

# Pittsburgh Gazette.

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## IN MEMORIAM.

### HONORS TO THE BRAVE!

They Live Always in Our Hearts!

### TRIBUTE OF A GRATEFUL PEOPLE.

Loyalty at the Tomb.

THE PEOPLE RENEW THEIR VOWS.

### DECORATION DAY.

The Oration, Poem and Exercises.

"Bring flowers, fresh flowers, o'er the bier to lay,  
A crown for the brow of the patriot dead,  
Bring flowers, they spring in the wood and vale,  
Their breath doth out on the springtime gale,  
Though they smile in vain for what once was war,  
They are lovely last gift. Bring ye flowers, fresh flowers,  
To the graves of our heroes."

Saturday was the day set apart in this city and vicinity upon which to do honor to the memories of the many fallen heroes who offered up their lives as a sacrifice upon the altar of their country, and as a reminder of the heroic deeds and patriotic achievements of those who fell in the last great struggle on this continent for human liberty, and most fittingly was it observed. Our citizens, whose liberality, patriotism and zeal during the terrible conflict was excelled by that of no people in the land, united with almost one accord, without distinction of classes, parties, creeds or sects, in the observance of the day. The business houses generally, and all the public offices, were closed, and the houses along the route of the procession were, and of them elegantly and tastefully, decorated with draped flags at half-mast and other displays of an appropriate nature. The day was all that could be desired. Early in the morning a light shower of rain fell, after which the sun shone out brilliantly and dispelled the floating clouds, and a refreshing breeze tempered its rays to genial pleasantness.

At an early hour the people from a distance began to assemble, and by nine o'clock the principal streets and avenues were thronged with those who had come to do honor to those who had died in their country's defense. Men, women and children in thousands crowded the streets, each bearing a bouquet or wreath of evergreen and flowers, tributes to the memory of those they desired to honor; all was quietness; no dashing through the streets by mounted men; no drunken brawls at the street corners; all seemed impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, and the draped flags at half-mast, the solemn strains of the dirges played by the bands and the muted sound of the drums, as the various delegations slowly and orderly marched to the places assigned them in the line, showed clearly that although those whose memories were intended to be honored "sleep to wake no more," were still dear.

And they who for their country die,  
Their lives in honor sacrifice,  
For glory lights the soldier's tomb  
And beauty weeps the brave."

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Childhood, youth and gray hairs, the orphan, the soldier, the citizen, representatives of every class and age and sex, made up the patriotic audience which packed the Academy of Music, long before the commencement of the literary exercises of the morning. Aside from its size, the most impressive and touching feature which marked the assemblage above all others was the appearance of the orphans, over one hundred in number, neatly arrayed, each having a fresh bouquet of flowers, and filling the front seats of the parquette, in full view of every spectator. That heart was cold, indeed, which could look on the sight in all its eloquence, and not learn a new and deeper meaning in the exercises, and engage with more heartfelt earnestness in the after memorial observances of the day. Indeed, few looked upon the bright beaming faces of these innocents, the adopted children of a great and powerful State, but thought how noble must be a Commonwealth, how grateful, how just and generous, to gather together these helpless little waifs left fatherless by a cruel war, to kindly foster and nourish them beneath the roof of sheltering homes, where they will be reared as tenderly and carefully as though a mother's love hovered over and guarded and guided their footsteps. Pennsylvania is proud of her record in caring for the orphan children of her soldiers, and these little ones will grow up to honor, reverence and love her institutions and her self with a zeal and earnestness others cannot know. God bless the soldiers' orphans!

At half past nine o'clock Rev. Dr. Howard, Hon. John M. Kirkpatrick, Major J. F. Dennison and Capt. H. A. Collier entered and took seats upon the platform, followed by Gen. A. S. Pearson who opened the exercises by reading

Gen. Logan's order relative to the observance of the occasion.  
Dr. Howard then led the audience, standing, in a beautiful and impressive prayer.  
The Allegheny Quartette Club were next introduced, and sang with thrilling effect the following Memorial Hymn, composed by Miss S. B. Nichols, of Allegheny, and dedicated to the Grand Army of the Republic.

HYMN.  
Call the bright flowers of May,  
Over the lowly grave, and faintly  
Bending o'er the country's call,  
But we walk with the martyrs slain,  
Whom the battle call wakes no more.  
Roll, roll the drum,  
And the notes as they fall,  
For the ranks will tell of many who fell,  
Whom the battle call wakes no more.  
Peacefully may they sleep,  
Far from the wild and gray,  
Yet never to know how the tears still flow,  
Gathering at the home side,  
In many a home to-day,  
But to miss the sweet brother's kiss  
Of the boys who come no more.  
Roll, roll the drum, etc.

Wreaths for the old form flag,  
Faded and of many a fold,  
For the boys who gave their lives a blood to save,  
Mourningly as it floats there,  
While a little here of the drowsy mood  
Old comrades will whither today.  
Roll, roll the drum, etc.

This vocal exercise was enthusiastically applauded, and was followed with an inspiring and patriotic air by "George's Brass Band, after which the Orator of the Day, Hon. John M. Kirkpatrick, was introduced. He was received with the most marked demonstrations of favor, and, after quiet had been restored, spoke as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES, SOLDIERS AND CITIZENS—I am profoundly honored by the position accorded me in the solemnities of this day—honored by this country to myself personally, but especially and particularly honored in being enabled to speak in commemoration of the virtues and worth of our heroic dead.

I need scarcely ask of our heroic dead, why we are here and now gathered together, nor why the solemn and poignant of this imposing ceremony. This is Decoration Day. A day set apart, we hope and believe, as a perpetual reminder of heroic deeds and patriotic achievement, and in all time hereafter to be calendar as amongst the golden days of the nation's history. This too is the funeral day of the people, the solemn, holy day of the Republic, upon which duty and affection and memory—a most sweet intercession of virtues—go forth, hand in hand, to strew with choicest flowers, and water with tears the consecrated graves of those who fought and fell, that the grand Government of our love might go down intact and unimpaird to future generations. All hail this day! and thrice honored this people who thus honor such dead! Who are these dead? They are our own fathers and brothers and sons. Who are these dead? They are they who, in response to duty's call, forgot wife and sweetheart, and family, and home, and comforts, and business, and pleasure, and lay, lying upon the altar of their country, rallied around her flag, marching always and only to the music of the Union, to their sacred graves which to-day we honor.

Who are these dead? They are they who left their plows sitting in the furrow, the hammer resting upon the anvil, who left forge and shop, and mill, and counting room, and office, and bar, and bench, and even the very pulpit itself, and following the highest behests of a most sacred duty, went forth for the good cause to battle and to death as "gaily as to a marriage feast!"

Who are these dead? They are a mighty host whom no man can number, who, taking their lives in their hands, and panoplied only in the justice of their cause, with their face to the field, and their feet to the foe, fell fighting gloriously for liberty and the rights of man! Of a truth, of a very truth, that nation thrice honored, who honors such dead.

The cause and history of this day belongs to the past, and four years of bloody and doubtful war, was necessary to compel the mournful pageant of, and in which we are spectators and participants.

Who of all present in this large assemblage, does not well remember the outbreak of this great war and the circumstances attending it, and who cannot recall from recent and painful history, the causes inducing it, and ending in this fearful carnival of death, the memory of which we are to pass in solemn review this day.

A great nation, strong in its integrity of purpose, and intending only to do justice to its own, and all the people of the earth, suddenly, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, so to speak, and itself suddenly, fearfully attacked by foes and enemies in its own family and household. Dreaming only of peace, it finds itself without note of preparation or warning of any kind, confronted with a war which, from the cruelty and malignity of the attack, could only mean war to the death or for mastery. Thinking of anything and all things else, but the "Sable and granite address of war," it was compelled to fight, at the very threshold, grim "plunged" and "wrinkled front," in so terrible and portentous a form that even the best and bravest talked doubtfully and despondingly of the issue of the contest which all most foresaw would be long and bloody.

Who of us cannot recall the dark days of Sumter, when treason, cowardly and fierce, as it always is, struck a blow between the very eyes of the nation with its mallet hand, that rung throughout the civilized world; and how men who know no fear, upon the corners of the quod lips and bated breath, asked of each other, "What next? What next?" How the great heart of the nation stood still and its mighty pulsations ran up to fever heat! How the despots of the world laughed and jeered, and all the tyrannies and oppressors of the old civilization scoffed at the experiment of man's capacity for self-government, saying the thing is a failure. "What next?" "The terrible day of April, 1861, when traitors launched their first thunderbolts of war upon Anderson, and his gallant band, upon the track of which a light, lurid and blafel as of a meteor freighted with death, fell upon the world. But the great nation, though heart-struck and sore-stricken in the very citadel of her life, was not powerless. Pausing but for a moment to gather up her strength and scattered energies, like a young athlete stripped for the contest, she leaped into the arena, and picking up the bloody gauge of battle that the haughty Southern had cast at her feet, she bid defiance to all comers and to all.

"Then came the tug of war. You all remember the clarion call of the Executive for the nation's soldiers, five thousand men for three months' service, to aid in suppressing the rebellion. How little dreamed this good man, how far short these instruments would fall of their purpose, and how millions would take the place of thousands, and weary years the place of months, ere the rebellion would indeed be suppressed. But, so it was. You all remember how, as if by magic, his first contingent was raised, and how strong men went and offered money for places in the ranks of those who first made muster roll in the Grand Army of the Republic. And so the war went on. The strong, young giant of the North, with his Union auxiliaries of the South wherever found, grappled with his foe, "and all the world wondered," and the struggle, which all the world saw and knew had only life and death wrapped up in its issues. Pestealed upon the granite of eternal truth, and backed only by the justice of his cause—from the plains of Manassas to the apple blossoms of the Appomattox, he heaved his way to victory, and upon a thousand battle-fields his name, so high in the marble of history, that these shall come none after him, as none came before, who can so much as touch them with their sword's point! These battle-fields are the bead-roll of the nation's sainted dead, whose memories to-day are to us, more fragrant, and laden with a vicer's perfume than the blossoms of the very best spring flowers they are they whom we cover with immortelle and flowers of amaranthine hue, are they who loved us, and they who, though dead, do honor this "decoration day." Honored, thrice honored, is that people who have such dead in their keeping, and holy, holy, holy! is the grave that holds their sacred dust! But upon the altar of battle these dead did not die. Would that it were so; but alas, and alas, it is not.

Andersonville and Libby, Belle Isle and Saubury, Millen and Macon, and other prison pens, whose infamy is only equalled by their supporters and the cause out of which they sprang—try, too, contributed in a form and in a manner too fearful to contemplate their more than share to this terrible death roll of the nation. Starvation—slow, cruel, systematic planned and terrible executed starvation—wrote its nameless (because too infamous) history on the bloodied pages of the lost, lost cause.

The cause demanded and it was done, and in yonder cemetery, and in all the church yards and burial places of this nation, lie sleeping the sleep of death hundreds, and thousands, of strong and stalwart forms of whom it might be truly said they were started to death by a merciless and cruel foe, that the Republic might live.

Shall we attempt to recall the long weary years of doubtful and sickening war? To do so we deem useless upon such an occasion as this. We may not even enumerate the countless battle-fields upon which the nation stood in the valor of her sons, and fought and struggled as if for her very life. Their names are Legion, and the synonyms of each of them are honor and courage of the highest type. Every where and upon all these, those dead men fought and fell.

How familiar the names, and how painfully each suggests some vacant chair to many a household in this loyal community of ours. William's Creek and Shiloh, Belmont and Vicksburg, Chickamauga and Stone River, Nashville and Lookout Mountain, Atlanta and Wauhatchie, and Atlanta, and Macon, and Savannah, and Hudson, where black and white were made white by their blood, whose possessor fought and fell for the flag. And so, too, of Roanoke, Danville, Fredricksburg, "Chancellorsville," South Mountain, Antietam, and the glorious

achievements of the Peninsula and Gettysburg, the pivotal battle of the war, and nameless others, down to the great crowning victory of the Appomattox, where the young giant of the North, sitting down to his great rest, and wiping the sweat and the battle smoke from his war-wrinkled brow, lifted up his voice and swore that "this Federal Union must be preserved; that the North could not and that the South should not dissolve it." And so this war fought to the bitter end, by a path luminous with victory, radiant with valor, and all effulgent and aglow with patriotism that knows nothing but success, and dares everything and all things in support of the grandest and greatest Government that the world has ever seen.

But, my countrymen, we owe the living before us to-day, if not the greatest honor, a higher and holier duty than we owe to the dead. I mean these widows and orphans who honor us with their presence here this hour. Surely it should not be said that the great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania ever permitted the wife or child of any soldier who fought and fell under and for the flag, to be in want of daily bread. These are in very good the children of the State—children of whom she should be proud, and whom it should be her delight and honor to guard and protect. Let us see to it that it be done, not as a charity, but of duty and right. These children are fatherless as they have none in the great Father of us all; and I call upon those entrusted under the laws and the distribution of this grand old State to see to it, that not in a piggishly, but in a right royal and princely manner they care for and protect each wife and child of all, no matter what be their creed or color, who struck deeply and well in the honor of the state, and fell fighting for the stars and stripes of the Republic.

I honor her, her brain power and her thought. I honor her for the many good and great men that she has given to the camp and court of the nation, from its birth hour to the present time. Especially do I honor her in this, that in April 1776, in the streets of Lexington, she shed the first blood for the great revolution, and in the bloody streets of Baltimore, in April, 1811, she shed the first blood of her sons in suppression of the great rebellion. But here give me a pause to say to the everlasting honor of the old Keystone State of our love and affection, that which I am vindicated in saying by the truth of a beloved city, when it was encompassed with foes without, and infested with traitors within, when the Chief Executive of the nation and his Cabinet were almost prisoners, and hope seemed afar off, the first troops to come to their assistance, ayed through a long and arduous march, back the early light of their banners, and their glittering steel, was a Pennsylvania regiment, offered by Pennsylvania men, and led by a boy from our grand old country of Allegheny. All hail the Keystone of the Royal Arch! All hail loyal old Allegheny! Pause not, I pray you, to ask his religious creed or political opinions, but if you have flowers in your chaplet that are brighter than all others, if you have tears that if possible are deeper and tenderer than all others, let them fall a trib to you upon that young hero and leader as to-day he sleeps his last sleep in yonder beautiful and silent "City of the Dead." (Judge Kirkpatrick here referred to Col. P. McDowell of the Fifth Regiment.)

And now in a concluding word, let me ask why should we mourn? Should we not rather rejoice, that by the death of these heroes of the nation, the nation itself, freed from all wrong and oppression of an immortal life, has been born again into an ever kind life. Out of their graves shall grow truth and principles which will ever die, and which shall educate our people up to a standard of morality and patriotism which they might not, any otherwise could not possibly obtain.

True it is, they are no more with us, and amongst us, as of yore. True it is, that "On some eternal campfire ground  
And glory guards, with solemn tread,  
True it is, they are no more with us,  
"They sleep their last sleep,  
"They have fought their last battle;  
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