

MEMORIAL SERVICES

(Continued From Page One.)

of Washington and the epoch of Lincoln.

Almost a century and a half has passed since the founders of this nation broke through the cramping shell of colonial dependence, declared themselves absolved from all foreign allegiance and took the first step toward a free and independent place in the world's great family of nations.

There were then but thirteen feeble colonies, with a population of about 3,000,000, thinly lining the Atlantic coast from the St. Lawrence to the Savannah. These were sprung from different nationalities, reared in different religious traditions, with no common government and here through very adverse influences.

It was more than human nature enlightened as to its rights could quietly endure. Our fathers remonstrated, petitioned and appealed by all the ties of blood and all the demands of righteous and loyal devotion for the removal of these glaring wrongs.

Alas, the thirteen separate colonies were not yet a nation. They needed to pass through the fires of a revolution—they needed to be welded into firmer unity.

But the men were found for the task. Strong hands and farseeing intellects selected and fitted the mountain rocks of freedom into the gigantic fabric of an enduring compact.

Since then, those 3,000,000 of people have grown to more than 90,000,000, those thirteen feeble colonies to 48 states and the Stars and Stripes then unfurled to the breezes of heaven have continued to wave over the "land of the free and the home of the brave," respected and honored in all parts of the world and acknowledged and cherished as the glorious symbol of the happiest, the freest and the most prosperous nation under the blue canopy of heaven.

By the slow march of centuries and tentative experiences Egypt, Babylon, Assyria, Greece and Rome, grew into strength and compacted into solidity, but a period of six months was long enough to give birth to the constitution of these United States, under which and by the grace of God, this country has extended and expanded until the range of territory over which its flag is acknowledged and honored cannot be stated in comprehensible language.

If the illustrious founders and preservers of this nation could return and take their places again in this temple of freedom—aye, if they could be with us to-night, with what pride could we point out to them this mightiest of republics which they created and preserved and you defended and saved—a blessing to its people—an asylum for the down-trodden and the oppressed of all nations and a potent influence in the affairs of the world; with what pride would we point out to them that glorious constellation of eighteen republics which have sprung into existence and thrown off the dictates of foreign powers—republics that now embrace—including China—460,000,000 of people living under constitutional governments wisely copied after our own.

Ah yes, 'tis true, independence was declared at Philadelphia, but it was consummated at Yorktown. That declaration is framed in the language of American statesmen, but independence is the work of the American soldier. It cost but a few drops of ink to sign the Declaration, but from that time to this it has cost a deluge of the best patriotic blood that ever coursed in the arteries of men to maintain and defend it. Their hero-

ism, their mighty deeds of valor have earned for them eternal renown. Well might our people like Israel in Samuel's day, set up a stone of grateful memorial and say: "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us."

But it was not until years after those thrilling events had passed into history that Old Glory which so triumphantly waved over many a historic rampart, received its first traitorous assault, ushering our country into the greatest civil strife that the world has ever seen. The iniquities of that war were sown more than a century before, when an inhuman Englishman brought a shipload of negroes to Virginia and sold them as slaves to the colonists who were in great need of menial servants. Under these circumstances grew up the system of slavery which had been from its inception a dark blot on our national escutcheon.

But it was not until 1820 that the real status of slavery began to be observed; not till then was it discovered that a huge unsightly worm was gnawing away at the inner vitals of the nation—that an oppressive burden rested upon the magnanimous heart of the republic—that a national sin like "Abel's blood for vengeance" cried to high heaven. 4,000,000 enslaved human beings daily suffered and groaned and bled and some even died under the galling yoke of tyrannical taskmasters—monsters were they, than which the mud of the Nile nor the slime of the Ganges never produced.

A higher law than our national constitution forbade it. Opposition began to manifest itself and then for forty years its further progress was fought and stayed at every step. Like the surging billows of the sea, for a time frenzied with madness

lights and pleasures of social companionship, better to endure all the hardships and privations of the field, better to suffer death itself than that the blessings of a free and united country "of the people, by the people and for the people should perish from the earth."

It was no longer a mere impulse, it was a firm unwavering decision and judgment made with full knowledge of all that it involved and after calmly counting the cost.

They knew that there were to be long days of weary marching and counter-marching, followed by long nights of weary watching—times of cold and storm—times of hunger and thirst—of nakedness and disease with grim death ever before them; yet they never faltered in their purpose or wavered in their determination. "All that a man hath will he give for his life—yes, but greater love hath no man than this, that he should lay down his life for his friends."

And, oh what a laying down of life—what a death! No father there to close the glazed and dying eyes, no mother there to kiss those dying lips—no brother there to speak strong words of cheer, no sister there to wipe the cold perspiration from the fevered brow, no wife there tenderly to pillow the dying head upon her faithful breast; no child there to clasp the dying hand, but there amid the flame and smoke and carnage of battle, far away from every sight and sound of home, kindred and friends, they fell asleep in the icy embrace of death—the ruthless hoof of the charger and the blood-stained cannon wheel crushed out alike from the dying and the dead all glory of the human form, and then—then the rude ditch hastily and carelessly dug received their mangled forms

a full reconciliation between the North and South, so that to-day the survivors of the Confederate cause vie with us in loyalty to the old flag and the old union. What a marvelous record! Only American freemen could accomplish so great a work. But when we survey all these things and take in the fullness of what they argue, who of us is not again moved to acknowledge and confess "hitherto the Lord hath helped us." Boast of the wisdom of our fathers, the patriotism of our people, the bravery of our soldiers, the astuteness of our statesmen, the lofty character of our great men! Well deserving is it all of our grateful regard; but it would have been helpless and powerless as infancy for the accomplishment of what has been wrought, except for the great hand of Almighty God which went before, prepared and directed the way and blessed the weak things of the world to the confounding of the mighty.

After the lapse of fifty years we can review that struggle dispassionately. Our glorious union is preserved:

"A Union of land, river, ocean and sky. Man breaks not the medal when God moulds the die."

It is not a mere outward union, but a union of heart and purpose. Four words tell the story—

"One flag, one country."

A flag and a country worth living for; worth dying for.

O all ye young hearts—if any one tells you that free government is a failure and that the British constitutional monarchy is a better government, believe it not. If ambitious men tire of our peaceful ways and long for a military republic like France, heed them not. If the new generations, inspired by the stories of heroism and the undying fame of the soldiers of the Civil war, seek to become world-conquerors, tell them that conquest is the policy of kings, but not that of a free Republic in which every man is a sovereign. Tell them that heroism is needed as well in the great struggles for principle, in the battles for truth, in the spiritual war of trust and faith and that it is not simply the great contest and struggle which call for heroes. Nay, in the small, everyday affairs of life in the tasks of each day, in the bearing of little trials, in the overcoming of little obstacles is the same courageous spirit needed, which does great things on the great day. The lives of many heroes and heroines are unwritten in human annals. Many a soul has died unknown, unwept, unhonored and unsung, sacrificing itself in high duty for others, bearing aloft the banner of right—passing forward undimmed the torch of light and unfurling the standard of love. Oh men and brethren methinks, could all the struggles for bread, all the battles of evil, all the battlefields of human souls be seen, what heroes and heroines there would be among the humble and despised. Many a poor laborer would be crowned rather than a king. Many a mother would be hailed as a queen, rather than those who are diademed, empalaced and enthroned and many a child would lead. To understand and see, this heroism of life you must have the true ideal of it—and we have it, thanks be to God, in the life of the man of Galilee, who came not to be ministered unto, but to serve. This great country can not perish so long as its sons and daughters honor the constitution upon which it was founded—so long as they are obedient and respectful to its laws—so long as they serve it with a moral strength of doing and bearing, with purity of life and a sweetness of soul knowing through the appearance of divine love in Christ Jesus that "God is in His Heaven, all's well with the world."

Members of the G. A. R., you who instituted Memorial Sunday and Memorial Day, days dedicated to comrades who have gone before, your names and your deeds will never be forgotten. In accordance with an inexorable law, you too will soon strike your tents and pass over Jordan to join your comrades gone before. May you bear with you the assurance that even in the most distant years to come, your posterity will often linger lovingly over the scroll, on which in letters of living fire, your names and achievements have been recorded.

On that same scroll are the names also of those, who but lately when the principle of liberty was again at stake answered their country's call and went into battle with the resolution that the galling yoke of Spain should be wrenched from the colonies of the new world forever. True, that conflict was not as fierce, or intense, or as great as the one in which you participated, but they have shown by their conduct that they have inherited from you the same sterling qualities that make you the "Grand Army of the Republic."

But enough, the old battles have been fought and won. There are other battles to be fought. You have not yet been discharged from the grand army of loyalty to God. In name go forth, conquering and to conquer.

May happiness and prosperity follow and bless you. May the glorious heritage vouchsafed us by the fathers be ever cherished with sacred regard by all our people, may the principles of our government be maintained in all their strength and purity. May this great Republic founded, preserved and defended by the heroes living and dead be preserved by the God given intelligence, fidelity and patriotism and the most earnest and constant devotion of all its citizens, so that generations yet unborn, may profit by these benefits and enjoy these blessings purchased at so great a price.

Go forth then tonight in high spirits to fight the good fight of faith—to free your immortal soul from the shackles of that trinity of evil; the World, the Flesh and the Devil. Go forth with confidence in Him who has helped us hitherto. "With His name upon our coin, with His smile upon our institutions, with

His spirit in our ruler, leaders and people." We'll "gird us for the coming fight, And strong in Him whose cause is ours, In conflict with unholy powers, We'll grasp the weapons He has given, The light, the truth, the love of Heaven!"

WAYMART.

(Special to The Citizen.) Waymart, May 20.

The Rev. R. C. Burch of the M. E. church preached the baccalaureate sermon to the graduates on Sunday evening, May 26. In the morning he preached a Memorial sermon.

On Wednesday afternoon the intermediate grades of the High school accompanied by their teacher, Miss Ruth Gleason, enjoyed a private picnic at Lake Lodore.

The Ladies' Aid society of the M. E. church were entertained in the lecture rooms of the church on Wednesday last.

E. Franklin and family left on Monday for their future home in Washington. The residents of Waymart regret their departure.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Davenport, who have been boarding with the latter's mother, Mrs. Anna Reed, have taken rooms in the Biles House where they have commenced house-keeping.

Miss Ethel Hiller, of Carbondale, who has been spending the past few days with her aunt, Mrs. D. E. Wilson, returned to her home recently.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

(Special to The Citizen.) Newfoundland, May 25.

Freud Haag had the misfortune of getting his arm caught in the stone crusher, breaking it in three places. He is getting along nicely.

The Misses Rachel, Neta and Elizabeth Beesecker, Canadensis, were the guests of their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. D. Beesecker Sunday.

The State Highway engineers are engaged in making a survey through Newfoundland.

Edgar Dowling and Walter Edwards were Newfoundland visitors Wednesday.

Everybody is improving the time by planting potatoes this fine weather.

A. Jackson returned to Philadelphia after spending the week with Andrew Beesecker fishing.

Lewis Walter, Scranton, is spending some time with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Walter.

Mr. Brown, Honesdale, gave a very interesting talk on organized Sunday schools in the Moravian Sunday school recently.

Dr. Freud Gilpin, wife and son, of West Crawford, N. J., are visiting Dr. and Mrs. F. Gilpin, who have been very sick, but are on the gain.

WOULD POOR RICHARD?

Perseverance was der root of all money.

One today is worth two dollars.

There are a lot of vacant compartments in a big head.

The man who can "bottle up" his wrath at all times is a corker.

Even if you can't set the world on fire, don't be a wet blanket.

Many a man spends \$25 worth of worry looking for 25c. Moral: Buy an adding machine.

No woman on her way to buy a new hat was ever known to commit suicide.

FORT SUMTER, THE GUARDIAN OF CHARLESTON, NEVER CONQUERED



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FORT SUMTER, the scene of the beginning of the greatest civil war in all history, has other unique distinctions. The fortress that guarded the harbor of Charleston was never conquered, though more severely bombarded than any similar defense of a beleaguered city. It is estimated that 80,000 projectiles were fired at Fort Sumter by the fleet and marsh batteries. Of course they were not such projectiles as are used in warfare today, but they were the best that man had invented up to that time. And yet Fort Sumter was never captured, and Charleston remained as a Confederate stronghold until long after all the other Confederate posts along the Atlantic had fallen into Federal hands. Charleston was not abandoned until menaced by Sherman's army from the rear. The picture shows Sumter from the Confederate Fort Johnson, almost as impregnable as Fort Sumter. It was protected by almost impassable swamps, morasses and a network of creeks, rendering capture by land assault impossible.

and then again as calm and tranquil as the waters of a village pond, the national temper rose and fell, until a resort to arms became inevitable.

Then came those days and weeks and months and years never to be forgotten, when across the black horizon of slavery there flashed the quivering lightning of a people's righteous wrath and indignation, when the dogs of war strained at their leashes and the sullen thunder that betokened a nation's travail and a union's dissolution echoed in every ear.

Those were the days that tried men's souls, when patriotism flung her banners to the breeze and called upon her noble sons to rally round the flag. Those were the days when the weak trembled and the strong doubted—when the scales of justice trembled in the balance and the Lord trod the wine-press where His grapes of wrath were stored. But when that first shell hurled over Sumpter, whose echo rolled round the world and which was at once the beginning and the end—when that inspired man of destiny issued his proclamation which made the country an armed tent, all doubts vanished and the battle hymn of the Republic became the Te Deum of the nation, for the "coming of the glory of the Lord" was visible amid the red glare and carnage of battle. Party lines were swept away, locality was forgotten. Our army sprang from a territory wider than the fields of Alexander's conquests. Their lines of march were more extended and the victories of far more lasting results than those that brought the world at the feet of Imperial Rome. They came from every occupation, trade and profession. They represented conflicting interests, yet after the first impulsive rallying they were blended and fused into one great overshadowing purpose and determination which embraced and swallowed all minor interests and claims. Better to yield up all the comforts and joys of the peaceful home circle, better to lose all the de-

and shall we ever forget those sacrifices made and that stupendous price paid? Shall we ever fail to remember what they have gained for us?

All Sparta revered the memory of her three hundred. Rome carved the names of her slain heroes upon lofty columns and when the imposing marble of Pentilicus reared in Athens' famed streets caught the first rays of the morning sun and cast them back again in shimmering flood of light, there shone and sparkled all over its pure surface the names of those who by their death had given life to Athens. Thus from time immemorial poets have sung, historians have told and sculptors have recorded on marble or on granite the deeds of valor of those who perished in defense of their country's honor. And shall we be less grateful than they? Rather should our gratitude each year grow more fervent, rather should we as time separates us further from the day of their supreme devotion, enfold them more firmly in our hearts and memories, for scarcely yet can we fully realize how great a blessing they gained for us. Unto them was given under Providence to struggle and die in a cause nobler even than they themselves knew. They went forth to preserve the unity of the nation, to restore its property and to assert the rightful authority of the government in disputed places. But in that long and weary struggle they were led, guided and directed by Him who worketh wiser than man. From that fiery storm of battle and baptism of blood came forth a Republic made nobler and stronger by the trials through which it passed, with its foundations laid broader and deeper, a Republic in which for the first time, the great fundamental principles upon which the founders of the nation had based and justified their right to be free and independent, were carried to their logical result. But you soldiers of the Union, not only preserved our union and incomparable liberty, but you established peace and brought about

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REGISTER'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the accountants herein named have settled their respective accounts in the office of the Register of Wills of Wayne County, Pa., and that the same will be presented at the Orphans' Court of said county for confirmation, at the Court House in Honesdale, on the third Monday of June next—viz: Account of Caroline G. Schrader, administratrix of the estate of Christian Schrader, Salem. First and final account of George F. Rollison, executor of the estate of John H. Becker, Salem. First and final account of Erwin Cole, executor of the estate of Malden Bennett, Mount Pleasant. First and final account of P. J. Haggerty, administrator of the estate of James H. Fives, Mount Pleasant. First and final account of Annie Mae Goldsmith, administratrix of the estate of Annie M. Stinnard, Palmyra. First and final account of R. F. Warg, administrator of the estate of Ann Elizabeth Bauer, Hawley. First and final account of M. H. Davis, administrator of the estate of Frank L. Washburn, Preston. First and final account of Homer Greene, executor of the estate of Anna Delezenne, Honesdale. First and final account of W. R. Ammerman, executor of the estate of Ellen M. Thompson, Hawley. First and final account of Rose Simpson, administratrix of the estate of James Simpson, Damascus. Second and final account of John Tompkins, executor of the estate of Reuben W. Redmond, Buckingham. First and final account of Christian Bergman, surviving executor of the estate of Barbara Bergman, Texas. First and final account of R. F. Warg, administrator of the estate of John C. Heidenreich, Hawley. W. B. LESHER, Register. 304.

Collars ironed with smooth edges and plenty of room for the tie to slip easily, That's Our Way THOS. F. BRACY, Honesdale Agent LACKAWANNA "THE" LAUNDRY Scranton, Pa.

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