

Abbott Albert H	1
Abbott Lewis S	1
- Aiken Samuel	2
Adams John B	29
Allen, Walter B.	55
- Abbott, Moses B.	55
- " William A.	63
- " Edward P	69
Austin, Edward Loman	71
- Ashworth, James.	83
- Abbott Walter B	85
Abbott, William J.	93

Buchan, George
Berry, J. Warren

- 83	Bagley Thomas A	3
89	Bodwell Willard H	3
	Bingham Samuel R	3
	Burr Charles H	3
-	Bailey George A	9
-	Barnard Charles S	9
✓	Bailey James H	29
-	Bell Joseph	36
-	Berry Israel A	36
-	Black James S	36
-	Bolton William A	31
-	Brady James L	31
-	Bryant Raphael H	31
-	Berry Horace R	41
	Bailey Joshua C	51
-	Blunt Samuel W.	51
-	Barfield John Jr.	53
-	Blunt J. Milton	57
-	Black Thomas W	57
	Buxton Elijah	57
-	Bell Charles H	61
	Bean Jonathan M	65
	Bradley Leverett Jr	69
-	Brown George T.	73
-	Barnard George N.	75
-	Bell Robert	79

B

Chapel cemetery

109

Catholic cemetery

113

Callahan, Henry
 Clark, George B.
 Carruth, Patrick

87	Callahan Charles H	-	3
89	Carruth Charles H		9
93	Chandler Joseph Dr		9
	Cassels Frank		11
	Chandler Albert B	-	17
	Clement Charles A		17
	Crowther James		17
	Cutler Charles H		19
	Cutler Bramville H	-	19
	Carruth, Isaac S.	-	41
	Clemens, Charles E.		47
	Currier, Wazem		49
	Craig David	x	51
	Carruth, Col. Sumner		55
	Charnley, William		59
	Craig, George	r	63
	Clark, Aaron S.	x	65
	Cheever, Benjamin	+	65
	Clinton, Malachi		65
	Cummings, Prainard.		67
	Craig, William.		71
	Chandler, Henry T.	+	77
	Cook, John	x	77
	Cutter, A. B.	x	77
	Cheever, Samuel.	x	89

C

Decoration Day 1868 - Page 121 no oration

- " " 1869. " 125 " "
- " " 1870. " 129 " "
- " " 1871. " 133. Hull 135
- " " 1872. " 161. Seymour 165
- " " 1873 " 175. Davis 179
- " " 1874. " 215. Merrill 219
- " " 1875. " 279. Christie 283
- " " 1876. " 333 Douglas 335
- " " 1877. " 369. Blakeslee 371
- " " 1878. " 433. Stevens 435

Donnally, John.		23
Dane, Joseph Emerson.		43
Dwaine, Daniel, Jr	x	47
Loray, John		67
Davis, Edward H.		71
Dove, George W. W.		81
Dane, E. Moore		83
Dugherty		85
Dearborn, John S.	x	85
Dane, George	x	95
Dodge, George S.		95
Dolliver, J. W.		97
Dawson, Jackson.		97

D

Episcopal Seminary

111

Horvath George

17

Hostes James H

19

E

Findley James S	7	1
Findley John A	4	1
Farnham David J	4	17
Farnham Samuel P	-	17
Farmer Richard	-	19
Farnham Orrin L	-	19
Foye Henoah C	-	19
Foye Newton B.	-	25
Farmer George S.	47	33
Frye, Isaac.		49
Frye, Miner Gates.		57
Fisher, Edward C.		83
Flint, Charles W.		91
Fielding, George W.		93
Farnham, Moses L.		97

F

Gillispie, William	x	25
Grant, Charles W		25
Grant, George W	-	25
Goldsmith, Jeremiah	x	27
Greeley, William	-	33
Goldsmith, Josiah		43
Graham, James W.		45
Gardner, Charles J.		53
Goldsmith, Joseph	x	57
Greene, William W.	x	61
Gordon, Rev. M. D.		67
Gilson, Albert A.		81
Grandy, Henry E.		81
Greene, Charles	x	81
Graham, Nelson V.		83
Gilbert, Charles W.		87
Goldsmith, Sanford W		97

G

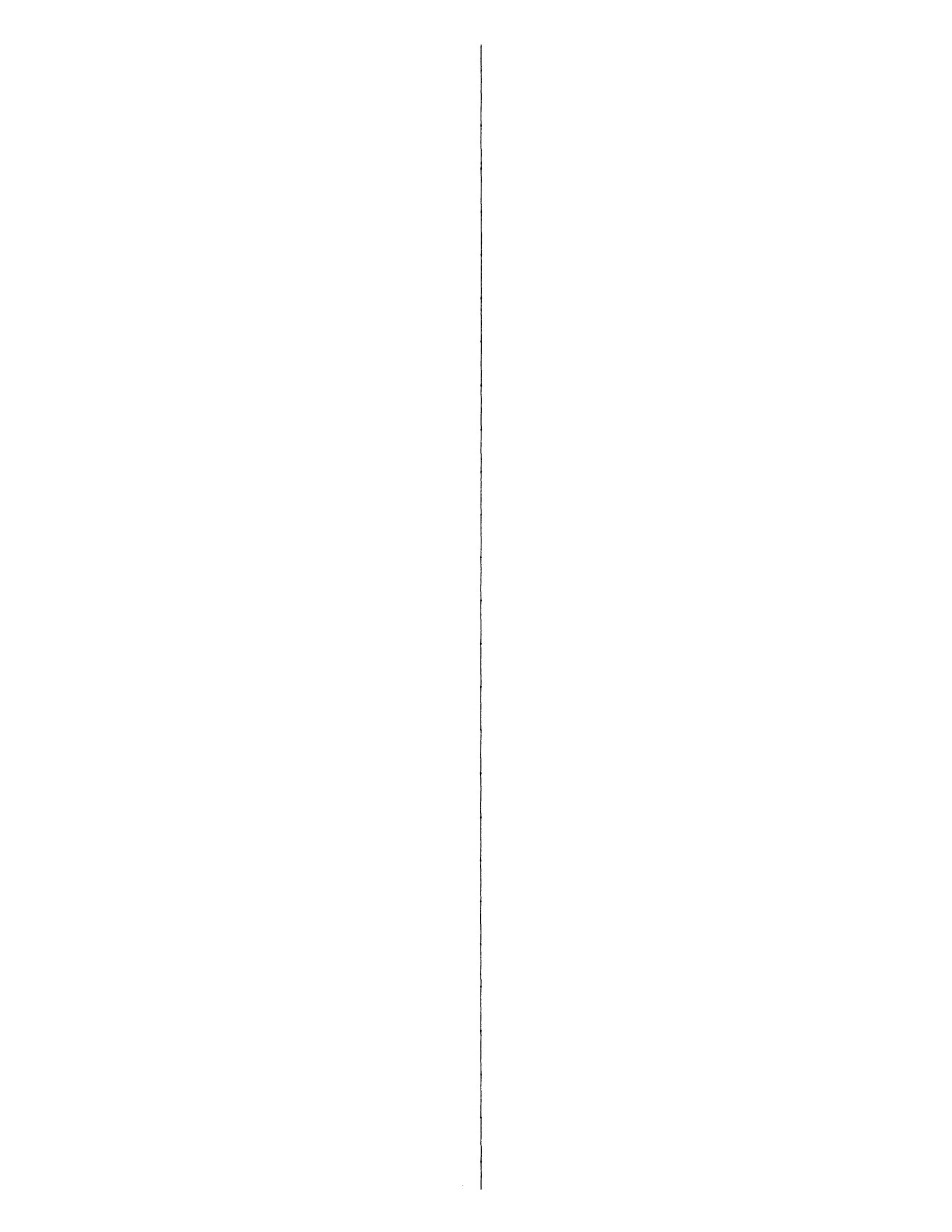
Hastings, Edw. - A
 Hitchcock, Henry -
 Hardy, Charles, A
 Howarth, Oberlin D
 Hodgman,
 Holt, Lewis G.
 Hussey, Wm. D.

Page	Name	Initial	Page
83	Herald Timothy		21
87	Holt Jonathan A	-	21
91	Hardy, Franklin	-	25
91	Hardy, William		25
95	Hall Percival H		27
95	Hatch Hnoch M	-	27
99	Hatch Lewis G	-	27
	Hayward George H	-	27
	Holt Joseph F	x	27
	Hall William S	40	33
	Hatch Andrew J.	40	39
	Holt, Samuel M.	v	39
	Holt, Warren E.	x	45
	Hussey, Walter.		47
	Hunter, William	nd	49
	Happeney, James R		53
	Higgins, Alexander		53
	Howard, George E.		57
	Higgins, Henry G.	y	61
	Hunt, Amos.	v	61
	Hovey, John G.	x	61
	Holt, George F.		63
	Harnden, George W.	x	69
	Hodgeman, William J.		69
	Holt, Newton.	v	71
	Hafford, Henry A		75

H

Daquith James	-	13
Johnson a C		29
Johnston David Dr	x	37
Jones, Charles E.	v	53
Jones, Ira D		75
Johnson, Horatio		81
Jenkins John B.	"	91
Johnson, John.		97

J



Kimball Henry, Jr	-	13
Kavanaugh Bernard	-	33
Keating John	...	33
Kelley, Matthew	Body removed from	own
Kelly, William		67
Kibbe, Charles Jr		89

K

Libby, James L		21
Lovejoy, Newton	-	21
Loque, James	-	5
Lavalette, Phillip L	1771	33
Lovejoy, Henry, L	1771	35
Luke, William H	-	35
Luscomb, Aaron E	1771	47
Lovejoy, Benjamin L	x	71
Lord, Turner H		81
Lindsay, Robert	y	85
Lovejoy, George W.	1771	91

L

Mc Lane, Frank.
 Mc Govern, Thomas.
 Mc Langtion, John
 Mc Donald, James

93	Mc Bullough John	-	5
95	Mc Burt Bernard	-	5
99	Merrill Edward L	-	11
99	Mason Josiah	-	13
	Means James		13
	Merrill James W	-	21
	Mear Oscar A		21
	Mather William L		29
	Mc Luster James	-	35
	Murray, William		39
	Mahoney, Michael		41
	Mason, Joseph F.		45
	Mc Clusky Cornelius		51
	Midgley, Joseph		53
	Mc Veigh, Thomas		55
	Mansfield, Ezra A.		55
	Maars, George [H]		55
	" John		57
	" Charles	x	65
	Merrill, Nelson, T.		67
	Mc Kenzie, John	x	71
	Marland, Charles H	x	73
	Mears, Warren, Jr.	x	73
	Moody, Almon J		85
	Mc Kenney, Charles H.		87
	Mears, Calvin		89

M

Nolan Peter		5
Newman Edward		13
Nichols Andrew S		13
Nichols William W		15
Noyes, Aaron.	x	67
Newcomb, Edward		79

N

Old South Cemetery

115

© Harry Howard

-

5

0

Prince John		11
Platt Thomas		15
Patrick Andrew H	-	23
Porter Thomas J	-	35
Pool, Washington		41
Pasho, Elisha		41
Preston, James Monroe		57
Pike, George &		65
Parker, George H		69
Pearson, Edward D		93

P

Lualy, Patrick

-

49

Q

Raymond Walter L	-	1
Richardson Isaac H		1
Ryley Leonard W	-	11
Richardson Elias Dr	x	15
Russell Isaac		15
Russell James	-	15
Russell William	-	15
Ridley Charles W		23
Raymond Jefferson W	-	35
Ridley Charles W	-	35
Routhwell James H	-	37
Rollins, Robert.	2	37
Russell, Charles.		39
Robertson, Robert.		43
Rothwell, James H.		49
Randall, Charles.		59
Robinson, Joseph P.		63
Russell, Edwin.		63
Russell, Augustine H.	x	75
Russell, Winston	x	77
Russell, Joseph Jr.	x	87

R

South Cemetery 115

Spring Grove Cemetery 117

Smiths John L

Page

93

Doreney Cornelius		5
Smart George M	-	7
Sherman Henry J	x	9
Smith Thomas	x	9
Scott Jesse M		11
Simonds Benjamin W		23
Shattuck Nathaniel		23
Scott Robert		29
Smith Abner S		29
Skerritt, James	x	39
Simonds, Solomon		43
Smith, George.	777	45
Shattuck, Charles Wm	x	47
Scarlett, John M.		51
Shattuck, Charles M.	x	57
Simonds, Richard H.		63
Stoll Yoshua H.	x	71
Stewart, George	x	73
Stevens, Daniel.	x	73
Stubbbs, James		75
Smith, James B	x	79
" Peter D.	x	85
Shaw John B		89
Swanton, Samuel A.		89
Stisco, Edgar J.		91
Swan, Henry		93

Tough George H		7
Tough Robert		7
Toull John A		7
Townley John B		11
Travis, Miriam C.		39
Townsend, Warren W	x	43
Turland, William	x	47
Tuck, Moses Warren	x	79
Treat, James Oberlin		79
Tucker, W. J.	x	87
Taylor, George D	+++	45
Townsend, Milton B.		99

T

West Parish Cemetery

119

Wardman Thomas	-	23
Woodbridge Francis	x	7
Woodlin Kelgin	0	7
Ward James	-	37
Wardwell William G	-	37
Whittaker Amos	-	37
Withey, William G	x	41
Woodbridge, George B.		43
Wardwell, Leonard.		43
Wilson, Foster.		49
Wardwell, Joseph Warren	x	59
Whifford, Edwin.		69
Wardwell, Alfred.	x	73
Woodbridge, Charles D		75
Wood, Isaac		76
Whittemore, Daniel A.		7
Wood, Moses A.		91

W

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
James S. Findley Co. H 1st Mass Hb Artillery	November 9 1869	201	Grave in Spring Grove Cemetery
John A Findley Co. H 1st Mass Hb Artillery	January 5 1871.	202	Grave in Spring Grove Cemetery
Walter L Raymond Co. G 26th Mass Cal Infy and Co. L 1st Mass Cal Cavalry	December 25. 1862 a Prisoner of War Salisbury. N. H. Body not recovered	209	Tablets Memorial Hall and Tablet Spring Grove Cem "Roll of Honor" Vol 11 p 209
Isaac H Richardson	Body not recovered	286	Wreath Spring Grove Cemetery
Albert H Abbott	December 26. 1872	267	Grave Old South Cemetery
Lewis B Abbott Co. B 36th Mass Cal Infy	November 10. 1872	268	Grave Old South Cemetery

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
Samuel Aiken Co: 86 1st Mass 86 Artill ^y	Killed May 19. 1864 in Battle of Shallopbranic Buried on the field "Roll of Honor" Vol 25. P 12	240	Wreath Old South Cemetery and Tablets. Memorial Hall
Thomas A Bagley Co: B 1st Mass 86 Artill ^y "Roll of Honor" Vol 3 P 15	August 28 1864 a prisoner of war Andersonville. Ga Body not recovered	215	Wreath Old South Cemetery and Tablets. Memorial Hall
Willard G Bodwell Co: 86 1st Mass 86 Artill ^y	March 24. 1864 at Fort Strong. Va Buried near Stansted Co Va	240	Wreath Old South Cemetery and Tablets Memorial Hall
Samuel R Bingham	November 18. 1870. aged 31 yrs 2 mo	370	Grave Old South Cemetery
Charles W Burr		225	Grave Old South Cemetery
Charles W Callahan Co: 86 20th Mass Vol Inf ^y	May 29. 1862. aged 29 yrs	226	Grave Old South Cemetery and Tablets Memorial Hall

Name and Organization.

When died, and where.

Wreath.

Place of Decoration.

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
John McCallough Co. 36 6th Mass Cal Inf	December 24. 1864 at Anderson of disease contracted in service	254	Grave Catholic Cemetery and Tablet. Memorial Hall
Bernard Mc Gurt Co. 86 1st Mass Co Artill	June 3. 1864 Cold Harbor Va killed in an engagement Buried on the field	257	Wreath Catholic Cemetery and Tablets. Memorial Hall
Peter Nolan Seaman U S Service Believed to be the Joseph Nolan in Record of Anderson etc	September 12. 1864	256	Grave Catholic Cemetery
Edward O'Keefe Co. 86 1st Mass Co Artill	October 24. 1864 Hatcher's Run. Va Killed in action Body left on the field	259	Wreath Catholic Cemetery and Tablets. Memorial Hall
James Logue Co. 85 18th Mass Cal Inf "Ball of Honor" Cal 19 & 139	May 11. 1863. at Baton Rouge Va of disease Body not recovered	260	Wreath Catholic Cemetery and Tablet. Memorial Hall
Cornelius Sweeney,	June 13. 1864.	255	Grave Catholic Cemetery
	aged 21 yrs 4 mo		

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
George M Smart Co. H 1st Mass Hb Artill ^y	July 25. 1862 at Fort Albany, Va of disease	238	Grave Old South Cemetery and Tablet. Memorial Hall
George H Tough Co. F. 18th Conn	May 22, 1867 at Salem, N. H.	381	Grave Old South Cemetery
Robert Tough Co. H 2 ^d Mass Hb. a	Sept 3, 1868. at Salem, N. H.	382	Grave Old South Cemetery
John A Small Co. D. 50. Mass. Vol Inf	July 9, 1863. at Baton Rouge, La Body, not recovered	265	Wreath Old South Cemetery
Francis Woodbridge Co. B. 11th Mass Vol Inf	April 3. 1870. at Andover, Mass. aged 34 yrs	239	Grave Old South Cemetery
Melvin Woodlin Co. H 11th Mass Vol Inf	May, 1870. at Great Falls. N. H. accidentally killed	272	Grave Old South Cemetery

Name and Organization.

When died, and where.

Wreath.

Place of Decoration.

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
Henry J. Sherman Co: 86 1st Mass 86 artil	Nov. 14, 1875 at Worcester, Mass.	388	Grave Old South Cemetery
Thomas Smith Co: 86 1st Mass 86 artil	Sept 25, 1877. at Andover, Mass.	407	Grave Old South Cemetery Moved to Spring Grove Cemetery.
George A Bailey, Co: a 26th Mass Cal Infy aged 21 yrs 6 mos	September 19 1864 at Winchester, Cal killed in action Body not recovered	216	Wreath West Parish Cemetery and Tablets. Memorial Hall
Charles P Barnard Co: 86 1st Mass 86 artil Paroled Nov 29, 1864	December 2, 1864 at Annapolis. Md from frustrations while a prisoner of war	203	Grave West Parish Cemetery and Tablets. Memorial Hall
Barroth. Charles 86 aged 41	April 23, 1873.	270	Grave West Parish Cemetery
Joseph Chandler jr Co: a 26th Mass Cal Infy	March 10, 1863 at New Orleans of disease at St James Hospital	204	Grave West Parish Cemetery and Tablets. Memorial Hall

Name and Organization.

When died, and where.

Wreath.

Place of Decoration.

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
John J Townley Co A 12th Mass Vol Inf	said to have been taken a Prisoner. never heard from	258	Wreath Catholic Cemetery
Frank Cassels U. S. Navy	Aug. 1, 1864. Killed at Key West	252	Wreath Catholic Cemetery
Edward G Merrill 1st Mass Battery	August 27, 1862 at Barrington La of disease. Body not recovered	250	Wreath Catholic Cemetery and Tablet, Memorial Hall
John Prince (L)	August 29, 1863. aged 19 yrs	248	Grave Catholic Cemetery
Leonard W. Ryley Co B 59th Mass Vol Inf and Veteran Reserve Corps	August 30 1865 at Anderson of disease contracted in service	246	Grave Catholic Cemetery and Tablets. Memorial Hall
Desse Scott Co K 14th Mass Vol Inf	September 19, 1861 Fort Albany of disease aged 23 yrs	247	Grave Catholic Cemetery

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
James Daquith Co. B 50th Mass Vol Infy	December 1, 1862 of disease at New Orleans, La Body not recovered	263	Wreath Old South Cemetery and Tablets Memorial Hall
Henry S Kimball Co. B 1st Mass Vol Infy "Roll of Honor" Vol 19 p 173	January 1, 1863. of disease at Newbern. N.C. Body not recovered	264	Wreath Old South Cemetery, and Tablets. Memorial Hall.
Josiah Mason 1st Co. Sharpshooters	April 7, 1863 of disease (contracted in service) at Anderson	236	Grave Old South Cemetery and Tablets. Memorial Hall
James Means		380	W. S. Means. Tomb Old South Cemetery
Edward Newman Co. D. 3rd Mass Cavalry	Unknown never heard from Sept 29, 1864. at Charleston, S.C.	271	Wreath Old South Cemetery
Andrew S. Nichols 2nd N.H. Vols	June 21, 1864 at Andersonville, Ga	275	Wreath Old South Cemetery

Name and Organization.

When died, and where.

Wreath.

Place of Decoration.

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
William W Nichols Co: F: 26, Mass Vols	Oct. 26, 1863 at New Orleans, La	375	Grave Old South Cemetery
Thomas Platt M Seaman U States Navy	August 12 th 1871. at Haverhill, Mass.	265	Grave Old South Cemetery
Silas Richardson Jr Co: H: 1st Mass H: Artill ^y	June 27, 1864 July 27, 1864 at Reading of disease contracted in service aged 23 yrs 5 mo	383	Grave Old South Cemetery
Isaac Russell Co. I. 47 th Mass Vol. Inf.	September 1 st 1873 Killed on Boston and Lowell R. R.	384	Grave Old South Cemetery
James Russell Co: H: 1st Mass H: Artill ^y	October 19, 1862 at Fort Albany, of disease aged 16 yrs 8 mo	237	Grave Old South Cemetery and Tablet Memorial Hall
William Russell Co: H: 1st Heavy Artill ^y	July, 11, 1864 at Washington Dc of wounds recd at Cold Harbor	266	Grave Old South Cemetery and Tablets. Memorial Hall

Name and Organization.

When died, and where.

Wreath.

Place of Decoration.

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
<p>^B Albert Chandler 6th N York Cavalry</p>	<p>May, 11. 1865. at Charleville Hospital Md aged 17 yrs 6 mo Body not recovered</p>	241	<p>Wreath Old South Cemetery</p>
<p>Charles A Clement Co. B 13th Mass Vol Infy</p>	<p>October 16. 1863 from wounds at Battle of Gettysburg aged 22 yrs 7 mo</p>	227	<p>Grave Old South Cemetery and Tablets Memorial Hall</p>
<p>James Crowther</p>		379	<p>Grave Old South Cemetery</p>
<p>George Kerson</p>	<p>June 19. 1866 near Petersburg from wounds received June 17</p>	228	<p>Grave Old South Cemetery</p>
<p>David J Farnham Co. B 27th Mass Vol Infy</p>	<p>August 15 1868. aged 31 yrs</p>	230	<p>Grave Old South Cemetery</p>
<p>Samuel P Farnham Co. B 1st Mass B Artill</p>	<p>January 12. 1866 at Anderson of Disease contracted in service aged 29 yrs</p>	229	<p>Grave Old South Cemetery and Tablets Memorial Hall</p>

Name and Organization.

When died, and where.

Wreath.

Place of Decoration.

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
Charles H. Butler	May 30. 1864 at Washington 206. of rounds rec'd at Battle of Spottsylvania May 19th 1864	205	Grave West Parish Cemetery
Granville H. Butler Co. H 1st Mass H. Artill ^y	May, 19 1864 Killed in Battle at Spottsylvania Buried on the field "Roll of Honor" Vol 25 P 25	219	Wreath West Parish Cemetery and Tablets. Memorial Hall
James H. Hester Co. H 1st Mass H. Artill ^y	May, 19. 1864. Killed in Battle at Spottsylvania Buried on the field	217	Wreath West Parish Cemetery and Tablets. Memorial Hall
Edward Farmer Co. H 1st Mass H. Artill ^y	May, 19. 1864. Killed in Battle at Spottsylvania Buried on the field	218	Wreath West Parish Cemetery and Tablets. Memorial Hall
Orin L. Farnham Co. H 1st Mass H. Artill ^y	June 17. 1864 at Bryant's Farm near Petersburg of wounds rec'd the 16th aged 29 yrs	206	Grave West Parish Cemetery and Tablets. Memorial Hall.
Monoch O. Frye Co. H 1st Mass H. Artill ^y	October 29. 1861. at Fort Albany, Va accidentally killed	207	Grave West Parish Cemetery and Tablets. Memorial Hall

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
Timothy ² Heald Co. H. 1 st Mass Vol Infantry.	March 23, 1866 At Washington, D. C.	269	Grave West Parish Cemetery
Jonathan A. Hull Co. H. 1 st Mass Hb Artill "Roll of Honor" Vol 25 P 44	May 19, 1864 Battle of Shottsbranic Killed in action Buried on the field	221	Wreath West Parish Cemetery and Tablet. Memorial Hall
James L. Libby	June 2, 1871. aged 45 yrs	214	Grave West Parish Cemetery
Newton Lovejoy Co. F 13th U S Infantry "Roll of Honor" Vol 24 P 10	July 9, 1863. Hospital 15th Army Corps of disease Body, not recovered	223	Wreath West Parish Cemetery and Tablet. Memorial Hall
James W. Merrill Co. F 45th Mass Vol Inf	January 20 1863 Newbern. N. C. of disease	209	Grave West Parish Cemetery and Tablets. Memorial Hall
Oscar A. Moor Co. F. 2 nd Mass. Vols	Feb. 14, 1865 Salisbury Prison, N. C.	210	Grave West Parish Cemetery

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
Andrew B. Patrick Co. B. 59th Mass Cal Inf	Unknown at Fredericksburg of Va Body not recovered	261	Wreath West Parish Cemetery and Tablet. Memorial Hall
Charles W. Ridley Co. B. 1st Mass B. Artill	May 19, 1862 Battle of Spotsylvania Killed in action Buried on the field	222	Wreath West Parish Cemetery
Benjamin W. Simonds	January 29, 1863. aged 18 yrs 10 mo	211	Grave West Parish Cemetery
Nathaniel Shattuck R. I. vols	July 4 th 1874. At Andover, Mass.	385	Grave West Parish Cemetery
Thomas Warden Co. B. 59th Mass Cal Inf "Roll of Honor" Vol 1 p 24 and Vol 12 p 101	December 20 1864 at Danville, Va. while a Prisoner of War Body not recovered	224	Wreath West Parish Cemetery and Tablets. Memorial Hall
John Donnelly,	January 2, 1864	253	Grave Catholic Cemetery

Name and Organization.

When died, and where.

Wreath.

Place of Decoration.

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
<p>Newton S Foye Co: 1st Mass Hb Artill^y</p>	<p>March 28 1863 at Andover of disease contracted in service aged 19 yrs</p>	208	<p>Grave West Parish Cemetery and Tablets. Memorial Hall</p>
<p>William Gillispie Co: 1st Mass Hb Artill^y</p>	<p>April 18. 1870. at Andover, Mass.</p>	212	<p>Grave West Parish Cemetery</p>
<p>Charles W. Grant Co: A 10th N Hb Regt "Roll of Honor" Vol 16 P 172</p>	<p>February 14. 1865 while a Prisoner of War at Salisbury, N.C. aged 19 yrs 7 mo</p>	213	<p>Grave West Parish Cemetery</p>
<p>George W. Grant Co: 1st Mass Hb Artill^y Roll of Honor Vol 13. P 110</p>	<p>September 7. 1864 In 2^d Corps Field Hospital of disease</p>	274	<p>Grave West Parish Cemetery and Tablets. Memorial Hall</p>
<p>Franklin Hardy Co: 1st Mass Hb Artill^y</p>	<p>October 2 1864 Popham Grove Church Va killed in action Body not recovered</p>	220	<p>Wreath West Parish Cemetery and Tablets. Memorial Hall</p>
<p>William Hardy,</p>		387	<p>Grave West Parish Cemetery</p>

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
Jeremiah Galdemith Co. B 11th Mass Vol Infy	August 10, 1871 ²⁴ at Gainsville Va	273	Grave Old South Cemetery
Perival H. Hall	March 10, 1865 Cheraw, S. Carolina aged 28 yrs	233	Grave Old South Cemetery
Hemoch M. Hatch Co. H 1st Mass Hb Artill ^y	June 16 1864 Killed in front of Petersburg Buried on the field aged 35 yrs	242	Wreath Old South Cemetery and Tablets Memorial Hall
Lewis G. Hatch Co. H 1st Mass Hb Artill ^y	January 21 1866 at Anderson of disease contracted in the service aged 35 yrs	231	Grave Old South Cemetery and Tablets Memorial Hall
George H. Hayward Co. H 1st Mass Hb Artill ^y	July 24 1865 at Anderson of wounds received in Battle of Shiloh Shiloh, Georgia aged 23 yrs 5 mo	232	Grave Old South Cemetery and Tablets Memorial Hall
Joseph F. Hall Co. G 1st Mass Vol Infy and Co. G 50th Mass Vol Infy	February 21 1868 accidentally killed at Anderson aged 46 yrs 5 mo	234	Grave Old South Cemetery.

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
Robert Scott Co. H 14th N.Y. Cal	July 21. 1861 in Battle of Bull Run aged 38 yrs Body not recovered	251	Wreath Episcopal Cemetery
Alonso S. Smith 22 nd Conn. Vol.	Aug. 9, 1868 Andover, Mass.	376	Grave Episcopal Cemetery
John B Adams Chaplain 5th Maine Regt and 121st New York	April 25. 1866.	261	Grave Chapel Cemetery
A. O. Johnson	December 8. 1863 of wounds in Battle of Missionary Ridge Nov 25 1863	262	Grave Chapel Cemetery
William L. Mather Chaplain 2 ^d Wisconsin and Chaplain U.S. Army at Villetts Point. N.Y.	April 15 1868	263	Grave Chapel Cemetery
James H Bailey Co. B 1 st Mass. H.A.	September 12. 1861 at Fort Albany. Va Buried at Washington D.C. "Roll of Honor" Vol. 1. Page 13		Tablet Memorial Hall

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
Joseph Bell Co H 1st Mass H. A. and Veteran Reserve Corps	September 22. 1865 near Lawrence. Mass and was buried there		
Israel A. Berry 2nd Co Mass Sharpshooters and 5th Regt N Y Cavalry John Stone. Roll of Honor Vol 13. P 120	April 22 1865. at City Point. Va and was buried there. died of wounds		Tablet Memorial Hall
James B. Black Co B. 30th Mass Y Infy	August 30. 1862 at Fortress Monroe. Va and was buried there. "Roll of Honor" Vol 5 P 9		Tablet Memorial Hall.
William A. Bolton Co G 11th Mass Vol Infy George A Wardwell "Roll of Honor Vol 13 P 53	January 30. 1863. at New Long Rooms. N.Y. buried by Cypress Hill Cemetery Grave 2766.		
James L. Brady Co I 1st Mass H. A.	said to have been captured June 22. 1862. never heard from		
Hephraus H. Bryant Co G. 1st Mass H. A.	July 3. 1862. Washington. D. C. of wounds at Spottsylvania. May 19. 1862. Buried at Newmarket. N.H.		Tablet Memorial Hall.

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
George S. Farmer Co. H 1 st Mass H.A. "Roll of Honor" Vol 3 P 68	September 10 1864 captured June 22 1864 died a Prisoner of War at Andersonville, Ga		
William Greeley Co. G 30 Mass V. Inf	August 22, 1862. at Barratton, La. Buried there		Tablet Memorial Hall
William S. Hall Co. B 1 st Mass H.A.	September 30, 1864 at Andersonville, Ga Prisoner of War		
Bernard Kavanagh Co. G 20 th Mass V. Inf	August 24, 1862. at Philadelphia, Pa Buried there. "Roll of Honor" Vol 12 P 16		Tablet Memorial Hall
John Keating Co. C 11 th Mass V. Inf	March 30, 1869		
Phillip C. Lavalette Co. H, 1 st Mass H.A.	June 6, 1864. at Washington D.C from wounds rec'd in Battle of Spotsylvania, May 19, 1864		

Name and Organization.

When died, and where.

Wreath.

Place of Decoration.

Henry, L. Lovejoy Co. 86 1 st Mass Hb. Co.	Sept. 1, 1867. at North Andover. from a wound received in Battle of Shotsylvania May 19. 1862		Grave North Andover Mass.
Lute, William H. Co. 86 1 st Mass & Inf	September 13. 1862. From wounds at Battle of 2nd Bull Run. Aug 29 1862 Buried at North Andover		Tablet Memorial Hall
James McEusker Co. 86 1 st Mass Hb. Co. "Ball of Honor" Vol 11 P 193	December 2. 1862 a Prisoner of War at Salisbury N. C. Buried in the Trenches		Tablet Memorial Hall
Thomas F. Porter Co. I 23 rd Mass & Inf	April 15. 1862 of wounds at Hampton Va Buried there "Ball of Honor" Vol 5 P 26 and Vol 25 P 220		Tablet Memorial Hall.
Jefferson W. Raymond Co. 10. 26 th Mass & Inf	September 13. 1862 at New Orleans. La Buried there		Tablet Memorial Hall
Charles W. Ridley Co. 86. 1st Mass Hb. Co.	May 19. 1862 in Battle of Shotsylvania Buried on the field.		

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
James H. Southwell Co. H. 1st Mass H. A.	May 19. 1864 In Battle of Spotsylvania Buried on the field		Tablet Memorial Hall
James Ward Co. B 9th Mass Y. Inf and Co. B 32 ^d Mass Y. Inf	May 5. 1864. In Battle of the Wilderness Buried on the Field.		Tablet Memorial Hall
William W. Wardwell Co. H. 1st Mass. H. A	August 1. 1863. accidentally killed at Maryland Heights Buried at N ^o Andover	46	Tablet Memorial Hall
Amos Whitaker Co. D 22 ^d Mass Y. Inf	June 22. 1862. In Battle of Gaines Mills Buried on the field		Tablet Memorial Hall.
David Johnston Dr Co. H 6th Mass Y Inf (100 days)	April 15. 1879 at Lawrence. Mass	416	Grave Old South Cemetery.
Robert Rollins. Co. A. 54 th Mass. vol. Inf.	February 20, 1879 at Lawrence, Mass	482	Grave. Old South Cemetery.

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
Andrew J. Hatch. Co. H. 1 st Mass. Artil.	Sept. 6 th 1879 At Andover, Mass	465	Grave Soldiers Lot - Spring Grove Cemetery.
William Murray Co. I. 1 st Reg. Inftry	Sept. 23 rd 1879. At Andover, Mass	466	Grave. West-Parish Cemetery.
Charles Russell Co. E 5 th Regt. Mass. Vol and Seryt. 5 th Regt. Mass. Vol	April 21 st 1879 At Medford, Mass	463	Grave Old South Cemetery.
Samuel M. Holt Co. F. 45 th Reg. Infantry and Co. B. 11 th Regt. Infantry	June 10 th 1880 At Haverhill, Mass	467	Grave Old South Cemetery.
Miriam C. Travis Co. C. 59 th Regt. Inftry	Sept. 5 th 1864. At Andersonville Prison	464	Wreath Old South Cemetery.
James Sherritt. Co. F. 19, Reg. Inftry	Sept. 27, 1876 Methuen, Mass	391	Grave Catholic Cemetery.

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
Alonso P. Berry. Co. H. 1 st Mass. H.A.	August - 1 st 1880 At Salem, Mass.	458	Grave Old South Cemetery.
Washington L. Poor Co. D. 6 th Mass. Inftry. 9 months	April 11, 1881 At Andover, Mass.	470	Grave Spring Grove Cemetery
Elisha Pasho Co. G. 1 st Mass. Cavalry	Dec. 18, 1881. At Andover, Mass	471	Grave Catholic Cemetery Member of Gen. W. F. Bartlett Post 99, S. A. R.
Isaac S. Carruth Co. H. 43. Mass Inftry	Oct. 27, 1882. At Andover, Mass	1	Grave West Parish Cemetery
Michael Mahoney Co. H. 1 st Mass. H.A.	Dec. 14, 1882 At Andover, Mass This man was found dead near the home of C. E. Jones.	2	Grave Soldiers Lot Spring Grove Cemetery
William H. Withey Co. E. 1 st Mass. Cavalry	Dec. 23, 1882 At Andover, Mass.	4	Grave West Parish Cemetery

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
<p>Solomon Symonds. Co. B. 1st Mass. T. A. Discharged March 21, 1863 Reincised</p>	<p>September 21, 1880</p>	<p>472</p>	<p>Grave West-Parish Cemetery.</p>
<p>George S. Woodbridge Co. B. 1st N. T. T. A.</p>	<p>Jan. 11, 1883 At Andover, N. T.</p>	<p>5</p>	<p>Grave Old South Cemetery</p>
<p>Warren W. Townsend Co. D. 1st Mass. T. A.</p>	<p>April 11, 1881 At Soldiers Home Augusta, Maine</p>	<p>469</p>	<p>Grave West-Parish Cemetery</p>
<p>Joseph E. Dane Co. C. 12, Mass. Infy</p>	<p>Dec. 4, 1882 At Soldiers Home Chelsea, Mass.</p>	<p>2</p>	<p>Grave Old South Cemetery</p>
<p>Robert Robertson United States, ^{Navy}</p>	<p>May 7, 1883 At Andover, Mass</p>	<p>6</p>	<p>Grave Catholic Cemetery Member of Gen. W. Bartlett Post 99 S. A. R.</p>
<p>Josiah Goldsmith Battery E. 1st U. S. Artillery</p>	<p>May 26, 1883 At South Berwick, Maine.</p>	<p>7</p>	<p>Grave Old South Cemetery.</p>

Name and Organization.

When died, and where.

Wreath.

Place of Decoration.

<p>George H. Taylor 2nd Lieut. 79th U.S.V. Promoted 1st Lieut - Served on General's Staff, Department of the Gulf.</p>	<p>June 19, 1881 Amsterdam, N.Y.</p>	<p>8</p>	<p>Grave Chapel Cemetery</p>
<p>Joseph F. Mason. Musician Co. H. 5th Mass Inftry Member of Post-8, G. A. R. Penn</p>	<p>Feb. 1st 1884 Philadelphia, Pa</p>	<p>11</p>	<p>Grave Old South Cemetery.</p>
<p>Warren E. Colt Private Co. H. 1st Mass. I. A.</p>	<p>April 8, 1884 Mass. Gen. Hospital, Boston.</p>	<p>10</p>	<p>Grave Spring Grove Cemetery</p>
<p>Leonard Wardwell U.S. Navy.</p>	<p>March 21, 1884. At Andover, Mass.</p>	<p>9</p>	<p>Grave Soldiers Lot. Spring Grove Cemetery.</p>
<p>George Smith Private 19th Reg. U.S. Inftry</p>	<p>Sept. 17, 1883</p>	<p>12</p>	<p>Grave Catholic Cemetery</p>
<p>Graham, James H Co. H. 99th Penn. Inftry</p>	<p>June 28, 1884 At Methuen, Mass.</p>	<p>13</p>	<p>Grave Old South Cemetery.</p>

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
Walter Hussey Co. C. 40th M. V. M.	September 1st 1884. Lowell, Mass.	14	Grave West Parish Cemetery.
Charles ^{Wm} Thurtuck Co. H. 1st Mass. H. A. <i>and</i> Co. F, 33, Mass vols.	January 27, 1885 Andover, Mass	15	Grave West Parish Cemetery
Daniel Dwinle, Jr Co. D. 2nd Mass. H. A.	November 25, 1885 North Andover, Mass	17	Grave Catholic Cemetery.
Aaron E. Huscomb. Co. H. 1st Mass. H. A.	Lawrence ^K , Mass. February 21, 1886	18	Grave West Parish Cemetery
Clemens, Charles E Co. B. 19th Mass. Inftry.	Haverhill, Mass Jan. 21, 1886	16	Grave Spring Grove Cemetery
William Truland Co. H. 22nd Mass. Inftry	Andover, Mass September 10, 1886	19	Grave Old South Cemetery.

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
Isaac Frize Co. B. 22 nd Mass. Inftry	February 19, 1887. Andover, Mass	20	Grave West Parish Cemetery.
William Hunter Co. E. 6 th Mass. Militia Co. D. 22 nd Mass. Inftry.	April 28, 1887 Andover, Mass.	21	Grave Soldiers Lot- Spring Grove Cemetery
Patrick Donahay Co. B. 11 th Mass. Inftry	May 16, 1878 Andover, Mass	389	Grave Catholic Cemetery
Foster Wilson. Sergt. Co. A. 2 nd Mass. Inftry.	April 1887 Woburn, Mass.	22	Grave West Parish Cemetery
Hazen Currier Private Fifth Battery Light- Artillery, M. V.	Dec. 26, 1873. Danvers, Mass.	24	Grave Spring Grove Cemetery.
Rothwell, James H. Co. H. 1 st Mass. H. A.	May 19, 1864 Killed at Spottsylvania, Va Buried on the Field	23	Wreath Old South Cemetery

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
McClusky, Cornelius U. S. Navy.	June 8, 1887 Found dead near the house of John Dool	25	Grave Spring Grove Cemetery
Scarlett, Asa M. Co. B. 46, Mass. Vol. Inftry	March 8, 1888 Andover, Mass.	26	Grave Spring Grove Cemetery Soldiers Lot -
Preston, James M. 1st N. H. Vol. Inftry	Dec. 13, 1887 Andover Mass	27	Grave West Cemetery.
Bailey, Joshua H	Sept. 30, 1887 At Andover, Mass	28	Grave West Cemetery.
Craig ^A , David Co. 8. 20, Mass. Vol.	July 14, 1888. North Andover	29	Grave Old South Cemetery
Blunt, Samuel W. Co. 76. 1st. Mass. 76. A	August 22, 1889. At Andover Mass	30	Grave Episcopal Cemetery

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
Jones, Charles E Co. D. 1st Mass. H. A.	Jan. 24, 1890 At Andover, Mass.	31	Grave Old South Cemetery. Member of Gen. W. A. Bartlett Post-89 S. A. R.
Midgley, Joseph U. S. S. Hartford	Oct. 7, 1890 At Andover Mass	34	Grave Episcopal Cemetery
Happenney, James R Co. G. 18th N. H., Infly	Sept. 26, 1877 (Rail Road accident)	390	Grave Old South Cemetery.
Gardner, Charles J. Co. C. N. Y. V. 9 This Comrade was a member of Col. Hooker Post-S. A. R. of Tracy, Minn.	March 2, 1891 At Andover, Mass	35	Grave West Parish Cemetery
Alexander Higgins		32	Grave Spring Grove
Brisfield, John, Jr Co. K. 4, Reg. Mass. Infly (100 days)	April 21, 1891. At Andover, (Mass.)	37	Grave Episcopal Cemetery. Member of Gen. W. A. Bartlett Post-89 S. A. R.

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
McVeigh, Thomas	September 25, 1888.	33	Grave Catholic Cemetery
Mansfield, Ezra Abbot. Co. F. 5th Reg. Mass. Inftry One Hundred Days.	December, 25, 1890 At Boston, Mass	38	Grave. Old South Cemetery
Allen, Walter B. Co. B. 4th Mass Vols and Co. B. 11, Mass Vols	October 31, 1891 At Andover, Mass	39	Grave Spring Grove Cemetery Member of Gen. W. F. Bartlett Post-99 G. A. R.
Abbott, Moses B. Musicians. Band 18th Mass Vols	Dec. 30, 1891 At Andover, Mass	40	Grave West-Cemetery. Member of Gen. W. F. Bartlett Post-99 G. A. R.
Carruth, Sumner Colonel. & Gen. Brig. Gen. 35th Mass Vols. Inftry	March 10, 1892 At Andover, Mass.	420	Grave West-Cemetery. Member of Gen. W. F. Bartlett Post-99 G. A. R.
George [sic] Mears Private Co. J. 11th Mass. Vols	Nov. 16, 1892 At Danvers Hospital	42	Grave Spring Grove Cemetery.

Name and Organization.

When died, and where.

Wreath.

Place of Decoration.

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
<p>John Mears Co. C. 2nd Mass. Inf. A Navy Co. L. 3rd Mass. Cav.</p>		43	<p>Grave Spring Grove Cemetery</p>
<p>Joshua Milton Blunt Co. B. 11th Mass. Infantry</p>	<p>Dec. 30, 1892 Springfield, Mass</p>	44	<p>Grave Old South Cemetery Member of E. K. Wilcox Post-16 S.A.R.</p>
<p>Elijah Buxton Co. B. 12th Bat. Mass. Inf. A</p>	<p>June 19, 1893 At Andover, Mass</p>	<p>45 70</p>	<p>Grave North Reading, Mass Member of Gen. W. F. Bartlett Post-99 S.A.R.</p>
<p>Charles M. Shattuck Co. F. 6, Mass. Vols. (3 mos) 3rd U.S. Artillery</p>	<p>August-23, 1893 At Medfield, Mass. [Suicide by shooting himself.]</p>	48	<p>Grave West-Cemetery 1893</p>
<p>Thomas D. Black Corporal Co. B. 61st Reg. Mass. Vols</p>	<p>Dec. 17, 1893 At Wakefield, Mass aged 71 years, 9 mos. 26 days</p>		<p>Grave At Wakefield, Mass Member of Gen. W. F. Bartlett Post-99 S.A.R.</p>
<p>William F. Wardwell Co. H. 1st Mass. Inf. A</p>	<p>Killed at Maryland Heights Aug. 1, 1863 [see page 37]</p>	46	<p>Wreath West-Cemetery.</p>

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
William Charnley.	Dec. 4, 1893. At Andover, Mass	47	Grave Episcopal Cemetery.
Charles, Candell. Co. C. 50 th Reg. Mass Vols	July 29, 1894 At Andover, Mass	49	Grave Soldier's Lot in Spring Grove Cemetery
Miner Gates Frye Private Co. C. 13 th N. Y. Vols Col. in N. Y. Militia	Nov. 23, 1894 At Derry, N. Y.	50	Grave West Cemetery.
George E. Howard Co. L. 2nd Mass. Cav. California Regiment	Dec. 13, 1894. At Dorchester, Mass	51	Grave Old South Cemetery
J. Warren Wardwell Private Co. A. 35, N. V. M.	February 19, 1895 At Ballard Vale, Mass	52	Grave. Old South Cemetery
Joseph E. Goldsmith Private Co. B. 1 st Mass. V. A.	August 26, 1895 At Andover, Mass	53	Grave Old South Cemetery Member of Gen. Wm. F. Bartlett Post 99, G. A. R.

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
<p>Amos Hunt Private Co. H. 12th Mass. I. A.</p>		55	<p>Grave West Cemetery.</p>
<p>William H. Greene Sergeant Co. H. 14th Mass. I. A.</p>	<p>June 2nd. 1896 At Ballard Vale, Mass</p>	56	<p>Grave Spring Grove Cemetery Member of Gen. Wm. F. Bartlett Post 99 G. A. R.</p>
<p>Henry G. Higgins. Private Co. B. 11th Mass. Infy.</p>	<p>January 27, 1897 At Andover, Mass Age 64 years 4 mos. 3 days</p>	57	<p>Grave Old South Cemetery Member of Gen. Wm. F. Bartlett Post 99 G. A. R.</p>
<p>Matthew Kelley At Andover</p>	<p>Sept. 27, 1896 At Andover, Mass. Age 55 years.</p>	58	<p>Grave Catholic Cemetery Body removed from town</p>
<p>Charles H. Bell Private Co. H. 1st Mass. I. A.</p>	<p>June 11, 1897. At Andover, Mass. Age 65-11-26</p>	59	<p>Grave West-Cemetery Member of Gen. Wm. F. Bartlett Post 99 G. A. R.</p>
<p>John C. Hovey. Private Co. H. 1st Mass. I. A.</p>	<p>August 30, 1897. Andover, Mass. Age 61 years.</p>	60	<p>Grave Spring Grove Cemetery Member of Gen. Wm. F. Bartlett Post 99 G. A. R.</p>

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
Joseph P. Robinson United States Navy Served on board the S. S. Minnesota	Died Nov. 9, 1897. At Andover, Mass. aged 61 years 1 month 21 days.	61	Grave Catholic Cemetery Member of Post-99, G.A.R.
George Coring Private Co. 76. 1 st Mass. Inf.	Died Feb. 25, 1898. At Andover, Mass.	62	Grave West-Cemetery Member of Post-99, G.A.R.
Edwin Russell		63	Grave Old South
Richard H. Simonds	Died May 26, 1898. At Andover, Mass. aged 57 years 4 months	64	Grave West-Cemetery
William A. Abbott Ensign U.S.N.	Died May 3, 1898	65	Grave Old South Cemetery.
George F. Holt Seaman, U. S. Navy. Captain of Hold	Died Sept. 26, 1898. At Andover, Mass. Aged 60 years 6 mo. days	66	Grave West-Cemetery Member of Post-99, G.A.R.

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
Charles Meurs. Private Co. H. 1st Mass. I. C. A.	At Ballard Lake Dec. 2nd, 1898. Aged 62 years and 10 months	67	Grave Spring Grove Cemetery
Aaron S. Colark Private Co. H. 1st Mass. I. C. A.	In Methuen, Mass. Dec. 19th, 1898. Aged 75 years 2 mos. 28 days	68	Grave Old South Cemetery.
Benjamin Cheever Private Co. H. 1st Mass. I. C. A.	In Andover, Mass. March 27, 1899 Aged 71 years, 10 months	69	Grave in Old South Cemetery. Member of Post 99, G. A. R.
George E. Pike Private Co. H. 1st Mass. I. C. A.	In Andover, Mass. Dec. 31, 1899. Aged 64-11-28	72	Grave in Spring Grove Cemetery. Soldiers lot-
Jonathan M. Bean. 1st N. H. Cavalry, attached to the 1st Reg. Cav.	In Andover, Mass. April 22, 1900. /	73	Grave in Spring Grove Cemetery. Member of Post 99, G. A. R.
Malachi Colinton 14th Ind Battery Mass Vol. I. C. A.	Found dead in the Shawsheen River March 9th, 1900.	58	Grave in Catholic Cemetery

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
Aaron Noyes. Co D 6th Mass Vols. [9 months]	Died May 11, 1900 At Andover, Mass.	76	Grave West-Cemetery
Brainard Cummings Sergeant, Co. A. 7th N. H. Infantry	Died December 10, 1900 At Andover, Mass.	75	Grave South Cemetery Member of Post-99, G. A. R.
John Dorsey	Died In Lowell Mass	77	Grave Catholic Cemetery Member of Post 42 ^{Lowell} G. A. R.
Rev. M. L. Gordon.	Died	79	Graves in Chapel Cemetery.
Nelson A. Merrill Co. A. 25th Maine Infantry	Died September 6, 1901 At Andover, Mass.	80	Grave in Spring Grove Cemetery Past Commander of Post 99 G. A. R.
William Kelly Private Co. B 39th Reg. Mass. Vols.	Died October 1st 1901. At Andover, Mass	81	Grave in Catholic Cemetery

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
Edward P. Abbott. Private Co. K. 1st Mass. I. C. A.	Died April 28, 1902 At Soldiers Home Trijas Maine	937	Grave Old South Cemetery. Member of Needham Post 39, G. A. R. Lawrence, Mass.
George N. Parker Private. Co. E. 5th Reg. M. V. M.	Died July 2d, 1902 At Andover, Mass	87	Grave Chapel Cemetery. Member of Gen. Wm. F. Bartlett Post 99 G. A. R. Andover, Mass.
Edwin Whitford. Private Co. G. 4th N. H. Vols	Died Nov. 22, 1902, by a kick from a horse, at Bedford, N. H.	83	Grave West Cemetery Member of Louis Bell Post G. A. R., Manchester, N. H.
George W. Karnden Private Co. (D). 50th Mass. Infantry	Died Nov. 25th 1902 at Andover, Mass.	Post 5	Grave Spring Grove Cemetery Member of Post 5 Lynn, Mass A. S.
William S. Hodgeman Private Co. A. 3rd N. H. Infantry.	Died Dec. 16, 1902 at Soldiers Home Chelsea, Mass.	84	Grave West Cemetery.
Benjamin Bradley, Jr. Sergeant 1st Sergeant Co. B. 1st Mass. I. C. A.	Died Dec. 31, 1902 At Philadelphia, Penns.	85	Grave Episcopal Cemetery.

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
<p>William Craig. Private. Co. B. 120th Mass. I.C.A.</p>	<p>January 6th 1903 At North Andover, Mass.</p>	<p>921</p>	<p>Grave Old South Cemetery. Membury Needham Post-⁵⁹ G. A. R., Lawrence, Mass.</p>
<p>Newton Holt 2nd Lieutenant Co. D 121st Mass. I.C.A.</p>	<p>May 10 1885 At Kinsley, Kansas</p>	<p>86</p>	<p>Buried in Kinsley, Kansas. Wreath in Spring Grove Cemetery.</p>
<p>John McKenzie Private Co. B 3rd Mass. I.C.A.</p>	<p>May 4th 1903. At Mass. Gen. Hospital</p>	<p>87</p>	<p>Grave Catholic Cemetery.</p>
<p>Joshua H. Stott. Private 1st Reg Mass Cavalry</p>	<p>November 14, 1902 At Andover, Mass.</p>	<p>88</p>	<p>Grave Old South Cemetery</p>
<p>Edward Kimball Davis</p>	<p>June 4th 1903 At Roxbury, Mass.</p>	<p>89</p>	<p>Grave Spring Grove Cemetery</p>
<p>Leinas Leinas Austen. Co. C. 9th Maine Infantry</p>	<p>July 14th 1903. At Soldiers Home, Chelsea, Mass.</p>	<p>90</p>	<p>Grave Soldiers Lot Spring Grove Cemetery. Member of Post- 99 G. A. R.</p>

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
<p>Charles W. Marland Private Co. G. 44th Mass. Vols.</p>	<p>August - 24th 1903. At Andover, Mass.</p>	<p>91</p>	<p>Grave Episcopal Cemetery</p>
<p>George Stewart. Private Co. K. 6th Regiment Infantry (100 days)</p>	<p>December 10th 1903. At Andover, Mass.</p>	<p>92</p>	<p>Grave Episcopal Cemetery Member of Post-99 G. A. R.</p>
<p>George F. Brown Captain. 36th Reg. U.S. Col'd Troops</p>	<p>April 28, 1904. At Malden, Mass</p>	<p>93</p>	<p>Grave Episcopal Cemetery L. W. Kinsley, Austin Member of Post-113 G. A. R.</p>
<p>Warren Mears, Jr. Private Co. B. 1st Mass. I. A.</p>	<p>August - 25th 1904. At Ballard Vale, Mass.</p>	<p>94</p>	<p>Grave Old South Cemetery. Member of Post-99 G. A. R.</p>
<p>Alfred Wardwell. Private Co. K. 1st Mass., I. A.</p>	<p>September 14th 1904 At Lynn, Mass.</p>	<p>95</p>	<p>Grave Old South Cemetery.</p>
<p>Daniel Stevens Private Co. K. 6th Mass Vols 100 days</p>	<p>October 14th 1904 At Soldiers Home. Chelsea, Mass</p>	<p>96</p>	<p>Grave Old South Cemetery.</p>

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
Henry A. Hayward U. S. S. Potomac	March 5th 1905 At Andover, Mass	97	Grave Spring Grove Cemetery. Member of Post-99, G. A. R.
Charles D. Woodbridge.	December 2nd, 1904 At Andover, Mass	98	Grave Soldier's Lot Spring Grove Cemetery Member of Post 99, G. A. R.
James Stevens		99	Grave West Cemetery
Augustine K. Russell Private Co. H. 1st Mass., 82 A.	July 3, 1904. At Ashland, Mass	101	Grave West Cemetery
George N. Barnard Private Co. H. 1st Mass., 82 A.	February 15, 1905 At Magnolia, Mass.	102	Grave West Cemetery.
Ira D. Jones Co. D 12 Maine Infy	Killed at The Battle of Winchester	103 103	Name on Monument West Cemetery.

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
Daniel A. Whittemore Private Co. A 6th Mass. Vols 9 months	November 8th, 1905. At So. Lawrence, Mass	104	Grave Old South Cemetery.
Henry F. Chandler Co. K 59th Mass., Vols	November 16, 1906 At Newburgh, Mass.	105	Grave West Cemetery. Chamber of Deputies Post-Office
John Clark Captain Co. K. 1st Mass., 26th.	Nov. 29th, 1906. At Cambridge, Mass	106	Grave Spring Grove Cemetery
Abeline B. Cutler Private Co. B. 1st Mass., 26th.	April 27, 1907 At Andover, Mass.	107	Grave West Cemetery
Benjamin L. Lovejoy Corporal Co. K. 1st Mass., 26th.	May 26, 1907 At Andover, Mass	109	Grave West Cemetery
Winslow Russell Sergeant Co. K. 1st Mass., 26th.	April 27, 1907 At Soldiers Home Piquet, Maine	108	Grave Soldiers lot in Spring Grove Cemetery

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
Edward J. Newsomb	Died in Andover, Mass III June 11, 1907	110	Grave Spring Grove Cemetery
Moses Warren Yeck Private Co. H, 1st Mass. N.A.	Died in Andover, Mass III June 11, 1907		Grave West-Cemetery
James B. Smith Private Co. A, 33 Mass Vols	Died in Lawrence, Mass III August 19, 1907		Grave West-Cemetery. Past-Comd of Post-99, S.A.R.
James Oberlin Treat	Died February 21, 1904	113	Grave Episcopal Cemetery
Samuel Cheever Private Co. K, 1st Mass. N.A.	Died in Andover, Mass III December 7th 1907		Grave Old South Cemetery Member of Post-99, S.A.R
Robert Bell Private Co. K, 1st Mass. N.A.	Died in Andover, Mass III Dec. 11, 1907		Grave Episcopal Cemetery Member of Post 99 S.A.R

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
Albert A. Gilson Private Co. C 30th Mass Vols " E 3rd	Died in Andover, Mass June 11th 1907.	116	Grave Spring Grove Cemetery Soldiers Lot-
Henry E Grandy, Private Co. I 5th Regt. M. V. M.	Died at Dorchester, Mass	117	Grave Old South Cemetery.
Mumma H. Lord Private Co. F. 9th Maine Infy	Died in Pelham, N.H. March 12, 1908.	118	Grave Spring Grove Cemetery.
Charles Greene Private Co. H. 1st Mass. T.C.A.	Died in Ballard Vole July 4th, 1908	119	Grave Spring Grove Cemetery. Member of Post-99 G.A.R.
Johnson, Noratio, Private Co. M. 1st Mass, T.C.A.		246	Grave. Spring Grove Cemetery.
Dove, George W. 2nd Engineer, U.S. Navy.	Died in Andover Mass October 24, 1908	42	Chapel Cemetery. Member of Post 79 G.A.R.

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
James Askworth Artificer Co. H 1st Mass., H.A.	Died in Andover, Mass. March 7th 1909	100	Grave Spring Grove Cemetery Member of Gen. W. F. Bartlett Post 99, S. A. R.
George Buckner Private Co. K. 6th Mass. Sols	Died in Andover, Mass. March 16, 1909	297	Grave West Cemetery Member of Gen. W. F. Bartlett Post 99, S. A. R.
Nelson J. Graham	Died August 11, 1906.	121	Grave West Cemetery
Hastings, Edgar A. Co. - Co. - 13, Vermont Sol	Died in Lawrence, Mass. June 13, 1909	122	Grave. Spring Grove Cemetery
Fisher, Edward C	Died in No. Andover, Mass. October, 7, 1909.	23	Graves. Spring Grove Cemetery. Member of Gen. W. F. Bartlett Post 99, S. A. R.
Dank, Elmore Private Co. F. 26th Mass. Sols.	Died in Ballard Vale, ^{Mass} February 7, 1910	124	Grave Soldiers Lot Spring Grove Cemetery

Name and Organization.

When died, and where.

Wreath.

Place of Decoration.

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
Dongerty,	Died in Lawrence ^{Mass}	126	Grave Old South Cemetery
A. Oak, J. Abbott - Private Co. H. 1st Mass. N. A.	Died in Andover, Mass September 29, 1910.	128	Grave Spring Grove Cemetery.
Peter D. Smith Second Lieutenant Co. G 1st Mass. N. A.	Died in Andover, Mass January 16, 1911.	131	Grave. in West-Cemetery Member of Gen. W. & Bartlett Post 99 N. A. R.
Robert - Lindsey Private Co. H. 1st Mass. N. A.	Died in Andover, Mass March 4th 1911	132	Grave in West-Cemetery. Member of Gen. W. & Bartlett Post 99 N. A. R.
Almon S. Moody Private Co. B. 1st Mass. N. A.	Died in Ballard Vale, June 14th 1910.	125	Grave in Spring Grove Cemetery.
John S. Dearborn Private Co. H. 1st Mass. N. A.	Died in Ballard Vale, Mass Dec. 21 1910	129	Grave in Spring Grove Cemetery Member of Gen. W. & Bartlett Post 99 N. A. R.

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
<p>Albert J. Galahan Private Co. B. 11th U.S.M.</p>	<p>Died in south Boston, Mass. March 31, 1911.</p>	133	<p>Grave in Old South Cemetery.</p>
<p>Henry C. Fitzcock Private Co. I 11th Vermont Sols.</p>	<p>Died in Andover, Mass. December 25th 1910.</p>	130	<p>Grave in Spring Grove cemetery Member of Gen War P. Bartlett Post-99 S.A.R.</p>
<p>Charles H. Gilbert Drummer 14th N. S. Vols.</p>	<p>Died at Andover, Mass. July 8th 1911.</p>	134	<p>Grave in West Cemetery Member of Gen War P. Bartlett Post-99 S.A.R.</p>
<p>Joseph Russell, Jr. Private Co. D. 1st Mass. S. A.</p>	<p>Died at Ballantyne, Mass. January 14, 1899.</p>	71	<p>Grave in Spring Grove Cemetery</p>
<p>Charles H. Mc Kenney Private Co. F 10th Maine Infy</p>	<p>Died at Lawrence, Mass. August 7, 1911.</p>	135	<p>Grave in Spring Grove cemetery Member of Lawton Post 146 S.A.R. Lawrence, Mass.</p>
<p>William H. Tricker Private Co. B. 11th Mass. Vols</p>	<p>Died at Soldier's Home Chelsea, Mass February 25, 1912</p>	136	<p>Grave in Old South Cemetery</p>

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
George B. Clark Musician Co. H, 1st Mass. I. A.	Died at Somerville, Mass March 20, 1912	137	grave Spring Grove Cemetery Andover, Mass. Post 139 G. A. R.
Charles H. Hibber Private Co. D 6th Mass. Vols 100 Days Credit of Boston, Mass	Died at Topsham, Maine January 5th 1913	140	grave Spring Grove Cemetery Member of W. F. Bartlett Post 99 G. A. R.
John B. Shaw Private Co. E, 39 Mass. Vols. Credit of Boston, Mass	Died at Andover, Mass January 30th 1913	141	grave Spring Grove Cemetery.
Samuel A. Swanton Private Co. E 22, Main Vols.	Died at Andover, Mass May 19, 1912.	138	138 grave Spring Grove Cemetery Member of W. F. Bartlett Post 99, G. A. R.
Calvin Mearr. Private Co. H 1st Mass. I. A.	Died at Andover, Mass April 4, 1913	142	grave Spring Grove Cemetery.
Jacob Warren Berry Private Co. K 8th Reg. Mass Vols.	Died at Andover, Mass. May 11, 1913	143	grave Spring Grove Cemetery Adjutant - W. F. Bartlett Post 99 G. A. R.

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
George W. Bonefoy. Private Co. A. 44th Mass Vols	Died at Lawrence, Mass July 19, 1913	145	Grave West Cemetery.
Charles H. Flint. Private 23rd New York Independent Battery	Died at Andover, Mass July 29th 1913.	146	Grave West Cemetery. Member of Gen. W. F. Bartlett Post-99 G. A. R.
John B. Jenkins Corporal Co. B. 11. Mass Vols	Died at Andover, Mass September 11, 1913	144	Grave Old South Cemetery Member of Gen. W. F. Bartlett Post-99 G. A. R.
Edgar J. Susco. Private Co. B 1st Mass Corporal Co K 13, "	Died at Soldiers Home Chelsea, Mass October 27, 1913.	147	Grave Spring Grove Cemetery Member of Gen. W. F. Bartlett Post-99 G. A. R.
Charles A. Hardy Private 13 Dist Columbia Volunteers.	Died at Andover, Mass Dec. 23, 1913	148	Grave West Cemetery. Member of Gen. W. F. Bartlett Post 99. G. A. R.
Oberlin B. Howarth Private Co. H. 1st Mass H. A.	Died at soldiers home Chelsea, Mass. January 29 1914	No wreath	Grave Forest Dale Cemetery. Chelsea, Mass

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
Edward P. Pearson Sergeant. Co. D 50 Reg. Mass Vols. Enlisted from Wilmington	Died at ^{Wilmington} Mass. January 28, 1914.	149	Grave. Spring Grove Cemetery.
Henry ^{John} Private Co. E 39th Mass. Vols.	Died at ^{Falls} Newton Lower February 27, 1914	Post-139	Grave Spring Grove Cemetery Member of Post-139 G. A. R.
George W. Fielding Private Co. A 44th Mass. Vols	Died at ^{Worcester} Somerville June 2nd 1914		Grave West Cemetery
McLabe, Frank Private Co. H 1st Mass. H. A		150	Grave Catholic Cemetery
Carroll, Patrick		157	Grave Catholic Cemetery
William J. Abbott Sergeant Co. G 37 Mass Vols	Died at Soldiers Home Rochester, Mass Nov. 27, 1914	152	Grave Old South Cemetery

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.
<p>Thomas McGovern Private Co. 3.38 Mass. Vols</p>	<p>Died in Ballard Hall, Mass August 15, 1914.</p>	<p>153</p>	<p>Grave Catholic Cemetery.</p>
<p>George Danc Private Co. 76, 14 Mass. Vols</p>	<p>Died at Soldiers Home Chelsea Mass April 15, 1914</p>	<p>154</p>	<p>Grave Spring Grove Cemetery Member of Gen. West's Barlett Post 99 G.A.R.</p>
<p>Henry Wood</p>		<p>155</p>	<p>Grave West Cemetery.</p>
<p>George H. Dodge Musician of the 99th N.Y. Vols.</p>	<p>Died at Andover, Mass April 5, 1916</p>	<p>156</p>	<p>Grave Spring Grove Cemetery Member of Gen. West's Barlett Post 99 G.A.R.</p>
<p>Lewis G. Holt Corporal Co. 76, 14 Mass. Vols.</p>	<p>Died at Lawrence ^{Mass} Dec. 23, 1916</p>	<p>161</p>	<p>Grave W. South Cemetery</p>
<p>John L. Smith Sergeant Co. 3.35 Mass Vols</p>	<p>Died at Andover, Mass March 14 1917</p>	<p>160</p>	<p>Grave Spring Grove Cemetery. Member of Gen. West's Barlett Post 99 G.A.R.</p>

Name and Organization.

When died, and where.

Wreath.

Place of Decoration.

<p>Jackson Dawson</p>		<p>127</p>	<p>Grave Episcopal cemetery</p>
<p>Poliver, J. W.</p>		<p>453</p>	<p>Grave Spring Grove Cemetery, member of E. W. Kinsley Post G. A. R.</p>
<p>Johnson, Solon Private Co. 76 1st Mass Inf</p>	<p>Died at Burlington, Mass August 4, 1917</p>		<p>Grave in West Cemetery Member of E. W. Kinsley Post G. A. R.</p>
<p>Wood, Moses A Private 10-12 detached Mass. Vols.</p>	<p>Died at Boston, Mass Jan. 25, 1919</p>		<p>Grave in Spring Grove Cemetery. Soldiers Post Member Gen. W. A. Bartlett Post 99 G. A. R.</p>
<p>Frankham, Moses L Private B. 59, Mass, Inf.</p>	<p>Died at Andover, Mass Feb. 21, 1919</p>		<p>Grave in West Cemetery. Member Gen. W. A. Bartlett Post 99 G. A. R.</p>
<p>Goldsmith, Sanford K Captain 59 Mass Vols</p>	<p>Died at Boston, Mass Feb. 1, 1920.</p>		<p>Grave in West Cemetery</p>

Name and Organization.

When died, and where.

Wreath.

Place of Decoration.

John McLaughlin
Private
Co. H, 1st Mass. I.C.A.

Died at Lawrence, Mass
July 29, 1920.

Grave
in Catholic cemetery
Member of
Post 99 G. A. R.

Wymon D. Hussey
Private
Co. H, 1st Mass. I.C.A.

Died at Lakeport, N.H.
March 2, 1917

Milton B. Townsend
Corporal
Co. H, 1st Mass. I.C.A.

Died at Lawrence, Mass
January 3, 1920.

Buried at
Lawrence, Mass

James Mc Donald
Private
Co. K 40th N.Y. Infantry

Died at Andover
February 17, 1921

63

Grave
in Catholic cemetery
Member of
Post 99 G. A. R.

Name and Organization.

When died, and where.

Wreath.

Place of Decoration.

Name and Organization.

When died, and where.

Wreath.

Place of Decoration.

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.

Name and Organization.

When died, and where.

Wreath.

Place of Decoration.

Name and Organization.	When died, and where.	Wreath.	Place of Decoration.

Chapel Cemetery Wreath

Chapel Cemetery

Wreath

Adams John B

261

Johnson A C

262

Mather William L

263

Taylor, George H.

8

Gordon, Rev. M. L.

79

Parker, George H.

82

Dove, George W. W.

42

Episcopal Cemetery

Episcopal Cemetery

Gravestones

Basbels Frank	#	252
Merrill Edward L	#	250
Prince John		248
Boyle, Leonard W		246
Scott Jesse M		247
Scott Robert	#	251
Smith Alonzo S		376
Middley, Joseph		34
Busfield, John Jr.		37
Charnley, William		47
Blunt, Samuel W.		30
Bradley, Everett Jr.		85
Marland, Charles W.		91
Stewart, George		92
Brown, George Y.		93
Reed, James Oberlin		123
Bell, Robert		115
Pierce, Thomas N.		156
Chick, Edmund S.		159
Lawson, Jackson		127

Catholic cemetery, meath

Catholic cemetery	meath	Catholic cemetery	meath
Donnelly, John,			253
McKullough John			254
McGurk Bernard	#		257
Nolan Peter,			256
O'Hara Edward,	#		259
Loque James,	#		260
Breeney, Cornelius.			255
Lounley, John J.	#		258
Skerritt, James.			391
Pasho, Elisha.			471
Robertson, Robert.			6
Qualey, Patrick.			389
Dwore, Daniel, Jr			17
14 Smith, George.			12
15 McVeigh, Thomas			33
Kelley, Matthew.	Body removed from	7000	52
Robinson, Joseph R			68
Clinton, Malachia			58
Dorsey, John.			77
Kelly, William.			81
McKenzie, John			87
McGovern, Thomas			95

Old South Cemetery	Grave	Old South Cemetery	Grave
Ahlander, Albert B	241	Means, Rev James	235
Allement, Charles A	227	Newman Edward	271
Arrowther, James	379	Nichols Andrew S	275
Reversion, George	228	Nichols, William W	375
Farnham, David	230	Platt, Thomas	265
Farnham, Samuel S	229	Richardson, Silas Jr	383
Goldsmith, Jeremiah	273	Russell, Isaac	384
Hall, Percival K	233	Russell, James	237
Hatch, Hnoch M	# 242	Russell, William	266
Hatch, Lewis S	231	Sherman, Henry J	388
Hayward, George K	232	Smart, George M	238
Holt, Joseph F	234	Smith, Thomas Moved to Spring Grove 239	
Saqrith, James	# 243	Tough, George K	381
Kimball, Henry S	# 244	Tough, Robert	382
Mason, Josiah	236	Toull, John A	# 245
Johnston, David Jr	416	Woodbridge, Francis	239
Rollins, Robert	412	Woodlin, Kelgin	272
Russell Charles	463	Abbott, Albert L	267
Travis, Niram C.	464	Abbott, Lewis S	268
Holt, Samuel M.	467	Aiken, Samuel	# 240
Berry, Alonzo P.	468	Bagley, Thomas A	# 215
Woodbridge, George B.	5	Bodwell, Willard S removed from in 1848	380
Dane, Joseph E	2	Bingham, Samuel R	370
Goldsmith, Josiah	7	Burr, Charles K	225
Mason, Joseph F.	11	Callahan, Charles H	48 226

Old South Cemetery continued.

Braham, James H.	13	Chewer, Samuel	114
Wauland, William. ^{removed to Spring Grove}	19	Grandy, Henry E	117
Rothwell, James H. *	23	Dougherty	126
Craig, David A	29	removed to Spring Grove	
Blunt, Samuel W. ^{Removed to Episcopal yard}	30	Callahan, Albert J	133
Jones, Charles E.	31	Jucker, William H	136
Happeney, James R	390	Jenkins, John B.	144
Mansfield, Ezra A	38	Abbott, William F.	152
Blunt, Joshua Milton	44	Holt, Lewis G.	161
Howard, George E	51		
Wardwell, Joseph Warren.	52		
Goldsmith, Joseph C.	53		
Higgins, Henry C.	57		
Russell, Edin	63		
Clark, Aaron S.	68		
Benjamin Cheever	69		
Abbott, William A.	65		
Cummings, Brainerd	75		
Abbott, Edward P.	937		
Craig, William	921		
Stott, Joshua H.	88		
Mears, Warren, Jr.	94		
Wardwell, Alfred.	95		
Stevens, Daniel.	96		
Whitmore, Daniel A.	104		

Spring Grove Cemetery	number
Merrill, Nelson A.	80
Harnden, George W	Post-5 marker
Holt, Newton	86
Davis, Edward H.	89
Austin, LeBaron, Soldier's lot	90
Woodbridge, Charles D	98
Hayward, Henry A	97
Clark, Capt. John	106
Russell, Winslow Soldier's lot	108
Blewett, Edward J	110
Gilson, Albert A. Soldier's lot	116
Lord, Turner R	118
Greene, Charles	119
Johanson, Noratio	246
Ashworth, James	100 15
Hastings, Edgar A.	122
Fisher, Edward C	123 17
Dane, Elmore. Soldier's lot	124
Moody, Amos S.	125 18
Abbott, Noah B	128
Dearborn, John S	129
Hitchcock, Henry C	130
Russell, Joseph Jr	71
McKenney, Charles	135
Clark, George B	137

Spring Grove Cemetery	number
Findlay, James S	201
Findlay, John A	202
Raymond, Walter L	# 269
Richardson, Isaac R	# 386
Hatch, Andrew J. Soldier's lot	465
Poor, Washington	470
Mahoney, Michael. Soldier's lot	3
Wardwell, Leonard. Soldier's lot	9
Holt, Warren E.	10
Clemons, Charles E.	16
Hunter, William. Soldier's lot	21
Currier, Hagen.	24
McClusky, Cornelius.	25
Scurlett, Hsa M. Soldier's lot	26
Smith, Thomas.	407
Higgins, Alexander	32
Allen, Walter B.	39
Mears, George [76]	42
" John	43
Randall, Charles. Soldier's lot.	49
Greene, William R.	56
Hooley, John C.	60
Mears, Charles.	67
Pike, George E. Soldier's lot	72
Bean, Jonathan M	78

Spring Grove

Samuel A. Swanton	138	58
Kibbee, Charles Jr	140	58
Shaw John B.	141	
Mears, Calvin	142	
Berry, J. Warren	143	
Sisco, Edgar F	147	
Pearson, Edward D.	149	
Shaw, Henry.	139	Post-139. Wreath
Dane, George.	154	
Dodge, George K.	156	
Dolliver, J. W. [E. W. Kingsley	453	Post
Smith, John L.	160	
Wood, Moses A. Soldiers Lot.		

West Parish Cemetery		Gravestones
Shattuck, Nathaniel		385
Wardman, Thomas #		224
Murray, William		466
Carruth, Isaac S.		1
Withey, William H.		4
Symonds, Solomon.		472
Townsend, Warren W.		469
Shattuck, Charles Wm		15
Luscomb, Aaron E		18
Hussey, Walter.		14
Frize, Isaac		20
37 Wilson, Foster.		22
Preston, James M.		27
Bailey, Joshua H.		28
Gardner, Charles J.		35
Abbott, Moses B		40
42 Carruth, Sumner.		120
Shattuck, Charles M.		48
Wardwell, Wm H.		46
Frize, Miner Gates		50
Bell, Charles Henry.		59
Hunt, Amos.		55
Craig, George		62
Simonds, Richard H		64
Holt, George F		60

West Parish Cemetery		Gravestones
Bailey, George A	*	216
Barnard, Charles P		203
Carruth, Charles H		270
Chandler, Joseph Jr		204
Butler, Charles H		205
Butler, Granville H	#	219
Coates, James	#	287
Farmer, Edward	#	218
Farnham, Orrin L		206
Foye, Monoch C		207
Foye, Newton		208
Gillispie, William		212
Grant, Charles H		213
Grant, George		274
Hardy, Franklin	#	220
Hardy, William		387
Heald, Timothy		269
Holt, Donalhan A	#	221
Libby, James L		214
Lovejoy, Newton	#	223
Merrill, James W		209
Mear, Oscar A		210
Patrick, Andrew H	#	261
Pidley, Charles H	#	222
Simonds, Benjamin W		211

West-Point Cemetery.	
Noyes, Aaron	76
Whitford, Edwin.	83
Hodgeman, William S.	84
Stevens, James	99
Russell, Augustine H	101
Barnard, George N.	102
Loves, Ira D.	103
Chandler, Henry J.	105
Butler, Abelino B	107
Lovejoy, Benjamin C	109
Tuck, Moses Warren	111
Smith, James B	112
Buchan, George.	227
Lygdon, Nelson V.	121
Smith, Peter D.	131
Lindsay, Robert	132
Gilbert, Charles H.	134
Lovejoy, George W.	145
Flint, Charles H.	146
Hardy, Charles ^A	148
Fielding, George W. From his ^{pos.}	139
Hodgman,	155
Johnson, Solon.	
Farrahorn, Moses L.	

Wreath Goldsmith & Sanford K.

1	Nichols, William W.	Died at	New Orleans, La.	Oct. 26, 1863
	Ridley Charles W	Died at	Spottsylvania, Va.	May 19, 1864.
*	Farnier, George S.	Died at	Andersonville, Ga.	Sept. 10, 1864.
	Hall, William S	Died at	Andersonville, Ga.	Sept. 30, 1864.
1	Lovejoy, Henry S	Died at	North Andover, Mass	Sept 1, 1867.
1	Keating, John.	Died at	Billerica, Mass	March 30, 1869.
	Weddell, Henry			May 1870
2	Hatch, Andrew J.	Died at	Andover, Mass.	Sept 6, 1879.
1	Mahoney, Michael	Died at	Andover, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1882.
1	Smith, George	Died at	Lawrence, Mass	Sept. 17, 1883
2	Luscomb, Aaron S.	Died at	Lawrence, Mass.	July 26, 1886.
11	Hunter, William.	Died at	Andover, Mass.	April 25, 1887.
*	Dugan, Charles.	Died at	Lawrence Mass.	Jan. 12, 1878.
1	Nolan, Malachi	Died at	Ipswich, Mass.	Dec. 4, 1879.
*	Russell, Joseph, Jr.	Died at	Andover, Mass.	Jan. 14, 1899
*	Black, Thomas D.	Died at	Wakefield, Mass.	Dec 17, 1893
1	Abbott, Lewis F. R.	Died at	North Adams, Mass	Oct. 24, 1904.
*	Abbott, William A.	Died at	Boston, Mass	May 30, 1898.
1	Young, Francis C.	Died at	Agnew, Cal.	Jan. - 1909.
	Stevens, Benjamin H.	Died at	Chelsea, Mass	Dec. 17, 1912
	Lovejoy, George W	Died at	Lawrence, Mass	Jan. 19, 1913.
	Mears, Calvin.	Died at	Andover, Mass.	April 4, 1913.
	Jenkins, John B.	Died at	Andover, Mass	Sept. 11, 1913.
	Howarth, Oberlin B.	Died at	Chelsea, Mass.	Jan. 20, 1914.
	Dane, George	Died at	Chelsea, Mass	August 15, 1914.

May 10

- Joseph Bell, Sep 2, 1868.
- Samuel P. Garrison ^{Jan. 12} 1866.
- Joseph M. Cole ^{Feb. 6} 1868.
- David T. Garrison ^{Aug. 15} 1868.
- James S. Findley ^{Nov 9} 1869.
- Harrison Holt ^{Feb 21} 1870
- Francis Woodbridge ^{Sept 1} 1870
- William Killis ^{April 18} 1870.
- John A. Findley ^{Jan 5} 1871.
- Jerome Goldsmith 1871.
- Silas Richardson, ^{Jan 27} 1874.
- James Skerritt, ^{Sept 27} 1876.
- Henry T. Sherman ^{Nov 14} 1876.
- Thomas Smith ^{Sept. 25} 1877.
- Patrick Dealey, ^{May 16} 1878.
- Robert Rollins, ^{Feb. 20} 1879.
- David Johnson, ^{April 15} 1879.
- Samuel M. Holt ^{Jan 10} 1880.
- Alvaro P. Berry, ^{Aug 1} 1880.
- Albert S. Henry ^{Nov 9} 1880.
- William W. Townsend, ^{Feb 11} 1881.
- Isaac S. Burritt, ^{Oct 27} 1881.
- William H. Wilkey, ^{Dec 23} 1882.
- Warren E. Holt, ^{July 5} 1884.
- Charles W. Shattuck, ^{Jan 27} 1885.
- Newton Holt, 1885.
- Moses W. Element, ^{Oct. 22} 1885.
- Daniel Dawne ^{Nov. 25} 1885.
- William Turlan ^{Sept 10} 1886.
- Charles E. Abbott, ^{Feb 3} 1888.
- David Craig, ^{July 14} 1888.
- Samuel W. Hunt, ^{Aug. 22} 1888.
- Aaron G. Ray, ²⁷ 1888.
- Charles E. Jones, ^{Jan 24} 1890.
- John R. Busfield ^{April 21} 1891.
- Walter B. Allen ^{Oct. 31} 1891.
- Moses S. Abbott ^{Dec 30} 1891.
- George Mears, ^{Nov 16} 1891.
- Joshua M. Hunt, ^{Dec 30} 1892.
- Charles M. Shattuck, ^{Aug. 23} 1893.
- Joseph W. Wardwell, ^{Feb 19} 1895.
- John S. Sargent, ^{March 11} 1895.
- Josiah S. Chapin, ^{July 10} 1895.
- Joseph E. Goldsmith, ^{August 26} 1895.
- Amos Hunt, ^{Dec. 18} 1895.
- William De Veen, ^{Jan 2} 1896.
- Henry C. Higgins, ^{Jan 27} 1897.
- Edward Mason, ^{Feb. 26} 1897.
- Charles H. Bell, ^{June 11} 1897.
- John S. Covey, ^{Aug 30} 1897.

South Tablet

Joseph P. Robinson, Nov. 9, 1897.
 George Lane, Feb. 25, 1898.
 Albert Berry, June 10, 1898.
 Charles Meers, Dec. 2, 1898.
 Aaron S. Clark, Dec 19, 1898.
 Henry O. Burnham, March 24, 1899.
 Benjamin Brewer, March 27, 1899.
 John R. Gook, May 16, 1899.

North Tablet

No. 2

Alfred Wardwell, Sept. 24, 1904.
 Daniel Stevens, Dec. 14, 1904.
 Frank F. Abbott, Dec. 24, 1904.
 George A. W. Vinal, Feb. 9, 1905.
 George W. Bernard, Feb. 15, 1905.
 James R. Murray, March 10, 1905.
 William Warland, April 12, 1905.
 Thomas F. Winthrop, June 8, 1905.
 John E. Sangals, Aug. 23, 1905.
 Jesse E. Gray, Aug. 30, 1905.

North Tablet

George E. Pike, Dec. 31, 1899.
 Aaron S. Noyes, May 11, 1900.
 Francis W. Edwards, Aug 8, 1900.
 Samuel E. Kewey, April 2, 1901.
 Edward P. Abbott, April 28, 1902.
 Joshua H. Stott, Nov. 14, 1902.
 George W. Karsden, Nov. 25, 1902.
 William Craig, Jan 6, 1903.
 John McKenzie, May 4, 1903.
 David Smith, May 29, 1903.
 Charles H. Warland, Aug 24, 1903.
 George Stewart, Dec. 10, 1903.
 George T. Brown, April 28, 1904.
 Augustine K. Russell, July 3, 1904.
 Warren Meers, Jr., Aug. 25, 1904.
 Horace Holt, April 24, 1906.
 Henry F. Chandler, Nov. 16, 1906.
 John Clark, Nov. 29, 1906.
 Abelino B. Butler, April 27, 1907.
 Winston Russell, April 27, 1907.
 Benjamin C. Sawyer, May 26, 1907.
 Moses W. Tuck, June 11, 1907.
 James B. Smith, Aug. 19, 1907.
 Timothy Collins, Sept. 11, 1907.
 Amasa Clarke, Oct. 26, 1907.
 Samuel Brewer, Dec 7, 1907.
 Robert Bell, Dec. 11, 1907.
 William A. Parker, Feb. 5, 1908.
 Charles Greene, July 4, 1908.
 George W. W. Dove, Oct. 29, 1908.

North Table.

No. 3.

Sylvester S. Melcher,	Dec. 21, 1908.
James Ashworth,	March 7, 1909.
George Buckner	March 16, 1909.
Henry S. Brown.	May 16, 1909.
Walden Rogers.	Sept. 4, 1909.
William H. Benson.	Jan. 18, 1910.
Emore Pany	Feb. 7, 1910.
Noah B. Abbott,	Sept. 29, 1910.
Phineas Buckley, jr.	Dec. 7, 1910.
John S. Dearborn	Dec. 21, 1910.
Peter D. Smith	Jan. 16, 1911.
Robert Lindsay,	March 4, 1911.
Albert J. Callahan	March 31, 1911.
John W. Stewart	Jan. 1, 1912.
William H. Tucker,	Feb. 12, 1912.
George B. Clark,	March 29, 1912.
Charles H. Poor	Aug. 4, 1912.
Charles W. Harrison	July 22, 1915.

The First Celebration

of

Decoration Day,

at

Andover, May, 30, 1868.

The services on Saturday (May 30 1868) in honor of our patriotic dead, by, strewing flowers on their graves, was a very impressive affair, started by the teachers and pupils of Abbot Female Academy, seconded by the students of the Theological Seminary, and Phillips Academy, was quite a success.

The services in the chapel of the Theological Seminary, consisted of singing national songs. Prayer by Professor Thayer who was chaplain of the 60th Mass^{ts}, and reading of patriotic selections of poetry by Mr J W Churchill of the Seminary. A procession of about five hundred was formed, headed by twelve or fifteen students of the Seminary, and Academy, who had served in the war.

Mr L Bradley, jr of the Academy, who belonged to the 1st Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, took the lead carrying the banner presented to the Anderson Company by the students of Phillips Academy. The stars and stripes were borne by Mr John P Studely of the Academy who was a member of the 20th Connecticut and accompanied Sherman on his march to the sea, and Mr James H Giddings who belonged to the 2^d Massachusetts Cavalry. The

procession visited the Chapel. South and Episcopal cemeteries scatter-
-ing flowers upon the graves of all buried therein who were known to
have borne arms in defense of our country. As the procession
marched down School Street, the teachers and pupils of Abbot
Female Academy joined it. Owing to lateness of the
hour and the distance to the other cemeteries they were not visited.

celebration of

Decoration Day

1869.

May 22 1869. A meeting was held in the Town Hall. Mr
 W H Denton was chosen chairman, and J Warren Berry, Secy.
 The following ladies were chosen a committee on Disposal Dis-
 -positions. from

South Church	Mrs Robert Callahan
Free do	Mrs J H Johnson
Episcopal do	Mrs Samuel Raymond
Baptist do	Mrs Joseph A Abbott
Chapel do	Mrs Warren F. Draper
Ballardvale do	Mrs Isaac O. Hunt
West Parish do	Mrs George Russell and Miss Annie L. Smith.
Catholic do	Miss Rebecca Steen
Abbot Female Academy.	Miss P. Mc Keen

a procession was formed in the West Parish, marching to the
 cemetery. Later a procession was formed at the Town Hall
 and moved through Main, Cross and School Streets to the
 Chapel cemetery, thence down Main St to the South, Episcopal
 and Catholic cemeteries. On the route it was joined by the stu-
 -dents of the Theo Sem and Phillips Academy and children of the Public
 -schools

Celebration of

Decoration Day

at

Andover. May 30. 1870.

On Monday, May 20 1890. A detachment from Post 39 of the Grand Army, of the Republic arrived at the Railroad Depot from Lawrence, and were there met by their comrades of this town and accompanied by the Lawrence Brass Band, proceeded to the West Parish Cemetery, where prayer was offered by Rev James H Merrill, and other appropriate exercises took place. On their arrival at (9 o'clock) the Town Hall, the services commenced with music, followed with prayer by Prof. Thayer, and an oration by Mr G. A. Dunning of the Theo Seminary.

A procession was formed at the Town Hall, under direction of Major Marland, Chief Marshal, which proceeded to the Chapel, South and Episcopal Cemeteries, and a detail to the Catholic Cemetery. On the route the procession was joined by the students of Phillips Academy and by the young ladies of Abbot Academy.

Memorial Services at Andover

on

Decoration Day

May 30th 1891.

at 8 o'clock. a.m. The Lawrence Cornet Band arrived and proceeded at once to the First Parish Church where a procession was formed and marched to the cemetery. Prayer was offered by Rev James H Merrill. The Band played a dirge, and wreaths and flowers were placed on the graves of deceased soldiers. The Band was then taken to the Town Hall, where after a prayer by Rev James Thomson a procession was formed under the direction of Chief Marshal. Maj. Marland, consisting of Andover Steam Fire Engine Co., Soldiers, children of the Public Schools, and the selectmen of the town and orator in a carriage.

The procession marched up Main St and were joined by the students of Phillips Academy, it then proceeded to

Chapel Cemetery, then down School St. The Abbott
Female Academy displayed the National Flag and other dec-
-orations, the young ladies furnishing a liberal supply of wreaths
and flowers. On arriving at South Cemetery, detachments were
detailed to the other cemeteries. In consequence of the extreme heat
the programme was so far changed as to have the address at the
Town Hall instead of near the South Church as was previously
arranged. Mr George H Scott of the Theological Seminary, who
was a soldier gave an eloquent address upon the war and its
results, with a graphic description of the Battle of Gettysburg.

Mr Scott said

Fellow citizens of America

Our fathers fought to create a nation, we of this generation to preserve it. Our soldiers were the saviours under God of the nation. Their sacrifices secured and perfected our liberties. Human life is the roof and personal sacrifice is the roof of history. To give to human rights an adequate value in our eyes, God has wisely ordained that we purchase them by sacrifice. While every great wrong has its victims, the right which assails it has its martyrs. Those great wrongs which have darkened the world, have been overcome only, by fearful conflict. Human liberty, has been fittingly represented, not by a beautiful goddess, but by a stern warrior clad in panoply and bearing the scars of a hundred battles. Sacrifice to overthrow error and establish truth is the law of human progress, somehow and in some way every crime must have its atonement, Innocence must bear the sins of guilt. Blood! It has an awful significance, with it we associate the mystery of life. A murder

thrills the community with horror. From him whose hands are stained with blood, we shrink away, as from a monster. Before his victims, children weep, tender women turn pale, and strong men shudder. But it is the price humanity has paid for all we enjoy to day. In more senses than one, without the shedding of blood there is no remission. There is something more precious than blood or the life it symbolizes. Honor and truth and liberty have greater value. Said Madam Roland "If men are not willing to die for liberty, they soon will have nothing to do but to weep for her" Thank heaven in our age were found those who were thus willing.

Nations often progress not by slow gradations, but by leaps, this progress is often marked by bloody conflicts, and great revolutions, into these the issues of a century are often crowded. To such a conflict, we of this generation were summoned. We have lived and written in letters of blood and read in the light of our own deeds half the history of the republic. Let us rejoice rather than weep, that the sacred duty was required of us to grapple in the death struggle the monster barbarism of the age and destroy it, that we were deemed worthy to wear the crown of thorns, that we were permitted "to wait beneath the furnace

blast, the pang of transformation " For not painlessly did God recast and mould anew the nation "

How true and over ours in this great struggle to right the wrong, let the five hundred and sixteen whom she forth tell us, let almost every battle field from the Gulf to the Potomac on which the fought bear witness, let the seventy or more who gave up their lives to the cause testify, let the forty and more graves in your cemeteries where rest your heroic dead speak forth; let the tender tribute this day paid to the fallen make answer; let these strong men whom God spared to return - many, of them bearing the scar badge of honored wounds, who can lament as well as fight reply, let the memorial which you are about to erect proclaim to all coming time, not only your fidelity to the cause of liberty when in peril, but your love for those who fell in its defence.

The Germans have a proverb " It is honorable for ro-men to lament, for men to remember " and I may add " for a nation to honor the dead " We meet to day to re-member, to honor and lament the fallen. mingled feelings

of sorrow, gratitude and patriotism stir our hearts. This floral tribute has a complex significance, it has a national expression, the nation mourns to-day. Not till a nation becomes too ignorant to appreciate, or too corrupt to value her liberty, will she forget to honor her martyrs. Amid the din and clang of busy life she stops to honor her dead. In her onward sweep to great achievement she turns aside for a day to acknowledge her obligation to her sons who died to preserve and deliver her. In this the people are quickened to a deeper loyalty, and pledged to a more earnest devotion to right and freedom. Again it has special significance to the family. Our wounds bleed afresh, this day recalls the vacant chair, "the touch of a vanished hand" the sound of a voice that is still, the parting, the sinking of heart, the sleepless nights, the weary waiting, news of sickness, the telegram he is dead, the body's return - the open grave - hearts bleeding and home desolate. Let mothers, wives, sisters - daughters bring their offerings of love and grief, and as they twine and garland the flowers of spring-time, how many will moisten them with their tears. But my fellow soldiers to you this day is especially sacred. The dead whom we lament to-day were your comrades

in arms. They were with you upon the tented field, beside the camp fire, on the weary march, on the distant picket line, in the slippery fosse, on the deadly charge.

Commonality of suffering makes men akin. You came to love the sharer of your hardships and dangers, next to those of family, the associations of the army, are the most sacred of our lives. Is it strange then that the Grand Army, of the Republic set apart this day in memory of their fallen comrades. We meet not alone to honor them, though they are deserving of all honor, not alone to pay them the tribute of gratitude, though they deserve our gratitude, but to give expression to our love. Oh! these army friendships! How precious they were, each had your boon companion, him it may be who at the home fireside talked over the stern question of duty with you, and shook hands over the firm resolve to enlist, and go forth to battle for the right, him who slept under the same white canvass with you, who drilled and marched and fought by your side, who was to you for sister, mother, wife, attending you in sickness, and cheered you

in health, with whom you sympathized, in whom you confided, and to whom you read all your letters from home "It is ecstacy tried, you grasped him to your heart with hooks of steel." "The soul of Jonathan was knit to the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul". Can you forget him? Not while the sentiment lives in your soul, and love is an affection of your heart. "If I forget thee, let my right hand forget her cunning, If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth. You visit his grave to-day. War, pitiless war, drunk with slaughter, with bloody fingers ruthlessly, rent the ties which bound you, and stamped under his iron heel that companionship of love. How often these army friendships were broken, - these army companions snatched from us, let the graves you decorate to-day bear witness. How many memories sad and pleasant come trooping up from the remembered past, memories of camp and fort and field. The saddest of these, those written with an iron pen upon our souls, were the sundering of hearts, the eternal partings.

Let me picture some real scenes, the experience of each of you furnishes a dozen parallels. You remember that night in January, in the Army of the Potomac. The long roll echoed through

the camp, and startled us from slumber. Orders had come to hasten to a point twenty miles away. We were given fifteen minutes to provide three days rations and fall into line. We were soon on our way, but the clouds were gathering blackness, the darkness can be felt, the rain soon fell in torrents. We tramp, tramp, tramp over curdery roads which endanger a fall at every step - or through mud - that sacred soil of Virginia - which adds two pounds avoirdupoise to each boot, through the weary hours. Our guide misleads us but we know it not. It is near day, we are given an hour for rest and breakfast, some too weary to eat sink down exhausted, sit upon the butt of their guns to keep them from the mud beneath them. - recline against a tree and sleep, tho' tho' the still falling rain is trickling down their backs, and their clothes are saturated. The bugle sound attention, and stiff and sore we join in the weary march again. All day long we continue our tiresome march. We camp for the night in a road. The weather has changed from rain to snow, and from snow to bitter cold. We have not tents, what a night we spent

too cold to sleep, we stand shivering about our camp fires, thawing one side while the other is freezing, too exhausted to sleep awake, we catch snatches of sleep till we are chilled into wakefulness and find it necessary to thaw out again. Well, we are in camp again! True we met no enemies, but many of our brave boys met death. Our camp is vocal with the coughing of a hundred men; rheumatic pains, congestive lungs, burning fevers, twenty deaths are the fruit of our march. That beloved comrade who marched by our side sickens and dies. We place him in his coat and send him to his stricken friends at home, and we return to our duties heart sick and weary. We shall decorate his grave to-day. He was taken and we left.

Again, our regiment is sent on picket duty, five miles from camp, a December snow storm comes, we can have no fires upon the picket post lest they attract the enemy. Your tent mate is with you, his teeth chatter with cold, the snow dampens and the wind chills him, he returns to camp with a hectic flush and a hacking cough. deadly typhoid sets in. You have a confused memory, of the hospital, the wild delirium, the death struggle, the soldiers' beer, the muffled drum, the slow procession, the open grave, and the musketry valley, over it, the grave filled and the heart empty.

a stranger takes his place in your tent but not in your heart. He has been taken and you left.

Again. We are on a seven days march in summer, a July sun beats pitilessly down upon us, your brother whom you love as the apple of your eye, shows signs of exhaustion, he looks pale, you help him all you can, you put his knapsack upon the baggage wagon, and carry his gun and would get him into the ambulance, but it is already filled, he grows paler, his steps falter, the terrible sunstroke prostrates him. With a twitching at your heart and tears in your eyes, you leave him by the road side, to what fate you know not. After weeks of anxious waiting you see in a city paper a list of the dead at a certain hospital, and his name is among them, he has been taken and you left.

"Discharged on account of disability." do you know what that means? unfit for duty, broken in health, diseased in body, bearing ugly wounds, you bid your companion in arms good bye and send him home to his friends, not to cheer and comfort them, but to receive

cheer and comfort from them and to die. You have been prisoners in the prison pens of the South, you survived. but your comrades - less strong - victims of sardonic hate, huddled in crowds together, the muddy ground their bed by night, the boiling sun their canopy by day - noxious water their drink and poisonous meat their food, what there was of it. Hunger, thirst, exposure, making life a protracted death. one side of the dead line almost as fatal as the other - an accumulation of misery so great, that to cross that dead line and be shut was considered by many a privilege and a deliverance.

But I forbear. - to victims of this barbarity you pay tribute to-day. - It may be that God permitted this grand master-stroke of brutality, this climax of inhumanity, this final deal of infamy, as proof of the essential barbarism of slavery, and a warning to all time against its reestablishment. These were the death throes of the demon which had grown strong and mighty in the nation.

Thus my friends, a majority of our honored dead fell a prey to exposure, hardship and disease. True their deeds were unheralded and unsung. Let us honor them not less but more, for thus welcoming the cold embrace of duty, as smilingly

as the warm clasp of love. It is not so terrible a thing to die in battle. Honor, glory, applause are mighty incentives, the flourish of trumpets, the shouts of onset, the rattling of musketry and booming of cannon impel to valorous deeds. To meet death thus were much and deserves all honor. But it were more after all and involves more moral heroism to witness the intervals of battles the slow approach of death, to feel that by voluntary hardships and sacrifices the grim monster is mining and will soon take the citadel of life. True our victories were golden links in the war, but they had been only links and useless had they not been united into a chain of success by the stronger than iron links of stern endurance and unhonored sacrifice. As we gather into sheaves the glorious achievements of our army, let us not forget to glean amid the quiet tales and obscure names of the war.

From these sad mementos let us turn now to the brighter memories.— the incidents of daring and of battle—in which many of our comrades fought so well, and fell so nobly. Their intrepidity, and heroism cannot be better

illustrated than in the conduct of a Union spy. A young man of only twenty one had taken his life in his hands, and entered the rebel lines as a spy. He was arrested, tried and condemned to be hung. He was taken to the place of execution, and there in the presence of those who had betrayed their country and insulted her flag, he was asked if he had anything to say before the drop fell. He calmly surveyed his recreant countrymen, - his loyalty still strong in death, raised his hand and in a firm clear voice exclaimed "Three cheers for the stars and stripes."

Let me sketch briefly one or two representative incidents of the great representative Battle of Gettysburg. Art has been writing the history of that battle. Many of you have seen the great paintings of Bacheller and Rothermel. The latter has seized upon the great crisis of the battle, - the charge of Pickett upon the left center, and with startling effect and with a master hand placed it upon canvas. Since many soldiers before me were in that conflict, and some of their comrades fell, since Massachusetts fought so nobly and well there, it will not be inappropriate to describe in words what Rothermel has delineated in art, and

bring before you this great turning point of the rebellion.

The first day's battle had ended in disaster to our arms, two corps had been almost annihilated, and our troops were driven from all their positions.

The second day had ended. — a day of the most reckless assaults on the one the one hand, and the most determined resistance on the other, for three hours the tide of battle ebbed and flowed. — now the rebel wave seemed sweeping on with irresistible impulse, overwhelming brigades, divisions, corps till the heart grew sick with apprehension, anon our troops would rally and stand like a rock against which the rebel wave would dash and be broken in fragments, neither army had wholly succeeded or wholly failed. It was little more than a drawn battle. On the evening of this day, a council of war was held at headquarters and the question submitted " Shall we fight it out on this field, or retire to some better position " Slocum first replied " Stay and fight it out. " the majority agreed with him.

The third day, the most memorable in our history

opened with a severe engagement on our right. after which for several hours the firing ceased and Lee accompanied by Longstreet carefully reconnoitered our position, and decided to make one grand assault upon our left center. Our line of battle has been compared to a horse shoe, it might better be compared to a right angled triangle, the right angle resting upon Cemetery Hill, the base, our right extending from Cemetery Hill to Sulphur Hill, and our left extended from Cemetery Hill to Round-top. Round Top rough and precipitous and shaped like a sugar bowl, was the extreme left and the bulwark of our position this side of it is Reed's Hill, or Little Round Top between this and Cemetery Hill is a ridge spreading out into beautiful meadows, to the right it rises into Cemetery Hill quite an elevation. These hills were bristling with our batteries. This ridge was the left center and the weaker part of our lines, it was held by the Second Corps under Hancock, and a part of the First Corps under Doubleday including a Vermont brigade. We had but three, and in some places only two lines of battle, with no reserves. In front of this ridge for three quarters of a mile are open fields, the ground gradually descending from the ridge into a ravine midway between our lines

and the enemy's, and gradually, rises to the rebel position, which is on high and rolling ground near a mile from us. Along this ridge is a stone wall, back of which many of our men were placed. Lee thought if he could only silence our heaviest batteries with his artillery before his infantry advanced, his troops could advance with comparative safety, over this open space of near one mile. Our lines once broken, he could roll up our wings and possibly, compel a retreat. While with the broken ground in our rear and baggage wagons filling every avenue of exit, our retreat could easily, be converted into a rout and the army of the Potomac wiped out of existence. He spent the forenoon massing his men and making his combinations. One o'clock came. — a signal gun was fired — an ominous sound — what could be its meaning. I have been telling rebel secrets — our army did not know them then. In a moment suspense was ended. On every crest held by the enemy, light flashed, smoke pulped, and the very earth shook with the cannonade. The bugles sounded the call to arms, and in three

minutes ninety thousand men stood in line of battle awaiting their summons to duty, whether to sweep forward on the deadly charge, resist an assault, or retrieve a disaster. The whole rebel artillery, of one hundred and twenty guns simultaneously, thundered forth, while seventy on our side hurled back their stern defiance. Veterans pronounced it the grandest artillery frigate of the war, a battle of Titans truly, all the hellish engine of destruction which modern ingenuity could invent was now at work, a pandemonium of discords. Solid shot, grape, cannister, spherical case, elongated shell, whizzing, whirling, shrieking, moaning, booming, howling over our heads, — the air is alive with messengers of death. To walk along the ridge is madness. Our men lie low, they get behind stone walls, knolls, rifle pits, rail fences, trees, — anything to give them a partial protection. The cannonade was compared by an English writer who was in the rebel lines, to the thundering roar of all the battles ever fought upon the earth rolled into one. The sound was distinctly heard at Greensborough one hundred and forty three miles away. Lee's motive is soon discovered, Cemetery Hill is bristling with Howard's batteries which command this open space in front of our left center. If Lee can make these as silent

as the graves beneath them, his infantry can advance in safety, and so from the north-west, north, and north-east a hundred rebel guns cross their fires on Cemetery Hill. Shot and shell, two, three, five in a second furrow and scar the cemetery, plow into the graves as if to awake their sleepers, dismount guns, burst caissons, knock to pieces horses, shatter monumental stones, unlimb trees, still our men stand to their pieces. One shell falls among them and twenty seven are killed or ^{or w} wounded. How is ubiquitous, _h now here, now there, cheering, inspiring and encouraging his men. He knows the value of his position and means to improve it. His guns are hot, his men are balling. He orders his men to cease firing, lie down by their guns, and make the enemy believe that our batteries are silenced. The rebel batteries opposite our left to the west and south-west endeavor to cut up our infantry, between Cemetery and Reed's Hills along this ridge. The 13th Vermont and I believe the 20th Massachusetts lay just back of a small ridge hardly two feet higher than the ravine we occupy, but it is small protection while lying on our faces, we hardly,

dared to rest on our elbow even, for just above our heads rages a "tempest of orchestral death" that and shell strike, rend and tear the bank just back of us. A shell bursts near a horse, he rears, plunges, breaks loose, and canters over the field, but no one is brave enough to pursue him. Shell are bursting over our heads, and fragments are falling among us. One plows the ground within two feet of me, which I dig out with the point of a bayonet, a man is killed just behind me. A shell strikes another, it bursts and sends him whirling through the air, a mangled mass of flesh, blood and bones.

On that hot sultry day, we were exposed to the full glare of the sun. Many overcome with heat and exhaustion went to sleep, notwithstanding the tumult raging about them. O! how long the time! moments ^{are} hours! It is more terrible to lie there and endure without resistance the horrors of the cannonade, than to resist an assault, or creep forward on the deadly charge. Thus pass an hour and three quarters, and the rebel fire ceases. So the roar of artillery succeeds the stillness of death. This silence is full of meaning. It is the lull which precedes a wilder, fiercer storm. Two giants reared with mutual pounding, rest for a moment to get breath for a mightier pounding.

than before. A General rides along the lines, and tells us "The rebels are forming for a charge - be ready, to meet them" Lee has selected the flower of the rebel army, to make this great assault of the battle. Sickel's. Heath's and Anderson's divisions. Sickel's were fresh troops, veterans in war and accustomed to victory. (He had formed his lines back of a peach orchard and woods which concealed them from our view.) Soon a magnificent line of battle emerges from behind the peach orchard. - a few rods behind them and another line appears, a moment later and yet another. - Three lines containing seventeen thousand men, with ten thousand in support on either flank.

Sickel commands the first line. Officers superbly mounted are riding back and forth giving commands and encouraging their men. They must march through that open field three quarters of a mile. - commanded by our batteries: have they the nerve to endure? Howard's artillery men spring to their feet, Cemetery Hill is ablaze, "Give them canister, pour it into them" shouts Howard as he passes from battery to battery. a hundred cannon sweep

that field with their infernal missiles, wide gaps are made in the rebel lines, they close them up and press onward. (Again Howard smites and shatters, but cannot break the advancing line) They sweep down into the valley and begin to climb the ascent, the artillery on Reed's Hill join in a withering fire. Probably, to avoid this fire Pickett's first line which had been marching directly towards the position held by the Vermont brigade, marched by their left flank, until they uncovered the right of the Vermont brigade, This was a costly movement, their path was marked with a row of corpses. They are now in front of the stone wall, they front forward and push on. Hancock's corps is behind the wall, the Vermonters are to the left of it, and some rods in advance of it. Infantry are ordered to reserve their fire, till each one was sure of his man, to aim low and steady. Still our artillery mowed through their ranks, their lines grew shorter and shorter, yet still compact and unbroken. Now they are in reach of the muskets of the Vermonters and they pour in an enfilading fire. Sharpshooters are directed to pick off the officers, and before they crossed that fatal field every horseman was unsaddled. The havoc which artillery and musketry combined produced was terrible, we could see them drop faster than

we could count them along their lines, yet still as if court-
-ing death, that forlorn hope falters not, rears not.

Valiant men, had not a stronger sentiment possessed
us, we their enemies could have thrown our hats in the air,
and given them cheer for their heroism.

They are twenty rods from the stone wall, fifty cannon
and ten thousand muskets are sweeping them down, they
heed them not, The lines of the enemy are still unbroken.

So near is the first line, that our artillery can no more
fire upon them. Howard orders his gunners to break
their third line, to smash their supports. The advance
line passes by the right of the Vermont boys, [^] they are with-
-in ten rods of the stone wall, the same wall over which the
rebels passed and from which they were repulsed the day
before. Col Randall of the 13th Vermont, feared Hancock's
line behind the wall was not strong enough to resist the
shock, he sees his opportunity, to help Hancock by, attacking
the right flank of the enemy, he orders his regiment to
change front forward on the first company, this brings his
regiment at right angles with our original lines, and

upon the right flank of the rebel column. In the mean time the 20th Massachusetts, who had been pouring in a shower of bullets, advanced at double quick and formed in a similar way upon the left flank of the enemy. Thus our lines formed a half circle into which the enemy were pushed to their certain destruction. Pennsylvania under Hancock in front, and Massachusetts and Vermont on either flank, pour in a murderous fire at short range. This huddles the rebel lines together in some confusion, but unwilling to yield, - like an infuriated mob, they make a desperate rush for the stone wall, and so fierce was the onset, that the rebel advance actually reached, pushed back and broke through Webb's brigade, got into our batteries and planted their colors upon the stone wall. Officers exchanged pistol shots, men clubbed their muskets, the rebel General Armistead had his hand upon one of our guns, when he was shot down. Meanwhile the Bay-State and Green Mountain boys were not idle.

The Vermonters fired ten or fifteen rounds at half pistol range into the mass of the enemy, and then with the bayonet swept down upon their flank and rear. The 20th Massachusetts closed in on the other flank. The trap was sprung and the enemy caught

Our fire had already broken them up - can mortal men endure such a fire longer. Already they have lost two thirds their number. Regiments have ^{been} annihilated. Retreat is impossible, further resistance madness, they throw down their arms and surrender, most of them to the 13th Vermont and 20th Massachusetts.

Those not drawn into this semicircle, this vortex of destruction, seeing Pickett's line swallowed up, either surrendered to other forces or retreated a rabble rout from the field. This repulse had a demoralizing effect upon the enemy. Said Henry Congden, a Vermonters who was a prisoner within the rebel lines "The rebel force opposite our left center started at once in full retreat, and could not be rallied till they found they were not pursued." Had we taken advantage of this I believe the rebel army, might have been annihilated.

The horrors of war are best witnessed after the battle. The farm houses and barns for miles around were converted into hospitals, yet they were insufficient to contain the wounded. On the 26th of July, a rainy day, thousands lay in the open air, exposed to the peltings of the storm. So

numerous were they, that many lay for days, waiting for the surgeons to dress their wounds. But I forbear. Wellington must have been viewing a battle field when he exclaimed, that next to a great defeat, the most awful thing in all the world is a great victory. Thus ended the great charge at Gettysburg, the supreme effort of the rebellion had proved a signal failure.

In that conflict was gathered up and epitomised the whole drama of the war. Treason, brave, reckless, desperate, lusty for power and maddened with hate, determined to rule though it be in hell, dashing against the iron mail of her enemy, sweeping on to her own destruction. Loyalty, firm as a rock, strong in the right, stern and determined, resisting and finally crushing the hosts of treason.

Thank God our brave boys did not die in vain. Gettysburg avenges Waterloo. America gained what Europe lost. Imperial despotism triumphed at Waterloo. Democratic liberty, at Gettysburg. Waterloo was a victory of kings. Gettysburg of the people. ^{and} aristocracy triumphed at Waterloo. Fraternity and equality at Gettysburg. Waterloo riveted yet tighter the chains of the European peasantry. Gettysburg broke the chains of four millions of slaves. Not to us alone should be ascribed the

victory, but to the God of battles who rules, and overrules
nations.

Celebration

of

Decoration Day at Andover

May, 1872.

Programme

The services commenced at 9 O'clock, at the Town Hall.

Music by the Ballard Vale Cornet Band

Prayer by, Rev Henry, S Green of Ballard Vale

Singing by, a quartette, under James R. Murray, as conductor, with Miss Nella Russell as pianist.

Address by Doel W. Seymour of the Theological Seminary, and formerly, a member of the 12th Regt Ohio Vol Infy.

Singing of "America" by the audience, and

music by the Band.

After the services at the Hall, a procession was formed under the direction of Maj^r W^m Marland, consisting of past soldiers and seamen, Fire Department, Schools and citizens generally. The route was up Main St to the Chapel cemetery, down School St to South, Episcopal and Catholic cemeteries, thence to West Parish and detachment to Spring Grove.

Mr Seymour spoke as follows.

Mr Chairman, Fellow Soldiers, Ladies
and Gentlemen

The horrors of war are very, quickly, obliterated by the busy scenes, and quiet enjoyments of peace. We remember the great fact that there has been a war, but the sights and sounds and feelings which made war, we very, soon forget.

In my remarks to you to-day, it will be my purpose simply, to remind you of a few of the experiences with which we were all so familiar during the dark days of the rebellion. At times after the army, was disbanded, I endeavored to place myself back again in imagination in the midst of war time. But it was impossible, I could not make the old scenes live again. War had been an episode, so strange, so unnatural, so contrary to all former experience that in the reaction of peace, those years did not seem to belong to my life. They seemed, rather, like a vague, disordered dream. Now, however, after meeting one and another of my army comrades, after

rehearsing the various incidents of our army life, going over our bloody fields, one after another, calling up our comrades, in succession who fell here and there, those years are gradually coming back again, and taking their place in my life experience.

It was eleven years ago that the war broke upon us. A vague gloom was everywhere felt. The face of every one who could at all comprehend the situation was heavy with anxiety. Men were drumming for recruits. The martial spirit was everywhere. It pervaded even the sports of the children. Boys with drums in their hands and military caps on their heads were parading the streets. Soon there began to flow from the hills of New England and from the plains and mountains of the far West, streams of young, vigorous earnest volunteers, to join in common struggle upon the great battle fields of the South. Do you remember what total change of life your soldier boys were entering upon? They left quiet rural homes where every want had been provided for, where life had been peaceful and regular. They learned what it was to lead a wandering irregular, uncertain life, to live without shelter, and upon coarse food.

Many of them learned what it was to suffer hunger even to starvation. Look about you, New England life ^{is} to-day, what it

was eleven years ago. The sounds which are so familiar to you that you do not notice them, are the hum of busy mills, the peaceful rumble of vehicles through the streets, the rush of the steam car. Your soldiers exchanged these sounds for the hoarse rattle of gun carriages, the clatter of army wagons and the tramping of troops. You go out upon your morning walk, you hear the cheerful notes of birds, the music of happy domestic voices greet you everywhere. The soldier in field becomes familiar with far different sounds, The birds are frightened to silence, he is awakened in the morning, by the pipe and drum. Perhaps he is startled from his slumbers at dead of night, by the long roll, He becomes familiar with the wicked whistle of bullets, the angry screech of flying shells, the sharp command, the groans of the dying. Not, however that these are the only features of a soldiers life. It has a brighter side. There is much that is grand and inspiring in army experience, when you hear the sudden crack of a thirty pounder upon the top of a mountain reverberate through the gorges like sharp thunder, you are touched with a sense of the sublime. The

Soldier has his hours of quiet and leisure. He has his games and hilarity. His jokes are without number. He indulges in song-singing, and when "John Brown" is started by a soldier, caught up by the company, and carried on through the regiment, through the brigade and on through an entire line miles in length, as I have heard it, the effect is grand and pathetic.

A very noticeable feature of the soldier's life is the changed effect of the scenes of nature upon him. We look out upon our peaceful hills and pleasant green slopes. We have a mild sunlight and a kind sky above our heads. The effect of viewing these scenes day by day, is not less powerful because it eludes our notice. But it is almost lost upon the soldier in the field. Army life is not a favorable condition for the appreciation of the beauties of nature. For this we need the repose and calm of peace. The soldier looks at everything through the medium of war. That green slope, which would delight his eyes in the northern sunlight is now but a favorable spot for an army to entrench itself for defense, yonder stretch of woodland which would be exceedingly beautiful at other times and in other circumstances, is now but a convenient screen for a lurking enemy. The southern sunlight is a scorching blaze, and

the sky, itself seems to wear a stern, steely aspect.

The most beautiful sight I remember to have seen in the South was the bombardment of the city of Vicksburg, by night. The shells with their lighted fuse shot far skyward, paused for a moment then descended faster and faster until they burst over the unfortunate city. It was a beautiful sight, but it was a beauty beneath which lay destruction and misery. Women were hiding in caves on the hillsides, and men and beasts were dying.

The march of an army is a grand sight, but your picture of an army is never complete unless you see it in action, rushing on over the dead and the dying.

But if all nature is ominous and threatening to the soldier, there was one spot which was always green. That spot was in his memory, and it was the memory of his home. Every familiar tree, whether in the yard, the old orchard, or the forest, every friendly rock, every scene of boyhood sports, the old house, itself, are all tinged with a halo of beauty to the soldier which would never have entered his dreams, unless he had plunged himself into the vicissitudes of war. Your volunteer never understood the strength of home lies until he went to the war.

There were boys weary, and worn with hard marching, boys suffering from wounds, burning with fever, starving in rebel prisons, who yet would not go home, until the last shot had been fired, until the war cloud had been lifted, and lifted, too, from off country whose honor was unimpaired by any compromise with traitors, who, at the same time, looked upon the friendly skies and peaceful homes of the north as upon a paradise, and to stand once more upon the old hearthstone seemed to him almost like stepping upon the threshold of Heaven.

A peculiar feature of the war-cloud, was the feeling of uncertainty which settled down upon the life of the soldier. You lie down at night with a sense of security, you rise in the morning with a sense that the day is yours, you expect to live, many years of activity and enjoyment are probably before you. You go about your business with peaceful confidence. It is very different with the soldier in the field. To-night he writes his letter home, he feels that it may be his last. Before the sun rises he may be called to arms, and before it shall set his name may be sent home in the long list "killed in battle." This feeling is always present with the soldier, it gives a certain sombreness to all his

pleasures, and lends a pathos to the songs he sings.

The feeling of uncertainty, sometimes deepens into what seems like premonition. I well remember a tall, manly soldier who was the means of saving my own life, who at a certain period of the war, seemed to fall into despondency. He became discouraged. The war for the Union he feared would not be successful, some ill omen seemed to cast its shadow upon him. At length, while standing bravely in his place in battle, the bullet, which he seemed almost to have been expecting, came and in a few hours he was laid in a soldier's grave.

The vicissitudes of war are exceedingly strange. To every soldier who goes to the field is an actor in a tragedy which sometimes exhibits strange features and develops unexpected results. You send your stripling to the war, he may come back strong-limbed and unharmed. The strong and robust may be the first to succumb to the heat or the fever. War, with grim impartiality, strikes down its victims unmindful of rank or valor or personal gifts. So it has happened my fellow soldiers, that in the inexplicable fortunes of war our comrades, our schoolmates, our bosom friends have

fallen, and that we are here to-day to honor their memories, and to scatter our flowers upon their graves. They are lost, we survive, God only knows how or why.

It may be expected that I shall pronounce a eulogy upon the soldiers to-day. We that are living need no eulogy. We are honored sufficiently, perhaps more than we deserve. We have simply performed our duty. As for the dead I prefer to make this a day of memory, rather than of praise.

I have spoken of the ease with which we forget the experiences of war, but I know there are those with us here to-day who will never forget. The war struck its heaviest blows upon our quiet homes. It snatched its victims from our firesides, It left its vacancies, which never can be filled. While then we join in an affectionate remembrance of our fallen comrades, we will also extend our warmest sympathies to those whose hearts are still bleeding for home circles which have been rudely broken, and who will carry, with them to the graves we shall visit today, the burden of an irrecoverable loss. But there is something more which calls for our remembrance today. We shall do poor honor to the dead, if we forget the cause for which they died. That flag is the emblem of our national honor. It proclaims to all the nations of the earth today

not only that the honor of our country is unsullied, but that a great victory has been won, that there has been a triumph over a most powerful and deadly assault. The blood of our fallen comrades has added a new lustre and authority to that ensign in every land and upon every sea.

I believe that every surviving soldier's heart is knit to the stars and stripes more closely than it ever could have but for the peril which has threatened it, and the cost of planting it anew and holding it up where rebel hands had torn it down. And I believe, dreadful as we know by experience, war to be, that should danger ever again threaten our flag, the old soldiers of the Union, would be the first to fly to its rescue. We, at least have earned the right to protect and defend, in every hour of danger, the flag which our forefathers raised and staked their lives to uphold upon these shores.

But the memory of the dead should carry out thoughts today, beyond the mere unity of the country. The Union has been preserved, but we are not yet wholly free from danger. We have a duty to perform as citizens, as sacred as that which we performed as soldiers.

Let the inspiration of this day lead us to every wise effort to sweep away all corruption, and every lurking seed of discord, to preserve our national integrity and purity.

I have but one more word to say. When we go to the graves of our fallen soldiers to-day, let us not pass them by with a merely formal service. Would our fathers, our sons and our brothers speak to-day, they would desire a single heartfelt remembrance far more eagerly, and would regard a single aspiration after a higher and more patriotic life far more highly than all the superficial honors we may render them. When, then we lay our flowers upon their graves to-day, let us remember how they died and why they died.

Memorial Services at Andover
on
Decoration Day. May, 30. 1873.

Decoration Day, this year, with the attendant memorial services, will ever be remembered by those participating in the exercises, or witnessing the floral tributes tendered to the brave and gallant defenders of our country.

Aside from the usual decoration services, the beautiful Memorial Hall, erected in memory of our fallen heroes, received its formal dedication, and this feature rendered the day, one of unusual interest to all the people of the town.

The committee in charge of the decoration services, met at the Town Hall at 8 o'clock in the morning, and soon the approaches to the building were laden with sweet scented flowers from field and garden, and from the profuse display of tender buds and bursting roses, it would seem that every garden, bower and plant, had been compelled to yield its treasures to bedeck the honored graves of our heroic sons.

The hour for commencing the services was at 9 o'clock, and long before that time the hall was filled to repletion. The exercises commenced with singing by the Band of Hope, followed with an appropriate selection by the Ballard Vale

Colonel Band. Prayer was then offered by Rev G F Wright followed by some singing. The orator of the decoration exercises, Major Frank Davis, of Lawrence, was then introduced, and spoke as follows:

Comrades and Fellow Citizens

If to undertake the task of addressing an assembly of my fellow citizens on an occasion like the present, be in me an evidence of meekness, I beg to be understood that it is not the meekness of vanity, but of power to resist, and will to oppose the solicitations of the committee at whose hands I received the compliment of such an invitation. Deeply realizing the priceless service which the Union armies rendered to our imperilled country, I have had an absorbing interest in everything connected with the welfare of the soldiers of the Union, and find it difficult to refuse any service asked of me at their hands, even though it be one for which I feel myself inadequate, and therefore I have in an unguarded moment accepted this part in your exercises

upon the representation of your committee that they intended a simple service, and would expect a brief and unpolished address from a soldier, and comrade, rather than the studied speech of an orator.

In impressing on the mind the necessity of making the best use and improvement of the present time, we are continually reminded that the present is all the time we have, it being impossible to reclaim the past, or count upon the future. As a celebrated writer has stated it, "the past is irrecoverable; the future is uncertain; the present is all we can call our own." However important the moral lesson indicated, the statement is not, to my mind, strictly correct. One of the most brilliant essayists of the present century, in discussing on this topic, remarks, that if from the present moment all time that is past, and all that is yet to come, be separated, we are left but a narrow basis of present time in which to act. He might have affirmed still more strongly, that the present, strictly considered, has no duration, but is only the line that marks the division of all time into two portions - the past and the future, just as a mathematical line has no breadth,

and merely marks the division between two portions of surface. If then we live, we live in the past and in the future. The past is not irrecoverable; the future is not all uncertain. We live in the moments that have just gone from us, in the experiences of the morning, in the anticipations of the remainder of the day. We live in the memories of yesterday, and in the days and years that are gone, in the duties of tomorrow, of the coming week, and of the more remote but approaching future. As we are assembled to day, to commemorate in an appropriate manner, the services of the dead who served in the late war of the rebellion, we live over again in memory the story of their love and faith, of their virtues and gallant deeds, of their loyalty to country, their courage to defend the right. We live again the scenes of the rebellion, and from its history and incidents we are not wise if we fail to draw some lesson of wisdom for our guidance in the future.

It is so generally held as almost to become a maxim in international politics, that the justice or injustice of an attempted rebellion is measured by the degree of success or failure with which the enterprise is attended. Thus the war of the revolution

was stigmatized as a rebellion until success was assured, and had it proved a failure the page of history would have recorded it as stamped with the seal of infamy, its instigators and promoters would have been branded as rebels and traitors, and would doubtless have suffered upon the gallows the penalty of their crimes.

So, too, the late war of the rebellion, had it proved a success, would have been justified by the nations, and upon the page of history its leaders would have been extolled as patriots, its dead as martyrs in a great and righteous cause.

But, although in the execution of God's eternal purposes all results are in accordance with his will, and although in this sense it is doubtless true, that "whatever is is right," yet viewed from a merely human standpoint, and in the light of our limited perceptions, the right does not always triumph, and the evil is too often allowed to succeed, for a time at least, in its struggle to supplant the good. Therefore we plead the justice of the revolution, not from the success it achieved, but on account of the eternal principles contended for, on account of the unjust oppressions that had been so long and patiently borne,

and on account of the integrity, of the men who gave their lives and fortunes in defence of their rights, in the maintenance of their principles; and therefore we denounce the war of the rebellion, not because it failed, but because it had no basis of right on which to stand. We denounce it because it was the wicked undertaking, of an arrogant minority, entered upon in violation of a solemn compact they had made establishing a government on republican principles.

In the mind of a loyal man there could have been no alternative but to sustain the government, or to abandon the very foundation principle that underlies all government — the necessity of self-preservation.

Although the perpetuation of slavery, was the prime object contended for by the rebel armies, this was not the issue presented to loyal men. The platform of the incoming administration, suggested no innovation upon that conservative institution. For all that the party in power would have done it, it might have remained intact, as left by the constitutional convention in 1787, and we can only regard with amazement what our eyes have seen, but our minds could not

then comprehend, the wonderful providence of God, who wrought out the emancipation of four millions of slaves, by means of the very war that was waged for the purpose of riveting their fetters more closely, choosing, as his willing instruments, our martyred President - the beloved Lincoln, and his lieutenant in the field, our honored chief magistrate. Now, indeed, may the whole nation exultingly repeat the glad lines, which, when written, were intended for, and could only apply to, our own New England:

"Hail to the land whereon we tread,

Our fondest boast"

x x x x x . x

"No slave is here; our unchained feet

Walk freely as the waves that beat

Our coast"

Although a right to secede was an important point, for which the rebels contended, this was not the issue presented to us. The war was precipitated upon us, and although the posture of affairs was afterwards speedily changed, it was, in its inception, on the part of the rebels,

one of aggression - on ours, of defence, and as has been already said, the loyal men had no choice but manfully to submit, or nobly to defend.

Thus aside from our achieved success, I have with necessary brevity, argued the justice of our cause, and in this just war, we are, and of right ought to be, proud of the part we have acted. We are, and of right ought to be, proud of the record this grand old town has made, of the noble quotas she sent to the field, and the efficient service they rendered in quelling rebellion! Proud of her living sons, who, through the smoke of battle, and the clash of steel, through all the perils of the dangerous field, were spared to return to their homes and waiting friends! Proud of the dead, who so freely, poured out the rich treasures of their blood in their patriotic devotion to country! Proud of the maimed, the shattered in health, who must patiently, suffer on till death shall afford them sweet release; who have sacrificed for their country, that for which all the wealth and great cannot supply, the purchase. Proud of her widows and orphans and all whom the dead have left to

our care. May, they never be exposed to cold neglect, but their lives be brightened by, our constant attention and aid.

It was my, pleasant fortune, as an enlisted man and an officer, in the First Massachusetts Heavy, Artillery, to be intimately, associated with many, of you, during more than four years service in quarter, camp and field. It was a noble regiment, and one with which any, man may well be proud to have been connected, and I gladly, testify to the faithful services and splendid bearing of the soldiers of Andover, giving added luster to the splendid record of the regiment, and reflecting credit upon themselves, and honor upon the town to whose credit they, served.

Together we have tread many, a weary march, and shared the discomforts of the midnight bivouac. Together we have endured the scorching, summer heat, and the biting cold of the winter campaign. Together we have slumbered beneath the blanket of spotless snow, which the frost king so gently, spread for our protection. Together we went down to our first baptism of blood on that fatal day, when fully one fourth of our regiment were stretched upon the field,

wounded or dead, and when that night my eyes were closed in sleep - of the comrades who lay, on either side in that rude hospital, one was of your number, who had given an arm that day, to the cause of his country.

Together we stood when the lines in front of Petersburg were broken and carried, and together we joined in the exciting chase after Lee's retreating columns from Petersburg to Glover Hill. Together we watched and waited for the return of our commander, Gen. Meade, and together we hailed his approach on that momentous day, when he rode in from the front, his face all radiant in smiles, bringing the glad news that Lee had surrendered. How his happy, soldiers crowded around him to do him honor as he rode along through the corps, divisions and brigades of his command. How all our colors were unfurled and waved around him in glorious exultation. How our cheers mingled with the glad music of a hundred bands, and the roar of a thousand cannon, telling to the listening heavens the joyful tidings that Lee had surrendered and the war was over. You cannot forget the stirring incidents of that

glorious day. You would not if you could. For all that wealth or fame could offer, you would not exchange its exultant memories.

I have spoken particularly of those soldiers of Andover who served in the regiment with me, because I knew them well, and shared with them their daily experiences, but I would not be considered as drawing any invidious comparisons between them and those of other regiments and arms of the service. It is enough that the sons of Andover freely bore their share of the pains and burdens, and contributed their generous part towards the grand consummation of the war, and as we live again in the years of the past, we are again all united in one assembly, the living with the dead, - the living in this hall, and those scattered near and far away - the dead in these cemeteries around us, and those who peacefully sleep on the fields where they fell, and those too who as quietly rest in their graves near the prisons where they died - none are forgotten. All, all unite with us in celebrating this day, in commemoration of their priceless service.

I have not been able, nor indeed has it been my

desire to dwell in detail upon the painful incidents of the war. In so far as all the horrid cruelties of war seemed concentrated in this, and in proportion as it seemed to us to surpass all others in its cruel experience, — in so far, and in such proportion should be our desire and purpose to adopt every proper means to prevent the recurrence of any such calamity, in the future, either to ourselves or to those who shall come after us. This will lead us to a brief consideration of our duties as citizens of a republic. With all its cruel memories fresh in our minds, it seems but natural that nothing but bitter animosity should exist between the parties who were so lately arrayed in mortal strife upon the battle field. To many, it would seem impossible that it could be otherwise, and yet it is against the encouragement of this feeling — ay, for its utter suppression that I would earnestly counsel you to-day. Since the war is over, and since all we contended for, and more, is accomplished, it is time that as far as possible all its bitterness should be allowed to pass away. It was for the Union we contended, and how else shall it subsist but in

a unity of sentiment among its citizens?

Glance for a moment at the history of the nations of the past, and profit, if you will by, their experiences. Though surrounded as she was by, all the powerful monarchies of Europe, Hungary might have stood to-day, a bright example of a republic in its glory, had her provinces avoided those fatal jealousies which made her an easy prey, to her ambitious neighbors. Ireland, the unhappy victim of centuries of misrule, might have stood, and might stand to-day, a proud nation among the nations of the world, had she not fatally, wasted her splendid powers and opportunities in internal dissensions, rather than combine her energies in repelling a common foe.

I would not be thought as counselling aught in a censorious spirit. I feel confident that a sincere desire exists in this community that all enmity should cease, and that mutual confidence and fraternal feeling restored, without which it is folly, to hope that a republic can be sustained.

It is for the victor to be magnanimous, enough for the vanquished to sustain with what of dignity and grace he can.

his humiliating defeat. Oh! that soldiers might prove themselves noble of soul, and worthy, their honored name, by taking the lead in this patriotic work.

"We would not hate - our hearts would fain

 loast a veil over their shameful story,

It will not bring back our loyal slain,

 To recall their treason gory,

We would forgive the past -

 God give us grace we may -

 But never while life shall last

 Can we honor the rebel gray,"

But I fear I am wearying your patience, and will hasten to a conclusion.

Although our purpose to-day is to honor the dead, it is not they, but the living who shall profit by, the service. Do they no rest peacefully, in their quiet graves? The living can have no power over them, either to help or to harm. It is only in life that those distinctions exist that makes men unhappy, that separate them into rich and poor, into sects and parties, classes and clans. Here the

greedy possessors of unneeded wealth revel in luxury, careless of the clamors of the groaning poor. Here the self-satisfied man of the world wraps himself in his cloak of selfishness, heedless of the existence of pain, disease or want. Here are pride and humility, learning and ignorance, gladness and woe; but Death is the great leveler, and all who enter his domain, do so on terms of rigid equality with each other.

"The mighty grave wraps lord and slave,
 Nor pride nor poverty dares come
 Within that refuge house — the tomb"

In rendering them to the dead, their need of honor due, we can do nothing better than to remember in words of kindness, and deeds of charity, the living who were bound to them by the dearest ties, and who by their loss were left without their natural protections.

To recount in eloquent speech the story of the soldier's gallant deeds, to extol in glowing language the glorious cause in which they contended, is a noble task, but nobler his services, who gives the cheering word and friendly hand to the poor

and despised, and who extends the hand of charity to the relief of pinching poverty, who sits by the bedside of the sick and suffering, to soothe and cheer their weary hours.

To form in imposing procession, and march in solemn pageant to decorate their graves in the cities of the dead, is passing well, but better far to honor in our hearts their memories, and to emulate their virtues and their examples.

But there are many who will fail to perceive in the common soldier anything worthy of imitation or emulation, as there are many who believe that obscure and humble people, having little at stake, will take little interest in the affairs of government, and care little about them. These people can be enthusiastic enough in praise of their ideal soldier plunging into the smoke of battle, and in the thick of the fight plucking victory from the very jaws of defeat, but when he returns and presents himself soiled and torn, it may be with features marred and garments rent, a living reality before their eyes, they turn away with loathing from an object that no more embodies their ideal than a Digger Indian answers to the poets, or the romancists conception of the

noble sacrifice of the forest. and yet it is to these men that the country stands indebted for its salvation to-day. The rich, it is true, contributed of their wealth and thus enabled the government to sustain the financial burdens of the war. Contributed, did I say? They loaned their money and their credit and have received in return therefor, more than cent per cent, and they stand to-day than though there had been no war.

Thus the heavy burdens were borne by the common people who constituted the great bulk of our armies. They supplied the material, fought the battles and gained the victories, and it is their example that I present as worthy of emulation.

"Who does the best he can, does well, acts nobly; angels can do no more," and he who left home, fireside and friends to shoulder his musket in the ranks of his country's defenders.—to brave the dangers and fatigues of the campaign— who perilled, ay, perhaps sacrificed his life in the nation's defence, has done the best that he could in the service of his country. He has done all he could, and that is the best any man has done, or can do. "Angels can do no more."

So we assemble to-day to pay, to their memories, the tribute of our respect and affection, to adorn their graves with the flowers we have brought, roses and violets, honeysuckle and geranium, the cypress and laurel, the oak and the bay. Fair hands have entwined them into forms of grace and beauty.

Scatter then your loveliest garlands where your heroes sleep, and let your tears mingle with the generous dew of heaven upon their hallowed graves.

"But the night dew that fall, though in silence they weep
 Shall brighten with verdure the graves where they sleep,
 And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
 Shall long keep their memory green in our souls."

At the close of the address, the Anderson Brass Band played a selection, and the services at the hall closed with the singing of "America" by the audience, accompanied by the bands.

Immediately after the exercises closed, a procession was formed in the following order:

Marshal and aids.

Ballard Vale Cornet Band.

Needham Post Sq. G. A. B.

Post Soldiers and Sailors.

Selectmen and Oculator of the Day.

Band of Hope.

Schools and citizens generally.

Anderson Brass Band.

Anderson Fire Department.

After visiting the cemeteries in the vicinity of the village, the procession was dismissed, and the members of the Grand Army, and post soldiers, escorted by the Ballard Vale Band, proceeded to the West Parish cemetery, afterwards returning, when they were dismissed.

Decoration Services at Andover

on

Decoration Day, May, 30th 1896

The Soldiers Committee of Arrangements, consisting of H K Perkins, C B Haworth, Thomas Smith, Charles Dugan, Warren Means jr, S K Goldsmith and William H Greene, made the following arrangements for the appropriate observance of the day. At an early hour on the 30th May, a committee will be at the Town Hall to receive donations of flowers. At 8½ o'clock a detachment of soldiers under the direction of a marshal accompanied by the Andover Brass Band will march to the Memorial Hall and decorate the tablets with appropriate services. The services at the Town Hall will commence at 9 o'clock with music by the Andover Brass Band, singing by a quartette of ladies and gentlemen Prayer by Rev James H Merrill, and an Oration by Rev Selah Merrill.

Immediately after the services in the hall a procession will be formed on Elm St. in the following order

Anderson Brass Band.

Members of Needham Post 39 G. A. R.

Past Soldiers and Sailors.

Disabled Soldiers in carriages.

Board of Selectmen.

Trustees of Memorial. ^{Past} School Committee.

Anderson Catholic Benevolent Society.

Schools and Citizens generally.

Ballard Gale Cornet Band.

Board of Engineers and Fire Department.

After visiting the cemeteries in the vicinity of the town, and detailing a detachment to visit Spring Grove cemetery, the procession will return to Town Square, where it will be dismissed, and the past soldiers will proceed to the West Parish cemetery and decorate the graves with appropriate ceremonies.

The orator of the Decoration Services, Rev Selah Merrill of Andover, late Chaplain of the 109th Regiment, United States Colored Infantry, was then introduced and spoke as follows.

Comrades and fellow citizens!

To-day, we have a duty to perform. — we have lessons to learn. To-day, we give room emotions which do not ordinarily, occupy our minds. To-day, the sad, the beautiful, and the heroic are strangely blended in our hearts as on no other occasion throughout the year. It is not the novelty of the occasion, nor of these services that has drawn us together; but a far higher motive. We pause for a few hours at least, in the current of our busy lives that we may express our regret for those who fell, our sympathy for the living whose friends were cut off by the war, and our gratitude to God that our country and liberty have been preserved.

While it is appropriate that we observe this day with befitting ceremonies, it seems also appropriate that

If any words at all are spoken, they should be to a great extent at least

Reminiscences of the war.

And allow me to say, that although I am a stranger to many of you, yet I feel more in my place in observing this day, in Andover than I should any where else, for the reason that my dearest friend, a man who for years was like a brother to me, who entered the army, as a private, and at the close of the war commanded the "30th Co of Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, unattached" is now resting beneath a plain monument just on the brow of the hill in yonder South Church Yard. Samuel B Bingham - the noble soldier - citizen - man!

Another personal reminiscence I will mention here. Nine years ago this month I went out with our adjutant and a few men along the hills at Vicksburg, to set up and replace as well as we could the head-boards at the soldiers graves. These had in many cases fallen, or been thrown down with evil intent. In some cases it was impossible to identify the particular

grave to which a particular head-board belonged. In other cases they had been taken away, altogether, and these men who were sleeping side by side, how widely, scattered and separated were the homes from which they had come! this one was from Ohio, this one from Kansas, this one from Minnesota, this one from Michigan, and this one from Illinois.

It was a sad duty, but saddest was the thought that, in less than a year after the close of the war those graves.— the known as well as the unknown— would all be levelled to make room for a corn or cotton field.—

While I speak of Reminiscences of the War, I feel keenly, how poor are any, human words in comparison with the eloquence of the occasion which has brought us together. The day itself is eloquent. These bands thrill us with their inspiring strains. These well trained voices add their vocal sweetness to the hour. Our hearts are melted by the touching sentiments of the prayer. Far above the earth in calm splendor are beaming the blue heavens of God. About us are the green fields, the mild air, the fragrant flowers— a whole world of loveliness. Truly, the day itself

is eloquent. It is eloquent by its natural charms. It is eloquent by its services. It is especially eloquent by its memories.

Before our minds there passes a vision of scenes that were terribly real once, but which seem now almost like a dream, the time was so long ago. The firing on Fort Sumpter; the enthusiasm of the North; the rallying of men to stand in the deadly places between our country and her foes; the rending asunder of the dearest ties; the tears at parting, and alas! how often the final farewells; the strange life and the discipline of the camp; the constant drill in learning how to train the artillery, or to handle the musket or the sword; then the weary campaigns; the long marches; now advancing, now retreating; sometimes in the blinding sleet, or the drifting snow; then again in the rain and mud; the clouds of dust and the scorching sun; then the picket duty; the risky business at the redoubt stations; the approach of the enemy; the massing and arranging of troops for battle; fifty thousand murderous bayonets flashing in the sunlight; the summits occupied by the dumb hideous cannon of

the artillery; far away, on the flanks the dark masses
 of the cavalry; the anxiety, but firmness of the officers;
 the silent but terrible earnestness of the men; the stir-
 -rers sent out; the lines of battle formed; the army,
 feeling its way; the near approach of the enemy; the
 artillery, belching forth its thunder and death; by and
 by the artillery, ceases so that the infantry can move;
 the long lines moving to the onset; nearer and nearer;
 and then double quiet; the sharp command "steady,"
 the gaps in the ranks caused by the murderous shot;
 the stern words "close up the gaps"; the dashing over
 the entrenchments or against the opposing lines either
 to sweep away the foe, or to be beaten back shattered,
 and broken or repulsed; then the hasty burying of
 the dead; then the sieges, the trenches, the parallels,
 the dampness and exposure, then the hospital, the
 fevers, the wounds; the thought of home and friends;
 the arrival of the mails; the stories; the jokes, and
 the fun; the mustering for pay day; the non-arrival
 of the paymaster; the curses heaped upon his head in

consequence: the sutlers; the rations; the baked beans; the coffee, the lighted fence rail on which are placed perhaps a dozen coffee cups; the slimy water; in a word scenes of constant danger and death, campaigns, battles, sieges, defeats, victories, the prisons, these and a hundred like them, which were real once, make up the vision which passes before our minds to day.

In those days we knew what sacrifice meant. A large number of this audience to day, and a majority of the people you meet upon our streets, were mere children when the war was going on, ten, twelve, fourteen and sixteen years of age. Now they are men and women, and are engaged in all the active employments of life, such can hardly realize what we mean by sacrifice. They see the soldiers, their brilliant uniforms, their polished guns, they hear the music—they see and feel the factory of war. War's grimness and fury, and destruction and frequent misery, they cannot now, and God grant they may never, know. Even those who survived lost in many cases their vigor and health,

and suffer to day from their exposures then. The country called for its best men. A sick man, a weak man, however brave his soul, however loyal his heart, was not wanted. The country, called for those in the strength and vigor of manhood, for those in the firmest health. Now and then it is said that men look old, "he looks prematurely old". These persons who make such remarks forget the stumps, the bereans, the trenches, the hospitals, and all the places of exposure, and peril, and death, where these men suffered who gave their lives to redeem our nation from its shame, and to elevate it to a position of true glory among the people of the earth. Why, shouldn't such men look old? Sacrifice meant giving all - Keeping back no part whatever of your youth, your manhood, your vigor, your health, your very life.

But the men were not alone called upon to make sacrifices. The mothers, the wives, and the daughters of our land gave their means, their time and their aid without any reserve, to mitigate the hardships

and the horrors of war. And when the beauty, of our Israel had fallen upon the high places of the field of battle, it was the mothers, the wives, the daughters, the sisters of the land that were the deepest and sincerest mourners. Truly, in those days there was both burden and heat to be borne, which was nobly borne both by the men and women of our country.

Let us call to mind the wonderful transformations which those four years witnessed. On the first of April 1861. we were a nation of peaceful citizens. We hardly knew the meaning of war. We had 4,000,000 of slaves, and wealth in abundance. On the first of April 1865. four years later, a line of bristling bayonets stretched across half our continent; 300,000 loyal men had fallen in battle, or perished in the service of their country, we had broken the fetters from those 4,000,000 slaves, and the arm of God's Providence was just being lifted to give the finishing blow to the mightiest rebellion that ever shook an empire, or threatened the national existence of any people. Four eventful years!

men speak of the cost of the war, and they refer to the dollars and cents. But the greatest sacrifice was that of human life. Forth from their quiet and peaceful homes went 300,000 men to meet the issues of war, and they returned no more! Oh, what a cost was that!!!

Take another fact. On May, 15th 1861. Secretary Cameron positively, refused to receive from Governor Andrew any more than six regiments. "more" he said "are not wanted" "If more have been called for, they must be discharged." Read in the light of what we know to be history those words sound strange enough. In less than four years from that date Massachusetts had sent into the field 61 Regiments of infantry, besides artillery, and cavalry.

Out of a population of 1,200,000. she had sent into the army and navy, 159,000 men, and besides that she had raised and expended \$2,000,000 of dollars.

The citizens of Andover will remember with pride that on her part every quota was filled, and more than filled; and also in regard to money, and the care of soldiers' families, and the furnishing of sanitary supplies,

this town was always ready, and prompt and ample in her efforts in these directions. The 600 or more names on the Soldiers roll of this town, prove that there is a good deal of fight in Andover, as well as a good deal of peace!

I had it in mind to speak at length of the men that went from Andover, in what particular regiments they served, in what battles from Virginia to Texas they were engaged, and to give such personal reminiscences as would be appropriate for this occasion. But I found this needed to be done with so much detail, if done at all, and especially to be well done, that at last I decided to omit altogether that personal narrative which would be interesting to you all.

Let me repeat what is familiar to every one, namely, that considering the history of the anti-slavery agitation it seemed fitting and Providential that if blood must be shed in Baltimore, the first should be shed by the loyal sons of Massachusetts. But the conflict did not begin in the streets of Baltimore in the Spring of 1861.

In the year 1850 Whigs and Democrats united to put down what they called "this anti-slavery agitation". There came

a lull. Conservative wiseacres guessed that all was over, no more storms would arouse the calm surface of the political sea. But a silent pen was at work, it was a woman's pen; it was silent enough at first but vocal at last; a book was issued; before the year was out 500,000 copies had been sold, and in England a million copies. It was translated into nineteen languages. But the advent of Uncle Tom's Cabin was not the beginning of the strife, we must go back to 1835 or to 1830, when Mrs Stowe was a girl of eighteen, or even earlier than that, if we would get at the beginning of that struggle which your comrades helped to complete at Port Hudson, at Vicksburg, in the wilderness and before Richmond. But how the great men of thirty and forty, years ago ridiculed this movement; Rufus Choate and Daniel Webster, and even Lyman Beecher, and a great many more, whose names in other respects we delight to honor. By them it was characterized as a mere senti-
-ment, and worthy, of the attention only, of old women of both sexes. "A mere sentiment" was it? Let me say that if the student of history wants an illustration of the power of moral

force, by the side of which the might of fleets and armies dwindles into insignificance, let him study, the rise and the growth, and especially achievements of the Anti-Slavery sentiment in America. "A mere sentiment" indeed! But it was like the red hot wrath of the Almighty, and from 10,000,000 of fettered men it melted their chains forever. "A mere sentiment" was it! But it proved to be the thunder of Jehovah which leveled to the dust that slave power which cast its shadow, and its curse over all our land. "A mere sentiment" indeed! But it proved mightier than any material force, and lifted our nation to a position of true glory among the nations of the earth.

Our war illustrated the fact which in our dreams of the millenium is sometimes lost sight of, namely, that in the history of every nation even the sword and the bayonet have a mission. Our sewing machines, Our looms, Our reaping machines, Our school houses, and the other appliances of the peaceful arts have their mission; but there is some work these cannot do; neither can this work be done by speechmaking, nor by diplomacy of any sort. There is some work, rough work to be sure, which in God's Providence

the cannon and the musket must be called upon to finish up. As sometimes the surgeon must cut off an arm or a limb or run the risk of some more dangerous and difficult operation in order to save the life of an individual, so God the Healer of nations must sometimes make the deadliest weapons the instruments of his wrath on the one hand, and of his mercy, on the other. So it was in our struggle. Ours was not a struggle of the North against the South: by no means: but a struggle of right against wrong. — begun long ago, and we may say, hardly ended yet. We passed from 1830 and 1835; then to 1850, and then to 1861. When suddenly, on that dark April day, all our arguments, our books, our pamphlets, our speeches, our sermons, our prayers were changed as by magic into bayonets and swords, and that stern hour was the beginning of the end! It was indeed a day of darkness and anxiety, men must go down to battle. Quiet peaceful homes must be left. Boardships must be endured, as the Greeks in a line of peril went forth to stand or fall in the passes of the dear mother-land, so you comrades and your fellow

soldiers went down to the bloody front.— a solid wall of living hearts between our country, and her assailants.

For four years we heard the noise of battle. The eyes of the world were upon us. All history, from its mountain tops was watching the issue of our conflict. Day, and by, the noise ceased, the smoke lifted, we saw all the hills and plains covered with the white tents of victory and peace. And then the conquering heroes began to return. In a few months that great army had melted quietly, quickly, as if by the subtle influence of enchantment. That enchantress was Peace: over that marshalled host she waved her magic wand. Then voices were lifted to heaven in all our places of prayer. Silver chimes sounded from every village and hamlet in the north we kept high jubilee because freedom had triumphed. In spite of all the scenes and facts which I have tried to call up before your minds the war after all seems more like a troubled dream than a reality. It was thirteen years ago that the war commenced, and nine years ago that it ended. You frequently hear one soldier saying to another, "it does not seem as if we had ever been to war". These memorial

days will prove to the rising generation that we believe in the justice of our cause, and that we hold sacred the memory of those who fell in the contest of freedom with slavery.

It would be an interesting study to show how that the war, although in itself a curse has been so over-ruled as to prove in some respects a real blessing to our people. No doubt our national character was greatly strengthened by it. But a full discussion of this point would take us too far from our proposed theme, namely, Reminiscences of the War. And out of the mass of topics which present themselves as appropriate to such a theme as this, let me select two facts only for your consideration now. They may perhaps be called national characteristics which the war developed. I refer to the poetry and the humor of the war. It seems a little unnatural, and yet poetry has always been associated with heroic deeds in battle. No other school that scholar ever went to can so develop the power of expression in men as the school of war, men learn how to get along without long sermons, and long speeches, and round about statements,

They learn how to use the most expressive language. They learn how to use the most emphatic language. Sometimes their language is too emphatic. And they learn too how to write the sublimest and most stirring poetry. The strongest passions and emotions are uppermost in men's minds. One need not study, very carefully, to observe what a change the war wrought in our national poetry. There is one which I regard as among the finest of the poems that were called forth by the incidents of our war, and which I will repeat. It represents a very common incident, one where a soldier in making a charge is wounded; he is placed under a tree where he can see the battle; his comrades win the day, but this soldier dies. he asks his comrades to pray, and as he dies he invokes a blessing upon the cause of freedom and the country.

The poem is entitled

" Mustered Out "

Let me lie down

Just here in the shade of this cannon-torn tree,

Here, low in the trampled grass, where I may see

The surge of the combat; and where I may, hear
 The glad cry, of victory cheer upon cheer;

'Let me lie down

Oh, it was grand!

Like the tempest we charged, in the triumph to share;
 The tempest — its fury, and thunder were there;
 On, on, o'er the entrenchments, over living and dead
 With the foe under foot, and our flag overhead;

Oh, it was grand!

Wearry and faint,

Prone on a soldier's couch, ah, how can I rest
 With this shat-shattered head, and this sabre-pierced breast?
 Comrades, at roll-call, when I shall be sought,
 Say I fought till I fell, and fell where I fought,

Wounded and faint

Oh, that last charge!

Right through the dread hell-fire of shrapnell and shell.

Through, without faltering, clear through with a yell,
 Right in their midst, in the turmoil and gloom,
 Like heroes we dashed at the mandate of doom,
 Oh, that last charge.

It was a duty,
 Some things are worthless, and some others so good,
 That nations who buy them pay only in blood;
 For Freedom and Union each man owes his part,
 and here I pay mine all warm from my heart;
 It is a duty!

Dying at last!
 My mother, dear mother, with meek tearful eye,
 Farewell! and God bless you forever and aye!
 Oh that I now lay on your pillowing breast,
 To breathe my last sigh on the bosom first pressed;
 Dying at last!

I am no saint.

But, boys, say a prayer. There is one that begins
 "Our Father!" and then says - "Forgive us our sins!"
 Don't forget that part, say that strongly, and then
 I'll try to repeat it, and you'll say, Amen!

Ah, I am no saint!

Hark! there is a shout!

Raise me up comrades! we have conquered, I know!
 Up, up on my feet, with my face to the foe!
 Ah, there flies the flag, with the star spangles bright,
 The promise of glory, the symbol of right!

Well may they shout!

I am mustered out!

O God of our Fathers, our freedom prolong,
 And tread down rebellion, oppression and wrong!
 O land of earth's hope, on thy blood-reddened sod
 I die for the Nation, the Union, and God!

I'm mustered out.

This is but one out of many. Such are stirring poems, they bring the moisture to the eyes, the flush to the cheek, and send a thrill of emotion through every part of our system. Such poems can be written only, in those excited periods of a nation's history when men's hearts are stirred to their very depths.

Then of the other characteristic which I mentioned, the humor of the war, I can speak only in the briefest and most imperfect manner. Yet this topic is a fruitful one, and might occupy us any length of time. Like poetry, one would think that mirth and fun would have no place among the many scenes of peril and death. But in no other school as in the school of war, do men learn to extract fun from every passing event. No doubt they, carry this too far. Things were said and done then and there, that would be shocking and blasphemous if said or done in society at home. Let a company of old soldiers get together for an hour or more and you will be surprised at the number of funny stories they will tell, and the jokes they will recall, as they live over again their experience in the army. For instance at Vicksburg on Iowa and on

Illinois regiment lay encamped by the side of each other. One morning it happened, what indeed was a very common occurrence, that each regiment had a dead man to bury. A squad from the Iowa regiment went out early in the morning and dug a grave, and then returned to get the body they were to bury. While they were gone for the body, the squad from the Illinois regiment went out to bury their dead man, and took the body with them. They found this newly dug grave and buried their man in it, and returned to camp. Soon after, the squad from the Iowa returned with their dead man and found to their great surprise, that their grave had been appropriated during their absence. Now the stealing of that grave by that Illinois regiment, although it seems so shocking to us, was considered, till something else occurred, as one of the best jokes of the season. Officers and men laughed at "that capital joke"

You may be familiar with an incident connected with a German chaplain. or rather, the chaplain was absent, and this German was to serve in his place. There

was a dead man to be buried, and this German attempted to say a few appropriate words before the body was carried away. He said something like this; "Comrades, dees ist der finst time, dat dees man has died." The soldiers all smiled, and the chaplain thought he had made some mistake, and tried again "Comrades, dees ist der finst time dat dees man has died!" The soldiers could stand it no longer, and broke out in a shout of laughter, and the funeral ended there. The soldiers as they used to tell this story, added an appendix, that the chaplain left in a hurry, saying as he started "Boys, shtick him in!"

Take another laughable circumstance - also connected with death. In a certain battle a sergeant had his head shot entirely away by a cannon ball. His lieutenant in writing of his death to the sergeant's mother wanted to make it appear that her son was one of the noblest of soldiers, and he said;

Mrs Blank

Dear Madame

In the late action, Sergeant Blank, your son, was killed by a cannon ball. His head was shot completely away. He was a noble soldier. His last words were "Bury me where I fell".

As I belonged to the 109th U. S. Colored Infantry. — a regiment that lost between 300 and 400 men in killed and wounded at the battle of Milliken's Bend, on the Mississippi River. — I was thrown a great deal with the colored people, and I could for half a day relate to you the funniest stories of facts, and scenes and incidents connected with these soldiers, and which came under my own observation. A single one must suffice. There was at Vicksburg a noted secessionist, although we allowed him his liberty, yet he was quite noisy, and sometimes offensive in his language. What he called "nigger equality" almost made him sick. He had a great deal to say about the "niggers" as he called them, to which word he prefixed an epithet which need not be repeated here. It happened that we had a recruiting office on Washington Street. We

one story. This office was full of colored men waiting to be examined, one of the men sat in the window, and while waiting for his turn he fell asleep. The pretty soon he lost his balance and fell out. As luck would have it, this very Southerner was passing along the sidewalk and came under the window at the very instant that the colored man fell out. The negro fell directly upon the Southerner, and both went sprawling into the gutter. The Southerner got up and rubbed his bruised limbs and arms, and exclaimed in the most doleful tone imaginable "O Lord, now its rainin niggers".

Before we go from this place to the duties of the day let us learn one or two lessons which this hour teaches, for this occasion has its lessons for the future, as well as its memories of the past. The history, of the past thirteen years has taught us, even if we doubted it before, that the cause of human progress is constantly advancing. Sometimes the Providence of God seems to double back upon itself like the great Mississippi river on which the traveller sometimes finds himself going due north when he is on his way to the

self. So however God's Providence may seem to us to turn
 backward the course of events, we may rest assured that
 liberty, and equality, and universal freedom are moving
 forward like the great river with a majesty and a might
 that no power can resist. We have outlived one of the
 mildest storms that ever shook to its foundations an edif-
 -ice of state, and the past should make us hopeful for
 the future. Thirteen years ago the prospect for our country
 was gloomy, enough. We remember those days of dark-
 -ness. We knew not from whence our help was coming.
 Yet if we could have seen as God sees, we should even in those
 days have seen on all the plains and in the thousand hills
 about us all the chariots and horsemen of the Almighty,
 and above us the Omnipotent arm of Him in whose hands
 are all the shields of the earth; - and to Him today let us
 give the glory of our salvation as a people. We found
 that God had planted in our own national character, those
 elements which in his hands were to prove our sure defence.

That emergency proved that in our character
 there was a wonderful reserve force of moral energy, of

of good sense, of integrity, and of conscience. This was a surprise to ourselves. We were wondering from where our deliverance would come. And behold from among ourselves there rose up a million of noble heroes to do battle for freedom and justice against oppression and wrong. This result filled us with astonishment as great as if a million of mailed warriors had suddenly marched forth from the regions of infinite space to fight our battles for us.

The fact that these reserve forces were thus suddenly and unexpectedly developed, is one of the most encouraging in all our national history. We know something of the darkness and dangers of the present. Wise and prudent men are anxious because of the corruption in high places, because of the frenzied rush for wealth and position, and political honors. Our prosperity is miraculous; our domain is immense; our trade is enormous; our name is a power in the earth. But side by side with our prosperity, the miasma of corruption is poisoning our political life. Wise men see the dangers before us and are sad. Is there in our national character a moral tonic which will

correct this disorder? I feel for one after looking back for only thirteen years, that the past ought to encourage every one never to despair. On the other hand, I feel that they are very unwise who burst into floods of rhetoric in regard to the greatness of our nation or the perfection of our national institutions. Our government is not yet a hundred years old. The old crusaders held Palestine longer than that. We are yet on experiment. God grant that our experiment may be a successful one. But in order that it may be a success, each man has his part to perform, now in times of peace as well as a dozen years ago in the days of battle. There fall from our lips as if they were common careless phrases some of the noblest words that men ever uttered; for instance, freedom, progress, equality, liberty, justice to all, citizenship, patriotism, conscience. But do we show by our lives and conduct as citizens that we have a right to use these sacred words? Are we doing anything to work what corresponds to moral oak and hickory into our national character? Let us see to it that the noble words which I have just repeated, become

not the mere hinsel of our national life.

On the tablet in yonder hall - see the names of fifty-two men, your comrades, whose voices are hushed in death! but to-day the white lips seem to move again and they ask us in pleading tones if we cannot afford to live for the country, for which they could afford to die!

The three hundred thousand and slain who see not this beautiful day ask us if we cannot afford to live for that liberty and freedom for which they could afford to die. The blood of Massachusetts' sons shed in the streets of Baltimore; the agony of misery and death at Andersonville; the grave of the martyred president; the flag, which after the dread ordeal of battle floats over a free nation; these things call to us as if they were living voices to guard with infinite care the purity of our national character; that with malice towards none and with the largest charity, we see that justice is meted to all.

Comrades you know full well how quickly the hours pass; how swiftly the years glide away. You remember well

the martial array which our eyes beheld ten short years ago. The tents of that mighty army, are all struck; the voices of its cannon are hushed; its morning and its evening guns, its drums and bugles are silent now. We ourselves have been pushed out of our places, not out of our places but forward. By and by, there will be left of us but a few old men! The Grand Army seems to be formed in a single column, and the order from the Great Captain is "column forward, march!" now and then we halt briefly to bury a comrade, but the undeviating order from the Great Captain of us all, is "column forward, march!"

On all our plains and among our thaus and hills there are processions to-day, men go forth not with bayonets and cannon, but with banners and flowers, - symbols of peace. Who does not admire the infinite wisdom of God in creating flowers; so that on such occasions as this, when we gather in silence about the graves of our comrades, and our words and prayers are voiceless, and even sweet song is tuneless, we could carry in our hands that which should

express better the feelings of our hearts than could any words or song.

Those who have gone down to the valley of the shadow of death to lay beneath the sod the remains of some beloved friend, know well how richer far, and how much fuller of promise of the life to come than any words which human lips can utter, are the delicate flowers which the white hand of the sleeper holds above the silent breast.

Today flowers bloom at Andersonville, at Fort Pillow, and on all these fields of strife. Let us regard this fact as a commentary of God's Providence - saying to the nations, "let there be peace among men." "Peace on earth" was the burden of angels song. And as you lay flowers gently upon the graves of your comrades to day, let them be to you the symbol and the promise of that coming day

"When peace shall over all the earth
Its final splendors bring,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing"

Decoration Services at Andover

on

Decoration Day, May 30th 1875

At 9 o'clock in the morning, a detachment of soldiers was detailed, accompanied by the Anderson Brass Band to proceed to West Parish Cemetery to decorate the graves of their deceased comrades. The table in the Memorial Hall was beautifully decorated with flowers. The services at the Town Hall commenced at nine o'clock, with music by the Band, singing by a double quartette of male voices. Prayer by Rev Charles Smith, and an oration by Rev Thomas D Christie, late of the 1st Minnesota Light Artillery.

At the close of the services in the hall, a procession was formed composed of past soldiers and sailors, Selectmen, Catholic Benevolent Society, Tompkins and Fire Department and citizens generally. The several cemeteries were visited, after which the procession was dismissed.

Mr Christie was introduced and spoke as follows

Lionrades of the great war: Ladies and Gentlemen:-

On the morning of the Battle of Ben-
-tonville near the close of the war, the right wing of Sherman's
army, marching to reinforce the threatened left, skirmishing
with the enemy for some miles along a road, over which
the troops of Greene and Cornwallis had fought in one of
the closing campaigns of the Revolution. The ancient
fight was attested by, the graves, to be seen here and there
on each side of the road, of the American soldiers who there
had fallen before the British fire. The sight of these old
old graves filled Sherman's men with patriotic enthusiasm;
here they were, fighting on one of the old battle-grounds of the
fathers.- fighting, too, in defense of those same principles of
liberty and law for which their ancestors had here offered up
their lives. And as those old battle-flags of the army of
the Tennessee, glorious already with memories of Donelson,
Shiloh, Atlanta, Vicksburg and the march to the Sea.- as these
wind-worn, battle-went flags moved down upon that historic

road, what wonder if to the soldiers marching under them they seemed at that instant touched with a new radiance, a light from that heroic past of the nation, in which trans-figured the shaven with a new glory, and a grander meaning? Our skirmishers, advancing against the enemy's lines, caught the inspiration of the place; that sacred ground belonged to the nation; for the nation the fathers had already claimed it in the face of a foreign enemy, it was for their sons now to make good that claim against the hosts of domestic treason. No stars and bars could flaunt insolently above those precious memorials we bore; no disunionists, seeking to tear away our country from her connection with that glorious, historic past, had any right on that sacred ground. Nor did they tarry long, before our rapidly advancing, cheering lines, the rebels, perhaps a little conscience-smitten and ashamed to be fighting in such a cause on that road, after a brief resistance rapidly gave way; Howard pushed his heavy columns of infantry down the road, hard upon the skirmish-line, and soon the old flag, waved in triumph above those ancient graves, and claimed them again for

for its own. But not without loss; henceforth, the traveler along that Carolina road shall see, scattered among those old gray, tombstones, the newer graves telling him that the soil has had, in the blood of patriots, a double consecration to freedom.

Even so, my friends, as we meet here to day, to decorate the graves of our dead comrades, do we find ourselves and them surrounded by, revolutionary, memories. This is the first of the centennial years. The nation in its onward march has come again upon revolutionary ground, and is now pausing beside the memorials of its first defenders and martyrs, to catch inspiration at those shrines for the loftier struggles, the noble conquests, that are yet to be. At Lexington and Concord, at Concord, at Ticonderoga, at Mecklenburg, the fathers have already, been remembered, and soon we shall hear the salvos of artillery, saluting Bunker Hill on the 17th of June.

Thus our Decoration Day is set this year, and shall be for many years to come, a picture in a frame of revolutionary memories. And well do the picture and its surroundings harmonize; the memories of the great war which gave life to the

republic, and the great war which preserved that life, shall blend with and glorify each other all through this centennial era, "For the two wars were, in their essential moving principle and purpose, really one." We believe that all men are created free and equal - was not this the real battle-cry, in both? What, fellow citizens, was the purpose of the war, if not to extend the application, and to secure the permanent sway on this continent, of those life-giving principles set forth in the Declaration of Independence? I have just spoken of the two wars; nay, rather, were they not only two camp-
-signs of one and the same great war, by which Liberty has been established, as we trust, forever, on this continent?

Yes! the handful of brave men, who, on that April day, a century ago, marched down to Concord Bridge, was but the advanced skirmish-line of that magnificent war-seasoned host, whose array of a million bayonets gleamed, ten years ago from the Potomac to the Mississippi. The three hundred thousand dead, whose graves the Nation crowns to-day, are worthy to be held in grateful remembrance as brother martyrs with Warren and

with Davis in the holy cause of human freedom.

It is well, then, that ten years after the close of one war, and a century after the other, their memories should be recalled together; henceforth they shall go down side by side into the future, and as Posterity shall look back on them, increasing distance shall draw them nearer and nearer together, until, in the clearer light of the last and best days of the Republic, they shall be seen in their true perspective, as one.

This might, perhaps, be judged the time and the occasion for attempting a parallel between the Revolution and our Civil War; but the subject is too great for me, and must be left for some one better acquainted with American history, and with a larger gift for generalisation. Such a parallel would be worthy of an American Plutarch; may he be found to undertake it, before this centennial age is passed.

I desire, however, to say something on only one point in the historic parallel. - namely, the comparative influence of our two great wars in advancing the cause of republican freedom throughout the world. We all, as

American, by birth or by adaptation, believe in the principles of government. "government of the people, by the people, for the people". We believe, too, that the whole world is advancing toward the realization of this our ideal of government; it becomes, therefore, an interesting question to us. — which of our two great struggles has done, and is to do, the most, to advance this world-progress toward the fullest liberty under law? It seems to me, that we must, in so far as we can at all separate the two wars from dependence on each other, and view each in the light of its own characteristics and results, in so far as we can do this, we must ascribe the greater influence on the republican cause abroad, to our late war. For these reasons: whatever influence either war exerted must have been by way of example. The world looked on, while in both these wars, America displayed an example of republican ideas asserting themselves in times of great difficulty and danger. Which, then, from its nature and surroundings, was fitted, as an example, to exert the most effective influence abroad? The late war, because, as an example it was far better seen by the world than was the Revolution. One

reason for this is found in the grander proportions of the later struggle. Do not suppose that, in this centennial year, I have any wish to disparage that noble contest in which the fathers of this nation won their freedom and ours: I simply assert that their effort, great as it was, and fruitful of good as it was for the future of America, could not fill the eye of the world as did our civil war, simply, because, in material proportions the two are as the dwarf beside the giant. You see this at a glance, and I need not dwell upon it.

Sherman used more men simply to guard his supply trains between Chathamoga and Atlanta, than Washington had under his command at any one time. Compared with Gettysburg the bloodiest battles of the Revolution dwindled into affairs of the outposts. The one war, then, displayed to the world a most worthy contest, indeed, but still one waged by scattered colonists along a fringe of seaboard; the other was the gigantic struggle for life of a great nation, whose mighty armies surged and swayed in the stress of a conflict that lighted up with its lurid glare the whole vast continent from sea to sea. But this example

was better seen by the world, not only, from its being simpler and more striking, in itself considered, but also because the change that had passed upon the world during the eighty years between the Revolution and the Civil War, had given it better eyes for seeing things going on in America. A hundred years ago nations were far more isolated from each other than they are to-day. Through the progress of popular education, of the newspaper press, of commerce with its mighty helpers, steam and electricity — through these and the other agencies of our swiftly advancing civilization, the barriers of ignorance and prejudice which once divided the nations have been greatly broken down, and the whole world has become neighborly. Nations now look into each other's doors, they are acquainted with, and sympathize with, each other, in a way that was impossible a century ago. What did the masses of Europe know of the principles involved in the war of Independence? very little, as is proved from the wretched follies and crimes of the French, when, in their Revolution they tried to imitate the example of America. But our late war was

watched with the greatest interest by everybody in Europe. The light of the nineteenth century fell full on this Re-
 -public, and kings and peoples alike knew what was being
 done here, and more than that, they saw what the prin-
 -ciples and real issues of the contest were. It was the
 butterfly, rability, of the French Court, who alone had
 the privilege of admiring the wisdom, and laughing at
 the roader stockings of Dr Franklin, but it was the ope-
 -atives of Lancashire, who, in 1862, when the mills were
 closed by reason of our war, and they, and their families
 were looking starvation in the face. — it was these operatives,
 I say, who refused to be goaded at that dark time into giv-
 -ing their voice in favor of England's recognizing the bonded-
 -cracy. "These rooking people knew enough of the real issues
 of our war to say, before we will lift a finger against free
 government, and in favor of slavery, — we will starve". And
 this from men whose grandfathers knew no more of the prin-
 -ciples at issue in our Revolution than if it had occurred in
 the center of Africa. And it illustrates the truth of my
 statement, that our late war, as an example bearing upon

the cause of popular freedom the world over, was far better seen, understood, and sympathized with, by the masses of Europe, than was its sister struggle of a century ago.

But again; the Civil War was a better kind of example by which to convert the world to republicanism than was the Revolution. The latter was a struggle for independence from a foreign power; it was successful; but was the spectacle of its success a new one to the world? On the contrary, every age, and almost every nation of history, had displayed a like struggle and a like success. Greece, Rome, Switzerland, Holland, England, - all had fought for, and had won freedom. In after times men saw the French, the modern Greeks, the Mexicans, the South Americans, exhibiting a like example. So that, in the middle of our century, the question among thinking men all over the world, was not, - "Can a brave people win their freedom?" nor was it this; "Can they keep that freedom against external enemies?" These questions history had answered again and again in the affirmative. No, if you want to see the question the world was asking, read

De Tocqueville's work on Democracy in America; read, too, in Blackwoods Magazine for '61 and '62, the excellent, - "I told you so", of the high Tories of England, as they contemplated with a satisfaction they took no pains to conceal, the approaching downfall of republican institutions in America. The question before the world was this: Can a Republic maintain itself against powerful internal enemies? Can America avoid what De Tocqueville well says is the chief danger of confederations, dismemberment? History could give no satisfactory answer to these questions. For the path of History is strewn with the wrecks of republics which perished at the hands of internal enemies. When, therefore, the very peril threatened our nation which had destroyed every republic of the past, when internal dissension culminated finally, in that gigantic armed Rebellion which sprang up and clutched the nation by the throat, the peculiar test was afforded for which the world had been waiting. Philosophers, Historians, Statesmen, Kings, Peoples, - all felt that now the strength of republican institutions

man to receive its final test. Can the American Republic
 live through that trial which has proved disastrous to all
 her sisters in the past? The powers of darkness in Europe
 reluctantly said, "No! her time too has come at last. The friends
 of popular freedom abroad hardly dared to say, "yes" But
 what a magnificent answer was given to friends and foes
 in that four years of the nation's agony! The answer
 came, — and the whole world saw and heard, in the thrill
 that shook the heart, and the flush that mounted to the
 cheek of the north at the sound of Sumner's guns, in the long
 roll of the drums resounding from sea to sea, calling the
 nation to arms! in the mighty, spontaneous uprising of the
 whole people in response, in the extraordinary rapidity with
 which this land of peace and peaceful pursuits fitted itself
 with arsenals, and supplied itself with the material of war;
 in the enormous armies that were raised, equipped, fed, clothed,
 and paid without impoverishing the country; in the bat-
 tles and campaigns of a citizen soldiery which astonished
 a world accustomed to the spectacle of military power dis-
 played by despots; in all that sanitary and Christian

Commission went, by which the humane and religious heart of the North followed its armies to the field to bless them, and to shed the light of a better future over this struggle which was to secure it, in that patience and faith which made every defeat only a lesson by which the way to victory might be learned at last, in the destruction of slavery, the one disturber of our peace; in that final hard-won success which restored to the flag every foot of the vast revolted territory; in the quiet absorbing again of gigantic armies into the pursuits of peaceful life: yes! the answer was given, in the heroism and endurance of a nation's manhood, in the enthusiasm, faith, and self-sacrifice of a nation's womanhood; in prayers, in tears, and blood; in smoke of battle; in confusion and tumult; in the calmness of a nation's purpose; in the breaking of shackles from four million bondmen; in "the new birth of freedom to the nation" — in these did waiting Europe get her answer. From henceforth it is counted proven, that a Republic can conquer internal foes; that it can display, in time of need, a military strength not to be equalled by any monarchy, in the world; that it can rid itself thoroughly of such an enormous incubus as was American Slavery.

The influence of such an example in the encouragement of the friends of popular liberty abroad, and in the weakening of their opponents, can scarcely be estimated too highly. From the fact, then, that our late war was an example on a larger scale, and so was better fitted to attract the world's attention than was the Revolution, that the world, also, was better prepared to see and understand it, and so to learn lessons from it favorable to free institutions, and from the fact, above all, that the war afforded just that particular kind of test which thinking men everywhere were waiting to see applied, before they would believe in the strength and permanence of governments constituted like ours, from these facts it follows, that the greater influence for the furtherance of the Republican idea abroad must be accorded to the Civil War. That influence has made itself felt already, the last ten years, in spite of apparent reaction recently, in England and Spain, have yet been years of great and sure progress for Republican principles in the Old World, and much of this progress, it is no less true, is due to the successful result of our great war. I was curious enough on this subject once to

write to Mr Malley, formerly our Ambassador in England, and in his reply, he mentioned among other results of our war abroad, the passage of the great Reform Bill of 1832, which, he said, was traceable in great measure to the influence our success had exerted upon political parties in Great Britain. And I am convinced that this progress of England toward Republicanism would have been far greater than it has been, if Mr Brougham, and other of the self-styled Reformers, had not made the same mistake our French imitators made in 1789, in fancying that a Republic can flourish that is founded on atheism, such men do not see at all, that the root and ground principle of American Institutions is the very opposite of atheism. You will pardon my indulging in this partial comparison of the Revolution with the Civil War; it seemed suggested by the fact that this is a centennial year. In our thought, this year, all our dead heroes, whether of the Revolution or of the war, lie side by side, as on that bit of Carolina road, you cannot visit the graves of either without seeing both. The same flag is guardian over all, our ancient and our modern martyrs. A

grateful nation decks with flowers impartially, the monuments of all.

I ask you to remember that I have not compared the two contests with respect to their intrinsic worth. I have looked at them simply in their external relations to that world-progress toward republicanism of which they both were a part. And the thoughts I have tried to present are in harmony with the purpose for which we meet to-day, for it enhances our appreciation of these our dead heroes, and the sacrifice they made, to remember that they, died not only, to save the nation from destruction, but also to advance the cause of liberty throughout the world. Hereafter, nations rejoicing in the precious light of perfect freedom under law, shall rise up to call blessed the men who here died in the greatest of all the wars for Freedom which the world has yet witnessed.

Turn we now to the thoughts more nearly appropriate to this Decoration Day. This is a day of sacred memories. Today, in thousands of homes, all over the land is husband, or father, or brother, or son, martyr to the

holy cause of Freedom for all men, remembered with
tearful pride, mothers, wives, sisters before me here,
there is no need that you be reminded of the dear ones,
who went bravely forth in those dark days of the coun-
-try's peril, and returned not when their comrades
came marching home. Their memories are precious
to you, they will grow more and more precious with the
passing years.

For you know, women of America,
that these your dead heroes, whether sleeping now in
quiet northern church yards, or beside the slow-moving
cypress-shadowed streams of the South, you know, that
they died in your defense as really as if they had fall-
-en across the thresholds of your homes, withstanding
the invader there. They realized this, that it was
in defense of home, of religion, of the sweet joys of peace
and peaceful industry, it was in defense of these they
went far from home to die. Was this Country to be
made another Mexico? Was a great war-loving
slave dominion - for all slave-dominions are war-
-loving, was this to overshadow our Southern border

with its arrogant and hostile front? Was the principle of secession to be allowed to drive its dismembering wedge between north and south, East and West, wherever the caprice of the hour might insert it, until the American Union should be split into hostile fragments? Let these things be, and the continent might bid farewell to peace. War would show his horrid front at every door, to ravage and destroy, all that an American home guards among its treasures. It was to ward off these horrors, it was to defend wife and daughter and sister more effectively than it could be done at the door-step, that your dead heroes, O Women of America, went far away from you to meet and slay on his own soil, the blood-thirsty demon of a slave-holder's rebellion. Husbands, fathers, brothers, sons, many, a one went down in that fierce death-grapple, but in their death they slew their enemy, and yours, and gave to you, and to every home in the land the blessings of perpetual peace. Their memories to you ought to be precious.

I climbed the stairs yesterday of your

Memorial Hall, and stopped, as all visitors must stop, before the picture of young Raymond. "Died in Salisbury, Wisconsin, and buried in the trenches" There is the record of his sacrifice; and, as I looked on the pleasant youthful face, the frank loving eyes seemed to say, "the peace and happiness of the dear home I left, and of every home my country holds, asked for the sacrifice of my young life, and cheerfully I gave it. All I ask is, do not forget me, while you enjoy the blessings purchased by my death". Nay, bright-faced young soldier, we should indeed be unworthy were we to forget thee. Let this memorial service to-day no less than the tender recollections which each returning brings with it to the hearts thy death made sorrowful, prove that indeed we have not forgotten thee, and may thy memory, and that of thy fellow martyrs grow more and more precious with every year of that Nation's life for which your lives were given!

I see here to-day not only the relatives and friends of our dead heroes, but also a goodly number of their surviving brothers-in-arms. To you fellow soldiers, it is

fitting that a word be spoken. Comrades, the great war is fast drifting away into the shadowy past; we are all ten years older than when on those two joyous days. In this same month, the armies of the East, and of the West marched together through the streets of the Capital they had saved, amid the plaudits of a grateful people. That old soldier-life, how far away it seems, how like a dream!

In our busy life of the present, those memories of camp and march and battle, how seldom do they come to remind us that once we wore the blue and followed the flag. But among the things of that receding past to which memory will cling are the thoughts that bring again before us the faces of our dead comrades; of the men who once touched elbows with us in the line, who joined with us in the sports of the camp; with whom we walked the sentry's beat and watched through the lonely night on picket; who shared the same blanket with us as we lay down with feet toward the bivouac fire, and saw the large Southern moon sailing through light clouds above the tops of the wind-swept pines; who stood by our sides in battle, cheering us by their high-

hearted courage; who thus shared with us every experience of a soldier's life, hunger, cold and rain, the weary march, the night labor on the ramparts in presence of the foe. - all these and a thousand more they shared with us, until, drawn together thus by common experiences they and we became indeed brothers-in-arms. But sometimes, somewhere, they, dropped out of the ranks, and we marched on, seeing them no more. Perhaps it was when your battery was charged upon and nearly captured by the enemy. Your guns were planted in the road just where it crossed a small hill. Behind you lay the supporting infantry, two lines deep. In front were the woods, and the dark bushy ravine, out of which, of a sudden, the enemy streamed in swarms up the hill, intent upon the battery. To your dying day will sound in your ears the deadly "whit!" "whit!" of that storm of bullets with which they covered their charge, and before which your battery horses were heaped together in the traces where they stood, and nearly every cannoner fell beside the silenced guns. The powder-blacked remnant of you were called back by the opening fire of your own infantry behind you,

and after, amid cheer and answering cheer, that crashing deadly fire, blazing from a thousand rifles, had for the last time smitten back the gray-clad men when their hands were almost laid upon the black muzzles of the guns they coveted. When after that last charge you went to your posts again, you saw lying there with white face upturned to the sky, his cannoner's belt around him, and the priming wire still grasped in his hand, with nothing but the small mark upon his breast to tell when death came swift and painless, you saw him there beside his gun. The comrade who had been almost more than brother to you since you and he bid goodby, together to the dear friends in the far away North. Did you weep over him there? Did you think that in that same hour, while he was lying there, that Sunday morning, your mother and his were lifting their voices in song with the worshipping congregation in the quiet church at home? Ah no! there was no time for such thoughts; you only lifted him tenderly, and laid him with his dead comrades, out of the way of the guns, and stood again at your post. Who buried

him you do not know, for the battle changed place, and you with it, and after it was over you found only undistinguished graves where that fearful charge was made and was repulsed.

Perhaps it was when your regiment of Infantry, following the painting sword of the staff-officer who brought you the order "forward!" went down across the field and into the dark woods beyond, you all cheered as you advanced, the shells burst over your heads, the stones at your feet, the bark and twigs of the trees were smitten beside you by the unseen bullets, you heeded them not at time, for the battle-fever was in your blood and you were driving the enemy. The forest resounds with the roar of musketry, the line on your flank gave way, the bullets began to come in from right and left as well as front, you were forced back, and when you came out of that deadly wood, and gathered again around your colors, you found that some had been left behind, and they never came back to you. In that dark Southern wood, under clambering and swaying funeral masses they lie to-day, in their unknown

graves, and so, some died upon the field of honor, some by wasting sickness in camp or hospital, some in captivity, some at home. One by one the men you loved dropped away, from your side. The march, the battle, the triumph, the return, the welcome home of friends, the succeeding joys of peace. — these were for you; for them, — silence.

Comrades, it is well for us to remember to-day these our fallen brothers. May the remembrance of them make us better men, better soldiers in the great battle of life which rages ever around and within us. If the casualties of war struck them down at our side, and left us to enjoy that peace which their death made possible, shall we not, in the presence of their sacred memories strive with God's help to fill with nobler, with truer aspirations, with higher purposes, with better deeds in God's service and in man's, the lives thus spared to us? and it is well for the nation to remember to-day the martyrs to her liberties, the men whose breasts received those stabs that were aimed at the nation's heart. I rejoice in the institution of this memorial day; may it never be forgotten while this continent is inhabited by a people worthy to be free!

I rejoice in the perpetual witness of yonder Memorial Hall to your grateful remembrance of the sons of Andover who died for their country, and in the hundreds of like memorials which colleges and communities have erected since the war. These things are great and good educational influences; they teach our young men that there are some things worth living for; they teach us all the glory of self-sacrifice for God and for fellow men. When the time comes my friends, when the country forgets to honor the memory of those who died to save her, it will be when the country herself is no longer worth saving. But that time shall never come. Rather shall we cherish more and more these precious things of memory. From us they shall descend as the best heritage we can transmit to the generations after us, and so shall a just pride in our heroic past, make us as a people worthy of even a nobler future.

Memorial Services at Andover.
 on
 Decoration Day May 30 1876.

The plans of the Soldiers Committee of arrangements successfully consummated. William Newland was chief marshal, with J Warren Berry and Moses L Faronham as aids. The exercises at the Town Hall, consisted of music by the Brass Band. Prayer by Rev H B Wilbur of the Baptist Church, and an address by Rev Dr Malcolm Douglass of Christ Church, late of the Military Academy at Northfield, Vermont.

R

Dr Douglass spoke as follows

Fellow Citizens of Andover.

The place of Burial is hallowed to all of us by very solemn and tender associations. It is the Village of our departed dead. There lie, side by side, all that was mortal of our fathers and brethren, our relatives and our neighbors, there they rest, silently, awaiting the irresistible summons of the trumpet of God. On every side we beheld their Monumental Memorials "engraved with an iron pen in the Rock". We see on every side, the turfy hillocks of their graves arrayed with startling regularity. Like ourselves they once moved and acted in the living world of the world. Like them, we, sharing in the conditions of our common humanity, must some time compose ourselves to our long rest and be carried by others to our burial.

We meet together this day to show our brotherly regard and honor for those brave townsmen who left their firesides, their farms, their shops, their professions, to maintain the unity of our common country, and to vindicate the high principles

upon which our National Government is believed to be founded and constructed. They were arrayed against those who should have been brethren, and who also were full of unity, zeal and valorous devotion for their cherished theory of State-rights, destructive as it was of the integrity of the National Government. And in this stupendous civil war, those whom we now commemorate offered their lives for the fair fame of their country. They suffered death in every form; some upon the battle field, some in the military hospital, some in the prisons of the South; through wounds, through pestilence, through fatigue or through famine, they were gathered unto their fathers, leaving us, and succeeding generations to watch the ripening harvest, and to gather in and enjoy the blood-bought fruits of their labour. As then this day, we reverently decorate their long resting places, and give their memories the honorable tearful tribute of our esteem and never-dying gratitude. — does not the Poet of one hundred and thirty years ago, set forth in his Ode the very sentiment of this most interesting and touching occasion:

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 hallowed 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 gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
 And Freedom shall awhile repair,
 To dwell a weeping hermit there!

There are some points in this great contest to which our
 Brethren gave their lives, which I cannot undertake to treat
 of at this time. They have been well and often presented to
 you by others. I dare not venture to call your attention
 to the great range of subjects of high political import and
 principle which were involved. For time would fail me. I can
 do no more than name the great antagonistic questions, of

the unity, and preservation of the National Government on the one hand, and the doctrine of secession and supremacy of State-rights on the other hand. Or the policy of emancipation as contrasted with the extension of slavery. Or the asserted Kingship of Dalton over the minds and wills and sinews of Freemen. God, in his wisdom has settled all these and kindred questions by giving victory to the arms of the Republic. I do not even dare to name the great men, who under the Presidency of the immortal Lincoln, were raised up in this tremendous crisis to be leaders and generals, counsellors and statesmen for the people. — I will not venture to touch upon those great Battles of the War, the very least of which is worthy of an historian; and the greatest of which can hardly be paralleled in the world's history, as illustrations of "the scientific application of force". — well organized, rightly aimed, hotly contested, begun, conducted and finished with unity, of design, masterly execution, and strategic success. Nor can I here undertake to discuss the right policy, of mil-
itary, education in this Commonwealth; which, upon right principles of military, and Political economy, with the

least possible disturbance to our agricultural and manufacturing interests, shall train up in our midst a body of men to be competent to be good officers, or good soldiers, and in short to furnish an organized nucleus of a military organization which may, at any future time be marshalled, officered, equipped, munitioned and drilled in the very shortest period, and with the greatest efficiency. In my humble judgement it is the very policy, which our sad experiences of the war, with its enormous sacrifice of our best blood and hard-earned treasure, ought to impress most emphatically upon our people. But here, in this place and on this occasion, I may perhaps be permitted to set aside for the present these questions of Statesmanship, of men, of battles, and of military policy, for the naming of one or two topics, which in their place are no less important to us who are here gathered together. — For the absence of brave men, whose forms will no more be seen erect on this earth, and all these emblems of frail mortality, in the neighboring cemeteries, remind us this day, that our whole life is as a warfare and a battle. That the whole

human race is engaged in this grand contest. That whether in or out of the war of bloody strife, Death is at last the victor: and that the great practical problem of life is, how shall his dominion be overthrown, and how shall we all, men and women, the aged and the young, the strong and the weak, so live that even Death himself though pre-
-railing for a time shall be overcome at last, and carried away to abide a captive forever in his own realms of darkness and dread. There is indeed one name, and one only through whom the perishing sons of men may conquer in this battle, and against this subtle adversary. And though I do not propose to enlarge upon these graver topics, topics of the very grandest import which are invol-
-ved in this great truth, yet it must be understood to under-
-lie this whole range of questions of social, moral and political duty, which lie before us. It relieves the blackness of misery, to which our present life renders us liable; It gives brightness to the mysterious future; and it gives point and expression to our grand old watch-words of "duty" and "loyalty" - "obedience" and "truth" - otherwise, my friends these very watch-

- words have no reflections of immortality, and there is no depth nor reality, in any sentiment of the kind which we may celebrate or express. What one or two useful lessons, then, may we as citizens here learn from the career of our departed heroes.?

In the first place they teach us that which true men can never forget. — That even life itself is to be devoted to the demands of duty. "When duty calls we must obey," this is the motto of the well-trained soldier, yea, even though it leads him through dark and dangerous defiles, up the mountain's rugged side, in the face of frowning batteries, through treacherous and unfriendly lands, under the warlike hum of bullets, and even to the crossing of bayonets and the clashing of sabres. Is it, that he who dies is more brave than his neighbor, is the only true patriot? Not so; but because duty calls, he and they engage in the common risk, enter shoulder to shoulder in the deadly breach, and risk their lives, for Duty's sake. Example of this kind upon the battle-field should not be lost upon upon us. What is Duty, but that which is rightly due from us? due to the cause

which engages us, due to the work which employs us, due to
 the business which supports, the pledges which bind, the laws
 which protect, the country, which holds, the home which cher-
 -ishes us, — Duty to the truth, — Duty to the right. — Duty to
 charity, — Duty to God, to our neighbour, to ourselves. Its
 high calls and constant pressure extend and ramify through
 every, condition of life without exception, through all ages, ranks,
 sexes and conditions. The poor man is not exempt from its
 claims because he is poor. The rich man is not free from
 its bonds because he is rich. The young man is not inde-
 -pendent of its pledges because he is strong. The maiden can-
 -not trifle with its realities because she is fair. — Nobody in
 his or her position, whether it be high or humble, can be
 released before God or man from this responsibility. I say, then,
 that even life is to be devoted to duty. While these men were
 serving their country in the field, their lives by the very nature
 of this service were often endangered, and at last yielded up —
 a sacrifice. But are there no risks to be run by men except
 upon the battle-field, and in presence of an armed enemy?
 Are there no heroes but those who engage in the tumultuous

stripe of war, marshalled under leaders and banners?
 Ah! yes, my friends, believe it, there are risks everywhere,
 embarrassing, beleaguering, deadly. - which it is sometimes
 harder to meet than to engage in battle. There are invisible
 risks, which involve the welfare and life of the very soul of
 man. As long as there are duties, there are temptations to
 neglect or violate them, there are dangerous side-paths of
 error, folly, idleness, dissipation, desertion or sin. Why, in
 the every, day life of the family, in common conversation,
 in our eating and drinking, in our feelings and thoughts,
 in our walks and studies, in the most ordinary domestic
 life, in the plainest work of the day-labourer, there is a cer-
 -tain watchfulness to be exercised, there are sentries. - as it were,
 to be picketted in every direction to guard the heart and
 mind, the lips and tongue, the eyes and hands, there is a
 world to be looked upon with caution, an inborn spirit of
 insubordination to be controlled, an enemy ever watchful,
 sagacious and eager by day, and by night seeking our con-
 -fusion. As our venerable Bryant has well proposed it;

"Soon rested those who fought; - but those

Who mingled in the harder strife
 For truths which men receive not now,
 Thy warfare only ends with life.
 A friendless warfare, lingering long
 Through weary day, and weary year;
 A wild and many, reaped through
 Hang on thy front and flank and rear.
 Yet nerve thy spirit to the fray,
 And blench not at thy chosen lot. "

And do you think that in this sort of life there are no
heroes to be found? God, who only, knows the heart, can
 tell how many. But in a course of lengthening profession-
 -al experience, I am satisfied that they are far more numer-
 -ous than we are sometimes disposed to think. The prophet
 Elijah thought that he alone was left to serve God in truth,
 but the all-seeing Lord assured him that there were seven
 thousand in Israel who had not bowed the knee to Baal.
 I believe that even the duties of peaceful life gives often
 opportunity, for men and women and children, to lead
 an heroic life devoted to duty, and truth. And I do not

doubt that the thought of those who for the sake of one line of duty, have devoted their lives to the dangerous chances of the battle, has often stimulated and encouraged, and will yet often cheer, the hearts of humble people, pursuing the peaceful avocations of life, and trying honestly to do their duty. - yea even unto death in that station of life unto which God has called them: For remember always,

"Thou canst not to thy place by accident,

It is the very place God meant for thee "

There is one more point of very great interest, which I would call to your notice for a moment, one which though closely allied to devotion of life to duty, may yet for our purposes be distinguished from it. I mean Loyalty. This is a positive not a mere sentiment. It is this which added earnestness of purpose, devotion of spirit, depth of enthusiasm, resoluteness of will, to the departed heroes of the war. It often brought them into positions of duty, under circumstances which merely prudent caution would have led them to avoid, It fortified them against many assaults which might have been too much for their constancy

It gave them resolution, courage, patience, and fortitude under trials the most disheartening. It taught them to spurn rebellion, treachery, sedition and secession, in the citizen of our common country. It gave thought and wisdom, purpose and aim to every duty, which the exigencies of the service required of them. But is this virtue confined only to those who left their lives as a pledge of their loyalty? Ah, no. my friends, as long as we have a common country. as long as we have a country, though it be not perfectly wise and faultless in all things, - for there is no such country, but yet, if it be our country, that in which we have inherited or secured a birth-right. - a country, dear to us; and, thank God, one which is great and growing, populous, vigorous and fair, so long this virtue of Loyalty will be required of us, and will have opportunity for exercise.

Remember, that to act for the welfare of our country is a sacred duty. If these brethren died for her, we yet live for her; and it becomes a most sacred for their sake, as for hers, to set forward wisely, temperately, conscientiously her best interests, to study that which is for her true advancement, to send

into the councils of State, and General Government men both good and true, men filled morally, as well as mentally, to do their whole duty, as legislators without fear or favour, and to insist sternly that all oaths of office shall be discharged with integrity. - It devolves upon us to consider wisely the true mutual relations of the labourer and employer. To remember the poor, and to study the habit of obedience and reverence in ourselves. Let us remember always as loyal men, that the true safety of the State lies in our cherishing, as individuals the sound principles of virtue and morality everywhere, and to be honest, faithful and true in private as in public, for this secures the country, God's favour, and it also provides that the young shall have constant instruction and training in the particulars of the ten commandments, without which Religion will have failed to reach the public heart, and a debased condition of life and morals will surely supervene.

I do not forget, dear friends, while I recall the heroic deeds of our departed dead, and exhort you to strive to imitate their manly virtues. - that we have yet amongst us those who also

risked their lives with the same spirit of duty, and followed the flag, shoulder to shoulder, and served with loyalty, and who by the favour of the Almighty, are yet spared to their friends, and to society, and are here now present as soldiers and sailors of the Grand Army and Navy of the Republic.

Men and brethren! we cannot forget that you also went into this contest with the same spirit and courage which animated your departed comrades, and that some of you also bear about with you the marks and scars of honorable though sanguinary warfare. We cannot regard them therefore as the only heroes. In every testimony of honour which we yield to the departed dead, know that a bright reflection of the same honor falls on you. We welcome you, and greet you, Veteran soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic, may you long be spared to your homes, to your firesides, and to those who honor and love you and depend upon you. May you long continue to show, by your example and precept, that the camp of the soldier only encouraged you in the paths of right discipline, of high duty, and of unswerving loyalty. May, you be blessed in all your

relations, whether of civil, or social or domestic life. And the gravity of this occasion, as well as my own feelings, will surely allow me to add — may it be said of each of you, when the close of your life's campaign approaches, that which the poet has said of the good man.

"The last end of the good man is peace!

How calm his exit!

Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,

Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft,

By unperceived degrees he rears away,

Yet like the sun, seems larger at his setting.

High in his faith and hopes,

Lo! how he reaches after the prize in view!

x x x

Oh! how he longs to have his passport signed

and he dismissed. — — — 'Tis done —

and x x x the glad soul hath not a wish uncraved."

a word more, and I have done. Let us never forget in the contemplation of these subjects, the value in maintaining our loyalty of those outward emblems and signs which our country has adopted to represent her true sovereignty, in this wide domain

committed to her, and her independance amongst the nations. — The eagle is the symbol of American boldness and freedom of flight. soaring, sublimely, in the heights of heaven, gazing, with unblenched eye at the sun, and again noticing the slightest movement on the earth below. As in the Soliloquy of Manfred:

"Thou winged and cloud-clearing minister,
Whose happy flight is highest into heaven.

×× Thou art gone where the eye cannot follow thee,
But thine yet pierces downward, onward or above
With a pervading vision "

Such the loyal citizen ever desires in his heart may be the career of our own beloved country amongst all the nations of the earth. Thus may God grant that she ever be found in beauty and majesty, in force and freedom, clearing her way through the commotions of the galaxy of the great nations, until she reaches the peaceful heights which are far above the din and whirlwind of storms, and the stripes of the people. And how, also, should the loyal citizen regard always that Flag of our Union, under

whose shadow our brave men fought, and many brave men perished. With what respect and attachment did not our brave soldiers regard it. How they honored every rent of its fabric, torn by the hostile bullet. They were contented to live under its broad folds and to die in its defence. Every peril to which it was exposed only endeared it more and more to their earnest hearts, they elevated it with proudest courage, and though it drew upon the standard bearer the hottest fire of the enemy, he counted the risk as not worthy to be compared to the distinction of rescuing, supporting, and bearing it on, with the advancing column. Let this same spirit ever animate us, to preserve that Flag always clean and pure, in honor and loyalty, so long as it holds us to duty, which is for always. As it reflects honor upon us, so let us give due honor to it: and while we place before all things our supreme duty, to our God, never, never forget that that duty involves also our duty to our Country, and to our Country's Flag.

Memorial Day May 30. 1877

at 7 o'clock a.m. a detachment of Andover soldiers, members of Needham Post 39 with the Andover Brass Band decorated the graves of their fallen comrades in the West Parish cemetery. The Memorial Hall and Tablets were beautifully decorated with flowers.

The exercises at the Town Hall commenced at 9 o'clock with Band music, singing by a double quartette. Prayer by Rev Thomas Deloitte, and an Oration by Gen W Blakeslee formerly of the 1st Connecticut Cavalry, and now a student of the Theological Seminary. After the oration the procession formed on Elm Square in the following order.

James B. Smith, marshal

Andover Brass Band

military escort, Co. H 6th Regt of Lawrence

members of Needham Post 39 G. A. R.

Past soldiers and sailors

Selectmen and Trustees of Memorial Hall

Town Officers.

Andover Catholic Benevolent Society.

Samford W. Haldsmith, aid.

Charles Greene, aid.

Citizens and School-children

Town Fire Department and Engineers

The procession marched to the Theological Cemetery, and to
the South Cemetery, and detachments sent to Spring Grove
and the Catholic Cemetery,

Committee of Arrangements

John Clarke

Ballard Hull, 2nd

Sanford K. Goldsmith

John ^{B. A.} Russell

Movers White

Moses L. Farnham.

Oration by Gen. G. Blakeslee

Mr. President and Fellow Citizens

It is said that the history
of a single pebble includes the history of the earth. It is not
a thing by itself. It is related to all other things. Its substance
could not have been but for the primordial fires out of which
it sprang. Its being a pebble at all implies the earthquake
or glacier which broke it off from its native ledge. While its
smoothly rounded surface testifies to the ceaseless action of

the uneasy sea. all the forces of nature have combined to make it is, and in doing that they have slowly formed the earth.

Neither is any event a thing by itself. Its causes take hold on all the past, its effects on all the future. This gives significance to what would otherwise be of trifling importance. The first gun fired at Sumter was harmless enough in itself, but it marked the end of peace and the beginning of war. It was also the exponent of state of public affairs which resulted from influences as widely different in character as were the two ships which in 1620 landed; the one the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock; and the other the first cargo of slaves at Jamestown Va. Except for these causes there could have been no war and no Memorial Day. We say that slavery caused the war. So did freedom. Christ came to send not peace but a sword because truth and error must be antagonistic. The vigorous ~~growth~~ growth of the idea of personal liberty, made the conflict irrepressible. The struggle was not merely to save the Union. It was to rid the Union of an evil which from small beginnings had grown to overshadowing proportions, and which, if not

destroyed, must either rule or ruin. It was to preserve to ourselves and to extend to others those civil and religious liberties which are the glory of our age and government.

But when came these liberties? Were they first conceived by Jefferson? Did our fathers invent them? Were they indigenous to American soil? No, they came from over the sea and were the slow growth of centuries. Cromwell and the Ironsides fought for them. Hampden and the Commons compelled Charles I to approve them in the Bill of Rights. And it was the manifest determination to maintain them with the sword, that gave such a significant and dangerous look to the otherwise brilliant array of the brave Barons, who, on the beautiful field of Runnymede, faced King John and forced from his reluctant hand the Magna Charta.

Nor to the British Isles alone were they germane. The sturdy Dutch Republic fought for them. William the Silent fell in their behalf. For them was drawn the mighty sword of Gustavus Adolphus, and from them Calvin, Iringle and Luther taught. The roots of the liberty which we enjoy reach far and wide into all the civilized earth. Every revolution

and reformation of modern Europe has helped its growth. Its seed, which had come through the darkness of a thousand years, was sown by the Crusaders, and a soil in which it might grow was rendered possible by the victory of Charles Martel at Tours.

Thus this day is memorial in a wider sense than we are apt to think. It connects us with the grandest thoughts and most heroic actions of the past, and gathers round our dead the halo of the noble and immortal cause in which they fell. It is not a day for small things, nor is it a time for narrow views of life and public policy. It marks one step in the progress of great movements, and has in it the swing of the centuries. It is a day to enlarge the heart, to quicken generous sympathies, to bury differences, to extend the right hand of fellowship to repentant foes, and around the graves of the fallen to pledge anew the bonds of liberty and union.

This day, will see many a blessed sight. The soldiers of the North and South, the victors and the vanquished, forgiving and forgetting old antagonisms will together bear laurel

and sweet scented flowers to decorate the graves of men, who once were deadly foes, who were made peaceful by, the mystery of death, but who may now all be remembered, not according to what evil, but what good they, did. This is a day of magnanimity, and forbearance. Let no soldier, least of all let no northern soldier dare disturb the scene. We have long since sheathed the sword, let us now wreath it with the olive branch. Let this be a Reconciliation Day. Bitterest foes sometimes make warmest friends. The living are more important than the dead, and one such act of gentle kindness as this, may soften and unite hearts otherwise most obdurate. Binders not the spirit of the hour, but rather hail this day as a political Christmas, whose cordial fellowship shall help to realize that gospel of equal rights to all men, black and white, north and south, which has already been proclaimed, and which is, we hope, the beginning of the end of the distrust and hatred engendered by the war.

Thus in its broad relations to the past and present this day, has much significance, but to us in this quiet New England village, it has a deeper and more personal interest in the individ-

individual memories which it suggests.

The record of this town is highly honorable. Your chief interest of course was centered in the 1st Mass Heavy Artillery, in which were almost half your men. But the rest were scattered in more than sixty, different commands, and so they represented you in almost every part of the conflict.

Andover men were in more than one hundred different engagements. They knew both defeat and victory, the jovial ease and abundance of the forts, the fatigue of the march, and the horrors of Belle Isle and Andersonville. They fought on the Potomac, the James, the Mississippi and the Red River of the South. They conquered a foothold on the coast at Newberne, Fort Fisher and Pensacola Bay. They struck at the vitals of the Confederacy at Knoxville, Chattanooga and Atlanta; and marched thence with Sherman to the sea. They followed the bloody fortunes of the Army of the Potomac from the first Bull Run to Gettysburg, and from the Wilderness to Appomattox Court House.

What a host of remembrances these names excite! To the soldier they recall the field, the bivouac and the camp fire

with all those untold scenes of comedy, which float upon the surface of the soldier's life, and of tragedy, which lie beneath. To the man of affairs they speak of days of eager watching for the news, and nights of weary, foreboding, and unrest. To the mother they renew the memory, of pillow wet with tears, and the night air laden with prayers for the safety of the best beloved and yet compelled

"to stand

with no help in her hand

when strong as death she vain would watch above them"

Yet these same mothers on tear blotted paper, wrote such brave words as these, "Do your whole duty, my son" That was the New England form of the Spartan injunction, "Come back with your shield or on it." But it meant more here than in Sparta, for there men were born for war, and the family, was nothing except to serve the state, while here men are born for peace, and the state is nothing except to serve the family.

Andover is a patriotic town. Through its personal interest, and public spirit, it responded with alacrity to all the varying

fortunes of the conflict. Its history during the war is therefore an index of the war itself. For our present purpose we will group the principal phases of the war about certain public meetings in this town. A meeting was held in this hall on Saturday, April 11 1861. The rebels had opened fire on Sumter a week before. During the bombardment business was almost suspended. The war, so long threatened, so little anticipated, had actually begun. It meant, we knew not what, except that it was something terrible. Men watched the bulletins and were almost beside themselves with a new and strange excitement. Would the North fight? Could troops be raised? Could arms and money be provided? Was Lincoln the man for the emergency? Swarms of momentous questions which no one could answer. Saturday, night the guns at Charleston echoed through the land. Sunday, the ministers prayed courageously, and read the trumpet-toned Psalms of David. Monday, morning brought the news of the surrender, and the call for 75,000 men. That was new reading, 75,000 men and three months time. In

our simplicity, we breathed freer. Yes, the rebellion was to be put down after all. They would make short work of it. Such a show of force as that would do the business. The rebels would see that we meant to fight, and that would be the end of it. With such soft words Seward comforted the people. But some saw deeper. You did here in Andover. For in those sturdily patriotic resolutions which "were received with great applause and unanimously adopted" in your meeting, you say, that "an overpowering military force is needed" and you add "we pledge ourselves to take our full share in this great struggle, and to fight as our fathers fought when compelled by a like necessity," a noble pledge, and nobly fulfilled. But it meant something more than a three months' military picnic. This meeting represents the first enthusiasm. I was a part of the mighty, patriotic impulse which burst forth simultaneously, all over the land. We had seen 7000 men besieging 70 in Fort Sumter, winning a bloodless victory, which was yet the precursor of a bloody war. Out of its battered and burning ruins we

had seen Anderson march, with drums beating and colors flying, and our hearts were stirred to a deep-set purpose "to repossess" that fort. The people of South Carolina had gone mad with excitement over such a great victory. Beauregard was another Napoleon. The South blazed with the promise of coming independence, and the North with an enthusiastic determination "never to submit or yield." Peace society men made war speeches. Gentle inoffensive souls, who would not kill a chicken at home, talked madly of marching through fire and blood to Gulf. Mothers were proud that they had boys to go, and with flashing eyes prepared them for the war. For the 75,000 called, twice or thrice that number answered "Here am I, send me"

We were amazed at the rush of events during that eventful week. Already Pennsylvania troops had reached the capital and had marched through its streets to the sound of cheers for Jefferson Davis and the Southern confederacy. Already Massachusetts blood had flowed in Baltimore. The first blood of the war, drawn from the

same reins whence issued the first blood of the Revolution
Three killed and eight wounded. The record is the same
for the Baltimore massacre of 1861, and the Boston mass-
-acre of 1770. Already, Washington was cut off from the
North by the secession mob in Maryland. Already,
Harpers Ferry, Arsenal, and Norfolk Navy Yard had
been half destroyed and abandoned to the enemy.
Already, the thrilling sound of the pipe and drum, and
the tramp of volunteers was heard in your streets. You
met the crisis courageously, as your fathers met the
Indians in the Shawshen valley, two hundred years
ago. With that same wise determination with
which our forefathers led the way, in stamping out the
Salem witchcraft frenzy, in 1692. With that same
patriotic enthusiasm, which during the French and Indian wars
sent so many of them down the stormy coast to perish before
the gray walls of Louisberg, or out into the western wilderness to
lay their bones on the beautiful shores of Lake Champlain, or
in the trackless forest beyond. Nor were you unworthy of your
Revolutionary history, and of the five killed and many

wounded who fell for their country, and for the honor of this town, on the bloody slopes of Bunker Hill. In such circumstances and with such a history, Andover could not well be otherwise than patriotic. No wonder that its utterances were brave and enthusiastic. No wonder its action was prompt and decisive. To have been anything else would have falsified history and dishonored the sons of worthy sires.

The next most noticeable phase of the war is indicated by a citizens' meeting, held in this hall, July 11, 1862. The record says nothing about a crowd, nor of enthusiasm, nor of patriotic sentiments. Prof. Stowe offered prayer and made an address. The audience sang "America", and voted "that in the judgment of this meeting, it is expedient for this town to offer a bounty of 75 dollars, for volunteers to fill the quota of recruits now called for by the President." The town meeting to act on this suggestion was held a fortnight later, and voted 100 dollars bounty, and "made patriotic speeches." Evidently, a change had taken place. There was no more crowding into the ranks. Over 500,000 men had volunteered, and now the Government called for 300,000 more.

We had entered upon the second stage of the conflict, which may be called war in earnest. But how had this come about? The tremendous excitement of which your first meeting was an index culminated in that senseless and impatient war-cry, "On to Richmond." The universal Yankee nation had roared up and shaken itself and felt strong. So it was, but it was the raw strength of an undisciplined giant. The first battle of Bull Run waded us up a second time. Troops before refused by the Government were now eagerly accepted. This defeat had dispelled all thought of an easy victory, and taught us what to expect. We had taken the sword, and by the sword must stand or fall. Neither enthusiasm, nor the righteousness of our cause could settle the question. It was plainly to be one of the best fighting, and the heaviest battalions. Our ardor cooled, but our purpose deepened. The arming went on rapidly. There was no lack of volunteers. The rebels were confident, and we were determined, and so we entered upon the prolonged preparation of the silent fall and winter of 1861-2. We were in the hands of McClellan, the Unready, and so it was "all quiet on the Potomac."

This long stillness was the calm that precedes the storm. The spring opened, and with it came the naval fight at Hampton Roads. The Minnesota and Congress were disabled, and the Cumberland, with colors flying, and 100 dead and dying on her decks, went down before the rebel Merrimac. All the seaboard cities of the North might have been at the mercy of this naval monster, and the fortunes of the war changed, except for the timely arrival of that queer little Monitor, whose unexampled prowess changed the course of naval warfare.

That we could fight and win had been proved by Grant's success at Fort Donelson, where he gained 9,000 prisoners and the sobriquet of "Unconditional Surrender". This had given us Nashville and had led to the horrible slaughter and hard-earned victory of Pittsburg Landing. We had captured New Orleans and opened the Mississippi to Vicksburg. This was comforting. But our most magnificent army was ruined. The Chickahominy swamps were full of our dead. The ~~seven~~ days' battles were ended, and the shattered remnant of the grand but ill-starred

army of the Potomac was cooped up at Harrison's Landing. The North was filled with lamentations. "Rachel weeping for her children and would not be comforted because they were not."

Upon Andover indeed the storm had not yet fallen. Only a few drops presaging the tempest yet to come. But the war in earnest had clouded her homes with fearful forebodings concerning the future of her best and bravest whom she had sent forth from these hills and valleys to all the solemn possibilities of war.

That first call for 300,000 men was a sort of prophecy. It indicated the number of lives to be lost in defence of the Union during the war. Your quota was 52; just the number of names on your roll of honor in the Memorial Hall yonder. No wonder your meetings were seriously dispensed. Did the future cast its shadow upon you as you were thus billing your quota in a double sense? You far exceeded the required average in the number of men you furnished, a fact which gives this town an honorable pre-eminence in duty ~~done~~ done.

but in the sorrowful number of the slain it would seem that you were only called upon to fill your quota.

The third stage of the war may best be condensed into the one word. Gloom. It is marked in the history of this town by the formation of the Union League in April 1863. These were indeed dark days. The disastrous Peninsular Campaign had been followed in quick succession by a second defeat on the sandy plains of Bull Run, by the most surrender made by us during the war, that of '61 miles' at Sharps Ferry, with 11,500 men, and by the battle of Antietam. The battles were growing more desperate, and the results yet indecisive.

But Antietam will always be remembered as the immediate occasion of the greatest act of the war - the emancipation proclamation which at a stroke declared the freedom of 4,000,000 slaves. It came upon us suddenly, like a flash of lightning out of a cloudless sky, for the President had given no sign of his intention till it was an accomplished fact. There had been an urgent and growing demand for it in many quarters. One of your Andover towns

meetings was most honorably distinguished by the passage of a resolution calling for it with but one dissenting voice. But the traditional slave power was still strong at the North. Army officers in many cases refused to shelter fugitives, and some even returned them to their masters. They were blind to the signs of the times. But the prongs of the war gave birth to freedom. The peril and disaster of the conflict, the tremendous fighting power of the South, the uncertain, but certainly unfriendly, attitude of France and England, all conspired to force the great-hearted, patient, far sighted Lincoln solemnly to vow that if Lee were driven out of Maryland, he would declare the emancipation of the slave. Antietam fulfilled the condition. But it left on the field over 20,000 dead and wounded men, of whom more than one half fought under the "Stars and Stripes". It was the bloodiest single day's fighting of the war. With mingled sorrow for the dead, and gratitude for the victory, Lincoln paid his vow. Thus was revealed God's plan for freedom. But to realize it called us yet through seas of sorrow, and to the borders of despair.

Before you met to form your Union League, you could
 back on Fredericksburg and the Rappahannock red with useless
 blood, and upon the tangled thickets of Chancellorsville filled with
 our dead, for whose courage and devotion there was nothing
 to show, except that gray coats lay there as well as the blue. It is
 terrible to think of the manner in which those hotly contested
 battles helped to the final victory. We were beating each others'
 brains out, that was all. We did not then comprehend it,
 but it was simply a process of mutual exhaustion; who could
 such pounding the longest, that was the question. Both parties
 were flushed and panting, but though the torture of the conflict
 was tingling through every nerve of the body politic, the hereditary
 courage of the race kept each from any cry of pain. What say I?
 There were cries of pain. The great heart of the North indeed
 remained calm and firm, losses and disappointments, taxes,
 conscription and defeat had done their worst on some. The
 weak-kneed grew strong in opposition to the war. Peace at any
 price was a popular thought, almost a rallying cry. The great
 States of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois had
 all gone anti-administration in the fall of 1862. The Florida

and Alabama were lighting up the seas with the flames of our merchant marine. And England, watching the conflict with a jealous eye, seemed almost ready to throw her influence openly into the hands of the confederacy. With losses by land and sea, an open hostility to the war in many places, a shattered credit, business prostrate, and gold at 170, the government entered on the spring of '63. The emancipation proclamation seemed likely to become waste paper, the life already offered seemed likely to become a useless sacrifice. A victorious over-bearing nation whose avowed corner-stone was slavery, seemed likely to be our neighbor. Our country was about to be surrendered, our flag about to be torn to shreds, our name disgraced, our proud Republic humbled and broken, and American union and freedom seemed about to become the by-word and reproach of the world. It was a gloomy, a time to call forth the loyal and stout-hearted, the courageous, the resolute, and the wise.

The government needed them at home as well as in the army. It needed their organized influence and support. Out of this need grew the Union League, its trumpet gave no uncertain sound. Here are some extracts from your own resolutions;

"Resolved, that in these solemn hours of peril to the republic
 * * * it is the duty of all citizens to support cordially and
 unswervingly, the measures adapted for the maintenance of the
 Government in all its departments * * * That we denounce
 the expression of any sympathy, with the rebellion, as reckless,
 insolent and wanton approval of the greatest crime in history.
 * * * * That we will not give aid or support to any person,
 to circulate or encourage the publication of any book or paper, *
 * * employed in defending the rebellion, or attacking the adm-
 -inistration. * * That the war which was brought about
 solely by traitors and rebels must be continued till the final
 suppression of the rebellion." * * * And lastly, you declare
 that "it is at all times magnanimous conduct, but now
 especially the solemn duty of all patriots to bear cheerfully";
 mark that word "cheerfully," written at a time when men's
 hearts were failing them for fear, and when many, who
 boasted their devotion were shirking all they could, at such
 a time the patriotic citizens of Andover solemnly declared
 it their duty "to bear cheerfully the public burdens.

Surely the author of those resolutions was -

" Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
 His loyalty, he kept, his love, his zeal,
 Nor numbers, nor example, with him wrought
 To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind "

Such utterances were not idle talk. They expressed the deepest sentiments of hearts whose depths had been stirred, but not dismayed, by the mighty struggle through which we were passing. As watchers they watched for the morning, not doubting but that it would appear.

A night on Chancellorsville battle ground is an apt symbol of this gloomy period. It was after the second day's fight in the Wilderness in 1862. It was whispered that we were defeated and must retreat again. Oh, the agony of that thought, It was the old old story of the Army of the Potomac. The high hopes which had crossed the Rappahannock three days before were blasted. Was Lee indeed invincible? Could no one lead us to victory. Blood had flowed like water, courage had been flung in the face of fate, and now must we leave our dead in the thicket and retreat within the defences of Washington! The thought

filled us with unutterable despair. We bivouacked in a graveyard where the dead of Chancellorsville had been half buried the year before. It was dark and our horses stumbled and plunged in the shallow graves. They stirred up the noisome dust of the slain. It was a dreadful night. I was full of horrid dreams and dead men's bones. The twinkling stars seemed to make merry at our misery. And all through the night the heavy, army, wagons kept rumbling back toward the fords of the Rappahannock. The day broke hot and weary. The red sun seemed bloody through the dust. The men sat moody, and silent, while the bands played "Hail Columbia" and the "Star Spangled Banner." Even this could not cheer such hearts. It was solemn mockery, for music is the voice not of defeat, but of victory. But thanks to the obstinacy of Gen. Grant, we did not fall back but marched on to triumph. Such was the night through which the country was passing in the Spring of 1863. It was burdened with apprehensions of defeat and with sorrows for the slain. As in the Chancellorsville burying ground one could hardly walk except on graves, so in the

North there was no town or hamlet without its soldiers dead. You had them here, although the time of your greatest trial was not yet fully come. Towards noon of the next day my Regiment was ordered far to the right towards the Bohemian, to dismount and skirmish through the woods. "We think the enemy are flanking on that side. be careful or you will get into trouble." were the parting words. "Steady, men; five paces apart; guide center; forward" and into the thick woods we went toward the sound of occasional firing in front. We move cautiously, through the close underbrush, expecting a volley at any moment. Nearing the edge of the woods, we hear the confused noise of men; we silently peer through the leaves and behold - not the foe - but our own gallant 2^d Army Corps - 20,000 strong. Some one had blundered. We had been skirmishing in their rear. We were in the safest place in the army. With shouts and laughter we returned to our horses again. Thus often when we think danger is near, the Lord shelters us with his mighty hand. Thus He did the nation when it was cautiously feeling its way through the thick darkness of the war.

We were safer than we knew, for it was His purpose that we should be victorious. The gloom of the time we speak of was but the darkness that precedes the dawn. The unquenchable flame of patriotic devotion which appeared in the Union League clubs, was the day star. The morning dawned simultaneously in the West and East. In the West at Vicksburg; in the East at Gettysburg; July 1st 1863. This was the turning point of the war. From that time the Mississippi flowed "unvexed to the sea," and hostile armies trod no more on loyal soil. The Rebellion had done its utmost and henceforth it must decline. The morning had dawned indeed, but it was the morning of a murky night, and the air must be cleared by many a terrible thunder storm before the clear shining of the Sun of Peace.

The battle summer of 1864 was the beginning of the end. It is marked in your records in the month of May, by three public meetings in twice as many days. Grant had crossed the Rapidan. The heavy artillery regiments whose years of drill and discipline had made them, in everything but fighting experience, the finest soldiers in the army, had

been called to the front. That meant Anderson. Your time had come. Into the perilous Wilderness plunged the men whose fighting blood had come down from Revolutionary times. Anderson need not fear but that they will sustain her reputation as a fighting town, she did not fear, but her large hearted, patriotic women silently prepared great piles of lint and bandages. They sent off packages of wines and cordials, jellies and fruits, and boxes full of fresh clean clothing. Into every package went the loving anxious thought, "Our men are at the front; perhaps this may be for them." You watched the papers and bulletins, May, 21 it came. Your men had fought at Spottsylvania. The town was palpitating with anxiety and dread.

Fighting then meant something. It was close and terrible and deadly. A new chapter had opened in our military history. Its motto was to win by hammering. It was the dictate of a stubborn will that knew no defeat and spared neither life nor treasure. Perhaps a greater man than Grant might have won in an easier way. But he was the greatest man we had. Others had tried easier ways

and failed. He tried this and more. The army discovered this in the wilderness. In two days we lost 20,000 men, and then — as I have said — did not retreat, but struck out with our left into the open fields of Szatyszbania. The broadside lists of dead and wounded in the papers told the story at home. You knew all this on that Saturday, the 21st of May. Rumor magnified your loss, and so, oppressed with that uncertainty which is tenfold worse than truth, you gathered here to comfort each other concerning — you knew not what. It was a strange gathering. Some were killed, but who or how many no one knew. Whose son, brother, husband or father was it that had fallen; yours or mine. Anxious eyes appealed to other eyes as anxious. There was no comfort for such sorrow, and heavy hearts turned homeward to a Sabbath of unrest. On Tuesday night you met again and your sympathy, and grief found full expression, while on Thursday you came together for a third time, to send men with greetings to the well, and comforts to the wounded. The dead had need of neither.

Such was the beginning of the end. As the old ^uyard at Matildoo

your men had been reserved for the final struggle. But the end was not yet. North Anna, Cold Harbor, Petersburg and Five Forks were still between us and Appomattox laund House, over this terrible route you marched. From May to October we lost in Virginia alone 100,000 men; and all this time Sherman was fighting his way to Atlanta and the sea.

The end came in Spring of 1865, when Lee surrendered. I suppose that 100 men of this town were there to answer on the spot to that intoxication of delight which flashed thence through all the North. Men were beside themselves with joy. They embraced and kissed each other. They rung bells and burnt gunpowder. They built bonfires. Anything to express in some faint way their overwhelming happiness. Those one hundred, standing thus at the exit of the war, are in striking contrast with the one soldier from this town, who fought his way through Baltimore in the color guard of the mass both in the Spring of 1861. There was no joy about that. It was the beginning of the night whose end the one hundred saw. The night was long and dreary, and out of its dark patches came voices that thrilled the heart of Andrew

They speak the names of those on whom death had set his seal. Those are the names which we love and cherish. That stately Memorial Hall, that Ball of Honor graven in enduring marble, this annually recurring day, all speak of them and ^{of} your purpose to hold them in everlasting and grateful remembrance. I hold in my hand a paper with all those names written on it. I touch it reverently, for it seems to be stained with the blood of valiant men, and the tears of sorrowing women. It is fragrant with the incense of grateful hearts. Its memories are of the camp and battlefield, the hospital and the prison. It represents Andover's front in the war in that which is the best index of its cost — the lives of the men who fought it. Yea! more, it represents the whole 300,000 who perished in the war, and whose graves, known and unknown, are scattered from the St Louis to the Rio Grande. Indeed, to the sister, whose brother palled with disease came home but to die; to the brother, who in the hospital nursed his brother's fatal wounds until nursing availed no longer; to the father and mother, whose son, nobly refusing comforts purchased

with disloyalty, perished in the horrible prison pen; to the wife and child, whose husband and father went to his reward instantly out of the midst of all the smoke and tumult of battle; to all these, no doubt, the one name of that brother, son, husband, father, stands for all the rest. This is the one form that fills their hearts this day. His memory lends a sacredness to all.

Such, if you will pardon the personal allusion, is my own experience, although that one was a stranger to me, and I know neither his name nor dwelling place. He was the first dead soldier I ever saw. It was at Mc Dowell, Va, away up on the South Potomac, in the spring of 1862. We were in a valley, once beautiful, but now full of all those unseemly sights and smells which mark the transient occupancy of troops who have come and gone. Stonewall Jackson is on the top of that high hill yonder. Just at sunset our infantry is ordered to dislodge him. I sit on my horse with my cavalry company and watch it all. You can mark the advance of our men by the flash of their muskets. They struggle up the steep hillside over stumps

and stones, toward that puffing line of white smoke on the summit, out of which rattles the incessant rebel fire. They push on resolutely, intent on nothing but the top and victory. There go the ambulances tearing toward the front, but returning slowly, and steadily, carrying loads that will not bear rough handling. Down the road comes the wounded, singly and together, helping each other as best they can. But here comes a stretcher borne by two men. They stop near us. "Dead?" I hear an officer say inquiringly. "Yes," is the answer, "Died on the way, down." How my heart fainted at that sound. My throat was choked. My eyes were dim, and a cold shudder ran through my vitals as if giving up the ghost. Here was the realization of that mighty fact which had so often dwelt in my thoughts; "Died on the field of Battle" I move nearer and look at him. Yes, dead, such eyes, such lips, belong not to living men. It was a fine, manly face, with great masses of black hair clustering about the white temples. A face for a mother to be proud of. And there in the middle of that high square forehead, was the ghastly wound where death went in.

and his mother, in far off Ohio, perhaps at this very, time of twilight deepening into nightfall, praying for his safety. God help thee, mother. May, thy desolate heart find comfort in Him who alone can give it. Thoreau's words, that "no one ever sees but one corpse, or attends but one funeral" proved true. This stranger, a private in the 73d Ohio, became to me the symbol of all dead soldiers. When I take this roll and read the names, I see him behind each one. The thoughts that cluster about him glorify them, and make them mine. By the subtle alchemy, of imagination, they become not only, my comrades, but my brothers.

With you I lay, my laurel on their graves.

"On Fanned eternal camping ground

Their silent tents are spread,

and Angels guard with solemn round

The bivouac of the dead."

Decorative Day
at
Andover May 30. 1878.

Andrew Mass May, 1. 1878.

In answer to a call made by "Order of Committee" dated April 1878. from fifteen to twenty ex-soldiers met at the select-mens room, Town Hall. At about 8 o'clock the meeting was called to order by Mr Charles Greene who announced that the first business before the meeting was 1st to choose a chairman to preside at this meeting and 2nd a secretary.

Choice was made as follows

Charles Greene. Chairman

S. H. Goldsmith. Secretary

Voted. That a committee of nine be chosen to take charge of all matters pertaining to a patriotic observance of Memorial Day.

O. B. Howarth

Warren Mears, Sr

S. H. Goldsmith

J. Warren Berry

Ballard Holt, 2nd

James B. Smith

Nelson Merrill

Moses L. Farnham

Borcinard Cummings

Adjourned

Andover Mass May 3. 1878

The Committee of Arrangements for Memorial Day, met at Town Hall and organized as follows.

Chairman. James B. Smith

Secretary. Sanford W. Goldsmith

Committee on Orator	}	S. W. Goldsmith	James B. Smith
		B. Cummings	Ballard Hall, 2 nd

Committee on Flowers	}	Moses L. Farnham.	C. B. Howarth
		J. Warren Berry	

Committee on Music	}	Nelson Merrill	
		J. Warren Berry	

Committee on Flags	}	Ballard Hall, 2 nd	
		C. B. Howarth	

Committee on Seams	}	Moses L. Farnham	
		J. Warren Berry	

Voted. That the Committee elect by ballot a Marshal
 Sanford H. Guldsomith was elected.

Voted. That the Secretary be instructed to extend an
 invitation to the following organisations to assist in the
 Services Decoration Day,
 German Cadets Co K. G. Coy. M. V. M.
 Post 39 G. A. R.

Board of Selectmen

Trustees of Memorial Hall,

School Committee.

Trustees of Punchard Free School

Andover Catholic Benevolent Society.

Fire Department

Independent Fire Department

Adjourned to Friday evening next at half past seven
 o'clock

Andover Mass. May 20. 1878.

The committee met according to notice
absent. Nelson Merrill and J. Warren Berry.

Reports from all the sub-committees were made and accepted

D. H. Goldsmith declined to serve as marshal. his resignation
was not accepted

Programme for Memorial Day was made and signed

Adjourned to Wednesday May 29th half past seven o'clock

Statement. Account of Committee. Memorial Day, 1898.

George H. Bean	25.00	Anderson Brass Band	60.00
Mrs Ann Bingham	11.00	G. A. B. Flags	10.00
W. F. Dwyer	4.50	M. Welch [Sheet Music]	5.00
John Gray,	20.00	Railroad Tickets 5.60 -	<u>10.60</u>
Smith, Manning H.:	3.40	Paid by the Town	<u>150.00</u>
G. B. Waterman	12.50		
Balance R. Road Tickets	1.00		
Mrs Callahan	2.00		
Smith work on halliards	<u>50</u>		
	3.50		
Berry .50 Howarth .50	- 1.00		
Lummings .50 Hult 50	1.00		
Merrill .50 Farnham .50	1.00		
Isaldsmith	<u>50</u>	<u>3.50</u>	
George H. Bean, Carriage	5.00		
Paid by James D. Smith			

Address of General Hazard Stevens, at Andover on
 Decoration Day, May, 30 1878.

What mingled memories does this day, recall! memories replete with glorious deeds, heroic self-devotion, and deep and regretful sadness. Memories in which joy, pride and sorrow struggle for the mastery, until one cannot but feel that words are almost a desecration, and that the true observance of the day will come in self-communings, apart from the throng, after the public exercises are done.

The events of the nation's mighty struggle for self-preservation come rushing and crowding back upon the mind in a vast comprehensive picture, yet every part distinct and clear, as when one looks into the black darkness of a stormy night, and suddenly the lightning flashes across the gloom, and the entire landscape lays before him, and every object, the dark and lowering heavens, the far distant hills, the wide-spread fields, the houses, the trees, the shrubs, and the very leaves are burnt upon his vision with a vivid, startling reality which the noon day sun never equals.

A thousand orators have related, but who has, who ever

can fittingly describe the uprising of the people when the revolutionists in their arrogance struck the nation in the face. In that hour men forgot to reason, they only felt. They forgot the almighty dollar. They gave way to the enthusiasm of their hearts, and from their burning emotions there sprang forth, full grown and full armed in its hour of birth, like Minerva from the head of Jove, the deep determined resolution to preserve the union, and crush the traitors who would plunge the nation into a sea of anarchy. Then was seen that the pursuit of wealth during all the long years of peace and prosperity had not effaced the sentiments of liberty, of patriotism, of obedience to law, of self-government kindled at the fires of the Revolution, and that the teachings of Jefferson, the example of Washington lay, at the foundation of the national character. These sentiments planted deep in the popular heart had been formulated and intensified by the great expounder of the constitution in his imperishable orations, and now in the hour of need and peril burst forth into flower and fruit in the same instant. And the time had come when his immortal words, "Liberty, and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable" were to

be enacted in deeds, consecrated in the blood of patriots, and brought into the very life of the nation. This settled resolution, this determined purpose, deep, earnest and thorough as the convictions of Brownell's iron-sides, which flamed up so suddenly, yet remained in undiminished force and vigor until the end of the contest, until the necessity which called it forth had passed away, which sustained the great heart of the people in the gloomy, hours of disaster when many faltered, the factious murmured, and home traitors platted, which rose higher and stronger with every new danger, and met every new demand with additional faith and courage, this great master motive is the fundamental thing most glorious, most wonderful, most worthy of remembrance and of study that the struggle affords. Such a resolution, so universal, deep and lasting, cannot be explained by any single act or cause. It was the climax of our blood, our history, and our institutions, and the firing on Fort Sumpter was only the culminating point of a wide-reaching series of events, whose numbers, relations and influence can be traced far back until lost among the dissolving shadows of the past. Many a nation has heroically fought and

suffered, led by, the lust of conquest, religious fanaticism, or in defence of its native land from the spoil of the invader.

But the American people in 1861 arose in defence of an abstract and noble ideal. The American people in 1861 were so imbued with the sentiments of liberty and law that an attack upon them in one section of an immense country, aroused and united the people everywhere else in their defence, and made every man, whether near by, or a thousand miles from the scene of disturbance feel that his duty and his manhood compelled him to maintain and vindicate them, cost what it might. It was not the advanced and cultured few alone, but the great mass of the nation that thus rose equal to the emergency, felt and answered the call of duty, disregarding the material aspects of the contest, and its doubtful chances, and becoming the peaceful protestations of the secessionists, and demonstrated to the sneering prophets of evil that the conscience and courage of the republic were not dead. With such a ^{public} spirit the nation's triumph was assured from the beginning, with such a public spirit the nation's cause never depended upon the varying success of her temporary rulers, they were simply the exponents of her will, not the arbiters

of her destiny. And if the time ever comes when her cause is linked to the personal fortunes of a man, America will no longer be worthy to be free. Compared with the mighty and enduring force of the great popular resolve, the deeds and influence of any man, statesman or soldier, upon the triumphant result of the war are but as bubbles upon the descending flood of the rapid Mississippi or the majestic Columbia when brooken by the down pour from a thousand distant mountains it rolls its vast deluge deep and wide over the malarious swamps and jungles at its mouth. Nor does the recognition of this fact belittle the deeds, or detract from the glory, of the leaders in the war. The martyr President who who seemed most nearly to feel and appreciate the throbbing heart of the people, the great captains who led their hosts to final victory, the muse of history has written their names high on the rolls of fame, and a grateful and admiring people have enshrined them in their hearts, and as the centuries come and go, and the petty detractions of the hour are forgotten, the magnitude of their achievements, their patriotism and valor will be more clearly seen and recognized. A nation cannot rise to the sublimity of a noble idea, cannot strive and suffer in a noble cause, without being

elevated, purified and strengthened by her efforts and sacrifices. America finds not her sole, or greatest benefit, not her sole, or greatest glory, in that after four long years of bloody strife the irrepressible conflict was fought out, slavery, that apple of discord between the sections, was destroyed, and liberty, union and concord firmly, established in every part, but that in the toil and blood and agony, of the terrific life-struggle, she attained a higher moral tone, her national character grew braver, purer, more patriotic, more self-devoted than before, the whittling, trading Yankee of her earlier days gave place to the sublime figure of the volunteer soldier which stands on so many public pedestals, an enduring example to the emulous youth of the land. America must deplore the fearful cost and losses of the struggle, the hetroombs of men slain, the innumerable widows and orphans deprived of their natural protections, and left destitute upon an unfeeling world, the tremendous waste and destruction of property, the vast national debt left hanging like a mill-stone around the neck of posterity, but her chief consolation will be that her chosen people emerged from that fearful ordeal better fitted to maintain, or rather to enjoy the blessings their valor and

patriotism had achieved.

Many, a glib writer and talker hastily, attributes to the demoralisation of the war the ready cause of all the troubles of the day.

The demoralisation of the war, where can it be found? Was he demoralised, that brave and ardent youth, who poured out his blood like water upon the Southern sands, that his country might live. Is his comrade demoralised who shared his marches, bivouacs and battles, witnessed his heroic death, and having been spared to accomplish his work, furled the war flag, and laid down the well-earned arms, and retired to private life

Behold him on the farm, in the workshop, in the thronged places of traffic, upon the bench of justice, in the halls of the law-makers, eye-bearing aloft with firm and even grasp the ruling sceptre of the republic, in every station honored and conferring honor, in every station a living proof that the best soldier in war makes the best citizen in peace. Are they demoralised, those public spirited and philanthropic men and women who devoted themselves to supplying the needs of the soldiers at the front, relieved the wants of their families, and kept strong and hot the patriotism of the people. Or are they demoralised,

those true and devoted women who sent their best and dearest to the field, followed them with their prayers through all the dread suspense of the conflict, and now mourn those who never will return. The few thousands of bounty-jumpers who unfortunately escaped hanging, the dishonest contractors the straves and shirks, inseparable from human society in war as in peace could not infect the great mass of the people. They were but as the flies and dust in the foreground of an extensive and beautiful landscape, but as flecks of vapor on the horizon of a clear and cloudless sky. The demoralisation of the war was partial and temporary, its bracing moral influence is universal and everlasting.

The horrors of war are so dreadful that mankind have overlooked its benefits. But war was the first pursuit that lifted man above the level of a savage. The exercise of arms led to the highest degree of bodily development. The forms of the Greeks and Romans as represented in ancient statuary, coins and other works of art, attained through their martial training a beauty and perfection now rarely seen. War called out all the powers of the mind, for the state was life.

War nourished the manly virtues of courage, endurance, obedience, for without them defeat was certain, of magnanimity and generosity, for the soldier ^{sovereignly} often needs, and thus learns to admire these traits, and more than all, of duty, of self-sacrifice. The key to the esteem that war has ever held in the minds of men lies in that word, duty. The glorious lessons of the sword, the deeds of the heroes and martyrs which comprise so large a part of literature, stir the blood like a blast of a trumpet, and make men braver, purer and better.

War is, and ever has been, the great counteracting force to the pitiful sordid views of every-day life. Men engage in trade, buy, and sell by the yard and pound, watch to gain the half ounce, and the half cent over their fellows, and as the years roll on become as mean and contracted as their smallest measures. But war breaks out, a man takes up arms at his country's call, throws aside all selfish personal interests, and becomes a hero. He fights for his country, for others, for a principle, for an idea, and if he falls, better, far better, a glorious death in his manhood's prime, than to lead a long life of petty toil and covices, drag out a mean old age,

and die at last unpitied and unwept.

By the Christian and the moralist the war has been universally condemned. The carnage of the battle field, the wide spread of the fairest portions of the earth, the glare of burning and pillaged cities, the attendant scenes of murder and rapine, all these have been portrayed in a thousand different forms. Let all this be true, it is not all the truth concerning war. Men's evil deeds destroy them and die with them. The course of the murderer and robber is short. His own vice and crime cut him off, and his memory soon passes into oblivion, or lives only to execrated. But the heroism of war lives forever, and inspires thousands with the same immortal fire. The pillaged city, rises like Phoenix from her ashes, and the heroes who vainly fell in defence did not fall in vain. The tale of their valor and their devotion glorifies the scene of their sacrifice. The heart of every youth swells within his breast at the relation of their deeds, and he too, is ready to die in defence of that hallowed ground. Wallace led a life of incessant toil and danger, and suffered a shameful death, his country was overrun by a brutal soldiery, desolated and ravaged. But the lesson

taught by Wallace was worth all it cost. The spirit incited by his example soon threw off the yoke of slavery. His wrongs and the sufferings of his country, time has long since assuaged. But the story of his life remains as fresh as ever, nourishing the noble spirit of independence that has immortalised Scotland, and exerting now and forever a mighty influence upon every generous heart. The cause of liberty, as well as the cause of religion, has been nourished by the blood of martyrs. The tree of liberty, said Jefferson, must be watered in blood. Thus war develops the brave, while it destroys the effeminate. It is the great moral purifier, as necessary and beneficial in the progress of mankind as the vivid lightning that flashes athwart the heavens and purifies the atmosphere of the material world. What though like the thunderball it leaves wreck and ruin in its course. Better material ruin than moral corruption. Better war than slavish peace. When the war ended, thirteen years ago, and a million and a half of men who had been so long engaged in this democratising business of fighting for their country were disbanded and turned loose upon society, there was no increase

of crime or disorder. This vast host melted into the mass of people without exciting a ripple of disturbance, and the confidence in the republic re-established among the nations by the triumph of her cause, was raised to a still higher and firmer point by this sublime spectacle. As spectacle paralleled only by the disbanding of the Army of the Puritan Commonwealth of England. A tremendous increase and impetus was given to the industrial forces of the country by the accession of so much youth and vigor. The moneylenders of the world were eager to invest their capital in a country where every element of material resources, human industry and enterprise, and free yet stable institutions, offered so rich and a sure return. What wonder that under such circumstances a flood-tide of prosperity flowed in, that the spirit of speculation was excited; that in the feverish thirst for wealth, the ranks of the producers, - the farmers and artisans, were depleted to swell the number of non-producers, the professionals, traffickers and middlemen of every kind and degree; that many pursuits were unduly forced and developed, and people borrowed more money than they could

repay, built more railroads than they use, made more fabrics than they could sell, and that, in fine, the great productive forces of the country, the distribution of the people in the several fields of industry did for a long time become misdirected - not overdone, for how can industry, enterprise and inventive skill be overdone, but simply misdirected and disordered. The natural reaction from an abnormal state has taken place, and much distress, financially and otherwise has occurred and will continue until under the great economic law of supply and demand, the troubled waters of society find their level, the redundant populations of the city, return to the wholesome independent life of the country, and the mine, the farm and the factory, find foreign markets for their surplus products. The present depression of the times is a mere incident in our progress, one of a number periodically recurring. Every live nation experiences them. For civilization does not advance with the steady, imperceptible growth of the oak, but like the flood of the ocean into the Bay of Biscay, in wave after wave, each reaching a higher level than its predecessor, but each in turn followed by a

deep, though temporary, depression, and strong, though brief back tide, until the wide and barren sands are replaced by the deep and tranquil sea, upon whose unruffled bosom a whole navy might ride in safety.

Bease then, ye despondent voices lamenting the demoralisation of the war, and the general degeneracy of the ~~war~~ times. Rejoice aloud the demoralisation of peace and too eager pursuit of riches. 'Tis not the stern lessons of war that threaten America's future, but the cankers of peace and the corruptions of luxury. Rejoice that to-day the entire people spontaneously lay aside their daily cares, and in every town and hamlet throughout this broad land, they assemble.— innocent children, youths and maidens, strong men and matrons, and feeble age, venerable with grey hairs.— all assemble to decorate the graves of the patriot dead, and renew the memory of those manly virtues which saved the nation in the hour of peril, and which alone can preserve it in the future. Rejoice that there too, in the far distant South, the scene of the fierce conflict, they have assembled in memory of their heroic dead, not in bitter unavailing regrets, not in

sullen defiance, not in hostile scorn, and hate, but arm in arm, the blue and the grey, united in a common country, with common interests in the present, and common hopes in the future, they march in the same procession to strew flowers on the graves of the brave.

For they, too, who fell fighting in a mistaken and hopeless cause, were Americans, and their heroic deeds, the pious enthusiasm and stern intrepidity of Stonewall Jackson, - the calm, cool generalship of Lee, - the untiring, uncomplaining endurance and fiery valor of the Southern soldier, form part of the heritage of American glory.

Weep not for the patriot dead. Rejoice that they died so honorably, that they saved their country; so gloriously that their example nourishes the virtue and patriotism of their countrymen. For as long as fair hands place flowers upon their tombs, a thousand prayers acknowledge their sacrifices, a thousand orators commemorate their deeds, the earnest and spontaneous thoughts of the people revive the heroism and devotion of the past, and the nation's heart throbs responsive to the glorious memories of this day, so long will the temple of America Liberty stand firm.

