

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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P R A Y E R .

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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FELLOW CITIZENS,

The occasion with the appointment of this day has been which, year by year, comrades should spring-flowers; loved so well, as one has truly said, a day is not the day of the war, it will be a loyal and to perpetuate gave their lives

"DECORATED" memorial service become a permanent place on the 4th of July, the most sacred day in North Stoughton, from which hands and feet of the grave.

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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."

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