

This scrap of personal and political economy is going the rounds of the newspaper press. We gladly give it a turn on our GLOBE. It suggests, in a nutshell, the key note for the times in which we find ourselves now, in every part of our land. Most people are evidently living up to, and a good many beyond, their income. A mania rages to get rich, or seem rich, not in the old-fashioned way by slow and patient gettings—but in short metre, by management, rings, and too often by downright dishonesty. The really rich are extravagant, and that is well enough, for they spend their own money, and put it in the pockets of the trader and laborer, where it does infinitely more good than when locked up in their burglar-proof vaults. Let them spend, judiciously, they should,—but spend any way. The money, well scattered, will cheer many a home of penury and want. No body can complain that they live in fine houses and fare sumptuously every day. It is their concern, not ours. If they get the gout or dyspepsia, that is their's, too. But those who are not rich—whose bank account is always low—who find it hard work to make both ends meet—who really owe as much or more than they own—who have hard work to pay their bank notes—who are behind hand with their taxes, grocers', tailors' and shoemakers' bills, should not try to ape the rich. It is hard, up hill work. The frog in the fable made a poor job of it when he tried to swell himself out as big as the ox. He burst open; and too many, in trying to keep up appearances, burst up. The reason is simple. They spend faster than they earn. They live on great expectations. They are always unthoughtful, often imbued with a larger amount of pride than true honor or real courage. Poverty, in fact, is disarmed of half its terrors by daring to act it out in careful expenditures. Economy may pinch occasionally, but, to a sensitive, right thinking person, it is better than bankruptcy; better than to explode and pay twenty-five cents on the dollar.

To all who are in debt, towns, villages, state, nation, or individuals, our advice is, to economize. Let us get back to the good old ways of prudence and good discretion in our pecuniary matters. Let us get on to hard pan. Cut down the salaries, curtail expenses—get before you spend—and pay as you go, if you want the angels to fan your head to rest, as you seek repose from the cares, or a solace for the ills of life.

Gen. Beauregard urges upon his fellow citizens of Louisiana the immediate holding of a convention to encourage emigration as the only sure remedy for their own anxieties, afflictions and political antagonisms.

The epizootic turn out to be an hereditary disease in Iowa. Colts, in Plymouth county, as soon as they are foalded, show all the symptoms of the horse disease which attacked their progenitors, last year, and are dying in large numbers.

THE FALLEN BRAVE.

RUTLAND'S COMMEMORATION.

The observances of "Decoration Day" in Rutland on Friday were fittingly and strikingly appropriate. Of the occasion and its many impressive features we have already spoken. The day has already become historic in the life of the country as it has been publicly proclaimed a national holiday. Not however, in the sense of celebration or of a joyful event, but in a commemoration; a day of mourning for lost ones and of reflections upon their deeds as soldiers and their virtues as friends and citizens. In no better manner can we offer our tributes of affection for these fallen soldiers while we gather about their graves than in the beautiful language of flowers. Lovely alike in form and in the presence that it sheds, the flower is at once appropriate for the ceremony, and embodies many of the requisite virtues of a true offering of love. The design that emanated from a few old soldiers to commemorate the deeds of their fallen comrades in this manner is one of great credit and should be followed by their sons and posterity as years pass and generations are newly born.

The services observed in Rutland under the auspices of Post Roberts G. A. R. in honor of the occasion were probably of a higher order and more interesting in its character than that of any previous observance of the kind here. The morning opened clear and bright, the sun shedding forth a cheering warmth while a delightful breeze was felt that lasted throughout the day. Our village was visited by people from adjoining towns, while our own citizens, with a due regard for the day, gave up the usual employments and business of other days and attended the decoration services in goodly numbers. Their public spirit was also shown in the many flags that streamed from the doors and windows in every street, giving the town an old-time warlike and patriotic appearance.

The Grand Army boys assembled in the afternoon at their hall, and at two o'clock a procession was formed by them in front of GLOBE block with Marshall J. H. Goulding and Assistant Marshal S. H. Kelly and the Cambria band at their head. This marched to the Town Hall to the stirring music of the band where was soon assembled a large audience to listen to the services. After the playing of the national air, "The Red, White and Blue" by the Cambria band, prayer was offered by Rev. J. Gibson Johnson of Rutland.

Marshal Goulding then introduced to the Post, and the ladies and gentlemen in attendance, Comrade Albert Clarke of St. Albans, the orator of the day, whose address we give *verbatim*.

MR. CLARKE'S ORATION.

We are a square headed people and not given to ceremony. The block of national character quarried from Plymouth was hewn for use and not for ornament. We believe, with a celebrated French philosopher, that "the more free a people are the fewer ceremonies, the fewer ostentatious titles, the fewer demonstrations of annihilation in the presence of a superior, they possess." We have been taught that in proportion to the barbarism of countries or the weakness of courts, processions, precedence, distinctions of rank, forms of address and imposing displays are most in vogue. Our rulers, who are called servants of the people, have never deemed it necessary, like the emperors and mandarins of China, to formally inaugurate the seed-time by a demonstration with the plow. We know that the Egyptians prospered and the Greeks grew great, but unlike them we have not celebrated feasts to Isis and Osiris nor paid our homage to Ceres or Proserpine. We believe that Rome's great day was when Cæsar was called plain Cæsar and before Constantine was spoken of as "his imperial majesty." We believe in courtesy, but unlike the ambassadors of Charles the First when treating with the cardinal de Richelieu for the hand of Henriette of France, we do not push an important matter to the point of defeat by demanding two or three steps more toward a door. Fitz Greene Halleck's Yankee would even

"——Shake hands with a king upon his throne
And think it kindness to his majesty."

So self-respecting is every man that more than one sturdy citizen soldier has been tied up by his thumbs for failing to salute his superior officer. Even the rites of religion—in many other countries so imposing—have here been stripped to the bare outlines of simplicity.

Is it not strange, then, that such a people, stern as Puritans and practical even in the realms of fancy, should have fallen into the beautiful custom that we observe to-day? When on almost any occasion, it is hard to induce the unorganized multitude to join in a procession, they choosing rather to follow on the sidewalks, is it not strange that for this one day in the year they should lay aside their sovereign independence and march reverently to unauthorized commands? What is it that to-day can make the iron visage of the soldier which has faced the belching of the cannon and the flame of struggling lines, relax like the mobile muscles of a child? What tenderness touches the heart of him who has "looked on armies with a leaders eye" and makes him follow with the men he led? What magic has thrown away the heavy arms and burdened these re-assembled ranks with only the beautiful and delicate adornments of the spring? The dead whom we honor sleep their last sleep. No pomp can fill their eyes, no music and no words can touch their hearts, no sound can awake them to glory again. We do indeed, sometimes fancy that they look upon us from the "armies of the blest," but as we recount their services and their sacrifices we only too sadly realize how little is the most we can do for them, and are obliged to turn and confess that our own poor lives are all that can receive the benefit of this Memorial Day.

I have heard it said that this observance must soon pass away, that it can evolve nothing new, and that the people will tire of it as they do of all monotony. This may be, but not yet. He who thinks that emotions of gratitude are so soon spent little knows how dependent this people felt when the soldiers stood between them and their enemies as a wall of fire. He who imagines that the grief of yesterday will to-morrow pass away, has never looked up to the height nor penetrated to the depth of that sacrificial altar, reared in every thirtieth house throughout the land. He who thinks that men will tire of bearing flowers to their comrades graves, who with those comrades have borne the privations of the camp, the hardships of the march and the dangers of the field, little realizes how deep and strong and true becomes the friendship which common dangers ripen into love. The day for passing by these honored graves has not yet come, for as Mrs. Dorr so sadly sings:

"Still do the black-robed mothers come and go;
Still do lone wives by dreary hearth stones weep;
Still does a nation in her pride and wo,
For her dead sons a mournful vigil keep."

This year as much as last, and equal to the years before, do the people come down from the hill sides and gather from the plains. You have seen the little family groups, standing, in respectful silence just aloof from the graves of their loved ones, looking on with tearful interest and swelling hearts while the hands of surviving comrades bedecked the turf. You have looked into the reflective eyes of the fathers and the mothers and re-read the story of their affliction. You have seen the widows and the orphans, changed, it may be, with the flight of time, but sad and reverent in the presence of that returning memory which tells how all they loved was risked and lost. You have seen the maimed and crippled soldiers, relics of their once whole and hopeful lives, standing here as broken links between the living and the dead and dropping from their single hands the wreaths of glory which you thought they might well wear themselves. And as you have seen all this, have you not loved your country better than before? Have you not thought how dear must be the land that cost so much? Have you not highly resolved to be the willing instruments of Providence to "temper the winds to the shorn lambs," and to re-supply and supplement the strength of those who uphold the flag until they cannot now uphold themselves?

Comrades, this day for you is great with memories that are not altogether sad. It withdraws you from the single-handed toil of private life and takes you back to scenes of hardship but of glory. It inspires you once more with objects infinitely above yourselves. As you again touch elbows in the ranks and march with that old steady tramp which time cannot disturb, how like a tide the vanished years come back and how they dwarf the present with the grandeur of their deeds. The scenes of camp and march are here, or rather you are there. The haunts of childhood are not more vivid than the picket posts you held. You can thread the winding paths of Virginia forests or navigate the bayous of Louisiana as easily as you wend your way through these familiar streets. You think that you could go at midnight to the bivouacks, where danger brooded o'er you, or to the camps where life though hard was gay. How sounds the reveille upon your wakening ears. How the good old bugle echoes all the calls of camp. How rise before you the beauteous lines of dress-parade and how the rattling drum corps rolls out the airs you thought you had forgotten. The only things you cannot realize are the privations you endured. They may have left their marks upon you, but their twinging torments are like a half forgotten dream. You can see the very swamp where you lay soaked at night, but you cannot feel the rain drops as they pattered on your cheek. You can think of empty haversacks—aye, and recall starvation in the prison pen, but somehow the pangs of hunger do not return.

In the glory of achievement these things pass away. As when Phil Kearney in the heat of battle grasped at his bridle-rein with the sleeve that had been emptied years before, so are we all prone to forget, in fighting our battles o'er, the hardships we endured and the disabilities that we incurred. Be it so. But the great events which made the conflict war stand out in bold relief; the blows that we gave and took we give and take again. Somebody listening to me now recalls Bull Run; another, Fair Oaks; another dashes through the bloody Warwick Creek; others leap the death gulch at Antietam; scores storm the heights at Fredricksburgh and more meet death and conquer scandal down at Baton Rouge; numbers there are who, with "Old Joe Hooker," penetrate above the clouds and from the crimsoned crest of Lookout Mountain look down on all their former lives as little in comparison with one great deed, and who but thinks of Gettysburg, where treason's highest tide dashed up against your front, and surged and broke, and ebbed away!

But not in a general view—not as the civilian sees these great events does the soldier see them, even at this safe time and distance. He sees them only in part and of that part was he. Let us go with him through one scene. Do not imagine that he is anything but flesh and blood. When he sees cannon placed in line and long divisions massing here and there, he knows that there is work ahead, of which he may not live to tell. What thoughts of home and kindred crowd his mind in that dread silence which precedes the strife; what confidential messages tent-mates and friends exchange; what silent prayers are said, even by those who never prayed before, you know as well as I can tell. All your love of life and all your sense of civilization rises in protest against the inhuman barbarism that is impending. You think of the foe, not with hatred but as human beings, aye, and as brothers, and you almost wonder why the invisible spirit of battle which you fancy to be hovering above both armies—you wonder why the all-merciful God whom you have been taught from infancy to look to as a loving father—will not touch the hearts of the combatants and lead them then and there to the consummation of an honorable peace. You watch the flags at corps headquarters and every movement seems a signal. You imagine that every courier who gallops to the lines conveys the all-momentous order. If the shots thicken on the skirmish line, you hold your breath.

Call you these the musings of a coward? There is not one soldier in a hundred who has not felt them more vividly than I can tell. And yet, these same soldiers, paled to the lips, silent, stern, could not be moved from their posts by anything but orders, and when the fierce conflict comes you see them, self-controlled, the bravest in the fight. Did you ever read in a newspaper that the army was in excellent condition and the men were spoiling for a fight? These same men were the first whom the prospect of a fight would spoil. Did you ever hear a soldier say that when once fairly in he had no fear? Such soldiers have been known to be the first to get unfairly out. Paradoxical as it may sound, there is no bravery without fear, and this same typical, true soldier, whom we commenced with in the fight, filled with terror, thoughtful, prayerful, sad, is the one of whom history writes the greatest deeds and of whom eloquence and poetry never tire to tell.

The preparations are all made. The army waits. Horses, unconscious of the general awe, pluck clover in the field. The little brook that slakes the soldiers' battle thirst bubbles as sweetly as if visited by peaceful kine. The tall trees wave as gently as though a picnic were gathered in their shade. The birds float through the air in blissful ignorance that soon the swifter-winged messengers of death will come. The few, white, fleecy clouds above give no portent of a gathering storm, and the sun—the same bright sun which shines upon your dear old home tells of no hurricane that man cannot control. And yet, you lie upon the ground and wait, and watch, but wait not long. A white puff, a sharp flash, a loud crash, a blowing through the air, and in an instant what a change! No hurricane has come, but the storm of battle has, and all along yon bristling ridge you see men spring like demons through the smoke to serve the fast discharging guns. Explosions fill the air. The air grows wild. The whir of iron fragments sounds like the hum of stones from many slings. Trees crash and shed their limbs, rocks smoke and glance like flint, and men are mown and the earth is plowed in this harvest of death and seed-time of souls. Why don't our cannon oftener reply? Why stand our officers as if overawed? Why do three miles of men lie still and let three hundred shells a minute make havoc in their triple ranks? There's silence by and by; a breeze wafts up the sulphurous smoke, and O, look there! The long gray lines come on with proud elastic step. The evenness of ranks, the wave of banners, the flash of sabres and the sheen of arms make up a spectacle as beautiful as ever was beheld. But it cannot last. It came to do destruction and it shall be destroyed. A sharp voice at the nearest battery commands to fire! and swifter than contagion bursts the pent-up thunder all along our line. The riven ranks send back their wrath, and death stings through the murky air. The supreme time has come. The long blue lines arise, and in the light of cannon flash you see their leveled steel. Flame leaps to flame, and volleys melt into a rippling roar. It is the crater of our Nation's woe. Men leap to fill it, and it brims with blood. It scatters ashes far away to many a darkened home. But thank the Lord, our men were true. The old flag floats its tattered folds in triumph over the scene, and the red wizard of the strife stalks gloomily away. But here and there he strikes again.

"Lo where the Giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deepening in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorches all it glares upon,
Restless it rolls, now fixed and now anon,
Flashes afar, while at his iron feet
Destruction cowers to mark what deeds are done."

Comrades, destruction covers now no more. A grateful nation marks the deeds. The dear old army, faded when its work was done. This remnant here, these silent graves, the memories that we glorify are all that link the rising generation with the realities of which they read. These mementoes, like the slant rays of the setting sun, already have begun to glimmer. The Grand Army of the Republic can never be recruited save from a number which is yearly growing less, but as the circle narrows toward the focal point, the warmer will grow the atmosphere of gratitude and love. More than a quarter of a century ago a celebration in this town drew from the regions far and near a small band of the veterans of 1776. Most of them met as strangers, but they felt a kinship which made them more than friends. The populace gathered to behold them with a curiosity almost as great as if they were risen from the dead. A distinguished orator and statesman toasted them as "the people's honored guests, who couchere, some on one leg, some on two, but all on their last legs, God bless them!" Victor Hugo, I think it was, who said that when he entered the Hotel des Invalides and looked upon those tottering veterans of the Old Guard, he felt that he was more in the presence of France than when he sat in the National Assembly. Comrades, I judge by history—and I know I do not read our people wrong—when I say that this little badge, made from cannon which perhaps you helped to capture, will by and by entitle you to honor which none will be too high to pay. It is no heraldic symbol, indicative of caste and transmissible from sire to son; but it is rather like the star of the Legion of Honor or the Iron Cross of Germany, which testify of deeds, and when the wearer dies, go to the Emperor or hang in proud remembrance on the homestead wall. Long live the veterans of the G. A. R.! Green be the memories of our comrades mustered out! Forever thrive and greater grow the land which calls no man a slave and owns no sovereign but God!

But appropriate as is the observance of to-day, thrilling as are its recollections and deserved as are its encomiums, there is yet a better way in which to honor the living and to glorify the dead. It is but due to them that their work shall be completed. The arbitrament of war did not pretend to settle all that it decided, nor was the expenditure of blood and treasure the only incidental or resultant evil.

It is lamentable that a portion of the South is not yet composed; it is humiliating that sectional animosities still exist; it is outrageous that any right of citizenship should be denied or circumvented to any one beneath or flag; it is contemptible beyond expression that hordes of political cormorants should desert their native seas and swarm down there to fatten on the new born public life. All these things delay the consummation of that lasting, honorable peace for which our heroes died. Who hates the South? Do you, my comrades? No. I have seen you clasp hands with her gallant sons who yielded to you in the strife. Who hates the North? Not they who tested your highest qualities and found you too brave to be unkind. O, let the old, old venom pass away. Laugh down your fossil masters of the lash, fair South! Call home your thieves, great North! Be just, be generous, be one, and when this day shall fully come, then will the dead be honored as they should and the laurel that we bring no more be twined with rue.

I plead for one thing more. Before the war there was more honesty than now. Men lived within their means. Officials felt the sacredness of trust. Contracts, whether made with a citizen or with the public, were adhered to. "Strikes" and "grabs," if not unknown, were not yet dignified by politics nor justified by law. Erie had not then throttled Capital nor purchased Virtue with his theft. Tammany had not scalped his captive city nor fattened on her blood. Credit Mobilier had not then stalked across the continent nor pulled down greatness with his sinuous tail. Our own peculiar Chancery Gyroscope had scarcely begun to revolve its wheels within a wheel. But the war, like all wars, brought on an era of speculation. Now and then a commission was purchased with whiskey and cigars. Occasionally a quartermaster "saved his wages." King Shoddy flashed his diamonds and giddy youth went mad. Inflation, luxury and greed drove on with wild intoxication. A false light glared on everything. Truth paled her ineffectual rays. Reaction was not dreampt of, and accountability was ignored, or circumvented and postponed. It was a brazen age. The press was subsidized and public men retained. The livery of plundered estates, the robes of misplaced confidence, the ermine of the tricked and thwarted law were donned and flaunted as the garb and glory of great enterprise and thrift. Men went down on their knees and fawned and licked the dust. The tyranny of power repressed all honest thought. If any voice came from the wilderness and cried "Woe, woe," a thousand votaries laughed it into silence. If any Cicero held Cataline and Verres up to scorn, in the corrupted currents of this atmosphere his eloquence was blown away. It was an iron age. A free people were enslaved and knew it not.

I paint the picture as of the past. Would that it were! Think you that this was what our soldiers fought for? In that great moment when they conquered prudence, put aside self-seeking and bore their young lives to the very altar, think you that if foreknowledge had been given them of the greed that was to follow they would have thought the prize was worth the cost? In those cold days when uniforms grew thin and the Government had none to spare; when wives and children cried at home and the paymaster came not near; when food was doled out by an enemy and the prison opened not its doors, would it have added to the ardor of their patriotism to see the Forty-second Congress steal away with double store? When they struggled for four long years rather than yield a single State to slavery; nay, when our brave old Second would have fought till this time to hold their captured rifle-pit at Spottsylvania, would they have thought that land was worth so much could they have seen their western heritage bestowed on companies and seen them purchase with it the national honor which treason could not destroy?

These abuses would have driven a more jealous people to the verge of revolution.

I do not stand here to speak against union of effort nor the concentration of capital; they develop our resources, they make us great; but I plead for more fidelity to public and private trust and would throw off the iron of monopoly wherever it spreads beyond its grade. We need that "frequent recurrence to fundamental principles" of which the Constitution of Vermont so quaintly but so truly speaks; we need to guard against that rapacity which, as Montesquieu says, "ever grows with prosperity, but ever endangers the State;" we need that "eternal vigilance" which Jefferson says "is the price of liberty." In this country, where every man is sovereign, responsibility is on us all. We cannot generalize it, we cannot put it afar off—that is the babbling coward's part. Here, now, with whatsoever wrong we meet it is our part to grapple. Do you laugh at him who does it? I tell you that he shall conquer. "There shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon." O, for a sterner public virtue! King Richard did not need a horse more than the country now needs men. When our servants are entrusted with our property, or when we send them to the capitol, we want to feel that they are pickets, guarding us from harm. They shall not buy and sell, they shall not sleep, they shall not run away, they shall not absorb their trust, they shall not turn their arms against their country. This is the lesson that heroic sacrifices seem to teach to-day. Bring forth your flowers, then, brave men; and when you leave them on those graves and turn once more from past to present life, let all the world bear witness that you honor what you fought for, and what your brothers died for you will speak for, vote for and defend.

The oration was a decided success and so pronounced by all in attendance. It was original in conception and delivered in an earnest manner and with finished eloquence. We are confident it will compare very favorably with any like effort among the many made throughout the State on yesterday.

The invocation of the Divine Blessing was made by Rev. E. M. Haynes, chaplain of the 10th Vermont Regiment during the war, and the audience dispersed to join in the procession which formed for the decoration. First came the Cambria Band, followed by the members of Post Roberts, all with the insignia of their former duties buckled around them, after which came the Floral Carriage. This was a magnificent affair and consisted of a large carryall in which rose a pyramid of beauteous flowers, and around it were arranged in a charming manner, evergreens and blossoms of every kind, making a picture of rare and pleasing loveliness to the beholder. Behind this floral equipage were the carriages containing the clergy, members of the press, disabled soldiers and invited guests, and followed by a long line of our citizens in their carriages who joined in the procession throughout its route. The West street Cemetery was first visited for the beautiful purpose of decoration, and the comrades in solemn file and with reverential bearing, visited each soldier's grave therein and strewed it with flowers. The band chanted its requiem and the line of march was again taken up. The Catholic Cemetery was next visited and decorated in like manner, while the band played that sweet Scotch air, "Robin Adair,"—singularly appropriate. Evergreen Cemetery at Centre Rutland was then visited and there were found numerous citizens in waiting for the procession, making a large concourse of people. This is a beautiful spot. The enchantment of the situation which is one of the loveliest ever selected for a cemetery, the occasion which called forth so large a number of people and the rites performed, could not but fill the hearts of all with a powerful and touching sense of peace and resignation. The ritualistic service of the Grand Army was here read by the Decoration Committee as they made their floral offerings, and prayer was made by Rev. S. W. Field, after which CHAPLAIN HAYNES delivered a few brief remarks saying, in the opening, that the children of these ex-soldiers must bear in mind the fact that they, ere long, will be expected to do the work of keeping green the memory of our fallen soldiers as their fathers were doing to-day. After listening to the splendid oration delivered by Comrade Clarke, which was worthy of the man and of the occasion, he felt but little like saying anything at this time were he not anxious to testify his high regard for fallen comrades. He considered the occasion one of great interest as a national festival and a splendid memorial, grand, solemn and inspiring. Grand in the Christian sentiment that runs throughout the occasion, solemn in the depth of woe and mourning and sympathy for these lost ones, and inspiring in the thrill of patriotic devotion which is felt through the land to their memories. Here and all about us we tread in sacred precincts. These men are sleeping the sleep of death and yet we feel that they are living, walking and acting in the history of their comrades. There is something in the cause for which they laid down their lives that is glorifying to all who engaged in it, and the speaker believed that those who died in the late struggle deserved to have their names written in the scroll of martyrs. When the clarion sounded its call to war these men girded on their armor and defended our altars with their lives. They came from our mountains—the farmer and the mechanic, the lawyer and his clerk—from every employment where hands were occupied, there was sent an offering of life for sacrifice. In Roman history we read of a yawning gulf which threatened destruction to the city and refused to close up until a young man came and offered himself as a sacrifice for the lives of others. He plunged into the gulf and the city was saved. This courage was exemplified by those who went forth and threw themselves where gulfs yawned on every side, but they were not dismayed. They testified their devotion to their country in a manner which can find no parallel in Romish history. Purified public sentiment holds these martyrs in undying gratitude. Their living comrades the speaker considered a special priesthood as set apart for this service as no other men and distinguished above other men by this voluntary offering in the country's need. We have seen no braver heroes than they. It was they who gave freedom to a race of people not realized by themselves. We cannot honor them too much, we who are blessed by just laws and who reap the benefits of their great sacrifices. How beautifully do we render our regard for these fallen comrades to-day! Taking from our mother earth our fairest beauties to cover the ground under which they are resting, we give them a token of our appreciation. Here there is no distinction made. No uniform is here to give the rank of the fallen soldier. The general and the private are raised to equal rank. The shroud of the dead private, in the opinion of the speaker, outshines the eagle of the Colonel, living. When all have been gathered to dust and death has crowned the prostrate ranks of these former soldiers, then will there be another generation to whom will descend the benefits that we enjoy and the privilege of honoring these memories, until the last roll is called and the angels shall sound the last trumpet. When we think of all that has been done by these palsied arms that lie here beneath these decorations, a feeling of Christian love goes out to all of the brotherhood that God will take them in his arms and bless them every one.

This ended the decoration services here. The speech of Chaplain Haynes was soul-stirring in tone and in its effect upon all who heard it, and was a fitting close to the observances of the day. A detatchment from the Post was sent to the cemetery at West Rutland with flowers to decorate the the graves there in appropriate style.

Taken all in all "Decoration Day" in Rutland was honored with completeness throughout.

Decoration Day in Vermont and Elsewhere.

AT WOODSTOCK.

WOODSTOCK, May 30.

Decoration day passed off quietly. The procession formed at the town hall at one and a half in the afternoon, headed by the band, and proceeded to the cemetery followed by a large concourse of citizens. Prayer by Rev. Mr. Wheeler; addresses by Rev. Moses Kidder; blessing by Rev. A. B. Dascomb.

Judge Barrett made some feeling and patriotic remarks over the grave of the late Judge Collamer. The judge was truly eloquent. The blooming flowers of spring were then profusely scattered over the dust of our fallen heroes. The procession then returned to place of organization and disbanded. W. D. M.

AT MIDDLEBURY.

MIDDLEBURY, May 30.

The exercises of the day opened at the cemetery at East Middlebury. Speeches were made by Rev. S. W. Bidwell, and A. P. Tupper. At two o'clock the exercises were continued at Middlebury village cemetery. Speeches were made by Hon. Jas. M. Slade and Mr. W. H. Utley of Middlebury college and prayer by Rev. W. H. Meeker. The graded school took part and were addressed by Rev. H. D. Kitchell and Prof. Higley at the school house hall. There was a large turn out and everything passed off to the satisfaction of all. The procession was large and the new Middlebury brass band gave their best music. The exercises were under the direction of Post Commander Cobb of the G. A. R. n.

AT BENNINGTON.

BENNINGTON, May 30.

"Decoration Day" was observed here to-day. At four o'clock a procession was formed in front of Free Library Hall, Col. Wm. Cady acting as Marshal, in the following order: United States flag inscribed with these words: "Presented to the Bennington Boys of '61 by the Ladies of Bennington," Bennington Cornet, sixteen pieces, members of G. A. R. and returned soldiers, carriages containing clergy and invited guests, carriage containg floral offerings, citizens on foot and in carriages, in which form they proceeded to the cemetery at Bennington Centre in which is laid the bodies of ten soldiers. Prayer was made by Rev. Mr. Jennings. After decoration of the graves the procession was reformed and proceeded to the cemetery at East Bennington, and after decorating the graves there the procession returned to Free Library Hall and were dismissed. Although the exercises were hastily prepared they were successfully carried out and reflect great credit on those who were instrumental in their design. n.

AT ST. ALBANS.

ST. ALBANS, May 30.

Decoration day has been appropriately observed here. The procession was one of the finest St. Albans ever witnessed. First was St. Albans Brigade Band then, drum corps with neat new uniforms, zouave, then Sabbath Schools, Barlow Grays, Lieutenant Gilder commanding. The company made a splendid appearance with new regulation hat with red and white plume. Then Post Baldy Smith, M. B. Carpenter commanding, then Ransom Guards, Capt. J. W. Newton commanding. This company also made a very fine appearance; then the Frontier Engine Company No. 2, and citizens on foot and in carriages. After decorating the graves the oration was delivered by Comrade W. H. McAllister, which was a very well written and thoughtful address upon topics suggested by the day. M. B. C.

AT BRATTLEBORO.

BRATTLEBORO, May 30.

Decoration day was duly observed. At four o'clock p. m., the procession formed under command of Maj. Elijah Wales, consisting of Bellows Falls Band, Knight Templars, Orator, Sedgwick Post Grand Army of the Republic, old soldiers, St. Michael's Temperance Society, Odd Fellows, delegation from the ninth regiment, N. Y. Vols., and a large concourse of citizens on foot and in carriages, and marched to the cemetery, where a square was formed around the soldiers burial lot. The beautiful service of the Grand Army ritual was performed by the officers of the Post, dirges played by the band, prayer by Rev N. Mighill. The orator was full of patriotic sentiment and kind remembrance of the dead, by Comrade Col. Kittredge Haskins, after which the graves were profusely decorated and a benediction pronounced by Rev. E. C. Bass. The procession then re-formed and marched back to the Town Hall and were dismissed. All the business places in town were closed during the exercises, and flags were hung at half mast, public buildings and private dwellings were decorated with evergreens, bunting, and emblems of mourning. During the exercises at the cemetery, there could be no less than three thousand people on the grounds. K. H.

AT MONTPELIER.

MONTPELIER, May 30.

The decoration services here to-day were of great interest. From eight o'clock in the morning, until noon, flowers in great profusion were carried to the village hall, where a committee of ladies were engaged in arranging them in crosses, wreaths, etc. At two o'clock the services in village hall commenced. These consisted of the rendering of part of the ritual by Commander Fred E. Smith, and Senior Vice Commander F. V. Randall. Remarks were then read by Rev. N. N. Glazier, Hon. C. W. Willard, Rev. Dr. W. H. Lord and Gen. Stephen Thomas, interspersed with singing by the select choir, under the leadership of Col. H. D. Hopkins. The hall was packed full, and many were turned away. The services at the hall were interesting, and the speaking and singing extraordinarily good. After these services, teams were provided for such as desired to attend the further ceremonies at the cemetery. All the stores in town were closed, and business generally suspended. P.

AT WHITEHALL.

WHITEHALL, May 30.

A delegation from post J. C. Corbett, decorated the graves in the old cemetery this afternoon. At two o'clock the procession formed. The post, firemen, civic societies and citizens proceeded to Boardman's cemetery. The ceremonies consisted of prayer by Rev. Mr. Harwood, Methodist minister, singing by the choir and anthem, memorial services by the post, strewing flowers and an oration by Rev. Joseph King of Fort Edward. This gentlemen paid a glowing tribute to the living heroes who perilled their lives in many a hard fought battle field. He the delivered an eloquent and touching eulogy on the memory of the "Illustrious dead," who laid down their lives that our nation might live. The programme concluded with imitation of battle; firing musketry and cannon by Major Kingsley, of Fort Ann, a drummer; anthem, America; and benediction by Rev. Mr. Johnson, Baptist minister. The procession was a long one, and the ceremonies called out about two thousand people. Gen. David Barrett, of Dresden, an old soldier, 75 years of age, was grand marshall, and Marven and Antoine Revois, were his aids. W.

A child, five and a half years old, knocked down by a truck, in New York, died from fright. It was not injured otherwise.

One of the most shameful and barefaced humbugs of the day is the manner in which the Pennsylvania monopolists manage the coal trade.

Out of revenge, a villain lately cut down a hundred bearing apple trees in the orchard of D. L. Ingersoll, in Otsego, Wright county, Minn.

Latest News Items.

London has seventeen daily papers.

A Hebrew theological seminary is to be erected in Cincinnati.

A Georgia woman recently rode a mule eighty-one miles in one day.

Fifty-pound rock fish are being caught in the Roanoke, at Weldon N. C.

"A good square meal, $1; a perfect gorge, $1.50." Such is a sign in Michigan.

The Texas Pacific railroad has had a land grant of sixty-eight million acres of the best land in Texas.

An Iowa judge has decided that spitting tobacco in a horse's eyes is worth a sentence of two months in jail.

The Indians of the Bad river reservation Wisconsin, have made upwards of 95,000 pounds of maple sugar this season.

Two Le Mars farmers started out with a $675 lawsuit. It has reached the Supreme Court, and the costs are over $500.

The same car which left San Francisco with the remains of Gen. Canby delivered them in Indianapolis. That was a long trip for a car to make.

Two crippled soldiers, one from the Federal and the other from the Confederate army, have formed a hand-organ partnership in New York.

Samuel E. Goldberg, clothing merchant at Memphis, tenn., has been arrested for an alleged attempt to burn his store to obtain the insurance.

Twenty pupils of the Pittsburg Female College, having become converted, declared their determination to flirt with none but young divinity students hereafter.

At St. Genevieve, Mo., recently, two men entered the bank, forced the cashier to open the safe, and took therefrom $3,500, mounted their horses, fired at the cashier, and rode away.

The Postmaster-General states that he is unable to construe the new postal act to permit the free transmission of exchanges and papers in the county of publication.

Attorney-General Williams denies that he has recommended that the captured Modocs indicted by the Oregon courts, be surrendered to the civil authorities.

In anticipation of the probable advent of the cholera, a bill giving arbitrary powers to the Board of Health has been introduced in the District of Columbia Legislature.

The Naional Association of Manufacturing Chemists held its semi-annual meeting at New York, Wednesday, at the Astor House. Mr. Harrison presided. The officers were re-elected: Mr. Harrison of Philadelphia as president; Dr. Sheppard of Providence as corresponding secretary, Mr. Keyser of Philadelphia as recording secretary and treasurer.

ANOTHER OLD CITIZEN.—One by one the old land marks are swept away by the hand of Time. One by one our old citizens are being called home by the God who gave them being. We are called upon to record the death of one of the oldest of Whitehall farmers, Mr. Reuben Jucket, who departed this life May 22, 1873, at the advanced age of seventy-five. Mr. Jucket was a farmer, having followed that occupation for fifty-four years. By a life of industry and fugality, he has been enabled to provide himself with a fair share of this worlds goods. His word was always as good as his bond, and although prudent with his means, he was ever ready to give wherever a real object of charity was presented. Mr. Jucket was of that circle of business men who laid the foundation of this town, many of whom have passed away. The deceased leaves a son and two daughters, the eldest of the latter being the wife of our respected townsman Sardis Mitchell. His remains were followed to their final resting place by a large circle of friends.—*Whitehall Times.*

Among the arrivals at the Bardwell House May 29th and 30th, were the following: P C Cumming, New York; Peter Kane, Boston; Asa Shove, New York; Rev Angelo Canoll, Lynn, Mass; Wm Y Warren, Buffalo; Chas I. Hubbard, Saxtons River; Geo L Wells, Mason City, La; G B Grimslet, Glen's Falls; H W Mayhen, New York; R H Tupper, Rochester; D L Kent, East Dorset; E H Fifield, Hydeville; Harry Nichol, Jr, Hydeville; C M Townsend, Wallingford; B Gorden Arlington; W B Wright, Bennington; Col Albert Clark, St. Albans; Ira Munson, Wallingford; M E Vail and wife, Middletown; W C Cutting, Pittsford; Cyrus Jennings, Hortonville; John L Baldwin, Albany; John Christmas, Philadelphia; J M Foss, St Albans; O J Irish, Chicago, Ill; J Wilder, Rupert; C C Campbell,