

UNDAY MEMORIAL DAY ADDRESS, DELIVERED BY REV. M. HOLMAN, OF FREE BAPTIST CHURCH, WEST CHARLESTON, MAY 24th, 1896.

Brothers and sisters, gentlemen of the G. A. R., ladies of the G. A. R., sons of Veterans and fellow citizens. The words which I have chosen as the foundation of my remarks, on this occasion you will find recorded Ps. 147:20. "He hath not dealt with any nation." When the committee of the G. A. R. first invited me to address them at this, their first meeting of this kind, I thought of the organization of a Post here, esteemed it, not only a duty, but a privilege to do so, and I would to God at some one might have the privilege of addressing every one of you on every Sabbath Day, until your names are all enrolled on the records of the Grand Army of the Cross. It is with pleasure, that I recall to your memories a few of the important events in our nation's history, which have had a mighty influence in determining its destiny, and some of which have shaken the very foundations of our Union from center to circumference.

The Pilgrim Fathers, being unable to worship God "in Spirit and truth" in their native land, having been imprisoned and punished for attempting it, set sail for America, with the sincere hope of finding a land of liberty and freedom. This desire was not only cherished in the bosom of every true citizen of the Colonies, but to the time of framing the Declaration of Independence and then was embodied in that instrument the following words:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." In the early settler's struggle for property and freedom, God was with them and gave them victory. But ignorant of the terrible wrong that lurked beneath the surface, they made the great mistake, when they founded this country of planting slavery along side with that of the open Bible. This was wrong, and for this nation had to pay the penalty. God taught the people of this country, at the expense of millions of dollars and thousands of precious lives at nations, as well as individuals, he held responsible for their acts and must pay the penalty for wrongs inflicted or permitted. This brings us to face with the great question of slavery. A question that ever agitates itself when we behold the armed and bent forms, or the empty graves of those who fought so nobly put it down. That question which one makes such a day as this possible. War is a wrong to man and hateful to God; But when His plans could be accomplished by no other means God has entrusted them to the sword until His purposes have been secured. It is my firm conviction that our civil war was the consummation of one of the most wide-reaching purposes of Divine Providence—the establishment of the brotherhood of man.

The darkest period of American history was not from 1861 to 1865, when the thunder cloud of civil war overcast the skies, and filled our ears with its terrific thunders. No; that was the sunrise of our nation's day of glory; the noon of the long night preceding was the year 1860. Then slavery was triumphant over this republic. Millard Fillmore had just signed the Fugitive Slave bill, which turned Massachusetts into a hunting ground of slaves, and commanded every citizen to be a slave hunter, with penalties and imprisonment for all who obeyed Jesus Christ by feeding the poor and clothing the naked. The territories had just been opened to slavery by law; the Dred Scott decision was just about to nationalize slavery, asserting that it had a right everywhere in the territories, not by virtue of local and state laws, but by force of the federal constitution. The crime against Kansas was not atoned by the repeal of the Missouri compromise which stood in the way of slavery. The crack of the slaveholder's lash was heard in the national Capitol; and a southern senator had boasted that he would call the roll of slaves beneath the shadow of the Anker Hill monument. The Christian pulpit through a large part of our land was silent. While some were defending the great crime as a divine institution and were, in the words of Shakespeare, "blessing it with a text," while Christian men and saintly women were pining in jails for the crime of teaching children to read the Holy Scriptures, the Bible was a forbidden book, in the cabins of four millions of souls, who most of all needed light and comfort, its cheering promises, in their night of gloom; others saw their children sold, one by one, on the auction block, and torn from their tearful embrace, to be thrust down to the hell of slavery, the daughters to supply the brothels of New Orleans and Mobile, or to endure the brutal lash and the more brutal stings of a pitiless overseer of a cotton

plantation with a peck of corn a week as their legal rations, and the sons to die in the rice swamp, or to be torn by blood-hounds in vain attempt to escape the degradation, the insults, the cruelty, the life-long agony and grinding tyranny, of oppression. But why should we detail the horrors of that system which God in his fierce anger has blotted out forever in the blood of a thousand battle fields? Why should I speak of iniquity framed into a law, which deliberately stripped human beings of their God-given rights, making them stand naked before their enemies with no father, no mother, no brother, no sister, no wife, no husband, no child, no land, no house, no protector, no protection of law, no standing in court, no ballot, no property no education, no bible, no God,—nothing but a master? a system under which no woman was a wife, but every woman a mother; a system which for self-defence became a unit in our national councils, and exerted for 75 years a dominant control over this nation, which terrified the pulpit, and subsidized the press, and drove free speech from the republic and compelled the biographer of a Scotch maiden to suppress from publication the maiden's prayer which ran—

"I was not born a little slave,
To labor in the sun,
To wish I were but in my grave,
And all my labor done."

But the poor dejected and abused slaves, found friends to champion their cause in the persons of Garrison, Sumner, Wendell Phillips, Abraham Lincoln and many others, whom God raised up for that purpose. Wendell Phillips was one of the first to step out and boldly denounce the wrongs of slavery. William Lloyd Garrison was another and their influence was a potent power for good in influencing Charles Sumner to espouse the cause of slavery, a cause that he fought so grandly for, and which won for him laurels unsurpassed by any of America's greatest statesmen or public benefactors. At that time to utter a syllable against slavery in Faneuil Hall, "the Cradle of Liberty," was treason against the Constitution, of the blackest dye,—at this time under these circumstances, on the day of our nation's jubilee, Charles Sumner stood forth before a Boston audience, and proclaimed his subject, which was, "The True Grandeur of Nations;" and this grandeur was peace. And the burden of that oration was, there can be no peace to a wicked nation, and he boldly denounced slavery as wrong, wicked, and inconsistent with our boasted claim of a land of Liberty and Freedom. "Never said one who was present," shall I forget that address, nor the expression of a young lady sitting by my side, who said, 'that is such a man as I would like for a husband.'" Sumner's oration was a thrust at slavery far in advance of anything that had preceded it, and it set the people to thinking and talking as never before about the wrongs of slavery. After about four months' agitation of Sumner's Peace Oration, it culminated in a meeting called at Faneuil Hall by and for all good citizens opposed to the admission of Texas as a Slave State. The battle between slavery and freedom was now fully opened. The slave power had thus far triumphed. The advocates of slavery were defiant and strong. Men in Boston were as arrogant in its defence as men in South Carolina. At this citizen's meeting at Faneuil Hall, Charles Sumner appeared hand in hand with Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison. We are told that the "men of wealth and standing" in Boston, cared not a fig about Garrison. It was all the same to them, whether he had a rope about his neck or a cotton handkerchief. But that Charles Sumner, their pet child, the eminent scholar, the true gentleman, the admired and commended law-lecturer, the friend of Story, and Chancellor Kent; and Wendell Phillips, the most eloquent man of the day, belonging to one of the most honored and conservative families of the Commonwealth,—that these men should appear there with such a rabble, to advocate such a cause was too much. Having no principle to guide them, as John Quincy Adams said, this was a conundrum they could not understand; and when Charles Sumner offered the following resolution, they were simply shocked:—"Be it resolved,—In the name of God, of Christ, and of humanity, that we, belonging to all political parties, and reserving all other reasons of objection, unite in protest against the admission of Texas into the United States as a slave State."

After a hotly contested fight, lasting three months, and requiring 26 ballots, on Jan. 22, 1851, Charles Sumner, the champion of the slaves cause, and the friend of the oppressed everywhere was elected U. S. senator from Mass., and entered the Senate in Dec. 1851. The first speech Mr. Sumner made in the Senate sounded the death knell of slavery. It was inspired by a petition from the denomination of Friends of New England, against the Fugitive Slave Bill. This petition was presented on May 26, 1852, only six months after he entered the Senate Chamber, Sumner had

prepared a speech to accompany the petition, but was not allowed to deliver it. A large majority of the Senate was opposed to it; and, though, he narrowly watched every opportunity, it was three months before he was allowed to deliver that speech. The rules of the Senate then gave him the floor, and he held it for four hours in the face of much opposition. They were hours of torture to the slave holders but of maddened anguish to every Northern senator with Southern principles. But I must forbear, though I like to recall the noble words and grand acts of this, one of America's greatest Statesmen, and one of the grandest examples of devotion to the right, that history gives us any record of. "He dared to be a Daniel, he dared to stand alone, he dared to have a purpose true and dared to make it known." He did not stand entirely alone, but there were but two that could be numbered with him, these were Salmon P. Chase of Ohio, and John P. Hale of New Hampshire. One writer has said, "Three martyrs to the cause of human liberty in America will stand forth a single cluster in the future ages,—John Brown, Abraham Lincoln, and Charles Sumner." Of Brown I have no time to speak, of Lincoln you are too well informed for me to attempt to add to your present knowledge, I only desire to quote his speech at the dedication of the cemetery at Gettysburg, which I will do later on. At the time Sumner entered Congress, the South was united, the North divided. As the struggle deepened, new and bolder spirits arose to leadership in the North. The North cried, "No more slave territory," the South answered, "More or disunion." The compromises of 1850 fired the whole North. It became one vast debating ground, it was rent with discussion everywhere. Family parties were severed, churches rent, political parties fell to pieces, and new ones were formed. Mobs ruled our cities, the press burned with the passion of the hour. Palpits cringed, or thundered their invectives, and the pew answered with applause or frowns. In the awful tempest the Whig party was swept away and another arose that would brook no more compromises, and the footsteps of the "irrepressible conflict" were heard on the threshold. Kansas had become the bloody skirmish-ground of the impending conflict. The country stood with bated breath. Suddenly the crack of John Brown's rifles among the hills of Virginia gave warning of the impending conflict. The Republican party met in convention "to nominate Seward, and God led Lincoln to the door." The South understood what this meant and answered by secession." Then the North fell on its knees and offered the South anything—everything if she would return. Congress hastened to propose to amend the Constitution forever forbidding the abolition of slavery. This was the South's opportunity, but she refused to listen. God was hardening Pharaoh's heart; He was driving him to the Red Sea. Then it was that the South made her supreme blunder. Had she gone no farther a peaceable settlement would have taken place and a new nation would have been formed, with slavery as its chief cornerstone. But pushed on by an unseen hand, little suspecting its effect on the North, and hoping thereby to secure the secession of the border states she fired on the flag at Sumpter. That flag that enfolded the most precious hopes of humanity.

Then was witnessed the grandest scene of history. The hostile parties of the North flowed together, and up sprang the volunteer soldiers of America offering to die for their country. Then it was the world saw the very paths of patriotism; saw women giving their bravest and their best to flying bullets and flashing steel, and men offering to die without a murmur for their country. Many of these men had never seen a company of armed men, but from them came a heroism and courage never excelled. And it was not courage against cowardice, intelligence against ignorance, strength against weakness. No, it was courage against courage, endurance against endurance. When Sherman and Johnson met; when Sheridan and Stonewall Jackson rode in from North and South; when Grant and Lee stood face to face, it was no dress parade. But only the South realized the scope of the war. She sought to destroy the union in order to preserve slavery; the North thought only to preserve the Union; she had no intention of destroying slavery.

On July 22nd, 1861, with but two dissenting votes, Congress declared the purpose of the North was "to defend the Constitution, with all the rights of the slave states." With that design she sent out her armies, and God gave them defeat instead of victory. By failure He lashed and scourged the conscience of the North, until at last it was burned into her heart that God's blessing would not rest upon her arms until they were used for the abolition of slavery. Stronger and stronger grew this conviction, till from marching columns

by day and camp-fires by night was heard the anthem of liberty, and as "Christ had died to make men holy, they would die to make them free." In Sept., 1862, Lincoln vowed that if Lee were driven from Maryland he would abolish slavery. And on the 17th of that month, his prayer was answered at Antietam. Five days later he issued his provisional proclamation of emancipation, and on the first day of Jan. 1863, he made it absolute. From that day the tide turned, God blessed our arms, and victory perched upon our banners. From the first to the fourth, of July was fought the decisive battle of the war—a battle that has made the little town of Gettysburg forever memorable in the annals of the world. It is past the power of any pen of mind to describe the horrors of a battle like that; but God blessed the "Boys in Blue" and gave them the victory: the command to retreat was heard in the Confederate ranks, and they fell back carrying in their arms the corpse of the Confederacy. Back to its grave at Appomattox they bore it, their muffled drums beating the requiem of the "Lost Cause." Then in the Constitution was written that which the Declaration of INDEPENDENCE had declared long before, "That all men are created equal."

The speaker at this point gave with much appropriateness the immortal words of Lincoln, which he used at the time of the dedication of the National cemetery at Gettysburg. But I must hasten on. When the war was over, as quickly as the volunteers had rushed to arms did they disperse. Some with empty sleeves, some with crutches, multitudes with seeds of disease, sown by hardship and exposure. And then we cannot forget the multitudes who did not return, but sleep in Southern graves. Day by day others are being mustered out. To them we owe a debt of gratitude too deep for words. We, who reap the splendor of their achievement and enjoy the peace that followed the victory of their arms, are debtors in a measure that cannot be cancelled. We are glad to offer this tribute to those who counted life not dear, if, by its sacrifice, they might preserve the union and leave an undivided land of Freedom. We rejoice in the spirit that guards so tenderly their memory, loves even their dust, and strips our homes of their rarest flowers to scatter on their graves annually. I would not forget to speak of the brave wives and mothers, who, with breaking hearts, sent husbands and sons to fight and, if need be to die for the Union. Upon them rested the heaviest cross—the deep silent anguish of suspense. Oh! What hours, days, and years of waiting, longing and repining. And when the message came that darkened their lips homes forever, they pressed their lips more tightly together and went forth to fight life's battles alone. Nor can we forget those noble women who, overcoming the timidity natural to their sex, went as ministering angels to the hospitals and battlefields. It was the woman's soft hand that stanching the bleeding wounds and cooled the fevered brow; it was woman's tears that fell upon the dead. This day calls us to hold fast the principles for which they battled. It is not enough that God's great purpose should have a place in our written law; it must find a place in our hearts. It must be an equality that the poorest can enjoy, and the richest dare not deny.

But this service has another purpose, I think it has been plainly shown that God favored the cause of freedom, that cause for which these veterans fought so nobly. And God's providential care has been most marked towards this nation always. Almost in spite of ourselves, he has pushed us on to that which is our glory. Surely we should acknowledge Him through whom it has come. In our Constitution where is enthroned His great purpose, He should be acknowledged whose right it is to reign. His revealed Word should be our highest law. His holy day be defended by law. Only in their larger recognition can we come at last to that "exceeding and eternal weight of glory laid up for us."

Veterans, my last words are to you. There are victories yet to be won, foes to be overcome, enemies to conquer. Let not your past grand record be tarnished, in these your last and should be your best days, by any lack of readiness to stand up and do battle for the right. One by one, the G. A. R. ranks are being lessened, you are all drawing toward the evening. Soon the call will come to you. Your life has been a mingling of glory and of gloom. What shall its end be? Some of you are moving toward a glorious sunset, and some, perhaps, toward one of gloom: for it must be gloom unless "Christ be in you with the hope of glory." Dear friends, I crave for you all a life upon whose heights and depths the light will never go out, but grow brighter and brighter until the perfect day that needs not the sun, "for the Lord God is the light thereof." Veterans, let me commend to you a Saviour who, when life's battles are over, will give to you the palm of victory and the crown of life.

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STATEMENT SHOWING THE CONDITION OF THE **Orleans Trust Co.,** Newport, Vt., **JANUARY 1, 1896.**

RESOURCES:	
Loans on First Mortgages	\$237,954.00
Loans with other Collateral	13,648.00
Loans on other Collateral Security	6,300.00
Personal Notes	1,327.25
Municipal bonds at par	6,300.00
Ten Shares Stock Newport National Bank at par	1,000.00
Ten Shares Stock Island Pond National Bank at par	1,000.00
Loans on Towns Village and school Disbursements	1,048.92
Real Estate	1,400.00
Furniture and Fixtures	500.00
Interest on all accounts	8,747.33
Cash on hand and on deposit in National Banks	31,284.56
Total	\$414,713.12
LIABILITIES:	
Capital stock paid in	\$51,000.00
Due 147 Depositors	257,265.25
Treasurer's checks outstanding	224.37
Due State of Vermont, Taxes	956.13
Unearned Discounts	127.07
Undivided Profits	6,100.30
Total	\$414,713.12

C. A. PROUTY, President. P. J. FARREL, Treasurer.

RUPTURE CURED OR NO PAY! In June, 1895, I visited Philadelphia and took lessons in the **Radical Treatment of Hernia** by the injection method. This plan involves but a small amount of pain, and but little or no detention from business. I guarantee satisfactory cures or NO PAY. I also treat all forms of Hemorrhoidal (or Pile) Troubles. References on application. **J. C. CAMPBELL, M. D., Albany, Vt.**



Joyously we hail the Washer, Sent from Erie's distant shore; Pleasant smiles now wreath our faces, And "Blue Monday" comes no more; Rain or shine the clothes-line vaneth King of patents is your washer. Each lady sounds its praises o'er, Renouncing wash-boards evermore. Friend of the sex, thy name we'll bless. Remembering days of yore, Each matron shows her well worn board, Dear fingers red and sore; Oh, what a change; we sit to wash, Nor stand no more bent double; Instead of tears, our wash days now Are pleasures more than trouble. We've no more boiling and steaming, And soiling of clear window panes; Soap suds boiling and our little Washer Hastily removes all stains. Each day we prize our treasure more, Recounting its varied values o'er. Convenience, comfort, art combined, Oh heaven bless the inventive mind. Hills of Michigan resound In praise of this famous washer; Lovely ladies gathered round—Such a wonder ne'er before was found; Delightful, you'll at once exclaim, Let your eye to know the maker's name; And long run down these lines; Each letter there you'll find. Men and maidens courage take In contemplating the marriage state. Cheap wash bills now are all the go; He that buys this washer will find it so.

"Barton, Vt., Oct. 2. Having used the Fredonia Washer in our several families, believe it to be the most practical washer in use, and would heartily recommend it to our friends. Mrs. Wm. H. MASTIN, Mrs. A. M. TOWER, Mrs. H. A. GLAZIER. We merely ask you to take one home on trial and FOLLOW DIRECTIONS."

H. T. SEAVER.

PLANTS!

J. R. FARRANT wishes to inform his customers and public in general that he has the largest stock of

Plants

that he has ever had, both for window and bedding purposes. If you will send me the size of your flower beds, I will tell you just what it will cost to fill them, with whatever you may wish. We can supply you with

Coleus, Alternanthera and Geraniums

by the single number, dozen, hundred, or thousand; also

Hundreds of Other Varieties

Pansies are now in full flower; come and choose for yourself. You are also welcome to come and look around the green houses, if you do not wish to buy.

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Iron and Steel, Blacksmith's Coal, Horseshoe Nails, Chains, etc.,

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For Sale.

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