

DEDICATION

— OF —

Soldiers' Monument,

GORHAM, ME.

“Dead on the Field of Honor.”

DEDICATION

OF THE

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT,

AT

GORHAM, MAINE,

Thursday, October 18th, 1866.

ADDRESSES, POEM, AND OTHER EXERCISES.

PORTLAND:
PRESS OF B. THURSTON AND COMPANY.
1866.

MONUMENT.

THE monument stands directly in front of the Town House. It is made of Italian marble, with die and shaft, the latter in obelisk form, and rests upon a substantial base of granite. The die has inscribed upon it the names of our deceased soldiers.

The shaft is ornamented with military emblems, carved in relief, and the whole structure is surmounted by the American eagle. All the carving, as well as the general finish of the monument, is very handsome and appropriate.

The height of the column is twenty-four feet. The base block has the following inscription :

ERECTED BY

HON. TOPPAN ROBIE.

*To the Memory of the Sons of Gorham who sacrificed their lives for their
Country in the great Rebellion of 1861.*

1866.

The following inscriptions appear on the die in the order :

CAPTAIN ALMON L. FOGG, 17th Maine Regiment, mortally wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3d, 1863, died July 4th, aged 24.

CAPTAIN OLIVER H. LOWELL, 16th Maine Regiment, mortally wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1st, 1863, died July 2d, aged 33.

CAPTAIN DANIEL M. PHILLIPS, 12th Maine Regiment, killed at Winchester, Va., Sept. 19th, 1864, aged 28.

CAPTAIN CHESTER B. SHAW, 9th Maine Regiment, killed at Fort Wagner, S. C., July 18th, 1863, aged 25.

- LIEUTENANT GEORGE W. EDWARDS, 16th Maine Regiment, killed at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13th, 1862, aged 22.
- SERGEANT JOSEPH FILES, JR., 32d Maine Regiment, killed at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12th, 1864, aged 30.
- SERGEANT JOHN MCPHEE, 16th Maine Regiment, killed at Petersburg, Va., April 2d, 1865, aged 35.
- SERGEANT CHARLES H. PATRICK, 5th Maine Regiment, died at Washington, D. C., July 3d, 1864, aged 28.
- SERGEANT HORATIO F. SMITH, 31st Maine Regiment, died at Gorham, Aug. 28th, 1864, aged 19.
- CORPORAL WILLIAM CANNELL, JR., 16th Maine Regiment, killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1st, 1863, aged 30.
- CORPORAL SHIRLEY HARMON, JR., 2d Maine Cavalry, died at Gorham, Oct. 28th, 1864, aged 18.
- CORPORAL BENJAMIN F. METCALF, 16th Maine Regiment, died at Gorham, June 24th, 1863, aged 20.
- CORPORAL HENRY H. NEWELL, 5th Maine Regiment, died at Alexandria, Va., Nov. 28th, 1861, aged 21.
- CORPORAL MAHLON H. PARKER, 12th Maine Regiment, killed at Port Hudson, La., May 31st, 1863, aged 22.
- SERGEANT CYRUS M. HALL, 17th Maine Regiment, killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3d, 1863, aged 22.
- SERGEANT WILLIAM H. JOHNSON, 9th Maine Regiment, died at Gorham, Feb. 15th, 1866, aged 44.
- CORPORAL MORRIS F. BUMPUS, 5th Maine Regiment, wounded at Spottsylvania, Va., May 10th, died May 12th, 1864, aged 29.
- CORPORAL JOHN F. HARDING, 16th Maine Regiment, wounded at Hatcher's Run, Va., Feb. 5th, died Feb. 21st, 1865, aged 22.
- CORPORAL DANIEL L. ROBERTS, 12th Maine Regiment, died at Ship Island, Miss., May 15th, 1862, aged 25.
- CORPORAL GEORGE S. REED, 5th Maine Regiment, died at Westbrook, Me., April 27th, 1864, aged 48.
- CORPORAL CHARLES M. WARD, 5th Maine Regiment, killed at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12th, 1864, aged 23.
- ABRAM S. ANDREWS, 16th Maine Regiment, died in Libby Prison, Richmond, Va., Nov. 2d, 1863, aged 21.
- JAMES B. BROWN, 17th Maine Regiment, died at Frederick, Md., Aug. 1st, 1863, aged 21.
- FREEMAN BROWN, 17th Maine Regiment, died at Baltimore, Md., April 21st, 1865, aged 34.

- FRANKLIN H. BLAKE**, 11th U. S. Infantry, wounded at Spottsylvania, Va., May 8th, died May 9th, 1864, aged 20.
- GEORGE W. COONLEY**, Baker's D. C. Cavalry, died at Augusta, Me., March 1st, 1864, aged 18.
- WILLIAM F. DUNN**, 20th Maine Regiment, died at Cape Elizabeth, Me., April 14th, 1865, aged 19.
- PETER DUFFEY**, 5th Maine Regiment, killed at Petersburg, Va., June 20th, 1864, aged 22.
- ORMOND L. DOUGLASS**, 1st California Cavalry, killed at Fort Laramie, Kansas, October, 1864, aged 23.
- ALONZO S. ELDER**, 5th Maine Regiment, wounded at Rappahannock, Va., Nov. 8th, died Nov. 10th, 1863, aged 23.
- ALBERT S. ESTES**, 13th Mass. Regiment, killed at Manassas, Va., Aug. 29th, 1862, aged 25.
- EPHRAIM HICKS**, 17th Maine Regiment, killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2d, 1863, aged 21.
- JAMES E. HASKELL**, 17th Maine Regiment, killed at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13th, 1862, aged 20.
- JOSEPH D. HARMON**, 5th Maine Regiment, killed at Gaines' Mills, Va., June 27th, 1862, aged 22.
- LEWIS LIBBY**, 20th Maine Regiment, died at Philadelphia, Pa., July 7th, 1865, aged 20.
- SOLOMON MAINS**, 10th Maine Regiment, wounded at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17th, died Sept. 18th, 1862, aged 37.
- GEORGE H. MERRETT**, 5th Maine Regiment, killed at St. Charles, Ark., June 13th, 1862, aged 22.
- WILLIAM POWERS**, 17th Maine Regiment, died at Washington, D. C., Jan. 11th, 1863, aged 20.
- CHARLES F. RIGGS**, 6th Maine Battery, killed at Petersburg, Va., Dec. 5th, 1864, aged 24.
- JOHN H. ROBERTS**, 17th Maine Regiment, wounded at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12th, died Aug. 15th, 1864, aged 45.
- EMERY ROLFE**, 5th Maine Regiment, died at Governor's Island, N. Y., Nov. 2, 1862, aged 20.
- FREEDOM D. RAND**, 11th Maine Regiment, wounded at the Wilderness, Va., May 6th, died May 7th, 1864, aged 23.
- JOSEPH SMALL**, 1st Maine Cavalry, wounded and prisoner, Aug., 1864, died in rebel prison, aged 20.
- FRANCIS H. SMALL**, 2d Maine Cavalry, died at Barancas, Fla., Sept. 5th, 1865, aged 21.

- WILLIAM M. SPAULDING**, 1st Maine Battery, died at New Orleans, La., July 5th, 1864, aged 45.
- JAMES A. SMITH**, 12th Maine Regiment, died at New Orleans, La., May 27th, 1862, aged 19.
- WILLIAM H. SMITH**, 32d Maine Regiment, died at New Haven, Conn., Sept. 19th, 1864, aged 32.
- JOHN M. STEVENS**, 2d Maine Battery, died at Baltimore, Md., Jan. 4th, 1865, aged 21.
- SILAS M. SMITH**, 17th Maine Regiment, died at Washington, D. C., May 24th, 1865, aged 29.
- MOSES B. TRIPP**, 9th Maine Regiment, died at Fernandina, Fla., Aug. 6th, 1862, aged 33.
- WILLIAM W. WARD**, 16th Maine Regiment, died at Annapolis, Md., Oct. 20th, 1863, aged 19.
- CHARLES F. WATERMAN**, 7th Connecticut Regiment, died at Fort Pulaski, Ga., June 5th, 1862, aged 18.
- ALONZO M. WHITNEY**, 16th Maine Regiment, killed at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13th, 1862, aged 18.
- G. SUMNER WHITNEY**, 12th Maine Regiment, died at Savannah, Ga., May 11th, 1865, aged 20.
- CHARLES WILLIAMS**, 11th Maine Regiment, died at Meridian Hill, D. C., April 10th, 1862, aged 41.
- CHARLES H. PAINE**, 1st Maine Regiment, died at Gorham, May 25th, 1866, aged 24.
- REV. JOHN R. ADAMS. D. D.**, died April 25th, 1866, aged 64, of disease resulting from devoted service during the rebellion as Chaplain of the 5th Maine and 121st New York Regiments.

DEDICATION EXERCISES.

THE Committee of Arrangements, at the earnest solicitation of many citizens, respectfully present the following as the substantial part of the exercises which were so well received by the thousands who gathered to witness the dedication of the Soldiers' Monument. We regret that better arrangements could not have been made to accommodate our friends who honored the occasion with their presence. It was originally intended that after the procession had visited the monument, the remaining exercises should take place at the Congregational Meeting-house, which had been beautifully decorated for the occasion. The large number present, and the fine weather, rendered outdoor exercises preferable, which were conducted in the following order, according to the

Programme.

The soldiers of Gorham, and other returned soldiers, and the several organizations who had been invited to join in the procession, assembled on the Common (on South Street) at 12 1-2 o'clock.

The procession formed in the following order:

COMPANY ARTILLERY U. S. A., MAJ. BARTLET.

RETURNED SOLDIERS OF GORHAM, COL. COLEMAN HARDING.

ORATOR.

POET.

CHAPLAIN.

PRESIDENT OF THE DAY AND COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

MUNICIPAL OFFICERS AND AGED CITIZENS OF GORHAM.

FAMILIES OF DECEASED SOLDIERS.

ARMY AND NAVY UNION, FROM PORTLAND.
 OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS FROM OTHER TOWNS.
 FREE MASONS.
 STRANGERS.
 CITIZENS OF GORHAM.

A Union National Salute was fired in the morning, and on the arrival of Gen. Chamberlain, a Major General's salute. Fifty-seven guns were fired at noon, in honor of our deceased soldiers whose names appear on the monument—all under the direction of Lieut. Charles O. Hunt.

The procession moved at two o'clock, and passed through the principal streets of the village.

EXERCISES AT THE MONUMENT.

DIRGE BY THE BAND.

PRAYER.—BY REV. CALEB FULLER.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS BY HON. J. A. WATERMAN, CHAIRMAN OF
 THE MONUMENT COMMITTEE.

Address.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—In performing the duty assigned to me upon this occasion, I have thought that a brief account of the circumstances relating to the erection of this monument, for the dedication of which we have assembled, would not be inappropriate.

At the very outbreak of the rebellion the sons of Gorham, true to the spirit which animated their ancestors, many of whom were soldiers in the French and Indian and Revolutionary wars, and also the war of 1812, were among the first to respond to their country's call. Immediately upon the reception of the President's proclamation of April 15, 1861, the old flag was raised and hung across our principal street.

Gazing with new interest and increased devotion upon this national emblem, which had just received foul dishonor from those whom it had protected, and who should have been its defenders,

our brave and patriotic youth rallied about it, eager to avenge the insult cast upon it and to offer their heart's blood, if needed, to wash out the stain which parricidal hands had left on its hitherto untarnished folds.

From that time throughout the four long and anxious years that followed, this town was ever ready to meet, to the fullest extent, every demand upon her citizens, or her pecuniary resources; while our women and children, year after year, in the darkest hours as well as in more hopeful seasons, were indefatigable in their labors to promote the health and comfort, and to alleviate the sufferings of those who, between us and danger, were fighting the battles of the Republic.

But alas how many of those who went forth from us in all the vigor and enthusiasm of youth, or the energy and strength of manhood, have fallen! How crowded with names of dear and loved ones is the roll of "the unreturning brave!"

Yet proud as our record as a town might otherwise be, it would lack much of completeness without some public memorial to perpetuate the evidence of our grateful recognition of their services, and the honor to which they are most justly entitled.

Entertaining this sentiment in common with others, our venerable townsman and friend, Hon. Toppan Robie, has anticipated all municipal or individual action in regard to it, and most generously appropriated a portion of his ample means, the fruit of years of industry and integrity, to the erection of the monument before us.

Early in October, 1865, the following communication was received by those to whom it was addressed:

To Hon. John A. Waterman, Hon. Josiah Pierce, Hon. Frederick Robie, Gen. E. T. Smith, Stephen Hinkley, Esq., Jeremiah Parker, Esq., and Lothrop L. Files, Esq:

GENTLEMEN:—As a token of my respect for the brave and patriotic men of Gorham who volunteered their services in defence of the Union, and have aided in crushing the wicked rebellion, and from a desire on my part that the names of those who have fallen in battle, or who have died of wounds or sickness incurred in the service, should not be forgotten, but handed down to future generations, I propose to the inhabitants of Gorham that a suitable monument should be erected, at my expense, in front of the Town House, commemorative of those events.

And now, gentlemen, I address you as my friends and fellow townsmen, and respectfully request of you that you will call upon the proper authorities, and cause a meeting of the inhabitants of said town to be held, at

such time as may be deemed expedient, to take into consideration the object suggested, and if judged expedient, that you may be constituted a committee to see the same carried into effect. TOPPAN ROBIE.

GORHAM, Oct. 10, 1865.

In accordance with the request thus made, a town meeting was held upon the 8th day of November last, and it was voted to accept the proposition, and that the thanks of this town be presented to Hon. Toppan Robie for his generous and patriotic offer. The persons recommended by him were appointed a committee to act in the premises, and a vote was passed that an appropriate celebration be held when the monument should be completed.

The committee thus chosen took the matter in charge, and after repeated meetings, consultations, and examinations of numerous designs and models presented, and visiting various localities where monuments of a character similar to that proposed had been erected, they at last adopted the design of this structure, and at once contracted for the erection of the same. Meanwhile no pains had been spared by the committee in their endeavors to obtain a complete and correct list of those whose names should be inscribed upon the monument. After the list had been made as accurate as the information which the committee had been able to obtain would render it, it was, by the courtesy of the publishers, printed in several of the Portland newspapers, with a special request that any errors discovered therein should be seasonably made known to the committee, that they might have an opportunity to correct them. So that if any errors or omissions have occurred in this list they cannot be attributed to any lack of effort on the part of the committee to avoid them. At a town meeting held on the 28th of April last, it was

Voted, "That Daniel C. Emery, Samuel F. Bacon, and Hugh D. McLellan, together with the Selectmen, be a Committee to prepare and arrange, in a suitable manner, the grounds and surroundings about the Soldiers' Monument to be erected in front of the Town House."

Also,

Voted, "That the Selectmen and the Committee who have had the charge of procuring and erecting the Soldiers' Monument, and the Committee this day chosen to prepare the grounds, be a Committee to make suitable arrangements for the dedication of the monument."

Since the committee first chosen entered upon their duties, one of their number, who, so long as his physical strength would per-

mit him to do so, met and counselled with them, and greatly aided them in their labors, has been removed by death.*

And we all to-day, fellow citizens, miss the cheerful presence and the inspiring voice of him, who, for nearly half a century, had manifested peculiar interest in all that pertained to the history of our town, and was always ready and able to contribute from his great fund of general and historical information to the interest of an occasion like this.

I know, my friends, that you will pardon this passing tribute, which a just respect for the memory of one closely identified with the affairs of the town, and long an associate and friend of the donor of this monument, seemed to demand.

The work entrusted to these various Committees has been completed, and the object contemplated in their appointment accomplished. Having performed the duties assigned them they now feel that, at the close of this day's exercises, they may ask an honorable discharge.

And now, sir, (addressing Mr. Robie), in behalf of those appointing us, we desire again to extend to you the sincere thanks of the citizens of this town for your generous and patriotic gift, and to assure you of our earnest hope that you may enjoy in a ripe and honored old age the blessings and privileges of those free institutions, which they, whose names you desire to perpetuate, gave their lives to preserve.

To you, gallant comrades in arms of those to whose memory this monument is consecrated—to all present who have been connected with either branch of the Federal service, military or naval, we extend a cordial welcome.

We rejoice that a kind Providence spared your lives through all the perils of a long and terrible war, and permitted you to return to your homes in full health and strength, or bearing upon your persons honorable evidences of your heroism and fidelity to duty—that you are enabled to enjoy among kindred and friends the fruits of those victories, to win which you contributed in no scanty measure. We still further rejoice that you can participate in the services in which we are now engaged. May the nation's gratitude be freely manifested towards you, its heroic defenders, and the glory of your achievements grow brighter as the service you have

* Hon. Josiah Pierce.

rendered is more completely understood and appreciated in the light of history.

And to all the various bodies and organizations here assembled, we desire to express our great gratification at their presence, and their readiness to cooperate with us in our endeavors to pay proper respect to the memory of our deceased soldiers.

Citizens of Gorham:—This costly and beautiful monument, now yours, and to be hereafter in your custody, is a sacred and precious memorial. For every name inscribed upon its tablets a life was given. That long list of the gallant dead contains in itself a history, and could we particularize, the narrative would form a volume of sad but thrilling interest. Upon that roll of honor are represented various ages and conditions of life—youth, manhood, mature years, and even three score years did not deter him whose name was last placed thereon, from most active and devoted service.* The farm, the shop, the institution of learning, the mechanic's bench, the office, and the sacred desk,—in fact, nearly all the occupations of our New England life,—have there their silent representatives.

And under what various circumstances they died. Some suddenly, in the shock of battle; some in camp, or in hospital, of wounds or lingering disease; some in rebel prisons; while to a few was granted the blessed privilege of returning to their homes, where, among devoted friends, receiving every attention which the fondest affection could inspire, and with expressions of love for God and their country upon their whitening lips, they calmly yielded up their spirits to Him who created them.

The soil of at least twelve different States is consecrated by holding the remains of our gallant dead. To some were accorded the rites of christian burial, and official care or the hand of friendship has designated and guarded their last resting places. Others are sleeping in graves, the locality of which the most careful search of friends cannot discover, and which none shall know until the last trump shall sound, and the earth give up her dead.

But under whatever circumstances death occurred, or they were committed to the dust,

"To all who sleep a soldier's sleep,
Where'er they lie,—in hallowed ground,
Or those above whose grass grown mound

* Chaplain Adams.

Sad stars their lonely vigils keep;
 To all our brave heroic band,
 Who nobly met a soldier's fate,
 This monument we consecrate."

To you, the relatives of these deceased friends, we tender our heartfelt sympathy. May He who alone knows how great is the weight of sorrow burdening each heart, afford His promised strength and support to each and all of you.

Fellow citizens, as we look upon this monument and read the names of the departed inscribed thereon, let us remember for what and for whom they died. Let us remember that in them the love of life was as strong, its future as inviting, its claims upon them as urgent, as in our own cases. And yet, subjecting all other claims and considerations to the love of country and the call of duty, they yielded up life itself rather than the sacred cause they had espoused. They died that the nation might live.

"A debt we ne'er can pay
 To them is justly due;
 And to the nation's latest day
 Our children's children still shall say,
 "They died for me and you."

Let us cherish their memories. In the language of the donor of this monument, let "their names not be forgotten, but handed down to future generations."

And when this marble shall have crumbled into dust, let tradition take up the story of their heroism and their sacrifices, and continue to repeat it through all coming time."

Original Ode.

BY H. L. CHAPMAN.

Tune—Pleyel's Hymn.

Marble record of the brave
 Lost, our Motherland to save!
 In thy spotless beauty keep
 Memories of those who sleep.

Thou canst not reveal the grief
 Bound within the gathered sheaf.
 Thine, it is, to tell the fame
 Wreathing every patriot name.

Land, in Pilgrim story shrined!
 With thy martyr names entwined,
 Treasure these, the brave and free,
 Shrinking not to die for thee.

THOU, who blessed the Plymouth shore!
 THOU, who all our weakness bore!
 Taken from our earthly love,
 Keep them in Thine own, above.

MUSIC BY CHANDLER'S BAND.

READING FROM THE SCRIPTURES, BY CHAPLAIN E. W. JACKSON.

VOCAL MUSIC BY G. W. GARDINER AND OTHERS.

ADDRESS BY MAJOR GENERAL J. L. CHAMBERLAIN.

Oration.

"DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOR!" You know the story—that First Grenadier of France, for whose inspiring heroism Napoleon ordered that his name should be called on the roll long after death had set a glorious seal upon his valor, and at the name, "La Tour d'Auvergne!" the sergeant of his company stepped forward two paces, saluted, and gave answer in these words. They are poetic words—thrilling words. But standing here to-day and looking upon this scene, they come to me fraught with a soberness and sublimity of meaning such as they scarcely had before. As I give place to the recollections that still throng upon my memory,—as I think of the gallant spirits that have not shrunk from the highest test of manhood for the cause of man,—as I look on this assembly and search in vain for dear and venerated forms,—as I gaze upon these graves, and comprehend what all this means, I take up these words; and if you call this sacred roll—if you ask for these fifty-seven, from Fogg to Adams—I advance, I salute you, I answer—"*Dead on the Field of Honor!*"

For is not the whole land a field of honor for those who have given their lives for its deliverance? Whether they fell under the sharp stroke that cleft at once from life to death; or wore away under the exposure, the privations, the hardships of the field; or were out-wearied by the mechanical routine of hospitals; or languished and starved in exile and in prison; or were so blessed as

to be borne back to cherished hearts and homes, that their last look might be upon their native skies, and their last breath in an atmosphere of love—is it not all, I say, for them, one broad field of honor? Is not the whole country, her bosom swelling with fresh graves, an altar whereon these precious victims have been laid—the altar indeed sanctifying the gift, but no less the gift glorifying the altar! Is not the country herself more sacred and more dear forever, because of those who have returned to the bosom which they have shielded with their own? They who stood for her honor, and fell for her deliverance, shall they not sleep for her glory? Shall not these breasts, though lifeless, still stand forever between her and harm?

It is not that these men are dead, but that they *so* died; not as if they fell by one of the thousand chances of this mortal lot, which might happen to us all; but that they offered themselves willingly to death in a cause vital and dear to humanity; and what is more, a cause which they comprehended as such, and looking at it in all its bearings and its consequences, solemnly pledged to it all that they had and were. That is why we hold these names worthy of our commemoration; that is what gives to death a glory life cannot wear. Others, doubtless, of whom that last sacrifice was not demanded, offered themselves as freely to fate. But they returned; they walk among us; they can take care of themselves, or rather, they can receive your care, and in your recognition and regard feel themselves blessed and rewarded. But with these, how worthily and how completely the sacrifice is finished! Consciously, deliberately, cheerfully; comprehending the cause, counting the cost, and holding the dearest price as not too dear. For the sake of man, man offers his life. Stern fate accepts the proffer—a gift so precious that not the broad republic, not the kingdoms and empires of this earth, nor all its multitudes, not even the legions of angels, nay, not even our yearning love can call it back! This is why we crown the dead, and the living make bare their heads. This is why the whole nation rises up in reverence before her martyrs. This is why, to-day, the generosity of a venerated citizen, spared beyond his allotted years, is proud to link himself with the name and fame of those who perished before their prime. And it is for this we have assembled here, at this season when throughout nature the loving are wont to gather and give thanks—in these lingering summer days when heart calls home its own—that we may consecrate this monument as a perpetual greeting to the brave and faithful who “return no more!”

It is an instinct of the human heart to honor those who have overcome the fear of death; and especially those who have given their lives for a belief, a sentiment, an idea, a principle. All nations have their treasured rolls of martyrs and heroes, and it has been held worthy the highest ambition to write one's name upon the scroll. The State has deemed it a high necessity to cherish the memory of those who have fallen in its behalf. Art, eloquence, and song, philosophy and religion, have conspired to perpetuate the fame and embalm the characters if not the names of those who died for the weal of others. Even they who profess to believe that passing pleasure is the end of life, are constrained to yield to the force of heroic examples, and the responsive heart of man, and confess that it is "sweet to die for country." There is something grand in overcoming the primal instincts—to be superior to hunger, cold, fatigue—to rise above the care of self, and the fear of death—the soul subduing the sense; it is a sort of regeneration; it is the transfiguration of human nature. No matter what the final cause or object may be, the overmastering of self is great, manliness is noble, devotion is sublime.

So those who brave suffering and death are held in honor, in whatever name they were summoned to the strife. It is the nobility of heroic souls which wins our worship. It may be exercised for the "divine right of kings," for the "balance of power," for the conquest of arms, for the glory of a name, or the redemption of the Holy Sepulchre. But if we yield our admiration to the mere spectacle of heroism, what honor have we for those who are heroes for the sake of right—the men who bear witness to their faith by suffering for it—who go forth in the full comprehension and communion of the truth, to stake their lives on its vindication? To die in a just cause, in attestation of their faith in it, in consequence of their love for it—this is to die gloriously—to die "on the field of honor."

My friends, the men whose great sacrifices we this day commemorate, were not lacking in the commoner qualities which have won the admiration of the world. They have given proof of what is noblest in manhood. Self-sacrifice, patience, fortitude, courage, high purpose and great resolve, strength of body, loftiness of soul. Had the heroic ages any more?

We are apt to think most of the battle as a soldier's trial. The shock and clash, the hiss and roar, waves of blood surging beneath the waves of flame—the reeling lines, the broken ranks, the mad fever above the mangled slain—these are the pictures of a soldier's

hardships which rise most vividly to the mind. But there are harder things to bear than battles. In these there is much to keep a man up. Desperate as the strife may be, there is something within which rises to the pitch of the occasion, and meets the blow midway. But the wear and tear of a campaign; picket duty in cold and wet, where neither fire nor light nor shelter must be had, amidst lurking perils and harrowing responsibilities; the hard march, in extremes of weather, with painful steps that must not slacken, and heavy burdens that it were a crime to throw aside; the roadside bivouac; the hunger and thirst not easy to be borne; and more than all to the ambitious spirit, the most anxious endeavors seemingly unappreciated, his brave bearing-up against discouragements unnoticed, his heroic devotion and effective service unrewarded;—these are the things that try the soul.

You remember, comrades, the forced march the night before the battle—the weary pain-crossed faces yet set steadily towards the goal where only deeper weariness and sharper pain awaited them; the over-burdened frames still scorning to linger lest they should miss the post of honor; the way-worn feet still marching to death as to a festival. Tell me, for you have walked through the wards of a hospital, did you not see the soul swaying up the body; brave spirits battling with despair, eager to gain strength enough to go back and meet new wounds and sicknesses; the impatient patient dying to fight, though that were but fighting to die? Remember Libby and Belle Isle, with all their unnamed horrors. Dare to think of Andersonville,—fit only for the damned,—where yet the gentle and true-hearted were packed to stifle and to starve. Think of the fortitude which rather than dishonor could not choose death, but was forced to suffer *life*, which was more bitter! Then tell me if there is not still a manhood which has lost nothing of the old heroic cast—a valor which is virtue.

When I recall what has been borne and triumphed over by the sheer strength of a manly spirit, I feel a new reverence for the dignity and glory of human nature, and that true manliness is near akin to godliness.

But there was something more. We yield not to the men of other climes or ages in the spirit that will kindle at the name of *Country*. Is it not a strange thing, and full of some yet unfathomed meaning—this fascinating *esprit de corps*—this spirit of membership and affiliation? Why is it that a man will die for country, seeing we are but pilgrims and sojourners here? What is

there so wondrous in a waving banner, that it should beckon the eyes where they shall close on it forever? Why should the idea of Nationality so thrill that each man thinks it dearer to him than life, seeing that *beyond* there is one tongue, and neither Parthian, Mede, Elamite, nor Jew? Is it not because these things are the emblems and foreshadowings of the great ideals which man most loves—the end of all his longing and striving? Freedom, peace, protection, home, love, the joy of high activities! And in the idea of country and nationality is the shadowing and similitude of these immortal resting places of the soul. Organized society secures these to us, in some small degree, suited to our transient estate, but the best we can look for here. So one will bravely die to insure these precious ends, not for himself,—oh, glory of manhood!—but for *others*. I hold it no less than an argument for a future existence that a man will give his life for his friend when by that very act he loses him here forever; that one will suffer gladly that others may be free from ill; that one will die painfully that his countrymen may live happily. So unselfish, so little looking for reward, so trusting to the final good, so venturing for the brotherhood of man, on the Fatherhood of God! Surely, elsewhere than here must we look for the just balance of things; elsewhere, and not here can we fathom the deep significance of patriotism and martyrdom!

And it was for this sentiment of country, and nothing else, that they who sleep in these honored graves first sprung to arms, and offered themselves as martyrs. "My country" and "the old flag"—how the thought quickened the elastic step which bore them to the strife! how it lingered on dying lips when the bloody fray was over. "Tell her I die for my country!"—how many such a message has been sent from fields of glory! "*Pro patria*," murmured, with failing breath, your own heroic boy, Horatio Smith. "*Pro patria*," the language of the scholar, the soul of the patriot! Do any doubt that we know what love of country means? In no time or clime has there been more ready, cheerful, noble devotion. This too, in a period and locality in which men were taught that war was wickedness, and were peculiarly taunted with self-seeking, with mere mechanical enterprise, and barrenness of chivalry. But those gravely mistook, who presumed that we would prefer peace to honor, private wealth to public weal, and comfort to country. The new world has witnessed to a patriotism worthy the golden ages of the old.

But this was not all. Those who responded to the call of the constituted authorities, sprung up as if by instinct. It was well. It showed that Law was at the bottom of our Liberty, and Might the minister of Right. But the sky grew darker—the struggle thickened. Men were forced to think. They grew to a clear intelligence of the question,—to a complete comprehension of the vastness of the issues, and they accepted, without a murmur, and without hesitation, the great responsibility, the herculean task. It was not simply a country restored, but a country *regenerated*. And broader yet: the struggle was for the vital interests of mankind, and was ordained by Providence to mark a tide in human History, and an epoch in Time. So, starting from this rallying point of country, and the honor of her flag, impelled by manly instincts, and upborne by manly fortitude, they were forced by the protracted struggle to scrutinize the merits of the cause for which they were called to suffer, to estimate the value of the principles held worthy of so dear a defence. What I now claim is, that this comprehension of the cause, this intelligent devotion, this deliberate dedication of themselves to duty, these deaths suffered in testimony of their loyal faith and love, make these men worthy of honor to-day, and these deaths equal to the lauded deaths of martyrs. Not merely that the cause was worthy, but that *they* were worthy. The men who understandingly peril life for a great principle, are so much the greater and better men. Not only in the strength which clear consciousness of right and deep conviction of duty give, but in the educating influence of mingling in momentous movements, and living in the presence of great ideas, cherishing them as thoughts which pass into high purpose, and are daily translated into deeds. This cant about the wickedness of the army is the talk of Pharisees who take comfort and merit in finding somebody worse than themselves. There is nothing in the smell of gunpowder more than of groceries to obfuscate the moral sense. Nor are shoddy and shelter tents and hard tack greater allurements to crime, than to be gorgeously appalled, and to live in kings' houses. Nor do cowhide shoes make the feet more swift to run to mischief. I do not say that our soldiers were all what they should be, but I do say that they have not come home less and worse than they went out. A good cause makes more bad men good than good men bad. Let Lord Melville say, in the British Parliament, the worse man the better soldier, for such may suit his purpose. But here, let no such shameful utterance be heard,

where the high impulses of manhood, and the generous devotion of patriotism, enlisted the best spirits among us. Disciplined and not degraded, ennobled and not enervated, are they who, by earnest communion and active sympathy with the noblest interests of man, do not shrink from toil and danger and suffering on this behalf.

From a somewhat large experience with soldiers I have found that good character and good conduct go together. It was the discipline of these school-houses and these churches, the diffusion of intelligence, the precepts and practices of virtue, which constituted the moral power of our army, and made it superior to disaster and superior to triumph. When I think of what these men suffered and did, how they bore themselves in all their varied fortunes, I marvel with a wonder which is admiration. With a fortitude and fidelity almost beyond example, unwearied by long drawn battles and fruitless campaigns, patient alike under their own misfortunes and the mistakes of superiors, tried and found not wanting! And in the darkest hour of our cause, when the stoutest hearts at home sunk in doubt and dismay, and words of cheer were hushed, then the men on whom the fiery edge of battle fell, did not despair, did not hesitate, did not blench. No! the army, in that midnight hour, rose from its bivouac on the field of death, closed in its shattered ranks, wiped the blood stains from its brow, and at the word, advanced to the desperate essay,—cheerfully, calmly, with sublime obedience. God grant that to us that lesson of devotion and loyalty be not lost! God grant that the victory so dearly bought may not be in vain! And in triumph, too, obedient still, which is more difficult. Masters of their enemies, masters of themselves—which is more noble. Never in history was such meekness seen before. They usurped no civil authority—invaded no rights of the people—nay, when the crimes and corruptions which lurked in the capital to compass the death of all the good, seemed to demand that the victorious army should assume the direction of affairs, not an act, not a word, not a thought nor a dream, from the great chief to the drummer boy, of laying an unhallowed hand on the ark of the covenant! And when their task was done, they gathered on the banks of the Potomac, not as victorious Cæsar paused on the brink of the Rubicon to brace his resolution to seize the liberties of his country, but to lay down their arms at the feet of the constitutional authority with as much respect, as much humility, as much sincerity, as they had seen in the hostile

hosts laying down their arms at the feet of these same conquerors. I say to you, that History has not seen a sight like this.*

These are the men you may count on for loyalty—the men who have learned their lessons at the cannon's lips, and to whom abstract truths have been illustrated and brought home by the concrete shock of the charge!

And it is men like these we come to honor, to worth like this we consecrate this monument, that these great examples of what men will dare and do for right may not fade; that they who sleep on the field of honor may never die. But it is only to keep them in remembrance? Is it not rather that they may keep *us* in remembrance; that we may never lose sight of the holy cause which they have vindicated, and never forget how dear is honor, how sacred is country, how noble is man!

We have come here, friends, not for the things that die, but for things that cannot die—not to a burial, but to an ascension. The grave speaks not of death only, but of new and better life. It was a just and good cause for which these precious lives have been laid down, and whatever were the issue, no shame could follow the dead or the living who have served in it. But I say to you, also, that this is a *triumphant* cause. The time is coming when it will be a glory to have borne part in it. Not merely that we conquered in arms, which is sometimes the issue of chance, or the decree of force, but that we are *right*. Better to die for right than to live for wrong. But dead in a just cause; is not this to be triumphant over death and after death? And I say, in presence of this assembly, before these opened graves, and amidst the great cloud of unseen witnesses that compass us about, that the cause for which these lives were offered was a righteous cause, and, therefore, a triumphant cause.

For human history is not a Dead Sea; it is a flowing river. There is a course and process of affairs; a development of society, rational and spiritual, moral and material; a slow but sure unfolding of the latent genius of the race; a destiny of man; a God of history. And what is whispered by the past, and what is thundered by the present, what I see in the countenances of to-day, what I read on these sealed lips, I proclaim to the expectant future,—Truth shall triumph!

*The author has here introduced a few sentences from an oration delivered by him in Philadelphia, on the 22d of February, 1866, before the Loyal Legion of the United States.

Stand, then, O Monument! resist the shock of elements and the touch of time, eloquent with these deathless names! And ye, O Martyrs! tell to after ages what virtue was in this—tell to a delivered country how precious are her foundations—tell to enfranchised humanity, *Liberty cannot die!*

MUSIC BY THE BAND.

POEM BY HON. E. P. WESTON.

Poem.

O silent harp, that long hath lain unstrung,
I wake thee once again. Perchance among
Thy slumbering chords some wayward notes may rise,—
Though all untuned for this high sacrifice,—
To crown the memories of our noble dead,
And a few garlands on their graves to spread!

O sacred memory of the manly souls,
Who gave their right hands to their country's rolls,
Joined the long march with faint and weary tramp,
Bivouacked on tentless fields, or pined in camp,
In many a bloody fight stood side by side,
And nobly conquered, or as nobly died!
Cold were the heart, and dead—thrice dead—the lyre,
Which thrilled not wildly with unwonted fire,
Nor burned when burning themes like these inspire!

On the sad morning of old Sumter's fall,
How sprang our heroes at their country's call!
Wild screamed the bugle, and the rolling drum
Was answered with the shout—"we come, we come!"
From the far prairies to the hills of Maine
The nation's heart was rent with throes of pain.
This Union shall not perish; the good land
Our fathers fought for must forever stand;
Our banner waving as it waved of old,
The stars still shining in "each ample fold!"

Then wasted forms of patriot sires
Rekindled with their pristine fires;
Our youthful heroes mustered then,

Along each hill and vale and glen,
 And boys grew big with hearts of men!
 Then trembling mothers wiped their tears,
 Gave truce to unbecoming fears;
 And maidens with a sigh and blush
 Bade every rising murmur hush;
 While sterner fathers only said,
 'Our sires for us once fought and bled,
 'And children, in the fathers' stead,
 'Must seize and bear aloft the flag
 'Which traitors in the dust would drag!

O glorious flag—red, white, and blue,
 Bright emblem of the pure and true,—
 O glorious group of clustered stars,
 Ye lines of light, ye crimson bars,
 Trampled in dust by traitors' feet,
 Once more your flowing folds we greet,
 Triumphant over all defeat;
 Henceforth in every clime to be,
 Unfading scarf of Liberty,
 The ensign of the brave and free.

So with our banner went our fondest hopes
 Down dusty highways and up weary slopes,
 On many a field to wage the desperate fight,
 For FREEDOM, JUSTICE, and eternal RIGHT!

How yearned our anxious hearts, ye know full well,
 For tidings how the heroes fought or fell.
 How pale our faces grew, like very death,
 How patriots wrung their hands and held their breath,
 When news of dire disaster thrilled the wires,
 But to inflame our hearts with hotter fires!
 How leaped the wild huzzas to every tongue,
 When news of victory through the nation rung!
 Churches and legislative halls and schools
 Forgot all parliamentary forms and rules;
 Men become children in their wild delight,
 And children talked like men, of glorious fight!
 The patriot school-dame laid aside her rod,
 And taught her pupils that the love of God

Glowed warmest in the hearts which felt, *all through*,
 That love of *country* was a virtue too.
 The pastor, leading forth his village flock
 To the green meadows and the shadowy rock,
 Remembering well his order,—“watch and pray,”—
 Watched all the week and prayed each Sabbath day,
 Though coward hearers sometimes ran away!

Dear boys in blue, excuse me if I tell,
 What doubtless, you have learned so very well,
 That every village dame and country maid
 Was organized, some way, for soldiers' aid;
 While patriotic men—who staid at home—
 For the dear girls—and soldiers—*bleeded* some!

Circles, Committees, Sanitary Fairs,
 Awhile quite superseded household cares,—
 While loving mothers linted linen rags,
 And maidens made such piles of comfort-bags!
 What matter if we men went late to bed!
 We had, at least, a pillow for our head,
 While many a soldier had a turf instead!

Pardon, dear ladies,—work so nobly done,
 Commands the thanks of brother, sire, and son;
 And every patriot in this throng, to-day,
 Unites with me that gratitude to pay.
 Well may the memory of those toilsome hours
 Tax the poor tribute of our feeble powers;
 While blessings from the dying soldier's lips
 All praise from living men must far eclipse!

Welcome bold boys—I wrote it first—“*in blue*”—
 Welcome brave men—in *every* color true!
 Pleased, had we greeted those old coats again,
 Nor less to find you dressed like other men—
 The soldier still—and yet the citizen!
 With slow and martial step ye gather here,
 To give departed comrades one more tear;
 Of many a well-fought field or prison hell
 Your noble deeds or nobler sufferings tell.
 Welcome to-day! The people's thanks we give,
 And bid you in our grateful memories live.

Now turn we where this polished marble stands,
 A thing of beauty from the artist's hands,
 And brighter beauty of his heart who gave
 Such grand memorial of the fallen brave!

This sacred record of immortal names
 The gratitude of every heart inflames!
 For us and ours they bore the patriot's cross,
 Counting their country's gain no selfish loss;
 For us, in winter's cold and summer's heat
 Kept sleepless guard or marched with blistered feet;
 Bled in the trenches, froze along the line,
 Rushed to the deadly breach or perilous mine,
 And fell at length, O costly sacrifice,
 The price and purchase of our liberties!

O sainted brothers, that our hearts might pay
 Some tithe of our poor gratitude to-day!
 O that the living crowds which round us wait
 With tearful eyes, this shaft to consecrate,
 Might clasp your spirit forms and fondly press
 Each to his own with plaudit and caress!
 How shall I name you, O ye glorious band,
 Martyrs, defenders of your native land!
 Pardon, kind friends, if first along this line,
 Greets my own eyes that noble boy of mine;
 Not of my blood—aye, true—but scarcely less
 By me and mine beloved,—the fatherless!
 Summer and winter seated at my board,
 Toiling with patience while his mind he stored,
 When April opened that eventful year,
 The call for soldiers reached his youthful ear.
Shall I go, sir? O how it lingers yet!
 That earnest question I shall ne'er forget.
My heart was weak—how could I bid him go?
His heart was brave—I could not answer "no."
 A twelve-month passed; through all that luckless year
 He sent us words of patriotic cheer.
 Where duty called he marched with eager feet,
 Or stood—the dangers of each post to meet.
 O dismal Chickahominy, thy name is death!
 'Twas there the dear boy gave his parting breath;

Smitten at Gaines's Mill, turned just aside,
 Said his last words and on the morrow died!
 And there his name, amid Coal Harbor's graves,
 I sought in vain among our garnered braves;
 Then turning slowly, with a sad "not here,"
 I gave to JOSEPH's memory—a tear!
O dulce et decorum est, the scholar said,
Pro patria mori: then with martial tread
 Went forth—a soldier—from yon classic hall,
 To battle bravely and as bravely fall,
 Where Gettysburg and desperate valor gave
 The nation victory, and our friends a grave!
 And what though LOWELL's name may not be found
 Among the records of that hallowed ground?
 Still in our hearts, and on this marble traced,
 That name beloved shall never be effaced.
 On the same bloody field did FOGG and HALL,
 CANNEL and HICKS in glorious battle fall;
 That field which stayed rebellion's hellish horde,
 And backward on their path the flying squadrons poured!
 O sons of Maine, we speak with pride to-day
 Your fiery valor in that fearful fray;
 HOWARD and CHAMBERLAIN, M'GILVERY, AMES,—
 A noble line of glory's deathless names!
 And when the historic record stands complete,
 We claim for you,* dear sir, a forward seat!

Fatal Manassas,—field of double woes,—
 Gave the brave ESTES glorious repose.
 MAINS fell in fierce Antietam's fight, and SHAW
 The bloody struggle of Fort Wagner saw;
 There gave his noble life for liberty,
 Nor scorned with men of darker hue to die!
 Port Hudson and St. Charles the victory gave
 PARKER and MERRETT, with a soldier's grave.
 At Fort Pulaski WATERMAN went down,
 DOUGLASS at far Fort Laramie, and BROWN
 Fought his last battle at old Frederick-town!

On Fredericksburg's ensanguined plain,
 Unsheltered from the leaden rain,

* Gen. Chamberlain.

Three of our gallant boys were slain:
 There HASKELL fighting nobly fell;
 There WHITNEY bade the world farewell;
 There EDWARDS calmly sleeps beside
 The Rappahannock's rolling tide,—
 Laying his classic laurels by,
 With patriot heart to do and die!

In thy green valley, Shenandoah,
 How many fought, who fought no more!
 There PHILLIPS led his gallant men,
 Waving his sword to victory, when
 Some rebel shooter's fatal aim
 Marked him for death and deathless fame!
 "Slight loss," they said, at *Hatcher's Run*:
 Alas! it cost our brave boys one,—
 There HARDING's final work was done.
 At Rappahannock Station's fight,
 Where the bold *Fifth* boys charged at night,
 And captured half a score of flags—
 What matter if they called them *rags*?
 Though rapid victory closed the strife,
 It cost us ELDER's noble life.

Young WHITNEY at Savannah died,
 With patriot heart and manly pride,
 And sleeps with heroes, side by side;
 While o'er his grave the wild flowers grow,
 And the soft south winds gently blow.

In May, last spring, I went to trace
 Our army through the Wilderness,
 And plucked blue violets from the path
 Which smoked, two years before, with wrath.
 I marked where storms of whizzing lead
 Had swept the branches overhead;
 And where the bursting shells had broke,
 As playthings, many a sturdy oak:
 And there with solemn step and slow
 Walked back and forth by rank and row,
 Where many a buried hero sleeps,
 While faithful guard the nation keeps.

Our record marks the fatal day
RAND fell amid that bloody fray.
 Where Spottsylvania's woods and glades
 Received to their embowering shades
 The dying forms of **FILES** and **BLAKE**,
 There **BUMPUS**, **WARD** and **ROBERTS** take
 Their resting till the dead awake.
 Still fighting down the desperate line,
 In deadly trench and yawning mine,
DUFFIE and **RIGGS** like heroes fell,
 Near where "Damnation" and "Fort Hell,"
 (Names more expressive than polite.)
 With other works like them, unite
 Round Petersburg to hold the fight.
 And there **McFEE**, the brave and good,
 In the last battle fearless stood,
 Charged in the grand assault, and knew
 That victory with our eagles flew,—
 Then his last breath, a conqueror, drew.

"*They also serve who wait*," the poet said:
 Alas! thus waited many a hero dead;
 Lingered in weary hospitals and found
 No glorious death on battle-hallowed ground.
 Thus **LIBBY**, **ROLFE**, and **SMITH**, thus **WARD** and **POWERS**
 Conquered in waiting for their dying hours.
 Where the hot south winds and the sluggish tide
 Breathe pestilence, **ROBERTS** and **SPAULDING** died.
SMALL, at Barrancas gave the contest o'er,
MARSHALL, and **FREEMAN BROWN** at Baltimore,
 And **TRIPP**, on Fernandina's flowery shore!
PATRICK and **WILLIAMS** found at Washington
 Their patriotic work forever done.
COONLY's young arm, scarce girded for the fight,
 Fell palsied with the fatal typhoid's blight;
 And **NEWELL**, with a patriot's fervor fired,
 Offered himself—and yielding all, expired!

And many a tottering step and wasted form,
 That breasted bravely all the battle's storm,
 Through prison gates and hospitals had passed,
 Found sheltering homes and loving arms at last;

Arms which around them tenderly were pressed,
 Then gave them sadly to the hero's rest!
 HORATIO—o'er thy couch, prayer, love, and faith
 Caught the glad triumphs on thy dying breath;
 While tenderest friends around thine opening tomb
 Witnessed the victory which dispelled its gloom!
 SHIRLEY—thy patient sufferings we knew,
 Hoped against hope, but saw thee safely through!
 And HENRY—lingering on through suffering years,
 Thy triumph comes at last o'er mortal fears,
 And heaven opens as earth disappears!
 METCALF and JOHNSON, REED and DUNN were laid
 In graves at home, by loving kindred made;
 While SMALL and ANDREWS felt, with gasping breath,
 The untold horrors of the prisoner's death!
 God grant such martyrdom may find, above,
 The full fruition of eternal love!

I name with reverence the man of God,
 Whose feet so long yon sacred aisles had trod.
 God's call in the first bugle's note he heard,
 And hastened, fearless, on his thigh to gird,
 Sword of God's spirit—the Eternal Word.
 And how that sword he wielded, let *them* tell,
 Who, faint and wounded, in the battle fell;
 Gave him their last fond messages to bear,
 Or begged with dying lips the chaplain's prayer!
 I met him once along the perilous front
 Where Grant was "fighting out" that stubborn "line,"
 And marked how tenderly,—more than is wont,—
 He used to call the noble Fifth boys "*mine*;"
 Spoke words of courage in the darkest hour,
 And craved o'er all High Heaven's protecting power!
 Servant of Christ—thy Master's work well done—
 Unburdened of thy cross, put on the conqueror's crown!

Just praise becomes the dead; we would not burn
 Foul flattery's incense o'er the patriot's urn:
 Nor less the living would we scorn to name,
 In terms unmerited by honest fame!
 But every voice shall say—"Let him who reared

This proud memorial, *three times three* be cheered!"
 Honor the heart these liberal things which planned,
 Honor the name by which these records stand:
 And when he bows beneath the weight of years,
 Let loving hearts bedew his grave with tears!

And this grand monument, standing to preach
 Dead heroes' praises, shall the living teach!
 Teach the young patriots of this rescued land,
 Should treason lift again her red right hand,
 By the brave banner of our hope to stand!
 Teach the high lesson men were slow to learn,
The nation's freedom is a boon we earn;
 Bought with the purchase blood our fathers paid,
 And held—by offerings such as these have made!
 Aye, be this greater lesson known and read,
 Clear as the sunlight in the arch o'erhead,
 That Error falls when God and Truth begin,
And they who battle for the RIGHT shall win!

Original Hymn.

BY EDWARD P. WESTON.

Sung by the assembly.—Tune—America.

God of the rolling year,
 Thy solemn voice we hear,
 While nature dies,—
 "Ye as a leaf do fade:"
 Our hearts be not dismayed,
 Another voice hath said,
 "The dead shall rise!"

Nations like men have died,
 And perished in their pride:
 Thank God anew,
 When darkness overhead
 Thick gloom around us spread,
 His arm in mercy led
 This nation through!

Oppression's iron hand
 Was raised to smite the land,
 With fire and sword:
 O MERCIFUL and JUST,
 In thee we placed our trust,
 And laid their hosts in dust,—
 Be thou adored. ;

Loud let our pæans ring,
 And every patriot sing
 With joy and tears;
Joy that the nation's life
 Was saved amid the strife,
 While all the air was rife
 With lurid fears.

Tears for the noble braves
 Who rest in martyrs' graves,
 But *are not dead!*
 O friends who wake and weep,
 God guards them where they sleep,
 Our hearts their memories keep,—
 Be comforted.

And while the years shall wane,
 This marble shall remain,
 Their monument,—
 And *his* who nobly gave
 This record of the brave,
 Their names in one to save,
 With glory blent.

BENEDICTION, BY THE CHAPLAIN.

At the close of the exercises the procession passed the Monument, and each soldier deposited a sprig of evergreen upon its base, in memory of the deceased soldiers; thence marched to the Congregational Meeting House, where the procession was dismissed, and the soldiers and all others present were invited to the Town House, to partake of a collation prepared by the ladies of Gorham.

CHIEF MARSHAL.
GENERAL E. T. SMITH.

AIDS.

GEORGE B. EMERY.

E. H. F. SMITH.

MARSHALS.

SAMUEL R. CLEMENT,

SAMUEL DINGLEY,

STEPHEN HINKLEY, JR.,

EDW. HASTY,

ROSCOE G. HARDING,

GEORGE W. CROCKETT,

J. O. WINSHIP,

RUFUS A. FOGG.

The following mottoes were tastefully made from evergreen, and conspicuously arranged in the Meeting-House, which was otherwise, beautifully decorated for the occasion—truths, that eloquently speak the silent experience and testimony of our fallen heroes :

“Our Honored Dead—They Sleep Well.”

“The Brave May Fall, But Cannot Yield.”

“It Is Sweet and Honorable to Die for Our's Country.”

“We Have Defended the Right.”

May the spirit of such sentiments and the lessons of this occasion serve to strengthen the bond which unites us to our country, and may the memory of our brave men never die.

JOHN A. WATERMAN,

DANIEL C. EMERY,

STEPHEN HINKLEY,

SAMUEL F. BACON,

FREDERICK ROBBIE,

HUGH D. McLELLAN,

LOTHROP L. FILES,

ROSCOE G. HARDING,

JEREMIAH PARKER,

JOB T. SANFORD,

EDWARD T. SMITH,

ALBION P. FILES,

JAMES PHINNEY,

HUMPHREY COUSINS,

EDWARD FILES, 3d,

CHARLES PENFIELD,

CHARLES JOHNSON,

E. H. VOSE,

EBEN LEACH,

Committee of Arrangements.