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MEMORIAL DAY IN HONESDALE GOOD SPEECHES MADE

Memorial Day Was Observed in the Maple City by Both Young and Old.

The day was perfect, being warm and pleasant. The streets were well filled with people whose interest is manifested in the survivors of the Civil war by attending the observances of the day, that is devoted to keeping fresh the memories of their departed comrades. The booming of cannon on Irving Cliff, as a reminder that it was Memorial day, was the signal for displaying flags and bunting from many homes and business places. Soon the old veterans began to assemble; Comrade Ben Gardner coming from Factoryville, Comrade Lybalt all the way from Damascus; Comrade Albert from Dyberry, Comrade Lavo from Bethany, Comrade Found from Prompton, and others from different parts of the county. A goodly number answered the roll call. The line was formed at the Independent building at 9:45 and at 10 o'clock the order to march was given. The Marshal and policemen headed the parade, followed by the Honesdale band which discoursed excellent music. Co. E, 13th Regt, followed under command of Lieutenant W. H. Mumford, (Capt. C. J. Kelly being on duty at the Postoffice). The company was well represented, having a number of young men in the rank who are much above the average in physical makeup, and with their new uniforms they made an excellent showing. The Maple City Fire and Drum Corps, were next in line, and with their new white trousers and blue coats not only presented a good appearance but under the guidance of Drum Major Carmichael, who in a suit of white wielded the baton, they marched and counter-marched while playing martial music in a manner that called forth commendation on all sides. The old veterans under Commander Wilson were the center of attraction. As the old gray headed boys marched, they seemed to catch the spirit of the day, and forgetting the infirmities that age brings to men who suffered privation in early life, they marched with forms erect, proud to be able to once more follow the flag. At the school house, Professor Oday had assembled the school children, who carrying flowers they had gathered during the week, joined in the procession. At the up-town bridge, the procession halted while the children strewed flowers on the waters of the Lackawaxen, and Charles P. Searle, Esq., spoke on the valor and heroism of our sailors, and to the memory of the known and unknown dead. The procession then took up its line of march to Glen Dyberry, where assembled upon the soldiers' plateau, the exercises of the day were held. The exercises consisted of an invocation by Rev. A. L. Whittaker, then an address by Commander Wilson, the raising of the flag, a short address to the memory of the unknown dead by W. W. Wood, who was substituted for the Rev. George S. Wendell, who was unable to be present, having been called away. The flag was lowered to half-mast by Mrs. Wm. Clark as the mound of the unknown dead was strewn with flowers, after which the orator of the day, District Attorney Myron B. Simons was introduced, and with a most excellent address which was well delivered he held the attention of the audience for nearly half an hour. The salute of musketry to the dead was followed by the benediction by Rev. Dr. Swift. The procession was then formed and proceeded down East street, via Park and Main streets to the headquarters where after dismissal, the Ladies' of the Grand Army Circle entertained with an excellent lunch all those who took part in the parade, and many of the friends and relatives of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Speech of Charles P. Searle, Esq. POST-COMMANDER AND FELLOW CITIZENS: Since time immemorial all peoples have felt the keenest interest in those who go down to the sea in ships. We listen, sometimes with distrust but always with joy, to the tales of the ancient Norsemen and how they entrusted themselves and their frail craft to the trackless sea. The story of Columbus setting forth in defiance to all laws of nature then known and discovering this continent, is one that thrills and inspires every hearer. And since the discovery of this country, the American sailor has played no small part in its preservation and expansion. We might characterize as the first naval battle on this continent, the Boston tea party in 1773. At that time fifty men, dressed as Indians,



News Snapshots Of the Week

Miss Mary Harriman, daughter of late E. H. Harriman, was married to Peter G. Gerry, Washington's wealthiest heir, was married to Peter G. Gerry, Queen Victoria of Spain gave birth to son, who lived only few hours. Clara Morris, the noted actress, is thought to be dying in her home at Yonkers, N. Y. Julia Ward Howe, noted writer, celebrated ninety-first birthday May 27. John Ennis, sixty-eight years of age and with a record of defeating both Weston and O'Leary, left New York's city hall on a walk to San Francisco in effort to lower the time made by Weston. Glenn H. Curtiss has invented a new airship which will start or light on water. Oliver Spitzer, former superintendent of sugar trust, made startling confessions to frauds against the government.

boarded a British merchantman, in Boston Harbor, and threw overboard three hundred and odd chests of tea, taxed by Great Britain. This act fanned into flame the hot embers of liberty smouldering in the hearts of the American colonists. The fighting at sea during the Revolutionary war was full of daring and stubborn courage, planned and carried through with a singular initiative and genius, quick with adventure and bright with individual achievement. One example will show the spirit of '76 as personified on ship board. In the summer of 1779, the immortal Paul Jones sailed from a port in France, in command of a little squadron, half American, half French. His flagship, the Bon Homme Richard, was a worn out East Indiaman, fitted with forty guns, many of which were unserviceable. But Jones was a man to work with what he had, and with that improvised fleet he cruised the whole length of the western coast of Ireland and circled Scotland. On September 23d, off Plamborough Head, he fell in with the Serapis and the Countess of Scarborough. Alone and unaided he captured the Serapis in one of the most desperate fights in the annals of naval warfare. In point of equipment the Serapis was equal to three of the Bon Homme Richard, but the commander of the American vessel compelled her to strike her colors. His ship was so badly shattered that he transferred the survivors of her crew to the Serapis, and she sank the next morning. The captain of the Serapis was knighted by the King of England for the gallant fight he had made. When Jones heard of this his only comment was "He deserves it, and if I fall in with him again I will make him a lord." During the war of 1812 there were thirteen naval engagements, in eleven of which the Americans were victorious. How our blood tingles as we read of the heroism of Commodore Perry in that war, who on Lake Erie, when his flagship, the "Lawrence" was sinking, transferred his pennant in an open boat to the "Niagara," and then driving through the enemy's lines, discharging broadside after broadside, wrung a victory out of defeat and sent to Gen. Harrison the laconic message, "We have met the enemy and they are ours." During this war the American privateers destroyed over 1600 British vessels, while losing less than 500 of their own ships. And it was in this war that Captain Lawrence in the fight between the "Shannon" and the "Chesapeake," uttered while dying, the words that have ever since been the motto of our sailors, "Don't give up the ship!" With a more powerful navy, the war of the rebellion might have been much shortened. Yet our navy did noble service during those dark days when our country's future was trembling in the balance. The capture of the rebel forts at Hilton Head and Port Royal by Commodore Dupont's squadron, in November '61, furnished an advantageous position for operating on the southern sea coast. In February '62, Grant's successful assaults upon Fort Henry on the Tennessee river, and Fort Donelson on the Cumberland, were in a great degree made possible through the co-operation of the river gun-boats under the command of Commodore Foote. At the beginning of the war the southerners seemed quicker than the north in putting their power on the sea. Early in '62 they sent out of Norfolk, against the Union fleet, which lay in Hampton Roads, an ironclad ram, the Merrimac, which for a memorable twenty-four hours seemed likely to sweep the whole anchorage of its transports and men-of-war. Only the timely arrival of the little "Monitor" saved the fleet from annihilation. A new age of naval construction began on the day of the dual between the "Monitor" and the "Merrimac." Henceforth, as the world saw, vessels of war must be built and clad with iron. In April, 1862, a fleet under Commodore Porter and Farragut forced its way up the Mississippi. Hugh iron chains were stretched across the

Address of District Attorney Myron E. Simons.

This day is set apart not alone as a memorial for the soldiers dead, and to scatter flowers on their graves, but to honor the soldiers living, the remnant of that mighty army, which through four years of terrible war, under God, saved our country, when treason threatened its destruction. When God on Mount Sinai spoke to the children of Israel, He thundered, "Remember! Remember!" When Joshua led them through the river Jordan, he took twelve stones from the river's bed and builded them into a monument as a memorial in order to call their attention and their children's attention to the fact that the God of their Fathers brought them over dry shod, as He had also led them through the Red Sea, and that He had brought them up out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. So, also, has this day been set aside as a memorial to remind the younger generations of the immense cost in life and treasure, by which we now enjoy our liberty and our country. Our country, with all the false distinctions of society, with all the arbitrary rules and regulations which now exist, with all the inequality with which our laws are enforced, it is still the freest, the most democratic, the greatest and best country in the world. Its foundations were laid in that great struggle for human liberty which the peoples of the world through many centuries had been struggling to obtain; that compelled the Pilgrim Fathers to abandon their pleasant homes and seek shelter on the wild, inhospitable shores of New England; the Cavaliers to leave England and brave the perils of a life in the wilderness; which drove the Huguenots of France from their beloved country, to settle in the wilderness among a savage and treacherous people. It culminated in that immortal "Declaration of Independence," which declared "that all men are created free and equal, endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which is life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," and the seven years of war which followed. It was cemented together by the blood of the thousands of the loyal sons of the North in that fratricidal strife in which our veterans, were engaged. It is a day in which to retell the stories of your sacrifice and suffering, your victories and defeats. As a child, I stood by my mother's knee and heard her tell of your deeds of daring, your fierce battles, of the suffering and death of your comrades, and my heart throbbed quicker, and the flush of pride mantled my cheek, as I realized that you were my countrymen, and that you were fighting for your country and mine. Your patriotism, your courage, your sacrifice and sufferings is an inspiration to all succeeding generations. When the Stars and Stripes were hauled down on Fort Sumpter forty-nine years ago, when rebel hands trailed "Old Glory" in the dust, it was raised in thousands of homes in the North. Never was it dearer to the hearts of the loyal citizens of our country, than when it was insulted and degraded by men who ought to have been its defenders. It was apparent then, that the long deferred crisis was at hand—the irrepressible conflict which Lincoln and Seward and many others both North and South had long foreseen. It was like touching a match to a powder magazine. In a moment the whole country was aflame with martial zeal. The loyal North, as if it had been a trained army lying in arms awaiting a signal, rose up to defend their country and its flag. Men assembled in every city, town and hamlet and organized companies and regiments of troops. Everywhere was heard the tramp of marching hosts. When Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers to defend the country, the old world looked on in amazement at his temerity. Their astonishment was greater when more men answered the call than were asked for, and when a little later Lincoln called for 300,000 more, the answer came from a mighty host "We are coming Father Abraham, five hundred thousand strong." Some of you remember

the partings, the sad farewells, when the marching orders came. Many who went to the front, filled with youthful hopes and ambitions, fondly expecting to return with honor and in safety to their loved ones at home, now sleep beneath the sods in the sunny southland, a sacrifice upon the altar of their country, our country. Three hundred and fifty-three of their names are enrolled upon the monument erected in Central Park in Honesdale in grateful memory of their sacrifice, by the patriotic ladies of Wayne county. To-day we are reaping the benefits of their and your devotion and loyalty to our country. From Bull Run to Appomattox, on every field of valor, Wayne county had its representatives, and every battlefield claimed its toll of human life. Upon the field of Gettysburg, the great battle upon Pennsylvania's soil and the turning point of the war, more Pennsylvanians were engaged than at any other battle of the war, and at which, Pennsylvania and Wayne county paid its full share of the price of victory. The fourth of July, 1862, brought great rejoicing throughout the North, but to many homes in Pennsylvania and Wayne county it was a day of sorrow. The great victory had demanded its full toll of human life. The blood of the patriotic had been poured out as freely as water in the fierce charges and stubborn defenses of those three awful days of battle. The battle was commenced by the 56th Regt., Pa. Vols., Co's A and C being from Wayne county. On the first day, the battle raged furthest along the Chambersburg Pike, and at the McPherson woods. The 51st Pa. Vol. charged the enemy at the west of the woods and out of 446 men in the Regiment 337 were lost in twenty minutes, a greater loss than that of the whole United States army in the Spanish war. At about the same time the now famous Bucktail Brigade, composed of the 143, 149, and 150th Pennsylvania Volunteers were ordered to charge on the Pike and recapture some guns. They were charging seventeen batteries of the enemy. They did recapture the guns and brought them back, but out of less than 1,200 men, they left on the field 853 of their number. Most of these men had never been in battle before. It was their first and last battle. They fought like veterans and died like heroes. It was such fierce assaults as these that enabled a force of 8,000 men to hold in check during the most of July 1st, 40,000 of Lee's veterans and enabled the Union army to occupy the heights about Gettysburg. Lee had lost his opportunity and had given Meade the vantage ground. On the second day Lee desperately charged the Union positions at the Peach Orchard, Little Round Top, Culp's and Cemetery Hill. Each was the scene of fearful carnage. Some of you were on Little Round Top, just ahead of Longstreet's men, and you drove them back across the Wheatfield, or through the Valley of Death. Where the rising sun looked down upon a field of ripening grain, the evening saw an awful harvest of death. Friend and foe together lay in one great field of the dead and dying. Lee had failed in every assault upon the Union line, but the great warrior of the South was not yet ready to retreat. Pickett must still lead that wonderful charge, one of the greatest in the world's history. As Pickett's division on the third day of July, marched out of Spangler's woods 18,000 strong in columns of brigades, three brigades deep and with a front a mile long, with banners flying and drums beating, marching as steadily as if on dress parade, "twere worth ten years of peaceful life, one glance at their array." Pickett's men did all that brave men could do, but they could not accomplish the impossible, and the Chivalry of the South was scattered like dew before the morning sun. They were not driven back but they were destroyed, and Lee, "beaten and baffled, backward reeled, before a stubborn Meade and a barren field."

But the war was not over yet, the sins of the fathers will not be washed away. (Continued on Page 4).

BOLT KILLS ONE.

Lightning Strikes Member of Party of Twelve.

FLASH FROM SUNLIT SKY.

Friends Thought Young Herbert Had Fainted Until Burn on Head Was Found—Pranks Played in Poughkeepsie House.

Yonkers, N. Y., May 31.—One of the most unusual cases of death by lightning ever heard of was that of Charles Herbert, twenty-three years old, of New York city, who was stricken dead on a launch in the Hudson river off Hastings, while the other twelve persons on the boat escaped without even a shock. Herbert was taken ashore at Hastings by Captain Harry Colling of West Brighton, N. Y., the man in charge of the launch, and the Rev. Edward J. Ryan, a priest at St. Mary's church, this city, was summoned, as was Dr. F. M. Lyman of Hastings, but the young man was dead before the priest or physician reached him. Herbert was one of a party that left New York to spend Memorial day on the river. They were just off this city in the launch Eddie B. when it began to rain shortly, and they put into the New Jersey shore. When the rain ceased the boat was put off and was proceeding up the river at a fast clip when a bolt of lightning flashed out of the sunlit sky. Several of the party shrieked with fright, and Herbert was seen to start from his seat in the boat and topple to the floor. Captain Colling, who was the first to reach his side, picked him up, and as it was thought he had fainted from fear the boat was run into the Habirshaw Wire company's dock at Hastings. Dr. Lyman, who was summoned, found Herbert had a deep burn across the left side of the head and was dead.

Lightning Ransacks a House.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., May 31.—During a terrific electrical storm which broke over this city early yesterday morning lightning struck the home of Walter Delaney and riddled the house in a fantastic manner. The lightning entered the chimney and took up a crazy course through the dwelling from garret to cellar. A large painting in a bedroom was dashed to the floor as if it had been lifted from the nail without breaking the wire on which it was hung. The bed in the same room was torn apart, the mattress and bedding being scattered all over the floor. The room was usually occupied by Miss Delaney, who had the luck to be on a visit for Memorial day in Kingston. Carpets were lifted off the floor in several rooms in the house. The current followed the gas pipe to the cellar, where it smashed the meters, and in a short time fire started in the cellar. The house was soon filled with gas and sulphurous element from the lightning. Sleeping in the house were Dr. Delaney and his wife. He was overcome by the shock, and it was several minutes before Mrs. Delaney could regain presence of mind to call a neighbor. By this time the smoke was issuing from the windows of the house. By turning off the gas in the cellar Matthew Zimmer, a neighbor, prevented the destruction of the house.

BOYS TRIED TO WRECK TRAIN.

Confesses He Put Ties on New Haven Tracks That Nearly Derailed Motor. Stamford, Conn., May 31.—Clarence Scofield, thirteen years old, of the Springdale district of Stamford, confessed to Chief of Police Brennan that he attempted to wreck a New Haven branch train of the New Haven road early on the evening of May 19 last. The boy said he placed two ties on the tracks near the Catholic cemetery.

SPECULATION IN BUTTER.

The Wholesalers Credit the West With Keeping Up the Price. New York, May 31.—Tough receipts of butter at New York in the month of May were large than usual, the prices of the best grades are higher than they have been before at this time since the civil war. Wholesale dealers in the west side district say that western speculators have been buying up supplies and that this buying movement has kept up the prices to their present high level. One of the large dealers said that there is no doubt of the ability of the western men to keep up prices if they are determined to do so. The speculators here are worried, however, by the possibility that the western buyers may unload supplies on the east and then let the market drop.