

IN MEMORIAM.



MAY 30, 1871.

In Memoriam.

PROCEEDINGS

OF

A. ST. JOHN CHAMBRÉ POST,

No. 72,

Grand Army of the Republic,

DEPARTMENT OF MASS.

ON MEMORIAL DAY.

Stoughton, Tuesday, May 30, 1871.

BOSTON:

PRINTED BY J. S. SPOONER, FRANKLIN STREET.

PRESENT OFFICERS.

Commander,

A. ST. JOHN CHAMBRÉ.

Senior Vice-Commander,

HENRY A. MONK.

Junior Vice-Commander,

LYSANDER WOOD.

Adjutant,

M. O. WHEATON.

Quarter-Master,

SAMUEL L. CRANE.

Surgeon,

Officer of the Day,

HENRY H. WAUGH.

Officer of the Guard,

HORACE A. DRAKE.

Sergeant-Major,

HENRY E. STROUT.

Quarter-Master Sergeant,

CHARLES T. DRAKE.



PROCEEDINGS.

THE Post assembled at its Armory on Tuesday, at 7.30 A. M. Marching by column of companies, under its Commander, to the head of Pleasant street, carriages were there taken for East Stoughton. The Post was accompanied by the Randolph Cornet Band. On arriving at the Baptist Church at East Stoughton, the Post was joined by the Baptist Sunday School, the Public Schools, and citizens generally. A detachment of young Ladies with flowers also accompanied the Post. The column moved to the Cemetery, where a Hymn was sung by a select choir, and the following address was delivered by the Rev. J. K. CHASE, Pastor of the Baptist Church.

ADDRESS.

Mr. Commander, and Soldiers of the G. A. R., and fellow-citizens :

ONCE more my friends, we visit the graves of the patriot dead. To-day thought will be busy and affection will weep. The scenes of the great past come rolling in upon us as waves of the sea, while the solemn present will throw its charms all around us.

You now think of the bloody field of Antietam, the heights of Fredericksburg, and the ravines and ridges of Gettysburg, of the dreadful Wilderness where the conflict was so hot and deadly; you think of Western prairies and Southern jungles, of the mines and rifle pits of Petersburg; you think of Honoke and Newbern where victories were given and darkness rose from our land, — and as you thus look back a mighty cloud of witnesses gather all around you.

Your comrades who fell on the long march or the bloody battle-field, or died in the hospital or came

home to breathe their last in the arms of loved ones, will still live. Though dead they speak: for the virtuous, the brave and good never die.

The men among whose graves we walk and which we decorate to-day, are still living. They live in the gratitude of the nation, in the hearts of friends, and will live from generation to generation in the memory of millions. They will live on the tongue of the orator, in the lines of the poet, in hall and tablet, in yearly floral offerings and in the star-spangled banner.

And now, my friends, standing where we do to-day, —upon consecrated ground—let us not forget the rich inheritance bequeathed us. What a country is spread out before us! Here is room for all professions, avocations and industries.

In view of the sufferings so patiently borne and the costly sacrifices made by the brave dead and patriot living, let us more justly estimate our free institutions and be more faithful to our high trust.

But here we would not forget that war must by and by cease. As men rise from their baser powers into the intellectual and moral, and open their hearts to the spirit of the Gospel of Christ, they will become tired of the horrors of war and long for Universal Peace. So we rejoice that the time is coming when every military school shall be closed, the last weapon of defence made and when man shall learn war no more.

"Then hush the loud cannon's roar,
The frantic warrior's call!
Why should the earth be drenched with gore?
Are we not brothers all?
Churches and Sects, strike down
Each mean partition wall,
Let love each harsher feeling drown—
Christians are brothers all.
Let love and truth alone
Hold human hearts in thrall,
That heaven its work on earth may own,
And men be brothers all."

The Rev. gentleman then offered the following

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O LORD God of our fathers and brothers, in whom we live, move and have our being! We give thee thanks that thou hast graciously preserved us another year, and now, to-day, brought us in thy good Providence to this consecrated spot. We are reminded of thy great goodness and mercy to our country, and through its history, especially during the late long and awful struggle through which thou hast brought us. We thank thee that when this country called, so many men were inspired by Thee and led to fly to arms; that they so bravely met the foe on the field, and after so many reverses were finally completely victorious. Among those gallant soldiers were our comrades and friends whose dust is to-day reposing beneath flowers and the folds of that flag for which they suffered so much, and for which so many of them died.

We thank thee, O God, for their patriotism, suffering and sacrifices. Some of those who sleep here have died the past year, one* of whom, brave as a soldier and promising as a citizen, fell by the hand of the assassin, while another,† young in years, but rich in faith and good works, was suddenly taken from us. Bless, O God, to us and their country the memory of their virtues and deeds. And we beseech of Thee to accept our devout thanks for all the social, civil and religious privileges we enjoy. Preserve to us our common country, with all its free Institutions. May we never forget the cost in treasure and blood at which these have been purchased and preserved.

And now, O Lord, we commend to Thee the friends of our patriot dead; the Commander and officers and members of this Post, with the entire Grand Army of the Republic. We also pray for all the surviving widows and children and friends of the sleeping

*OFFICER PACKARD.

†C. H. SHAW.

braves. May they not be forgotten by the present and rising generations.

And O Father, may we learn from the signs of the times, and rejoice in all that is bright and promising in them. There is a glorious day dawning. We thank thee the time is coming when every military school will be closed, when nation will not lift up sword against nation any more, and when the art of war will cease forever. Hasten that day, and fill the earth with thy glory! And to the Father, Son, and Spirit shall be the praise forever. *Amen.*

The exercises concluded with another Hymn, after which the graves of deceased soldiers were decorated by the Post and by young Ladies detailed for that purpose.

In returning, the Post visited the Cemetery at North Stoughton, being joined by the School children and citizens at the Methodist Protestant church. The services at this Cemetery were conducted by the Commander in person, who offered prayer.

The Post, with the Selectmen, the School Committee, the Rev. Clergy, and other invited guests dined together in Crispin Hall, Stoughton Centre, at 12.30 P.M.

The line was formed promptly at 1.45, agreeably to previous orders, under the chief Marshalship of Capt. J. A. BOWDLEAR, assisted by an able corps of young gentlemen acting as aids, all mounted. There were in the procession, besides the Post, Stoughton Lodge, No. 72, I. O. O. F., a detachment of some 50 young Ladies with flowers, the Public Schools and their teachers, and the citizens generally. Business generally was suspended; and the day was more fully observed than on any previous occasion. Owing to the extreme and unprecedented heat of the day (103° in the shade at 1 o'clock, P.M.), the Address and Prayer were in the Orthodox Congregational Church, kindly placed at the service of the Post by the Pastor, Rev. THOMAS WILSON. These services took place at 2 o'clock, as follows:

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BY

REV. THOMAS WILSON.

FELLOW CITIZENS, AND SOLDIERS OF THE G. A. R. :

THE occasion which convenes us on this sacred spot, is one of peculiar and tender interest. In accordance with the appointment of your National Encampment, this day has been set apart as an appropriate time in which, year by year, the graves of your departed comrades should be decorated with fresh and fragrant spring-flowers ; and with the starry flag which they loved so well, and for which they fought so bravely. As one has truly said : " It is the fittest of all blossoms to bloom above a soldier's grave." Though the day is not the anniversary of any important event in the war, it will doubtless become the real " May-day " of a loyal and patriotic people. Its sole purpose is to perpetuate the memory of our fallen heroes who gave their lives for their country.

" DECORATION DAY," with its simple yet impressive memorial services, will thus hold a sacred and a permanent place in the American heart. It bids fair to become a national holiday, like the 22nd of February, or the 4th of July ; for it is devoted to one of the most sacred objects that can enlist the sympathies of a grateful people. In every cemetery in the loyal North where a patriot soldier " sleeps his last sleep " from which no reveille can awaken him, brotherly hands and hearts to-day will lay their graceful offerings of tender and true remembrance upon the grassy grave.

It is well that the name and the fame of the honored dead should be thus continually commemorated. The memory of their valor, their patriotism, their self-

sacrifice, should be carefully kept by us who are reaping the glorious results of their noble deeds. It is well that business should pause in its eager race for wealth, and learn that there is something nobler and more enduring than the gains of trade. It is well that our children should unite in these memorial services, and get here their first and most lasting lessons of patriotism; and thus see that our people honor something besides success in life. It is well that the nation should annually consecrate a day in which to pay some fitting homage to those who gave up all they could give, that we might have a country worthy of the costly sacrifice. There is ample reason why we should *all* make at least a yearly pilgrimage to their graves, who died that we might live. It is eminently fitting that we should deck their silent and sacred resting-places with the products of that land which they stained with their blood, in order to save to their posterity.

There are indeed many hearts that will never cease to cherish the fondest memories of "the loved and lost." The lonely widow cannot forget the husband of her youth and the father of her children, who went out at his imperilled country's call with her benediction, and came not back again, or returned only to die. And those numerous orphans, who are to be found in every city and town, village and hamlet of our land, will ever revere the memory of their soldier sires who perished in defence of their country. The surviving comrades too of these dead patriots who with them "carried the flag and kept step to the music of the Union," will always remember those who fell at their side. But there is a duty also resting upon the people, to cherish the memory of these self-sacrificing patriots; for the living are reaping the benefit of the toils and triumphs of the dead. It becomes us, therefore, to consider the responsibilities which are thus devolved upon us; for there are lessons of the head to be gained, as well as sentiments of the heart

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I. Let us, then, "ever remember and never forget" that all the vast outlay of means, and the still costlier sacrifice of men, which were caused by the late civil war, were made in order *to preserve the nation's life*.

To "save the Union" was the first impulse of patriotism which stirred the heart of the people, when the national flag was fired upon at Sumter by rebel and traitorous hands. The tide of mingled indignation and enthusiasm which rolled over the North, was utterly unexpected. The uprising of a great people, in the majesty of their strength and the singleness of their purpose, to defend their own existence as a nation, which had already lasted more than three-quarters of a century, presented a truly sublime spectacle. The intense spirit of nationality which was then developed, existed indeed before, but it was comparatively latent; and it was roused only when the conviction was reached, that the country was in imminent danger of dismemberment. It has now become the ruling desire of the people. The great and growing states of the West especially recognize no other theory of government. But though this sentiment of nationality, in its present pronounced form, is of recent growth, it is yet of great influence. It is now one of the prime movers in our governmental forces. It will serve to compact our people, of heterogeneous origin as they are and with widely different interests and pursuits, into one solid power, to take and to keep its rank among the foremost nations of the world. Our "manifest destiny," as depicted in such glowing colors by political orators, seems about to be realized. As never before, we have now become essentially one nation. There is one life pulsating through all our arteries. Henceforth one soul is to animate all these truly "United States."

The stability of the national government, on the basis of constitutional law, is what is most needed and most desired by all true patriots. The means by which that is now to be secured must be determined by the united wisdom of the people themselves. There is now but little, if any, disposition to grieve over the sacrifices which were demanded by the war for the preservation of the Union. The tens of thousands of precious lives that were lost, and the thousands of millions of material treasures that were expended, — fearful as the sacrifice was felt to be at the time, — are now regarded as a fit offering for the national life. No great and lasting benefit in this world is ever secured without some adequate compensation. The noble martyrs of "Liberty and Union" have cemented the States together as one nation forever by their blood.

The patriotic spirit of that nameless cavalry-man, who was borne from a hard-fought field of battle near Nashville to the hospital with a shattered arm, animated the most of our citizen soldiery. The wounded hero was laid upon the amputating-table, under the influence of chloroform. The surgeon cut off his disabled right arm, and cast it all bleeding upon the pile of similar human limbs. The attendants then laid him gently upon his cot. He awoke from his stupor, and missed his arm. With his left hand he lifted the cloth, and there was nothing but the gory stump. "Where's my arm?" he cried. "Get my arm: I want to see it once more, — my strong right arm!" They brought it to him. He took hold of the cold, clammy fingers; and, looking steadfastly at the poor dead member, thus addressed it with tearful earnestness: "Good-by, old arm! We have been a long time together. We must part now. Good-by, old arm! You'll never fire another carbine, or swing another sabre, for the government!" The tears rolled down his manly face, and he said to those standing by, — "Understand, I don't regret its loss. It has been

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torn from my body, that not one State should be torn from this glorious Union!" Such was the spirit of patriotism which filled and fired the hearts of those who were ready to give up life itself in behalf of their native or adopted country.

The preamble to the Constitution declares its purpose to be "*to make a more perfect Union*" than the "Articles of Confederation," which were first adopted at the opening of the Revolutionary war, could secure. The motto then selected for the country was "*E pluribus unum*,"—"ONE out of many." And the war of the Rebellion has forever consolidated that Union. The rival doctrines of State sovereignty and National supremacy met in the shock of battle; and after being hotly contested by bullet and bayonet on many a bloody field for four tedious and terrible years, the final judgment was rendered at Appomattox Court House, April 9, 1865. Then that sword which was drawn in behalf of "State Rights," and which the victor said "could not be worn by a braver man," was surrendered to one whom the nation has delighted to honor, and on whom it has bestowed the highest office in the gift of the Republic. This settled the point that the ultimate allegiance of the people was due, not to the State, but to the Nation. The heresy of disunion was thus exploded for all time. We are now a *Nation* of freemen! Our new and nobler life has received the baptism of blood. Henceforth regenerated, re-united, redeemed, we have a mission to fulfil, which may well engage the energies of a great, prosperous and free people.

As one of the distinctive parties into which our country is necessarily divided, has recently declared by formal "resolution" in Kentucky: "The time must soon come in this nation,—and the sooner the better,—when every individual will feel that he is, or may be, an *American citizen* in the broadest acception of that term; and that citizenship necessarily implies equality of burdens and duties, rights and

privileges, modified only by the peculiar capacities and circumstances of each citizen." This is the loyal, patriot feeling which we should ever cherish. It was the inspiration of those who followed "the star-spangled banner" of their country into the vortex of death.

"Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through our battle-fields thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!"

II. But the task of defending the nation's life was but part of that great duty which was devolved upon the people by the late war. As that required the exhibition of the purest patriotism, so *the work of reconstruction* under the new order of things, demands the exercise of the highest statesmanship of the land.

The breaking up of the social system of the Southern States, which had "grown with their growth, and strengthened with their strength," must needs have created great disorganization. The emancipation of more than four million of people, from the worst form of servitude on the face of the earth, to the condition of freemen with the ballot as well as the bayonet in their hands, was naturally attended with wide-spread convulsions of the social order. And yet impartial testimony abundantly shows that the turbulent and unsettled condition of affairs which has lately prevailed, has been brought about mainly by those who were naturally reluctant to have their magisterial authority thus summarily set aside. The recently enfranchised colored people have, as a class, shown themselves eager to learn and willing to work. They are docile, tractable, temperate. But they have been made the subjects of a persecution as bitter and relentless, as it was uncalled for and unjustifiable. The lawless violence which has prevailed in some portions of the South, has produced a reign of terror of which we have no adequate conception here at the North. The torch of the incendiary and the pistol

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of the assassin have been freely and fiercely used; and the victims are as truly martyrs to the cause of liberty, as any who fell on the field of battle.

Such a state of anarchy cannot long continue without greatly impairing and imperilling our form of government. A democratic republic must depend for its efficiency in the very nature of the case, upon the intelligence, the virtue, and the patriotism of the people. A policy that is honest, far-seeing, and courageous must be pursued, in order to give that feeling of security, which is essential to the permanent peace of the country. No old sores should be kept open as festering wounds to be a source of perpetual irritation to the citizens in different sections of the land. A true magnanimity should be shown in dealing with those who were once insanely arrayed against the life of their own nation. That saddest of all strifes,—a civil war,—should not be allowed to perpetuate itself in the hearts of the people. The seeds of alienation and variance that were then sown, should be extirpated as soon as possible; for a great and free country can afford to be generous. The victories of war, illustrious as they were, ought to be surpassed by the triumphs of peace. The unity of the nation on the basis of freedom, is to be sought as the one great object which was settled by the costly contest. In the work of reorganization that has since been going on, the national government has necessarily moved somewhat experimentally, because it was obliged to go in an untrodden path. The labor to be done was as great in magnitude and as difficult in adjustment as that "which tasked the genius of those masters of political science, who first framed the Constitution."

Alexander Hamilton, one of the foremost spirits of those stirring times, and whose moulding mind has left its impress on the institutions of our land, declared, in view of the finished task of the Convention which had framed the *Magna Charta* of this country, and its

practical operation, that, "The judgments of many must unite in the work. Experience must guide their labor. Time must bring it to perfection. The feeling of inconveniences must correct the mistakes which the people inevitably fall into, in their first trials and experiments." And so in like manner, it must be left to time and experience to bring us out of the difficulties, manifold and delicate as they are, which have arisen since the close of the war.

If the country is to be led safely through "the dark mazes of this tangled wood," it must follow the guidance of its purest patriots and most judicious statesmen. The general and hearty acceptance of those terms of settlement, which the Constitutional amendments propose, would doubtless do much to secure that universal peace and order which every good citizen desires. If they are acknowledged as a valid and final adjustment of the troubles that have existed, then the whole country would start forward on a career of prosperity that would eclipse all past attainments. Let the purpose to maintain them become the prevailing and permanent sentiment of the people, and it would do more than anything else that could now be done to trample out the political heresy of State sovereignty which plunged the country into all the horrors of fratricidal strife.

By the Constitution, as amended, the inhabitants of the whole land are invested with the rights of citizenship irrespective of race or color; and the National government is empowered to defend their rights and maintain their privileges. This is now the supreme law of the land. And so long as the several State governments recognize this fact, and conduct their own internal affairs accordingly, there will be no clashing of authority. There will then be no need of national interference with local administrations. But whenever these subordinate powers fail to secure the ends proposed by this revised charter of our national life, then the General Government must assert and exer-

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cise its authority for the public good. It must vindicate its supreme sovereignty, for this Great Republic is "a government *of* the people, *by* the people, and *for* the people."

The new life of the nation is not to be sacrificed by fraud or smitten by force. Its security and perpetuity are the chief care now of those patriots, both citizens and soldiers, who have survived the long and fearful conflict which rescued it from ruin. They are not to be cheated out of the results of their costly self-sacrifice, by any chicanery however adroit, or by any intimidation however unscrupulous. Addressing themselves to the greater task that now remains to be done, of developing the illimitable resources of the country, and establishing its prosperity for all future ages, they will continue to guard its safety and its honor as they would their own. For in the language of Sir William Jones, uttered a century ago :

"What constitutes a State? * *
Men who their duties know
But know their rights; and knowing, dare maintain,—
* * These constitute a State:
Where sovereign law, that State's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress,—crowning good, repressing ill."

And now, Soldiers of the "G. A. R.," you come to the special duty of the hour. It is eminently appropriate that the military survivors of the heroic and honored dead should conduct that simple, yet significant rite which has been so fittingly chosen as a memorial service.

"Where comrades sleep their last long sleep of death,
The country's flag above them waves;
A grateful land their annual requiem saith,
Pausing in grief around their graves.
They come, they come with garlands fresh and fair,
They come, they come with measured tread;
Filling with fragrance all the echoing air,
And sprinkling flowers o'er the dead."

—Rev. J. E. Rankin, D.D.

Calling in the aid of youth and beauty, in whose hearts the fires of patriotism ever burned brightly, you will decorate these graves of the cherished dead. Two of your number who were with us a year ago, now lie cold and low in death:—one hurried from our midst by the hand of violence, the other passing away by slow and wasting disease. Thus, year by year, the lessening number of the living is diminished, while the growing multitude of the dead is increased.

"So nobly live that for each name
A patriot's birth-right thou may'st claim."

—Shelley.

We can add nothing to their honor; that is assured forever! They wear a crown of unfading glory, for they gave up life itself, all they could give, as a sacrifice for their country. But we can keep alive their memory; and that, it is alike our duty and our privilege to do. And while we visit their several and sacred resting-places in all parts of our town, let us have a thought, and perhaps a tear, for those whose precious dust mingles with the soil of every State which bore the shock of battle; "for the one hundred and fifty thousand Northern dead now and forever reposing in the South, over most of whose graves, is or may be written that saddest of words, '*Unknown!*'"

"We may not know, O Earth, where 'neath thy breast
The sainted heroes of our country rest;
Enshrined within our hearts their memories live,
Their blood the richest offering they could give."

The spontaneous and universal cordiality with which "Decoration Day" has been welcomed, and the eagerness with which its observance has been adopted, attest the patriotism that abides in the national heart. As Sir William Collins sang a century and a quarter ago, as if in view of this very scene which is transpiring to-day in so many places all over our land:—

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"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung,
There Honor comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!"

The Prayer was offered by **Rev. Z. O. HAINES**, of the **M. E. Church**.

The music was from a select choir under the direction of **Mr. LUTHER S. LEACH**.

The line of march was then taken to the Cemetery, where an immense crowd was assembled, notwithstanding the extreme heat and dust. The graves were decorated by the Post, assisted by the detachment of young ladies. Two young ladies with two comrades of the Post decorated each a grave, until all were visited.

On returning to the village, the Commander, finding all greatly exhausted by the labors of the day, dismissed the Parade, but sent in carriages a detail, under command of **Capt. HENRY H. WAUGH**, Officer of the Day, to visit and properly decorate the graves in the old burying ground, the Roman Catholic Cemetery and the Cemetery at Dry Pond.

The exercises of the day were all exceedingly satisfactory. That all the plans of the Post were not carried out more completely, and that the crowd who assembled in the Cemetery to hear the address was greatly disappointed, must be charged to the terrible heat.

For the great interest manifested in the solemn duties of the day by the citizens generally, for gifts of flowers, for presence of schools and other organizations, for words of cheer and kindness, to the young ladies who nobly braved the heat and dust in discharging the office assigned them, to the choirs, the orators and chaplains, to those who provided and those who waited at the dinner, to the chief Marshal and his aids, to the Town for its generous appropriation, and to all those who in any way aided upon this occasion, the grateful thanks of the Post are due, and are respectfully tendered.

NAMES OF DECEASED COMRADES WHOSE GRAVES WERE DECORATED.

Evergreen Cemetery.

AUSTIN, JAMES
BURTON, GEO.
BURRELL, ALPHONZO
DARLING, H. A.
EATON, C. H.
FOSTER, T. B.
HOLBROOK, R. J.
HANSELL, EDWARD
HENRY, G. P.
JOHNSON, C. E.
PACKARD, HOSEA
PERKINS, E. L.

PERKINS, CHARLES
RICHARDSON, F. A.
SHEPHERD, MARCUS M.
SMITH, J. T. F.
SOUTHWORTH, DALLAS
STEVENS, BRADFORD
STEVENS, FRANK
TAYLOR, S. J. B.
TAYLOR, CHAS.
THOMPSON, R. G.
TILDEN, ALBERT
TILDEN, GEO. A.

East Stoughton.

PACKARD, C. MINOT
PAGE, WM. T. JR.
TUTTLE, GEO.

North Stoughton.

BEALS, DAVID
BRACKETT, LORING
SLOAN, JOSEPH.

Dry Pond.

COBBETT, GEO. C.
MORSE, HERBERT
RICHARDSON, G. R.

Catholic Cemetery.

DALEY, MICHAEL
KING, —
GILLEN, THOS.
LANDY, PATRICK
RICE, JOHN B.

