TAK OF THE Antsonia

Gazette.

VOLUME LXXXIV.

PITTSBURGH. MONDAY. MAY 31, 1869,

maste NUMBER 121

HONORS TO THE BRAVE!

Live Always in sheny, and deduce of the Republic Our Hearts!

TRIBUTE OF A GRATEFUL PROPLE.

Loyalty at the Tomb.

THE PEOPLE RENEW THEIR YOWS.

DECORATION DAY.

The Oration, Poem and Exercises.

"Bring flowers, fresh flowers, o'er the bier to aned:
A crown for the brow of the patriot dead.
Bring flowers, they are springing in wood and Their breath floats out on the springtime gale. Though they amile in vain for what once was They are love's last gift. Bring ye fl. wers, fresh

Saturday was the day set apart in this city and vicinity upon which to do honor to the memories of the many fallen he. roes 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 adcord, 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, many 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 dis_ tance began to assemble, and by nine o'clock the principal streets and avenues to do honor to those who had died in their country's defence. Men, women and children by thousands crowded the streets, each bearing a boquet or wreath of evergreen and flowers, tributes to the memory of those they desired to honor; yet 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 muffled 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 Do more," were still dear.

'And they who for their country die Shall fill an honored grave; For slory lights 'he sodier's tomb And beauty weeps the brave,''

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC. Childhood, youth and gray hairs, the orphan, the soldier, the civilian, 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 boquet 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 elequence, 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 mothers' love hovered over and guarded and household. Dreaming only of peace, it guided their footsteps. Pennsylvania is finds itself without note of preparation or proud of her record in caring for the orphan children of her soldiers, and these little ones will grow up to honor, revere and love her institutions and herself to the death or for mastery. Thinking with a zeal and earnestness others cannot know. God bless the soldiers or-

Howard, Hon. John M. Kirkpatrick, Major J. F. Denniston and Capt. H. A.

tanding, in a beautiful and impressive

The Allegheny Quartette Club were next introduced, and sang with thrilling effect the following Memorial Hymn, composed by Miss S. B. Nichols, of Alle gheny, and dedicated to the Grand Army

Call the bright flowers of May.
Lety garland and role bud fall
O'er the identy graves of our slumbering braves,
Who went at our country call;
Rallying 'neath the old fing Comrades who gathered before,
But we wait in valu for the messmates slain,
Whom the bugle call wakes no more.

Roll, roll the drim,
Music the notes as they fall,
For the ranks will tell of many who fell,
Whom the bugle blast never may call.

Peacefully may they sleep.
Far from the wild purping fray.
Far from the wild purping fray.
Fet never to know how the tears still flow
In many sad homes to-deep gathering at the home slee
Sis'ers will meet as of yore,
But shi to miss the sweet brother's kiss
Of the boys who come no more.

Boll. but the deep size that the same that the same shows the same same shows the same shows

Roll, roll the drum, &c.

Wreaths for the old forn flag,
Draped and half masted in hr.
For the boys who gave their life's blood to save
Its honor unsulfied and fair.
Mournfully n ay it float there,
Over their pillows of clay,
While little they heed of the flowery meed
old comrades will oner to-day, Roll, roll the drum, &c. This vocal exercise was enthusiasti

cally applauded, and was followed with an inspiriting and patriotic air by Toerge's Brass Band, after which the Orator of the Day, Hon. John M. Kirk. patrick, was introduced. He was received with the most marked demon strations of favor, and, after quiet had been restored, spoke as follows:

THE OBATION.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies, Soldiers and CITIZENS:-I am profoundly honored by the position accorded me in the solem. inities of this day-honored by this courtesy 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 this large assemblage why we are here and now gathered together, nor why the pomp and pageantry of this imposing ceremon ial? 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 calendared as amongst the gelden days of the nation's his-

tory. 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 sisterhood of virtues go torth, hand in hand, to strew with choicest flowers, and to water with lears the consecrated graves of those who fought and fell, that go down intact and unimpaired to future generations. All hall 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 laying all 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, aye, 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 is 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 partic-

Who of all present in this large assem blage, does not well remember the outbreak of this great war and the circumstances attending it, and who cannot recall from recent and painful bistory, 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 f purpose, and intending only to do ustice to its own, and all the people of the earth, suddenly, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, so, to speak, finds itself suddenly, fearfully attacked by foes and enemies in its own family and warning of any kind, confronted with a war which, from the cruelty and malignity of the attack, could only mean war

of anything and all things else, but the "Bumble and grumble and rear of war." was compelled to meet it at the very At half past nine o'clock Rev. Dr. threshhold, "grim visaged" and of "wrinkled front," in so terrible and portentous a form that even the best and

its mailed hand, that rung throughout the civilized world; and how men who knew no fear, upon the corners of the ened lips and bated breath, asked of each other, "What next, what next?" How the great heart of the nation stood still, terrible day of April, 1861, when traitors launched their first thunderbolt of war upon Anderson and his gallant light, lurid and baleful as of a the world. But the great nation, though heart-sick and sore-stricken in the very citadel of her life, was not powerless. Pausing but for a moment to gatner up her strength and scattered energies, line a young athlete stripped for the contest, she leaped into the arens, and picking take the place of thousands, and weary but in a right royal and princely manner and how strong men wept and offered the starry banner of the Republic. money for places in the ranks of those 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 all the world leoked at this Titantic struggle, which all the world saw and

by the justice of his cause-from the come none after him, as none came be who can so much as touch them with their sword's point! These battlefields are the bead-roll of the nation's sainted dead, whose memories to-day are to us, more fragrant, and laden with a sweeter perfume than the blossoms of this genial springtime; they are they over whom we this day weep; they are they whom we cover with immortelles 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 deld of battle these dead did not all die. Would that it were so; but alas, and alas, t is not.

Andersonville and Libby, Belle Isle other prison pens, whose infamy is only equaled by their supporters and the cause out of which they sprang - they, 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—death certainly in its most fearful form-slow, cruel, syscuted starvation-wrote its nameless (because too infamous) history on the blood.

ied 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 land, lie sleeping the sleep of death hundreds, aye thousands, of strong and stalwart forms of whom it might be truly said they were starved 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 battlefields upon which the nation stood in the valor of her sons, and fought and struggled as if for her very life. Their name is Legion, and the synonyms of each of them are honor and courage of the highest type. Everywhere and upon all these, those dead men fought and fell

"As thick as autumu leaves In Vallamoros a vale," How familiar the names, and how pain-

fully each suggests some vacant chair to many a household in this loyal com. In a great cause, their blood may soak the munity of ours. Wilson's Oresk and Shioh. Belmont and Vicksburg, Chicksmaugs and Stope River, Nashville and Lookout Mountain, Allatoona and Wauhatchie, and Atlanta, and Macon, and Savannah, and Hudson, where black men were made white by that grand alembic which whitens the darkest akin, whose possessor fought and fell for the flag. Collier entered and took seats upon the bravest talked doubtfully, and despond. And so, too, of Rosnoke, Danville, Fredplatform, followed by Gen. A. R. Pearson ingly of the issue of the contest which all ericksburg, Chancellorsville, South now so plain that he who runs may read,

Gen. Logan's order relative to the obser- Who of us cannot recall the dark days of achievements of the Peninsula and Get- and truth the asylum for the oppressed square of the occasion.

Sumter, when treason, cowardly and tysburg, the pivotal battle of the war, and downtrodden all nations and peo- Brass Band, followed next, and presentthe Wilderness; Cold Harbor, Petersburg ples, without respect to color, or clime, tween the very eyes of the nation with and nameless others, down to the great crowning victory of the Appomattox, even now sound the "Jubilate," instead where the young giant of the North, sitting down to his great rest, and wiping and streets, and in the public places, with whit. the sweat and the battle smoke from his war-grimmed brow, lifted up his voice and swore that "this Federal Union must be preserved; that the North could and its mighty pulsings ran up to fever not, that the South should not, heat! How the despots of the world and that the world in arms could not afterwards the song entitled, "The Unrelaughed and jeered, and all the tyran dissolve it." And so this war was fought nies and oppressions of the old civilizanies and oppressions of the old civilization scoffed at the experiment of man's
capacity for self-government, saying the
one to the other. "I told you so;" "the
one to the other, "I told you so;" "the the grandest and greatest Government that this world has ever seen.

But, my countrymen, we owe the livband, upon the track of which a ing before us to day, if not greater honor, a higher and holler duty than we owe to meteor freighted with death, fell upon the dead. I mean these widows and orplians 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 deed the up the bloody gauge of battle that the children of the State—children of whom haughty Southron had cast at her feet, she should be proud, and whom it should she bid defiance to all comers and to all be her delight and honor to guard and odds. Then came the tug of war. You protect. Let us see to it that it be done, all remember the clarion call of the Ex- mot as a charity, but of duty and right. ecutive of the nation, calling for seventy- These children are fatherless save as they five thousand men for three months' ser- bave one in the great Father of us all; and vice, to sid in suppressing the rebellion. I call upon those entrusted under the How little dreamed this good man, how laws with the distribution of the larges far short these instruments would fail of sea and bountles of this grand old their purpose, and how millions would State to see to it, that not in a niggardly, years the place of months, ere the rebel- they care for and protect each wife and lion would indeed be suppressed. But child of all, no matter what be their creed so it was. You all remember how, as if or color, who struck deeply and well in by magic, this first contingent was raised, the honor of the state, and fell fighting for

I honor Massachusetts. I honor her who first made muster roll in the Grand | for her culture, 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. Espefoe, "and all the world wondered," and cially do I honor her in this, that in April 1775, in the streets of Lexington, sheshed the first blood for the great revknew had only life and death wrapped olution, and that by a most strange coinup in its issues. Pedestaled upon the cidence, in the bloody streets of Baltigranite of eternal truth, and backed only more, in April, 1861, she shed the first blood of her sons in suppression of the plains of Manasses to the apple blossoms great rebellion. But here give me a of the Appoinatox, he hewed his way to pause to say to the everlasting honor of success and victory, and upon a thousand | the old Keystone State of our love and battle-fields carved his name so high in affection, that which I am vindicated in the marble of history, that there shall saying by the truth of history. When 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 oil, the first troops to come to their assistance, aye the very first regiment that defiled through her broad avenues and flashed back the early light of an April morning from the folds of their banners, and their glittering steel, was a Pennsylvania regiment, officered by Pennsylvania men, and led by a boy from our grand, old county of Allegheny. All hail the Keystone of the Royal Arch! All hall loyal old Allegheny! Pause not, I pray you, to ask his religious creed or political party, but if you have flowers in your chaplet that are brighter than all others else, if you have tears that if possible are and Saulsbury, Millen and Macon, and deeper and tenderer than all others, let them fall I beg of 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. P. McDow-

ell of the Fifth regiment.) And now in a concluding word, let me ask why should we mourn? Should we tematically planned and terribly exe. not rather rejoice, that by the death of these heroes of the nation, the nation itself, freed from all wrong and oppression of every kind, has been born again into an immortal life. Out of their graves shall grow truth and principles which will never die, and which shall educate our people up to a standard of morality and patriotism which they might not. nay, otherwise could not possibly obtain.

True it is, they are no more with us and amongst us, as of yore. True is is, that.

"On fame's eternal camping ground Their slient tents are sprad, And glory guards, with solemn round, The bivouse of the dead," True it is, alas, too true! that-"They sleep their last sleep, They have fought their last battle; No sound can awake them

But in the light of the grand and glorious results which they have accomplished, can we not smile through our tears, and brushing away the mists that will come unbidden to the eye of affection, look up and far away with a sublime hope to the better and brighter land beyond. They have not, they could not have died in vain:

Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs He atrung to city gates and castle walls—
Yet still their spirits walk abroad. The years Elapse, and others share as dark a doom. They be a sugment the deep and sweeping which overpower all others, and conduct The would at last to freedom.

Thus believing, and so recognizing in all this great chastisement of this most terrible war the finger of that God

And directs the whirlwind and seeing further in the light of events who spened the exercises by reading men foresaw would be long and bloody. Mountain, Antietam, and the glorious that we of all nations are in very deed. Post 88 G. A. R., numbering seventy

or sect, or creed. Let us to-day-aye, of chanting the "Miserere," and let us,

"All people that on earth do dwell. Sing to the Lord with observed voice. Him serve with mixth, His praise forth tell, Come ye before Him and rejoice." At the conclusion of the oration the jurning Braves."

DECORATION DAY.

Half mast the flag and muftls the drum, And marcu with a mournful tread; An bour must secred to freuen has come, As with garlanus we honor our dead. The battle scry, the cannon's rear, The sounds of combat and war's dread fro Are borne upon the breez no more; Peace rules our happy land to day. We gather now from scenes (f toll, To drop the flowers will sorrowing te As, with mournful thoughts, we tarry our mem'ries turn to bygone years. We see again the stalwart forms
Of these who were our Nation's pride,
Who answered to the call—"To arm, ""
And in the battle bravely died.

We see sgain the gatuering cloud. That stretched across the couthern sky; We hear again the thunder loud. That called our soldiers out to die. We stand again with beating hearts, To list-n to the sad ning news, To feel the dreadful pain that darts, And human comforts all refuse.

We see again the dear ones brought In triumph from the gory field, Where bravely in the front they fought, Refusing to the last to field. Be ide the open graves we stood, And heard the harshly rattling clod, And we pt as only mourners could, While Patriot Souls went up to God. Could each sad heart that throbs to day
It's mournful, weary story tell,
For mouldering heaps of lifeless clay,
What leaves the record, sad would swell.

But they have gone to the better land. Their weil known forms we'll see no more Obedient to a high command They died and crossed to the golden shore No more upon the picket line, Nor in the battle's awint strife, Nor in the rife ult and mive, is offered up the treeman's life.

) er many a grave, the sod has grown, And many a flower is blooming where he seed by kindi, hands was sown. And watered by many a sacred toar. But many more. Alas! There are, Who sweep in nuknown, sumarked tombs, I rum homes sud friends and kindred far, And o'er their graves, the wild flowed blooms.

To day we meet with hearts of love, To honor all the sation's dead, And strew witt flowers, the ground above The apot where rests the Patriot's head. What mean the gathering throngs that meet And march as in an army line. And fill the crowded city's street, affine flowers of toys and hope to twine?

It means the Nation loves her brayes, And loves the past with memories, fraught It means, we strew with strents their graves Though dead they never that I te forgot. A song entitled the "Soldier's Memorlal" was then sung by the quartette club, Rev. Dr. Howard, of the Second Presby-

THE PROCESSION. During the time occupied by the services in the Academy of Music, the several delegations composing the proces sion arrived and formed in their respec tive divisions in the following order:

THE HEAD OF COLUMN. The head of the column formed on Water street, with the right resting on Water street, as follows: Fifty uniformed policemen marching in fours, followed by the Great Western Band.

Chief Marshal-Maj. E. A Montooth. Chief of Staff-Gen. Wm. Blakley. Adjutant General-H. A. Collier. Aids-John H. Stewart, Martin Shaffer, B. F. Kennedy, Robert Pollock, W. J. McGratty, B. F. Jennings, C. Eberhardt. W. B. Cook, B. Galliseth, Hiram P. Cal. low, Foster Alward, J. K. McLanahan,

Thomas B. Cluley. Delegation from the Soldiers' Orphan School at Uniontown, numbering seventy-five boys, on fcot, and thirty-one girls in carriages, and three wagons containing children from the Soldiers' Orphan Asylum on Bluff street, Sixth ward. The Ladies' Committee in carriages

came next. FIRST DIVISION. The First Division formed on Water street, with the right resting on Wood street, in the following order: Chief Marshal-Major A. P. Callow.

Chief of Staff-J. P. McHenry. Adjutant General-A. Patterson. Surgeon General-W. B. Hezlep. Aids-J. C. Bartley, W. R. Johnson, James Gresseb, W. K. McClintock, R. M. Blair, W. C. McKelvey.

Iron City Brass Band, followed by Post No. 35, G. A. R., numbering one hundred men having wreaths of flowers and evergreens.

The Germania Turner Band, preceding the Columbia Hose and Hook and Ladder Company, of Allegheny, numbering sixty men, wearing fire hats and red shirts, accompanied by their fire aparatus, which was tastefully decorated with flowers and evergreeus. Following in line was the Hope Fire

Company, numbering fifty men, headed by a brass band from Canton, Ohio. The steamer was elegantly decorated with wreaths, flowers, do,, and the hose carriage was decked with large black plumes.

Next came the General Grant Fire Engine and Hose Company, preceded by Little's martial Band, and numbering sixty-five men. The company presented a fine appearance, the steamer and hose carriage being richly draped.

Next in the procession was a wagon containing members of the Ellsworth Hose Company, followed by the carriage,

ed an attractive appearance.

The Good Will Hose Company, numbering seventy-five men, followed in line. They were dressed in white shirts and fire hats, and made a decidedly neat appearance.

SECOND. DIVISION. The Second Division formed on Market street, with the right resting on Wood, in the following order:

Chief Marshal-J. G. McConnel. Chief of Staff-Lee S. Smith. Adjutant Géneral-Samuel W. Rev-

Aids-Joseph H. Gray, AH. M. Kerr, H. L. Young, J. T. Cunningham, Charles Porter, J. C. Paul, J. D. Forrester, Wm. M. Kirby, J. S. Easton, A. J. Haroaugh, Samuel Kilgore.

The Great-Western Brass Band headed he division, and immediately behind were the orphan boys from the Soldiers' Orphans' School, in Uniontown, Pa. They numbered seventy seven, were under charge of A. G. Beeson and F. I. Thomas, and made a good appearance.

The orphans were followed by Posts Nos. 3 and 117, G. A. R. The delegation from Post No. 3 numbered one hundred men, and was under command of Captains Hunter and W. B. Cook. Post 117 had forty men in line, under command of Captain Curtis Haven.

The Pittsburgh letter carriers, nineteen in number, came next in line. They wore their uniform, and had wreaths and flowers.

The members of Typographical Union No. 7, eighty in number, followed, and were under the marshalship of Mr. Andrew Wayt.

The Independent Order of Cadets of Temperance, represented by fifty boys, wearing the regalia of the Order, appeared next in line, under command of George Holmes.

Following the boys were a number of carriages, containing soldiers from the Soldiers' Home in the old Ninth ward. A large number of private carriages followed in the rear of the division. THIRD DIVISION.

The Third Division formed on Wood street, with the right resting on Water, in the following order: Chief Marshal-G. S. Wood.

Chief of Staff-D. A. Jones. Adjutant General W. E. Weber. Surgeon General-Dr. J. H. Roberts. Chaplain-Pressly Brown.

Aids-S. B. Barr, G. B. Van Emon, E. McKee, P. Daniel, J. Eichley, G. Quar. R. R. Jones, J. W. Ballantine, M. U. Felat the conclusion of which the audience ker, James Duncan, A. Ammon, S. P. Heizel, H. B. Miller, Louis Fritz, A. M. Arnholt, Charles Rink, H. Meisterfeld,

. W. Carl. Washington Cornet band of Birmingham had the lead, and was followed by Post No. 115, Grand army of the Republic, numbering two hundred and fifty men. Each man carried a wreath and boquet of flowers and evergreens and wore the

G. A. R. badge, Walton Hose Fire Company, of East Brmingham, came next. They numbered fifty men, wearing fire hats and red shirts. The company was headed by the Birmingham Silver Carnet Band, Jacob Dupont, leader.

Mechanics' Hose Company, of Birmingham, numbering fifty men, wearing fire hats and white shirts, preceded by the band of the company, led by D. C. Stewart, came next. Then followed a large number of car-

riages, in which were prominent citizens, soldiers' widows and other ladies.

ROUTE OF PROCESSION. At half past ten o'clock the procession moved, passing along Smithfield street to Second avenue, up Second avenue to Grant, up Grant to Fifth avenue, down Fifth to Market, along Market to Sixth, down Sixth to Penn, and along Penn to Wayne, when the First Division halted, and formed in open order, and the Second Division passed through en route to

ALLEGHENY CEMETERY. As the colume passed out Penn street its ranks swelled, the school children from the various public schools along the line of march joining in the solemn cortege, and a mighty throng of people crowded the sidewalks along the entire route. A long line of school children, dressed in white, each bearing a small flag and boquet of beautiful flowers, were formed on Penn, near Baldwin street, and as the procession passed, sang a beautiful patriotic hymn. As the procession passed the Arsenal a national salute of thirty-seven guns was fired, and the different church bells were tolled. The children from the Episcopal Orphans' Home joined the procession at this point and proceeded with it to the Cemetery, near the gate of which, at least five thousand persons had assembled awaiting the arrival of the column.

DECORATING THE GRAVES. When the head of the column reached: the Cemetery gate the band struck up a solemn dirge, to which the quiet and faneral like procession marched with slow and solemn tread, until the left of the column had passed through the gate the right resting at the Cemetery office, when a halt was made. The members of the G. A. R. then formed in line, and marched to the grave of General Alexander Hays, which had been beautifully and tastefully decorated, by the friends, with wreathes of flowers and evengreens.

(Continued on Elenth Page.