

# THE RECORD

—OF THE—

PROCESSION AND OF THE EXERCISES

—AT THE—

DEDICATION <sup>OF</sup><sub>THE</sub> MONUMENT

**Wednesday, June 12th, A. D. 1889.**

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ERECTED BY THE PEOPLE OF PEMBROKE, MASS.,

IN GRATEFUL MEMORY OF

THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS OF THAT TOWN WHO  
SERVED IN THE WAR FOR THE PRESER-  
VATION OF THE UNION.

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PLYMOUTH:  
AVERY & DOTEN, BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS.  
1890.



## DESCRIPTION OF THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT PEMBROKE.

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The material is white bronze or refined zinc. The base is four feet three inches square; style, broken ashler. Upon the plinth is the dedication sentiment—“ *Erected by the citizens of Pembroke to commemorate the brave deeds of their loyal sons in the war for the preservation of the Union 1861–1865.*”. Upon the upper and lower dies are four panels, two on each side, for inscription. Upon seven of these panels are inscribed the names of all those who died in the service, or who have died since the war; also the names of all the living; making a complete record of the soldiers' service for the town of Pembroke. Those serving in the navy occur on a separate panel; one hundred and thirty-nine heroes in all. The eighth panel has upon it a life-size medallion of the great War President, Abraham Lincoln. The whole is surmounted by a life-size statue of a soldier in full uniform, standing at “parade rest.” Upon each side, between the upper and lower dies are emblems of an anchor, cross swords, drum and flags, stacked arms, representing the different branches of the service, while all the names and the inscriptions are in raised, block letters; height seventeen feet six inches.

Upon the upper panel, south-east side, front :

DIED IN THE SERVICE.

Ansel F. Bonney,	George H. Ford,
Ansel W. Brown,	Alfred G. Howe,
Nathaniel B. Bishop,	Alden Howard,
Edwin Bosworth,	John Jones,
Jacob Curtis,	Calvin S. Magoun,
James T. Cummings,	Marcus M. Reed,
James B. Curtis,	Abel O. Stetson,
Robert H. Cornell,	Hiram F. Stevens,
Charles C. Clark,	Henry T. Stevens,
Marshall M. Chandler,	George M. Witherell.

Upon the upper panel, north-east side :

DIED AFTER DISCHARGE.

Alfred Barrows,	Nathan C. Keene,
Andrew O. Bates,	Asa Kilbrith,
Henry O. Chandler,	Luther T. Lapham,
Philip H. Chandler,	Morton M. Loring,
John L. Cook,	Calvin Peterson,
John B. Curtis,	Asa T. Ramsdell,
Daniel B. Gerrish,	Edward T. Ryder,
Lewis T. Howland,	John Smith,
Abel H. Huggins,	Otis E. Standish,
George H. Keene,	John W. Stetson,

Upper panel, north-west side. Medallion of Lincoln.

Upper panel, south-west side. NAVY.

DIED SINCE DISCHARGE.

Myron W. Tillson.

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LIVING JANUARY 1, 1889.

Calvin L. Baker,                      Henry H. Collamore,  
James H. Dwelley.

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Lower panel, south-east side, front :

LIVING JANUARY 1, 1889.

Blaney C. Allen,	Jacob C. Chandler,
Henry Baker,	William E. Chandler,
Andrew H. Baker,	George H. Church,
Thomas Barnard,	Edward R. Church,
Alfred W. Barrows,	Otis P. Churchill,
William J. Barrows,	Albert W. Curtis,
Allen Blackman,	George A. Delano,
Daniel Blakeman,	Augustus Deake,
Howland S. Bonney,	Charles F. Drake,
John G. Bonney,	Edwin R. Eaton,
Joseph F. Bisbee,	Ezra W. Fish,
Charles A. Bryant,	Isaac N. Fitts.

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Lower panel, north-east side :

LIVING JANUARY 1, 1889.

Charles R. Ford,	Nahum Hill,
Charles H. Ford,	Leonard B. Hill,
Joseph P. Ford,	Joshua Hollis,
Lemuel R. Ford,	Nathan Howard,
Otis Foster,	John H. Howard,
Calvin T. Foster,	Thomas Inglis,
Peter F. Foster,	John Jewett,
John P. Gerrish,	Albert Josselyn,
Samuel Gerrish,	Abel W. Keene,
John M. Grover,	Daniel Keene,
Marcus H. Hewins,	Freeman Kilbrith,
Francis C. Hill,	Greenleaf Kilbrith.

Lower panel, north-west side :

LIVING JANUARY 1, 1889.

John W. Kilbrith,  
Albert Lapham,  
Constant C. Lapham,  
Oliver Lapham, Jr.,  
Charles Lapham,  
Joseph B. Loring,  
Bernard Loring,  
George L. Loring,  
Francis L. Magoun,  
James C. Magoun,  
George H. Mann,  
Darius B. Mason,

William H. Macdonald,  
Nahum Macfarlin,  
William F. Nash,  
Thomas M. Nash,  
Samuel T. Niles,  
Samuel H. Page,  
Eugene W. Paine,  
Marcus T. Perry,  
Peregrine W. Poole,  
Cyrus H. Reed,  
Ichabod M. Reed,  
William R. Reed.

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Lower panel, south-west side :

LIVING JANUARY 1, 1889.

John D. Reed,  
John G. Reed,  
William J. Ryder,  
Azor H. Sampson,  
Horatio C. Sampson,  
Edward Sampson,  
Alfred S. Spaulding,  
Otis Standish,  
Hiram H. Stevens,  
Pelham O. Stetson,  
Lorenzo Sturtevant,

Philip H. Tew,  
Charles N. Thayer,  
Roger W. Thomas,  
Benjamin Tolman,  
George F. Tew,  
Albion K. Tillson,  
John P. Tillson,  
Friend White,  
Benjamin F. White,  
William Whiting,  
Franklin T. Whiting,

Martin S. Witherell.

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THE SONS OF VETERANS U. S. A. DEPOSIT.

One each of every kind of blank used in the Camps of Sons of Veterans.

Chaplain's Card.

Constitution, Rules and Regulations.

Ode Card.

Burial Service Book.

Member's Badge.

Officer's Badge.

Division General Orders ; also, General Orders from Commander-in-Chief.

Captain's Commission.

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The Department G. A. R. of Massachusetts deposits in this box, under the Army and Navy Monument, erected by the people of Pembroke, the following articles, A. D. 1889 :

Proceedings of National Encampment, 1888.

Proceedings of Department, 1888.

Decisions of the Judge Advocate General, G. A. R.

Rules and Regulations.

Service-Book and Memorial Service.

One ode card.

One each of every kind of blank used in the Grand Army of the Republic.

Roster of Department and complete file of General Orders, series of 1888.

One G. A. R. badge.

## COMMITTEE DEPOSIT.

Town Report for the year 1888.

Acts and Resolves of Massachusetts, passed 1888.

Manual of General Court of Massachusetts, for 1889.

A copy each of the Boston daily papers.

Copies of local papers.

Report of Marshfield Agricultural and Horticultural Society, 1886, with list of members.

History of Churches and Town Hall.

History of Public Library, with catalogue of books.

Lists of officers of Indian Head Division and Cold Water Division, Sons of Temperance, with Quarterly Journal.

Names of soldiers who served in the French war and in the War of the Revolution.

History of the Monument.

BENJAMIN HARRISON, *President*.

OLIVER AMES, *Governor*.

H. H. COLLAMORE,	} <i>Selectmen</i> .
MILES SAMPSON,	
NATHANIEL MORTON,	

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The cost of the Monument was for the white bronze, \$950, and this rested on a sub base of Hallowell granite, 5 feet 4 inches square by 1 foot 6 inches thick, costing \$106, which was paid by the town. The white bronze was paid for by Dramatic Clubs, \$87.61; G. A. R., \$74.00; interest, \$69.55; Ladies' Sanitary Aid Society, \$303.17, and the remainder by subscription.



## ARRIVAL OF THE GUESTS.

The Monument, erected by the people of Pembroke, in grateful memory of the soldiers and sailors who served in the war for the preservation of the Union, was dedicated on Wednesday, June 12, A. D. 1889.

The morning train from Boston, arriving at Hanover Station, on the Hanover Branch Railroad, at about half-past nine o'clock, brought Hon. Elijah A. Morse, Representative in Congress, from Massachusetts Second Congressional District; Hon. Henry B. Peirce, Secretary of State; Hon. George A. Marden, State Treasurer; Alfred C. Monroe, Esq., Assistant Adjutant General G. A. R.; A. C. Andrews, Esq., John M. Dean, of Taunton, Cranmore Wallace, Members of Council of Administration, G. A. R.; James Wood, Esq., of Concord, and wife (Ellen Oldham); William F. Wheeler, Esq., of Lincoln, and wife (Martha J. Allen); Ezra W. Fish, Albert Curtis, Allen Blackman and others.

These guests were received at the station by the Committee of Reception, consisting of Dr. Francis Collamore, President of the Day, Francis P. Arnold, Esq., William H. H. Bryant, Esq., George H. Ryder, Esq., and Francis T. Crafts, Esq.

The guests and committee were accommodated with seats in W. P. Nason's new barge, Benjamin Harrison, drawn by six grey horses and in private carriages, and were driven to Pembroke Centre.

On the way a halt was made at Francis P. Arnold's, to take Hon. Harvey N. Shepard, the orator of the day,

who had been the guest of Mr. Arnold since the night previous ; also at the corner near Joseph S. Gardner's, to take up Miss Anna R. Bryant, who was to unveil the monument ; also, on the way, John Tower, local editor of the North River Pioneer, was taken up.

On the plain between Deacon Seth Whitman's house and Lemuel Lefurgey's mill, the escort of Standish Guards of Plymouth, (who had kindly volunteered their services) with Martland's Brockton Band and various Grand Army Posts and Camps of Sons of Veterans, was drawn up in line to receive the guests.

The escort was reviewed by invited guests, who were saluted as they passed. The carriages halted near the "old Garrison house" while the military marched by and took their place in front.

The order of procession was as follows, viz :

H. H. Collamore, Chief Marshal ;  
Nathaniel Morton and Charles Turner, aids ;  
Martland's Brockton Band, Mace Gay, Leader ;  
Standish Guards of Plymouth, 40 men, Herbert Morissey,  
Captain ;  
Post 111, G. A. R., of Pembroke, Charles A. Bryant,  
Commander ;  
Post 83, G. A. R., of Hanover, Lewis Josselyn, Com-  
mander ;  
Post 154, G. A. R., of Kingston, John Washburn, Com-  
mander ;  
Post 31, G. A. R., of Scituate, B. A. Prouty, Commander ;  
Post 112, G. A. R., of Norwell, John H. Prouty, Com-  
mander, with Norwell Drum Corps ;  
Post 127, G. A. R., of Hanson, John Skates Commander ;

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Post 165, G. A. R., of Duxbury, J. K. Burgess,  
Commander ;  
Post 189, G. A. R., of Marshfield, John H. Eames,  
Commander ;  
C. C. Clark Camp 69, S. of V., Pembroke, Thomas Alden,  
Jr., Captain ;  
Howard A. Wheeler Camp 50, S. of V., Rockland,  
J. H. Jenkins, Captain, with Drum Corps ;  
Camp 67, of Abington ;  
Invited Guests.

The number of people in attendance was very large, and variously estimated at from 3,000 to 5,000.

Upon arriving at the Monument, after the invited guests had been escorted to the platform near it, at a signal from the Chief Marshal, the President of the Day delivered the address of welcome as follows :

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—It is my pleasant duty to bid you all an earnest and cordial welcome to this interesting occasion, when Pembroke comes out in holiday attire to erect a simple testimonial in honor of her heroic sons who nobly volunteered by land and sea in defence of the Union.

The funds to pay for this shaft were raised mainly by private subscription. The Ladies Sanitary Aid Society, who did good work all through the years of the war, contributed the balance of their treasure.

Post 111, G. A. R., also aided quite liberally, and former residents of Pembroke have made some generous donations, and the town in its corporate capacity has appropriated five hundred dollars to pay for the base and expenses of dedication.

Pembroke furnished one hundred and sixty-seven men for the war of the Rebellion, twenty-nine more than all its quotas. Of these twenty were killed or died of disease in

service. All of these were acquaintances. Some of them friends and neighbors, schoolmates, attending church together, and companions at social gatherings. Nobly they did their duty, and they have received the reward of "Well done, good and faithful servants." Our warmest sympathies have always gone out to the bereaved families. I particularly remember a wagonload of twelve, who came to my house for examination one bright autumn afternoon from the little village of East Pembroke. They had volunteered to enlist in Company I. 4th Massachusetts Volunteers, and four of them succumbed to the sickly climate of Louisiana.

It is natural that we should revert to the part Pembroke has taken in former wars. This town furnished sixty-four men for the old French war, and four hundred and thirty-eight for the War of the Revolution, and we have deposited their names in a box in the monument. It is a historical fact that Pembroke was the first town in the Colonies that publicly rebelled against the British crown. In 1740 the town protested against the efforts of the Prince to suppress the emission of bills of public credit which had become depreciated on account of the large export of silver. This was the language: "Which instructions from the Crown are, we presume, a manifest infraction on our charter rights and privileges, as well as that of our invaluable national constitution so long enjoyed, as well as so dearly obtained, whereby the people have a right of thinking and judging for themselves as well as the Prince. And the representative shall be directed at all times strictly to adhere to the charter rights and privileges we are under, as also that of our English rights, liberties and constitution, any royal instruction from his Majesty to the contrary notwithstanding." The town records abound with resolutions passed all along prior to the Revolution, overflowing with patriotism, and which

for beauty of expression and elegance of diction cannot be surpassed in Anglo Saxon language. January 10, 1774. the Committee of Correspondence laid before the town a letter which had been agreed upon by the committees of several towns in this province to know their minds at this critical and alarming juncture, and also the proceedings and votes of the town of Boston thereon. The town made choice of a committee consisting of Josiah Keen, Esq., Dr. Jeremiah Hall, John Turner, Eleazer Hamlin, Seth Hatch, Josiah Smith, Capt. Freedom Chamberlain, Abel Stetson and Aaron Soul, and adjourned for half an hour. They met again, and Josiah Keen, Esq., presented resolutions of which I will only give the final :

“ *Resolved*, That we will at the risk of our lives and fortunes in every justifiable method assert and defend our just rights and privileges as men and as colonists.”

I am proud to trace back my ancestry to that stern, uncompromising patriot, Dr. Jeremiah Hall. Go to yonder churchyard, and on a tombstone erected to Jeremiah Hall, Jr., a mere boy of sixteen, read the inscription there : “ Died in the service of his country opposing British tyranny and Britain’s tyrant.” Conspicuous among the leading spirits of those times were Josiah Keen, Esq., Dr. Jeremiah Hall, John Turner, Eleazer Hamlin, Seth Hatch, Josiah Smith, Capt. Freedom Chamberlain, Abel Stetson, Aaron Soul, Israel Turner, Capt. Ichabod Thomas, Asaph Tracy, Consider Cole, Asa Keen and Nathaniel Stetson.

Breathes there a native born citizen of Pembroke with soul so dead that he would be willing to exchange the historic name of Pembroke, the patriotic name of Pembroke, around which so many proud associations cluster for the most euphonious name in the vocabulary of names?

The Monument was then presented by Brainard Cushing, Esq., of Rockland, contractor, to F. P. Arnold, Chairman of Contracting Committee, as per contract with that gentleman. Mr. Cushing spoke as follows :

MR. PRESIDENT, GENTLEMEN OF THE CONTRACTING COMMITTEE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN : In behalf of the Monumental White Bronze Company, of Bridgeport, Conn., which I have the honor to represent, I now formally deliver to you this Soldiers' Monument, for which you contracted on the 28th of December, 1888. I can assure you that no effort has been spared in the production of this work that it should be all that we pledged, and of such a character as to command the admiration of all who shall behold it. I am sure that you, citizens of Pembroke, may take a just pride in the selection of your Committee, as well as in the consummation of your long self-sacrificing effort to keep ever fresh in memory the brave deeds of your heroes. For on this beautiful Monument, beautiful in its symmetry, beautiful in its artistic design, you have an enduring, complete record of your soldier service, both living and dead. The whole surmounted by the crowning statue of a life-size soldier, perfect in all its details. Graceful, yet bold of attitude, because fashioned by an artist, with arms significantly at "parade rest," with countenance resolute and heroic, yet bearing lines of tenderness, with intelligence expressed in every feature. The ideal American soldier, waiting for orders, is illustrated in this white bronze statue, as enduring as the everlasting memories it will help to perpetuate. If scientific testimony is to be accepted, then this monument will stand through the coming centuries just as perfect as to-day, and long after granite shall have crumbled to dust by the disintegrating action of the frosts of our severe winters. And now, gentlemen of the Committee, permit me to thank

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you for your hearty co-operation, your uniform courtesy and considerate treatment. It only remains for you to say whether we have faithfully fulfilled our contract.

The Monument was unveiled by the daughter of the Commander of Post 111, Miss Anna R. Bryant. Mr. Arnold, in accepting the Monument, spoke as follows :

SIR: It is with feelings of pride and of entire satisfaction that I accept, in behalf of the Committee, this beautiful Monument. And we desire to express to you our thanks, not only for your faithful supervision of its construction, but also for your valuable counsel and timely suggestions whenever we have had the pleasure of your presence with the Committee, and that you may meet with the success that your honesty and integrity so richly deserve, is the sincere wish of the Monument Committee. And to you, sir, the representative of the honorable Board of Selectmen of the town of Pembroke, I commit for all time this splendid memorial, having full confidence in the loyalty and patriotism of the citizens of the ancient town of Pembroke, whom you have the honor to represent.

Mr. Arnold then presented the Monument to Mr. Miles Sampson, as the town's agent, who accepted it in the following words :

MR. CHAIRMAN: In behalf of the citizens of Pembroke, I accept this Monument, and in doing so, permit me to extend to you and your co-laborers their sincere and heartfelt thanks ; and there it will stand, to be cared for and protected by the citizens of Pembroke as a Monument, not only to those whose names are thereon inscribed, but also to the patriotism of the citizens of Pembroke.

## DEDICATION SERVICES.

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Mr. Miles Sampson surrendered the Monument to Commander Bryant, Post 111, Department. Mass., G. A. R., in a few words.

“I have been authorized to invite you at this time to accept from the citizens of Pembroke, at the hands of its accredited representatives, this memorial, and to request that it may be dedicated by you to the noble purpose for which it has been erected.”

*Commander.*—Honorable Board of Selectmen: In the name of my comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic, representing as they do all soldiers and sailors who defended the integrity and authority of the nation, I thank you, and those whom you represent, for this Memorial Monument. Its very silence is impressive. Without articulate speech, it is eloquent. It needs no word. It is itself an oration. It assures us that our dead are held in remembrance,—those dead who gave their lives for the security of the citizen and the union of the States. It is significant of brave and loyal obedience to the command of the nation always and everywhere, since the obligations of citizenship are not restricted to time or place or to the conflict of arms. It gives encouragement for the future, since the recognition and approval it gives of patriotic fidelity and heroism will be an incentive for the display of public valor and virtue in all coming time. There can be no doubt that the honor you pay to the patriot dead, and to their memorable deeds, will serve not only to make American citizenship in these



days more reputable, but also to maintain and perpetuate through all future generations, the union and authority of the United States of America. Adjutant, you will detail a guard of honor.

*Adjutant.*—Commander, the guard is present.

*Commander.*—Officer of the Day, you will direct the Officer of the Guard to station this detail near the Memorial Monument.

*Commander.*—Holy Scripture saith: The Lord gave the word: great was the army of those that published it. Ps. lxxviii 11. Declare ye among among the nations, and publish, and set up a standard. Jer. 1. 2. In the name of our God we will set up our banners. Ps. xx. 5. Officer of the Day, you will order the Guard of Honor to display our flag.

*Officer of the Day.*—Officer of the Guard, let the flag be displayed.

*Music.*—By the band. “Star Spangled Banner.”

*Commander.*—The forces of the nation are divided into two great arms, that of the navy, and that of the army. Senior Vice-Commander, what word of Holy Scripture may apply to the navy?

*S. V. C.*—They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters: these see all the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth, and raised the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet: so he bringeth them into their desired haven. Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men. Ps. cvii, 23, 24, 25, 28-32.

*Commander.*—Officer of the Day, let the Guard of

Honor set up the symbol of the navy, and let a sailor be detailed to guard it.

*Commander.*—Junior Vice-Commander, what Scripture may apply to the army?

*J. V. C.*—To your tents, O Israel! So all Israel went to their tents. 2 Chron. x, 16. The children of Israel shall pitch their tents, every man by his own camp, and every man by his own standard, throughout their hosts. Num. i, 52. Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth. Ps. lx 4. The Lord shall utter his voice before his army for his camp is very great; for the day of the Lord is great and very terrible: and who can abide it? Joel ii, 11. Some trust in chariots, and some in horses: but we will remember the name of the Lord our God. Ps. xxx, 7.

*Commander*—Officer of the Day, let the Guard of Honor set up the symbol of the army, and let a soldier be detailed to guard it.

*Commander.*—Officer of the Day, if the work of the navy and army be well done, what proclamation from Holy Scripture can you make?

*Officer of the Day.*—A proclamation of peace. Lord, thou wilt ordain peace for us; Isaiah xxvi, 12. How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation, that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth! The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations; and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God. Isaiah lii, 7, 10.

*Commander.*—The Chaplain will now offer the prayer of dedication.

*Chaplain.*—Almighty God, we thank Thee for Thy sovereign care and protection, in that Thou didst lead us

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in the days that were shadowed with trouble, and gavest us strength when the burden was heavy upon us, and gavest us courage and guidance, so that after the conflict we have come to these days of peace. We thank Thee that the wrath of war has been stilled, that brother no longer strives against brother, that once again we have one country and one flag.

May Thy blessing be upon us as a people, that we may be Thy people, true and righteous in all our ways, tender and patient in our charity, though resolute for the right: careful more for the downtrodden than for ourselves, eager to forward the interests of every citizen throughout the land, so that our country may be indeed one country from the rivers to the seas, from the mountains to the plains. We pray Thee to make our memories steadfast, that we may never forget the generous sacrifices made for our country. May our dead be enshrined in our hearts. May their graves be the altars of our grateful and reverential patriotism.

And now, O God, bless Thou this memorial. Bless it, O God, in honor of mothers who bade their sons do brave deeds; in honor of wives who wept for husbands who should never come back again; in honor of children whose heritage is their fallen father's heroic name: in honor of men and women who ministered to the hurt and dying: but chiefly, O God, in honor of men who counted not their lives dear when their country needed them; of those alike who sleep beside the dust of their kindred or under the salt sea, or in nameless graves, where only Thine angels stand sentinels till the reveille of the resurrection morning. Protect it and let it endure, and unto the latest generation may its influence be for the education of the citizen, for the honor of civil life, for the advancement of the nation, for the blessing of humanity, and for the furtherance of Thy holy kingdom. Hear us, O our

God ; we ask it in the name of Him who made proof of the dignity and who consecrated the power of sacrifice in His blessed life and death, even in the name of Jesus Christ, the great Captain of our salvation. Amen.

*Comrades.*—Amen.

*Commander.*—Attention ! J. E. Simmons Post 111, Department Massachusetts, G. A. R. In the name of the Grand Army of the Republic I now dedicate this Memorial Monument. I dedicate it to the memory of those who in the navy guarded our inland seas and ocean coasts, and fell in defence of the flag. I dedicate it to the memory of those who in the army fought for our hillsides and valleys and plains, and fell in defence of the flag. I dedicate it to the memory of those who on land and on sea fought for the Union and fell in defence of the flag ; who on land and sea fought for the authority of the Constitution, and fell in defence of the flag ; who on land and on sea fought for their country, and fell in defence of the flag. Comrades, salute the dead !

*Commander.*—Attention. Rest.

*Commander.*—Honorable Selectmen, our service of dedication is ended. In the name of my comrades I thank you, and those you represent, for your courtesy in permitting us, who are bound by special ties to them, to honor our dead.

*Music.*—By the band.

*Honorable Selectmen.*—Commander, our exercises are ended.

*Commander.*—Attention ! J. E. Simmons Post 111, Department Massachusetts, G. A. R. As we close these services the Guard of Honor is withdrawn, the symbols of the army and navy are removed, the flag is lowered ; but the memorial we have dedicated remains, guarded by our dead. So long as it shall endure, it shall speak to us and to all of the loyalty and heroism in the army and

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navy, and of that significant national authority of which our flag is the symbol to every true American heart. Officer of the Day, remove the symbols,—lower the flag, dismiss the Guard. Chaplain, pronounce the benediction.

*Chaplain.*—The grace of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit, be with us all. Amen!

*Comrades.*—Amen!

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After the Monument had been dedicated the President of the day said: “We are told that Rev. Thomas Smith, in the East Precinct, and Rev. Gad Hitchcock, in the West Precinct, now Hanson, were outspoken in opposition to the Crown. Miss L. B. Bosworth, of Whitman, a descendant of Rev. Thomas Smith, and of Francis Barker, too, has very kindly consented to read a poem prepared for this occasion.” We regret that Miss Bosworth was unwilling to furnish the poem for publication.

The President then read the following poem by Mrs. A. B. Cheney, of Worcester, also a descendant of Dr. Jeremiah Hall:

#### IN MEMORIAM.

While the breezes of Freedom float gently o’erhead,  
We gather to honor our patriot dead.  
They who on mountain, and hillside, and dell,  
Rest where they wearied, and died where they fell;  
Though the grass has long covered their place of repose  
And many a wild flower in sweet spring time blows,  
  
We will give them the praise they deserved in the past,  
And all of the honor their merits forecast,  
We will give them the chaplets well earned in the strife,

And with tears dew the the laurels they won with their life.  
We will crown in our hearts these dead heroes of ours,  
And their memory wreathe with unfading flowers.

Here on this shaft we will name them once more,  
As deep in our hearts oft repeated before ;  
They lying so silent, by night, and by day,  
And sleeping the years of their manhood away ;  
The visions of youth in their hearts which found room,  
Falling shattered to earth, as they went to the tomb.

May lilies, and roses, and violets blue  
Still bloom on the graves of the brave and the true.  
And the fragrant magnolia and sweet scented clover  
Wave gently above parent, husband and lover,  
Who giving their lives, for Freedom, and God,  
Now rest in sweet stillness beneath Southern sod.

A. B. CHENEY.

WORCESTER, May 30th, 1889.

Next came a poem by A. C. Andrews, of Gloucester, a member of the Department of Massachusetts G. A. R.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat  
The soldier's last tattoo.  
No more on life's parade shall meet  
Those brave men, ever true.  
On fame's *eternal camping ground*  
Our Comrades' tents are spread,  
And glory guards with solemn round  
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance  
Now swells upon the wind ;  
No troubled thought of midnight haunts  
Of loved ones left behind.

No visions of the morrow's strife  
The warrior's dream alarms ;  
No braying horn, or screaming fife,  
At dawn shall call to arms.

The *neighing troop*, the *flashing blade*,  
The *bugle's stirring blast*,  
The *charge*, the *dreadful cannonade*,  
The din and shout are passed ;  
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal  
Shall thrill with fierce delight,  
Those breasts that *never more* may feel  
The rapture of the fight.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,  
Dear as the blood ye gave ;  
No impious footsteps here shall tread  
The herbage of your grave.  
Nor shall your glory be forgot  
While fame her record keeps,  
Or honor points the hallowed spot  
Where valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone  
In deathless song shall tell,  
When many a vanished year has flown  
The story how ye fell.  
Nor *wreck*, nor *change*, nor *winter's blight*,  
Nor time's remorseless doom,  
Can dim one ray of holy light  
That gilds your glorious tomb.

At this point, adjournment was had for dinner and until one o'clock.

Dinner was served to invited guests in Town Hall ; to Standish Guards and G. A. R. Posts in one of Yale's

large tents, 50 feet by 150 feet in size, erected near; and to the general public in still another tent. The ladies and citizens of Pembroke had made liberal provision, and every one was well entertained.

All of the catering was under the charge of Granville D. Damon, Esq., of Marshfield.

After dinner the company was summoned to the large tent by music from the band. The President of the Day, having called the meeting to order, said:

It gives me great pleasure to introduce to you Hon. Harvey N. Shepard of Boston. He needs no fulsome introduction from me. You are all familiar with his well earned reputation as an orator and statesman.

### SPEECH OF HON. H. N. SHEPARD.

When the traveller comes into Egypt from the East his first greeting from its strange and mystic wonders is the tall tapering obelisk of pink granite, which rises into the soft air above the green cornfields of Heliopolis, and the ruins of the majestic temple of the Sun. Its summit, although no longer tipped with gold, yet catches the first glory of the rising sun and reflects the splendor of his setting below the sands of the desert. It is the best memorial of Usurtasen, the first hero of the ancient kingdom of hundred-gated Thebes.

On the little plain of Marathon, eighteen miles to the north from Athens and on the eastern coast of Attica, stood ten pillars, overlooking the noisy waves of the blue Aegean and within sight of the steep walls of the Acropolis and the shining helmet of its protecting goddess. They told the valor of that immortal ten thousand who saw the white shields in the light of the morning sun and who followed Miltiades to smite the Persians on the field



of battle, and to save Europe from the gloom of eastern slavery to the bright glory of Greek genius and culture.

One hundred and fifty feet into the air rises the column of the Emperor Trajan, above the gorgeous churches and vast palaces of mediaeval Rome and the ruins of ancient Rome. Near at hand are the frescoed church of the holy Apostles and the great palace of the Colonna with its rich hangings, beautiful paintings, fine statues and colossal fragments from Aurelian's temple of the sun. On the other side are the Forum, a memory of unrivalled glory; the great sweep of the Colosseum, a scene of surpassing suffering and brutal murder; the arch of Titus; the majestic palaces of the Cæsars, and the matchless domes of the basilica of Constantine. The tall column is covered wholly by admirable reliefs of the war with the Dacians; beneath it, in a golden urn, were the ashes, and upon its summit the statue, of the imperial commander who carried the eagles further than ever before or since, and who rarely met with defeat.

On the highest ground of the brilliant capital of France is the Pantheon, dedicated by the Revolution to the great men of a grateful country. Within this magnificent structure are the tombs of Voltaire, "poet, historian, philosopher," of Rousseau, "the man of nature and truth," of Soufflot, the architect, and of many of the most eminent men of the Empire. On the pediment, beneath the majestic dome and above the beautiful Corinthian columns of the portico, are the figures of France giving garlands to her illustrious sons: Mirabeau, Fenelon, Laplace, David, Lafayette, and Napoleon, whose word called a million devoted men to arms and whose fury shattered the thrones of Europe.

From Waterloo Place in London, near the centre of public life of that stupendous metropolis of the world, rises the Crimean Monument, to the memory of the

2,000 guards who fell at Alma, Inkerman and Sebastopol in the Russian war. On the south side of the place are the monuments to Lord Clyde, the conqueror of Lucknow, the beautiful city of so many deeds of heroic valor in the mutiny of 1857, and to Sir John Franklin, who gave his life beyond the Arctic circle to complete the discovery of the north-west passage.

So do we build monuments to our honored dead. Not that their fame needs the aid of marble, stone, or brazen tablet, for whether they sleep beneath the sands of the Gulf or in the trenches of the battle-field, or within the peaceful cemeteries of New England, their memories live forever in the grateful hearts of their countrymen. We raise the stately shaft and build the memorial hall as visible symbols of our own obligations by the value and worth of their heroic deeds. Be the monument the costly pillar, or the simple statue, or the blackened cannon, surrounded by encircling musket barrels, in each case it is the expression of our reverential duty and not of their need of artificial aid for fame and glory.

Statues stand in other lands to honor warriors and conquerors who used their military skill to strengthen the chains of power upon the people. Before the Royal Exchange in London is a statue of the Duke of Wellington in commemoration of matchless skill and unflinching heroism in the unequal wars of the Iberian Peninsula and on the bloody field of Waterloo. All honor and glory to the loyal soldier and his military genius. And yet truth will proclaim that his iron will and strong arm crushed the aspirations and uprising of the common people, born of the Revolution in France, and chained them again with the fetters of feudalism and hereditary caste.

No like thought now goes with us when we look upon yonder Monument and read the inscriptions on its base. They tell of sacred dust, and bear witness to the

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nobility of youth tried in freedom's holy cause. They speak of those who pledged and gave their lives to maintain the "Union, great, glorious and free," and to make the chains fall from four millions of the human race and restore to them the right to lift their heads in the glad sunlight of heaven with the pride of redeemed manhood.

But the most sacred and touching memorial to the soldiers of the Commonwealth is not of sculptured stone nor of cunning work in bronze. It is the two hundred and sixty-five flags, war-worn, rent and torn, stained with blood and never with shame, within the great rotunda of the State Capitol. How large a history is woven into the warp and woof of their silken folds; proud memorials of the glory and of the grief of war. Borne out from the Capitol one by one, they have looked upon more than a hundred fields of battle; in the valleys of Virginia, on the mountains of Tennessee, amid the swamps of Louisiana, by the sand drifts of Texas, and in the pine woods of the South Atlantic. They have heard the roar of cannon, the screaming of shells, and the rattle of musketry in the carnage of the Wilderness, and in the trenches before Petersburg and Richmond, they waved defiance to the missiles of treason and inspired the courage and constancy which stormed the citadel of the Confederacy and compelled the surrender of Lee. With what enthusiasm they were greeted by the anxious soul of the great Lincoln as they marked the march of the first loyal troops into Washington, the advance guard of freedom, the stalwart shield of the Union. Beneath these banners the soldiers of the Old Bay State were foremost in every scene of danger and of duty along the Atlantic and the Gulf, on the Cumberland, the Rappahannock, and the Rio Grande: and wherever they fought, by water or by land, at the capture of Port Hudson, at the fall of Vicksburg, and on the mountain

peaks when they thundered down from Lookout the defiance of skies, they carved a record of glory imperishable as the granite of our shores. Tattered relics of the Civil War! ye are the sublime memories of heroic men, triumphant memories of glorious victories in a righteous cause, the holy emblems of immortal honor! be forever our inheritance, more precious than riches and land, sacred to the God of battles, and an everlasting memorial of brave men and noble deeds.

Our soldiers were not soldiers by profession nor conscripts, but armed citizens, armed while the blasts of passion and the waves of war swept across the land, again to return, after the storm was still, to the peaceful pursuits of industry. Nothing like this in the world before. History tells of the far-extended ranks of the vast host, which filed before the golden throne of Xerxes, over the bridges across the Hellespont, to bring death and slavery into Greece; of the true and daring men who braved the horrors of the Winter Alps and sustained the great Carthaginian in his unequalled struggle with seven-hilled Rome; of the tried and veteran legions, who fought upon the plains of Pharsalia for the mastery of the world; and of the Grand Army which followed the imperial eagles of France to Moscow and in the terrible retreat through the snows. But these were soldiers by trade, summoned and guided by one despotic will. History tells also of heroic citizens who overcame the power of Persia upon the field of Marathon; of men and women, lads and girls, who made Saragossa a ruin in defence of their hearths and homes against the invading Frenchmen; and of sturdy farmers, who met the shock of war upon the church green in Lexington, drove headlong the British troops from Concord, and won eternal glory in the battle of Bunker Hill. But these were small bodies. We have seen armies gather, more in number

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than that of Xerxes, and have felt the soil of the continent tremble beneath the martial tread of an host, greater than that of Napoleon ; not professional soldiers, nor enforced conscripts, but armed citizens voluntarily enrolled, and consciously and intelligently obedient to the same burning patriotism, which made the spirit of the whole only the multiplied and aggregated spirit of each. The world never saw a spectacle like this before, unparalleled alike to see and to ponder. “ Wherever, on Fame’s eternal camping ground, their silent tents are spread, in the tangled swamp, in the stately cemetery or in unknown graves, the earth which bears them dead, bears not alive more true and noble men.”

From them let us learn the lesson of loyal devotion to our country, and resolve, come danger in what form it may, the unjust and profitless invasion of a foreign foe, the mad fury of riot and rebellion, or the slow corruption of impure morals and public spoil, no strength of ours shall be wanting to make the Union strong, wise and secure, so that in times of good report and of evil report it may stand, the fair and sure protection of all who dwell within its mighty borders, and a beacon light to all men in other lands, who labor and toil for the welfare and rights of the people.

It would be pleasant to yield entirely to the generous emotions which the observance of this day excites and nourish our loyal pride in the record of heroic deeds ; to tell of battle fields made famous by your valor, soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic ; of the stupendous struggle at Antietam and the famous march to the sea ; of the investment of Richmond and the surrender of Charleston, where the war began ; of the midnight march and the grand review in Washington : to tell of those brave and gallant men who died as heroes die, face to the foe in the carnage of Cold Harbor, or amid the

barbarous cruelties of Andersonville, or in the camp hospital from battle wounds, or, more fortunate, in the loving arms of friends at home; and to sing the praises of the great captains; of Grant, to whose burial came the blue and the gray to do honor to the memory and services of our greatest soldier; of McClellan, who brought order out of chaos, and organized a victorious army from a discordant throng of men, broken by incompetence and defeat; of Hancock, our bulwark of strength at Gettysburg, around whom immovable swept the surges of battle; of Sheridan, who wrung triumph from disaster in the valley of the Shenandoah, and like a mountain torrent overwhelmed the enemy in his path; of Sherman, who rent the confederacy in twain; and of many more whose names shall be forever bright in the Nation's history. Yet we should fail in the whole use of the day were we to forget our duties now. Let us then rejoice indeed in the glory of the past, but also ask what is required of us in the present.

Happily, sectional strife is ended, and we may hear, if we will, in Louisiana and Texas, in Georgia and the Carolinas, as well as in the great West and in New England, men who wore the gray and men who wore the blue, foes in the past, now with one accord swell the song of the angels, "Peace on earth, to men of good will." The war, which took the flower of our manhood from hamlet, village and town, and which left us with desolate homes, where the loving mother, yearning for her boy, has gone in sorrow to the tomb; where the wife, pale and wan, true to the dead hero, maintains her plighted faith; and where the prattling child has grown with years to learn in sadness that the absent father shall return no more; the civil war, of unexampled magnitude, and obstinately contested, has ended in your victory, a victory won by you for the whole country for those whom you overcame as well as

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for ourselves. The scars and wounds, which were furrowed deep in the bosom of the earth by the ravages of war, have been covered by the flowers of many springs and the dancing grain of as many summers. The material evidences of the strife have passed away, and also the political and sectional rancor. The new South, save in chance spasms of passion, gives its strength to industry and trade. Iron furnaces, mills, factories, foundries, gas and electric works, and mining companies, are organized yearly, and millions of dollars are invested in enlarging old plants. There is no more the old South, where trade and commerce were looked down upon with scorn, and a handful of aristocratic planters ruled the land; but a new people, active and earnest to make the most of their genial climate, their fertile fields, their abundant water-power, and rich mines of coal and iron. To-day we are one people and one Nation, however divided upon public questions, yet united in love of our country and resolution to make it a nobler and grander republic than ever its founders dared to hope.

Happily, too, the important cause of civil service reform is entrenched so firmly in public opinion and advanced so far by national and state legislation, that with confidence we can await the sure coming of the day when it will be thought as heinous to make booty of the public offices as of the public moneys; when appointments shall be made for capacity and promotions for merit; when a public servant may speak, write, and act in matters political, without fear of removal, as freely as you and I; and when the avenues of public life shall open a career so noble and honorable as to win the steps of our brightest and most generous citizens. May no hidden hostility, under the false cover of love for the soldier, strike with mortal blow the great reform. Up, soldiers in your manhood, and show to the Commonwealth that the men who periled their

lives for her honor, scorn to bend as beggars ; show that you will win office, if you wish it, not by the poor plea of favor, but by the grateful recognition of your fellow citizens and the abiding worth of your own merit.

New campaigns invite us, and the bugle calls loudly for a charge on new battle-fields ; not fields swept by the leaden hail nor plowed by fierce artillery, but fields where social and political battles shall be fought, on which most important issues hang. For this warfare we all are soldiers ; and in this battle where the rattle of musketry and the beat of the drum are not heard, and neither are the gleam of the bayonet and the flash of the sword seen, we shall meet the highest test of heroism.

The civil war has helped us for the struggle, in its teaching that towering mountains, long rivers, vast grain fields, great cities, and clouds of shipping, do not make the true glory of a state ; but high-souled men, great ideas, and noble thoughts. Before the war, orators would boast of the immense size of the republic, reaching three thousand miles from the granite pillars which guard the Bay of Fundy to the yellow sands washed by the waves of the Pacific, of the broad cotton plantations in the South, the iron and coal in Pennsylvania and the gold and silver in California, of the great lakes and the mighty Missouri coming down from the rocky barriers of the north to the great Father of Waters. Now we speak of liberal institutions, of free government, of fearless soldiers, and of noble citizens. All history teaches us the same lesson. What are the vast halls of Persepolis, the hanging gardens of Babylon, the winged bulls of Assyria, and the towering pyramids of the Nile, in comparison with the literature of Greece and the religion of Palestine ? Rome was grandest, not when her legions held the world, and her proud eagle made his flight unvexed from the pillars of Hercules to the plains of Syria, and from the dark



waters of the Danube to the tall palms of Africa, but in that elder day when "to be a Roman was to be greater than a king."

Plymouth County is loved and honored, not because of the palatial residences along her coast and the homes of munificence within her towns and the busy factories within her borders, but because of the memories of the Pilgrims, of her brilliant galaxy of illustrious men, of the fervid patriotism of James Otis and the matchless oratory of Daniel Webster. These wide meadows and fragrant orchards round about, the bright green of the landscape blending with the deep blue of the heavens above, the glistening brooks and silver sheeted lakes, the rare beauties of forest and field and water, the churches and schools and neat houses of the villages, the mills and foundries and shops where, in expert hands, leather is made into shoes and wood into boxes better and faster than a score of men used to make them with their simple tools; all these rightly are a source of pride; but the whole glory of Pembroke is not here. Much more in the traditions of Francis Barker and the "old garrison house"; of the great heart and fearless devotion of Captain Miles Standish; the burning eloquence of Whitfield; the solid learning and faithful pastorate of Rev. Morrill Allen; and the bold and eminent service of Captain Seth Hatch and Dr. Jeremiah Hall; and in that lofty public spirit which broke the blockade of the St. Lawrence and furnished supplies to General Wolfe before Quebec, and was the first to rebel against the oppression of the British crown; in 1740 the town protesting against the instructions from the Crown as a manifest infraction of the charter rights of the Province, "whereby the people have a right of thinking and judging for themselves as well as the Prince." The town further instructed its representative "at all times to adhere strictly to the charter rights and privileges which we are

under, as also that of our English rights, liberties and constitution, any royal instructions from his Majesty to the contrary notwithstanding." This was brave doctrine and a flash of that sturdy patriotism which thirty-five years later threw off the yoke and declared all men free and equal. In 1765 the town gave unanimous vote requesting its representative not to "accept of any internal tax laid on the Province without their consent"; and in 1772 it declared without dissent "that this Province and this town as part of it hath a right whenever they think it necessary to give their sense of public measures, and if judged to be unconstitutional and oppressive to declare it freely, and remonstrate or petition as they may deem best."

Once more, in 1774, the town voted "That we highly approve of the public conduct of the town of Boston and others in their late town meeting, and the resolve they came into in order to prevent the landing and vending the tea sent here by the East India Company; and we shall deem such as may dare in future to attempt to enter any teas at the Custom House (subject by act of Parliament to a duty for the detestable purpose of raising a revenue in America more effectually to enslave the colonies) enemies to our country." Pembroke contained in those days men full of patriotic spirit, and the noble exertions of your fathers won both independence and peace. Love of country and devotion to her welfare have not died nor weakened. As your fathers made the Union, you and your comrades, their children and descendants, preserved it. As they were behind no men in the war of the Revolution, at the cost of their lives and their property, so you were first and foremost, both in the army and in the navy, to suppress the Rebellion. The little town gave 167 men to the war, 29 more than all its quotas.

On this day, when these memories, these deep sources

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of noble thought and pure resolve, come to us as naturally as the salt air we breathe, let us not smother the fires, but strengthen the spirit, that it may abide with us and our children ; that we and they may live again with the heroic men of olden time. It is better to walk for one hour with Abraham, under the star-lit skies of Mesopotamia, in deep communion with the wonders of the heavens, and feel the awful greatness and eternal glory of their creator than to dwell for a century in the delights and beauty of Damascus. The legends of the Rabbis tell us, that when the silver moon filled the plain with her soft and solemn light, he called out “the moon is my god and I will worship her.” But the moon faded into darkness of night and the blackness of doubt and despair crept over his soul, as he lowered his eyes to the earth, desolate and alone. When he lifted his head, behold ! the brightness of the northern star and the majesty of Orion above him, as again he called out, “the stars are my gods and I will worship them.” But their sacred fires set also, and he raised his hands in adoration of the one and true Jehovah and became the friend of God. It is better to kneel with Washington in prayer upon the snows of Valley Forge than to sit upon the throne of England. Napoleon told his soldiers, upon the sands of Egypt, on the morning of the battle beneath the Pyramids, that the centuries looked down upon them, and that, in all the remaining days of their lives, men would point to them with pride, saying : “He was of the army of the East.” It is to-day of more value than gold and silver, than place and power, for you to say : “we were of the Army of the Potomac, or of the Army of Louisiana, and we are of the Grand Army of the Republic.”

These aspirations knit us with the glory of the past.

A statute battle must be fought and won ; for equality of taxes, with no discrimination in favor of one against another ; for the regulation and control of corporations

and fair compensation to the public for its franchise ; and for a just division between capital and labor of the profits from their union. Not long ago, money invested in a mortgage paid twice the tax which was paid by money invested in stocks, and the battle must go on until the farmer shall pay no larger tax than the merchant, and the consumer of wool no more than he who prefers cotton. Not long ago, little children of tender age, scarcely old enough to more than cling to their mother's knees, toiled in factories twelve and fourteen hours a day, and death had no terror in taking them from wretched and stunted lives wherein they had never known any of the joys of childhood. It required a statute to end this barbarity, not because manufacturers are less humane than others, but because sharp competition and the clamor of parents coerced them to rob children of the innocence and freedom of their early years, until the Legislature interposed its veto. No appeals to humanity prevented the sacrifice, year after year in London, of little chimney-sweeps, who sometimes were burned and sometimes were wedged fast in the hot and narrow flues, into which they had been forced by the hard blows of their cruel masters. The law put a stop to this as it did to the slave trade. The poet's lament about the smallness—

“Of all that human hearts endure,

That part which laws can neither cause nor cure”

is not true. No one can deny that statutes for the inspection and survey of certain trades, for the prevention of frauds and prejuries, for the preservation of birds and animals and of the public health, to lessen the hours of labor, and to secure an education to the children in the factories, are triumphs of modern social legislation, and have saved great masses of men and women from degradation and misery. These laws were fought bitterly, as similar acts are to-day. Now who would repeal them if

he could? They are moral teachers, and in less than a generation the evil they suppress becomes impossible even without the restraint of law. If slavery were made legal to-morrow, no one would take advantage of it. Let us not fear, then, to invoke the sanction and active aid of the Legislature whenever necessary to control cruelty, restrain selfishness, prevent fraudulent advantage, or rescue him who would be considerate and kind from the unfair profit of his less scrupulous neighbor.

Some see an element of danger to our institutions in the industrial disturbance and change which upheaves alike the monarchies of Europe and the republics of the New World. In its violent form we have seen its evil in the turbulent strikes of New York city, in the riots of Pittsburg and Illinois, and in the sand lots control of San Francisco. These events have for our country a more than ordinary meaning. Our government is made from the people: and whatever irritates them comes quick to the heart of our national life. With us government and people are the same. Like the brain and the body they are bound together by innumerable ties. If you harm the one, then the evil spreads speedily to every part. We have no strong, conservative and centralized force which stands apart by itself, like the peerage of England or the bureaus of Germany, or the administration of France, to maintain public peace and order. If the people strike at the government, then it falls. How shall we solve this social problem—for solve it we must, or no man can set a limit to the upheaval it will produce. Labor will not escape its difficulties by seizing the reins of government. Governments create nothing; they cannot of themselves raise a spear of grass or an ear of corn. All the exchequers and treasuries of Christendom cannot make a dollar's worth of value. The government may use dollars in production or distribute them as subsidies to steam-

ships, railways, and favored industries ; but its money all comes from the people.

It can assist, however, both labor and capital by the maintenance of a sound and stable currency, by a wise and prudent tariff, and by taxing the people no more than its necessities require. By removing the legal barriers which shut our trade within our own borders it will deprive monopoly of its opportunity and grasping combinations of their profits. Every year competition becomes more and more difficult in every form of industry and trade. Take lumber. It is an indispensable product, and its prices are fixed by combination. Retail dealers and consumers alike are powerless to gain advantage from the natural operations of the law of supply and demand. The prices are fixed by schedule, and dealers are bound, under penalty of fine, to buy only from members of the association, to sell only at fixed prices, to give time and discount according to rule, and to keep accounts so that every item will be clear to the inspectors. Coal was among the first to be brought under a monopoly. Prices are controlled by the railroads and mine owners of Pennsylvania. The dealer has almost nothing to say about what he shall pay, what he shall charge, or what his profits shall be.

Paper, in all its forms, is fixed in production and prices by combinations and in some of the branches oath-bound. One of the largest combinations in the country is the steel ring, which keeps the price of rails, that is the price of transportation, that is the price of everything, higher in this country than anywhere else. Some mills receive subsidies for not making rails, with, however, no payment to the men for not working. One association ordered a suspension for five weeks to control production and to the great distress of eight thousand workmen. These combinations cut off competition at both ends ; they confederate the makers, so that they shall not sell in competition with

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one another, and they buy all their raw material through one purchasing agent, so that their members do not buy in competition. And so of a score and more of other useful and indispensable articles. Who does not see in these things the seed of social trouble, and that society, as represented by the government, must take some step, and that speedily, for self protection. One great help will be to open the markets of the world to our industries and ours to theirs, so that competition may be from so large an area as not readily to invite combination.

There are many, however, who see in these things the advent of an industrial change, the most important of any which have come to man for a thousand years. They recognize the danger to our liberties in the present tendency to concentrate all kinds of business in few and constantly fewer hands, and that to preserve itself from an overwhelming oligarchy of aggregated wealth the Nation will take charge for itself of all industries. It is not impossible. We live in an era of rapid changes. The power of united action has grown to a magnitude never before known. It has become the order of the day. There is no moral or ethical difference in the Nation assuming control of the means of transportation from taking to itself a monopoly of the mail service. It is a question of degree. We believe the government can deliver letters for us better than it can be done by private enterprise, and if we shall come to believe that it can deliver goods better also, we shall do right to endow it with the monopoly of the express service. The end of all industry is the welfare of the community, and if the Nation now does a few things better than individuals would do them it may do many things better, and in the end all things.

Certainly there is abundant friction in the present organization of industry. The wage worker is not content. It is of no use to point out to him that now he

enjoys as common necessities things which kings thought luxuries a century ago. This does not close his mind to the belief that he does not get his share of the advantages of our civilization, nor his eyes to the fact that even in this Commonwealth a majority of our workmen are forced to depend upon the earnings of their children to meet at least one-fourth of the family expenses, and that one-third of all the people employed in gainful occupations cannot get work during more than two-thirds of the year.

It is foolish and useless to shut our eyes to this discontent. It does exist, and, like every other wide-spread agitation, there is cause for it. Some labor reformers no doubt are demagogues, and not every one who sets himself up as a friend and advocate of the workingman is therefore to be trusted and elected to office. But there are preachers as sincere and true as were the early abolitionists, men not to be denounced or ridiculed, but reasoned with, so that we or they may be convinced of error and embrace the right. It is a sad thing that in this nineteenth century, when science has so multiplied and cheapened the means of production, and in these United States, where grain enough may be grown to feed the world, that there exists a single man or woman, able and willing to work, who cannot easily and readily earn a reasonable competence. Let us meet all complaints and discuss every question in a fair and candid manner, not invoking rash and careless legislative interference nor fostering paternal control, but resolute to uphold honest inquiry and adopt just conclusions, however radical, until there shall be no wretched and suffering poor within the borders of the republic unless they be made so by their own vice and improvidence.

In this warfare we need courage, devotion, wisdom and patience: the courage of the soldier; the devotion of the martyr; the wisdom of the statesman, and the patience of



the mechanic. It is often hard to speak out convictions, and the world does not like those who disturb its cherished ideas. Our work also seems so often to be in vain and the end we seek no nearer at hand. But let us not lose heart, rather—

“ Let us learn a useful lesson—no braver lesson can be,  
From the ways of the tapestry weavers on the other side of the sea :  
Above their heads the pattern hangs : they study it with care,  
And, as to and fro the shuttle leaps, their eyes are fastened there.  
They tell this curious thing beside, of the patient, plodding weaver,  
He works on the wrong side evermore, but works for the right side ever ;  
It is only when the weaving stops, and the web is loosed and turned,  
That he sees his real handiwork, that his marvellous skill has learned.

Ah, the sight of its delicate beauty, it pays him for all his cost.  
No rarer, daintier work than his was ever done by the frost.  
Then the Master bringeth him golden hire, and giveth him praise as  
    well,  
And how happy the heart of the weaver is, no tongue but his own  
    can tell.  
The years of men are the looms of God, let down from the place of  
    the sun,  
Wherein we are ever weaving, till the mystic web is done.  
Weaving blindly, but weaving surely, each for himself his fate ;  
We may not see how the right side looks, we can only weave and wait.

But, looking above for the pattern, no weaver hath need to fear ;  
Only let him look clear into Heaven—the Perfect Pattern is there.  
If he keeps the face of the Saviour forever and always in sight,  
His toil shall be sweeter than honey and his weaving sure to be right.  
And when his task is ended, and the web is turned and shown,  
He shall hear the voice of the Master : it shall say to him “ Well done.”  
And the white-winged angels of Heaven, to bear him thence, shall  
    come down,  
And God shall give him for his hire—not golden coin, but a crown.”

The declining rays of the sinking sun remind me to turn the few minutes which are left to your ranks ; soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic. Year by year your lines decrease, and soon the day will come, all too soon in the rapid flight of years, when these ranks will have been mustered for the last roll-call, when the widows and orphans will have gone by in the long procession to the

silent river, and when only the memory of the heroic army will remain in the land you saved.

Not all of your comrades sleep in yonder cemetery. Many lie in the unknown graves of the sunny South, where only God's angels keep watch and guard until the loud blast of the resurrection day. May our voice fail not to speak their eulogy, and when the great Captain calls, may we, with soul as brave and true as theirs, whether in the din and strife of battle or in the slow sickness of home, answer in the constant soldier's voice, "Ready."

Some of you go down to homes darkened by a shadow which never lifts, to the vacant chair and the empty place. An unseen presence walks beside you, and were our dim eyes annointed from on high, as of old were those of the King of Israel, we might see the heavens filled by the attendant shades of departed friends. The celebration of this day is not to us alone. It belongs much more to your comrades, who fell in Virginia and South Carolina, and Georgia and Louisiana, and who have fallen at home since the war has closed. It belongs also to the men of old, whose sturdy independence first kindled the fires of liberty in this historic town. The dead are with us. Governor Winthrop again walks the Massachusetts path and fords Indian Head river, bringing a message of amity and peace from the Puritans of Boston to the Old Colony. The Barker brothers pull along the shore in their little boat, ascend the North river and build their house of stones. Dolor Davis again wields the axe and clears from the trees his grant of fifty acres. A shade of noble form, and with a coronet upon his brow, presses in among the throng; it is the Earl of Pembroke, once keeper of the privy seal and member of the royal household, in whose honor the town was named. Listen, and perchance you may hear the words of your first minister, Rev. Daniel Lewis, who went

in and out among this people for forty years, and who kept to the end the lesson of his first text : "I must work the work of Him that sent me while it is day ; the night cometh when no man can work." Look, see you not the flash of swords and the gleam of the musket barrels of those three score men who scaled the heights of Quebec and overcame Montcalm upon the plains of Abraham.

Yonder are John Turner and Edward Thomas, members of the Provincial Congress, Captain Chamberlain and Abel Stetson, conspicuous among the leading spirits of the Revolution. Once more I hear them declare : "That the rights and liberties, civil and religious, which have been transmitted to us from our illustrious ancestors, ought to be deemed sacred, and kept inviolate by us, their posterity." Near by them are Bonney, Curtis, Howe, Stetson, Stevens, Brown, Cummings, Witherell, Jones, Howard, Bosworth, Cornell, Reed, Clark, Ford, Magoun, Chandler, and Bishop, your comrades, and theirs also, for liberty has kindled a like flame both in the souls of the men of the Province and of the Commonwealth.

Blessed be the day hallowed by thy presence, Oh mighty, disembodied spirits ! Ye cause our hearts to burn with the divine fervor of freedom and our souls to soar, fresh and strong as the salt winds of these historic shores. Your faces are illumined by the light of liberty and ye touch us with the electric memory of heroic deeds, of sacrifice and death, which make our hearts thrill for the din and struggle of battle, and the quick blood throb in our veins to lift on high with St. Michael the glorious banner of truth and right and set foot upon the stiff neck of the demon. The dead are here. Ye fell in the promise and strength of your manhood ; but ye fell in the defence of liberty and the American Union, and your memories can never die. Ye shall live forever and forever, through all the thronging centuries to come, secure beyond oblivion, in

the marvellous light, which shall shine and shine, so long as freedom and humanity shall find a champion upon earth. In thee we recognize the righteousness of war. We know its bloody form. We have seen it drink the blood of millions, and have heard the widow's wail of anguish and the children's cry of desolation. Oh, that the sword might rust in its scabbard and the world blossom in the sweet millenium of unbroken peace! But we dream no such dream. Passion is not dead, nor sleepeth. Selfish and wicked men strive for power and advantage, and will strive for ages yet to come. Be thou bright and strong then, Oh sword of freedom, sword of Namassakeset, of Bunker Hill, and of Antietam. In the might of the God of Truth and Justice, cleave the head of wrong and the neck of oppression.

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The Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Music.

PRESIDENT OF THE DAY—We hoped that the Governor and his Staff would have been present, and I was prepared to introduce to you His Excellency, Oliver Ames, whom, according to tradition, we might have hailed as fellow-townsmen if his grandfather had but loved herrings more and shovels less; but in the absence of Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, who are both ill, I will introduce to you the next in rank, our worthy Secretary of State, Hon. H. B. Peirce, who will speak for the Governor, herrings and all.

## SPEECH OF HON. HENRY B. PEIRCE.

It is an honor to represent the Commonwealth upon any occasion, but more especially upon such an one as this, when tribute is being paid to those who served in her defence. This honor is greatly enhanced by the fact so well known to all of you, that our Commonwealth has always taken a deep interest in her soldiers and in those dependent upon them. Her record is, indeed, illustrious, and a brief reference to it will not be considered inappropriate at this time. When the 8th Regiment upon the 18th of April, 1861, received its colors from our glorious war Governor, he said in a speech, which should live while the Republic endures: "Whatever may be the future, we will protect the wives and children you may leave, and, as you will be faithful to the country, so we will be faithful to them." Verily, all this, and more, has been done and is being done by the free act of a generous people. There has been paid from the treasury of the Commonwealth about \$50,000,000 in bounties and for state aid, military aid, etc., and every year there is placed upon our statute books legislation in favor of the soldiers and sailors who served to the credit of the Commonwealth.

In 1882 a soldiers' home was established in Chelsea to accomodate such as were not eligible to the national homes; to the support of this noble institution the Commonwealth contributes annually \$20,000, and the Legislature of this year has appropriated \$50,000 in addition, to be expended under the direction of its trustees, for the purpose of erecting an additional building for the use of the home. It has also extended the state aid and military aid laws for a period of five years; it has

authorized the Secretary of the Commonwealth to grant pedlers' licenses to all honorably discharged soldiers and sailors without the usual fee of \$50, a concession heretofore confined to the disabled; it has provided for the suitable burial of all such who may hereafter die without leaving sufficient means to defray funeral expenses, and it has done much beside to demonstrate that the services of the volunteer will not be forgotten or ignored, as your own representative—himself a soldier—can tell you. Why should I speak for the Commonwealth when she speaks for herself so eloquently.

A few words to you, my comrades. Let us see to it that we do not belittle our service by placing a money value upon it. Let us so conduct ourselves that the respect and regard in which we have been held by a grateful country shall increase with our years. Let us not ask help for ourselves, only for those who are in need. Let us keep constantly in mind the tenets of our glorious organization, the Grand Army, and strive, as we did when we wore the blue, to do our duty in the position to which we are assigned. Thus shall we deserve, and thus shall we receive, the "Well done!" at the end. Among the acts of the present Legislature to which I have not referred is one providing for the appointment of a state military and naval historian, who is to prepare for publication a history of the part taken by Massachusetts soldiers and sailors in the war of the Rebellion. One of our own number, one eminently fitted by education and by experience, has been selected for this work. The Governor always gets "the best" when he makes appointments. I can assure you that the compilation will be arranged in such a way as to make the book readable, as well as instructive, and I am hoping that, at least, the children of all who took part will have access to its pages, and that the opportunity will not be

without avail. May they come to feel that they have forever an inheritance more precious than land or riches, and a title of true Republican nobility as well, in the knowledge that "their fathers fought or fell in the great civil war, to maintain the integrity of our Union and the honor of our Nation."

A sentiment to the President of the United States was then offered, followed by music. Letters from Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, and also a letter from Leverett Saltonstall, Collector of the Port of Boston, were then read by the President of the Day.

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#### SPEECH OF CONGRESSMAN ELIJAH A. MORSE.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: In reply to my toast I will say that so far as I have the honor to represent Massachusetts as a Member of the Fifty-first Congress of the United States, I bring you the salutations of the state and the nation. Massachusetts has always had a tender and paternal love for her soldiers; no state or nation ever did more for the defenders of her honor and her flag, and Massachusetts will not falter now, and the nation must keep its promises to the defenders of its flag made in the day of dire distress and peril. These unwritten promises were made to the soldiers of Massachusetts to promote enlistment, when the life of the nation hung trembling in the balance, by such representative men as Judge Russell, John A. Andrew and Henry Wilson. What did they promise? They said: "Boys, if you live to return you shall have civil preferment in the government service." That promise must be kept: the nation may want soldiers again, and that promise ante-dated civil service and all literary qualifications and examinations. These representative men promised more in the

day of deadly peril. They said: "Boys, if you are wounded or die in the service, or are disabled, we will provide for the wounded and disabled, and we will care for the widow and orphan." These unwritten promises must be religiously kept. The little flags in the cemeteries are increasing, and with them the widows and orphans of our fallen comrades, and it is high time that the government ceased to ask for impossible evidence that is twenty-five years old. There are not a few of our comrades who were wounded or disabled in the service that have scorned alms, and while they have been enabled to support themselves have asked nothing of the government: but they are older now, and some have reluctantly come to the conclusion that they can carry their disability no longer and ask the government to help them now, when they learn to their sorrow that their comrades who knew of their wounds or disability contracted in the service are scattered or dead; and many of our bravest and best men endured their wounds or disability outside of a hospital, and the bum or shirk has often a hospital record, while they have none. I submit that the time is near at hand, if it has not already come, when the only question asked of a soldier should be first, Has he an honorable discharge? Second, Is he poor, sick and needy now?

Fellow citizens, I congratulate you upon the erection of this monument to the memory of the noble and patriotic dead at Pembroke, by which you will tell to coming generations that you were not ungrateful or unmindful of the valor and patriotism of your sons who gave their lives upon the altar of their country. It occurs to me that there may be some here to-day whose hearts are made to feel anew the sadness of that hour when tidings reached them that a loved one had fallen. To such I can offer the consolation that for God and his country he was marching along, and he died in the holiest cause ever left



to the arbitration of battle, and here we must not forget the debt of gratitude which we owe to the loyal, patriotic and christian women who, by their prayers and tears, sustained the soldiers at the front and helped to save the Union. God bless these patriotic women of this ancient town.

Pembroke may be one of the least of the cities of Judah, but her war record shows that in the great struggles of the country no town or city in this Commonwealth or in the nation bore a more loyal or patriotic part.

To my comrades who are here assembled I say, prove yourself worthy of having been a soldier of the Republic, and a worthy member of this great brotherhood to which we belong. At the seige of Quebec, at a critical moment in the battle, General Wolf was on the plains of Abraham waving his sword and cheering on his men. He staggered with a mortal wound in his breast. It was a critical moment in the battle. He did not want the men to know that he was wounded. He cried out to the officers who stood around him: "Hold me up and don't let the men see me fall." With his eyes growing glassy in death the dying young officer said: "Hold me up and don't let the men see me fall."

Comrades, whatever else may betide you, I repeat, prove yourselves worthy of having been a soldier of the Republic, and do not let any man see you fall. [Applause.]

A. C. Munroe, Assistant Adjutant General, G. A. R., responded to the sentiment to the Grand Army of the Republic, an organization formed to keep alive the associations and incidents of camp life and to perpetuate and transmit the spirit of patriotism aroused by the late civil war.

POEM BY MRS. DR. O. W. CHARLES OF  
BRYANTVILLE.

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PICTURES OF PEMBROKE.

Can you paint me a picture, strong and true,  
Of hundreds of years, in one broad, grand view?  
A landscape spacious, with events from life,  
Showing joy and sorrow, and peace and strife?  
If so, take the brushes at once, and begin,  
This is the very town the scenes are in.  
Wash over the sky with loveliest blue—  
A few white clouds for the sun to shine through;  
Give the same tone to the rippling river,  
That runs through the fields like thread of silver;  
Add more of the azure tint, here and there,  
To make yonder bright ponds so fresh and fair—  
Furnace, Oldham, and the Sandys two,  
While Hobomok lies in the nearer view;  
Define the Indian fields with fuller sweep,  
To verdant point, where earth and water meet;  
Then, with the richest shades of deepest green,  
Lay in the forests tall and dark. I ween,  
With their sturdy oak and listening pine;  
Then pink white laurel and clambering vine,  
And modest arbutus beneath the feet,  
Delicate clethera and azalea sweet.  
Sketch a few patches of slight, graceful maize,  
And wigwams, half hidden from watchful gaze,  
And the charming landscape will be complete.

The first picture must be in distant days,  
When this soil was owned by the Indian braves ;  
When plain and stream, and forest, and river,  
Seemed his, to hold forever and ever.  
So let lithe, dusky forms come into view  
From the woodland paths and the light canoe,  
Or, sitting silent by the council fires,  
Listening to the wisdom of the sires.  
O paint some of the Mattakeesett tribe !  
Some chief with his bold warriors by his side,  
Some sachem of this most powerful race,  
Some laughing maiden, with bronze-like face,  
And rich in a wild, free and supple grace !  
Their joys and sorrows, their pleasure and pain,  
You may strive to repeat—you'll strive in vain.  
Their loves and their hates, their hopes and their fears,  
Their curses and blessings, their smiles and tears  
Are passed—forgotten for many long years.  
Westward the Pilgrims sought glad Freedom's way,  
And, from the ships anchored in Plymouth Bay,  
Some hardy men,—our historians say,  
Sailed up North River, to yonder sun-kissed hill,  
Where can be seen the old house, gray and still.  
Now, painter, use brushes and colors fine  
As you draw that dwelling, line upon line.  
Begin by sketching one room alone,  
With massive timbers, walls of solid stone ;  
Yet a home for the husband, brave and strong,  
And the mother, crooning her cradle song,  
And the rosy girls and the romping boys,  
Rejoicing in mischief, and mirth, and noise.  
Within and without, all peaceful, serene,  
As bright a future as ever was seen.  
Then, paint it again, when the air is thrilled,  
The heart is pulseless, and the blood is chilled

By the horrid war-cry from savage throat,  
Telling of pain and death, in dreadful note.  
Portray this same house once more, if you can,  
Filled with helpless women, children and men.  
Expecting each moment to yield up life.  
By bloody tomahawk or scalping knife.  
A place of refuge, it then gained great fame  
As a Garrison House—its present name.  
That it would stand by the shimmering stream  
For ages, little did its builders dream :  
And today desolate, lonely, bleak, bare,  
Gaze blankly with a silent, ghostly air,  
While soldiers mustered in martial array  
With their glittering arms and banners gay,  
And the drum's rolling sound and cannon's roar,  
To welcome, in front of its very door,  
The many distinguished guests, that came  
To honor the memory and the name  
Of Pembroke's sons, who fought so well to save  
The liberty, which their brave fathers gave.

Here you can let your brushes faintly trace  
A few more glimpses of the fated race,  
That, like a soft cloud on a summer day,  
Or the leaves of the forest, have passed away—  
Wampatuck, giving his wide lands for gold ;  
(A lone pine bounds that to the Major sold)  
Mornmoutog, doing exactly the same ;  
(Never a chieftain he, except in name)  
Patience, the last queen of this Indian tribe,  
Dying alone down at the water's side,  
Comforted by the Christian's saving hope  
Transmitted from words John Eliot spoke.  
Alas, for this people gone like the night !

But now you can lay on the highest light ;  
For, as the hastening years rolled around,  
Pembroke, incorporated as a town,  
Dauntless, struck the first note of liberty  
That went pealing across the tossing sea,  
Hinting the day when this land should be free.  
And, as I look back, it now seems to me,  
The strong, vigorous child of liberty,  
Rocked in the cradle of Faneuil Hall  
Sprang into being here, at Freedom's call.  
In seventeen forty, where that church now stands,  
Those famed resolves were penned by fearless hands,  
Which declared in no dull, uncertain tone  
That this free people would protect their own ;  
Their rights and privileges they'd maintain ;  
And guard well the charter they once had gained.  
In later years of strife, when Franklin went  
Minister to England, by Congress sent,  
In his interviews at St. James, he found,  
They'd not forgiven rebel Pembroke town.

Again her voice, in seventeen-seventy-two,  
Rang out distinct and clear the whole land through,  
Shouting along the line, from rear to van,  
The cry—deathless, eternal rights to man.  
Then, paint me these pictures with boldest stroke :—  
The old meeting-house, made from logs of oak,  
Overflowing with men, valiant and true,  
Building far better than they ever knew ;  
As they proudly asked, in their manhood's might,  
From the English monarch, their fullest right.  
Paint their faces, bronzed by the sun and air,  
And deeply worn with hardships, want and care ;  
But give them manly mien and stalwart form  
Stamped by the birthright to which they were born.

Now mix your palette for a dreadful war,  
Barbarous, wicked as the world e'er saw—  
That most perilous French and Indian fight.  
Sixty-four men from here—a goodly sight.  
Paint clearly Keen and Stetson, Hatch and Hall,  
Marching thus early at the country's call ;  
Soldiers and captain in united band,  
Surgeon with tender heart and skillful hand ;  
Paint the ship, taken through blockaded port ;  
The gallant charge at Quebec's stony fort ;  
And, alas ! on the battle-field so red  
You must sketch comrade Bearce, who lay there dead.

Soon came the strife that was to break the chain  
Of England's power and a tyrant's reign ;  
A struggle, fated from the first to be,  
That this fair land might live, forever, free.  
And, just here, again, as you well may see,  
We need more portraits in our gallery  
Of those heroes, whose valiant word and deed  
Saved a country, in its terrible need.  
So paint John Turner, Tracy, Smith and Cole,  
Chamberlain and Thomas, Hatch, Keen and Soule,  
And Hamblin, who could not have dreamed nor guessed  
What to Maine, sometime, would be his bequest—  
A statesman, in whose veins all virtues run  
Transmitted, clean and pure, from sire to son.

In those days liberty was in the air,  
And scarce a king loving tory, anywhere,  
By zealous citizens could e'er be found,  
In the length and breadth of this loyal town.  
Paint the four hundred sixty-seven men  
Who marched bravely forth, from leal Pembroke, then ;  
Not clad like you, in garments rich and gay ;  
But worn and patched—black and brown, blue and gray ;

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And yet, underneath each coarse, homespun fold,  
Were muscles of steel—hearts of purest gold.  
Their children's children may rise and call  
The memory blessed of one and all.  
You need not try to paint their graves, so green ;  
Some in yon, quiet church yard may be seen,  
Covering, only, under velvet turf,  
Just the part that was earthly of the earth ;  
For the soul's high thoughts and the spirit's fire,  
The loving kindness, and the righteous ire  
At wrong, are not born to die in a day,  
But must journey on for aye and aye.

Change the view now to one of peaceful life,  
Far removed from all hurry, noise and strife.  
Tranquil hamlets clustered in shaded spot,  
Where idleness and crime have entered not.  
Paint thrift, intelligence, marching abreast,  
And comfort and happiness—peace and rest ;  
And add to the homes a sweet, winning grace  
Where gentlefolk will find a dwelling place ;  
Many a fair daughter and worthy son—  
The crown of life, when life seems almost done ;  
Paint some faces lightly—not bold nor free,  
For they are stamped by noble ancestry ;  
Paint daily duties that are never done,  
But run forever on from sun to sun,  
In the calm, even round of homely toil—  
Building their houses, and tilling the soil,  
Smelting and moulding the hard, iron ore,  
In the old furnace, by the rocky shore ;  
(You will need bright yellows and reds, you know,  
To give all the shades of that ruddy glow,  
That burned itself out years and years ago.)  
Paint the running stream, and the old, gray mill,  
That stood in the valley, over the hill ;

(Use plenty of white, with a shade of black,  
To bring out the miller's coat and hat.)  
That mill and furnace, long vanished, they say,  
Were first in the region of Plymouth Bay.  
Paint great ships that were built by the river  
And seemed strong enough to sail forever ;  
Yet, ships and shipmasters have passed away.  
The river alone shines brightly to-day.

So rolled the summers and winters along,  
Bringing many changes in sight and sound—  
Changes in manners and changes in men,  
But never the same faces back again.  
So, from the ocean of eternity,  
Poured the years into a century,  
And still, as they flowed so swiftly away,  
The full measure seemed only one, short day.

But, alas ! there arose in the southern sky,  
A heavy cloud of discord, black and high ;  
And even as it rose, it darker grew,  
Until its shadow lay the whole land through ;  
And in the dire dusk, was heard, like the roar  
Of beating waves upon a distant shore,  
Dashing itself against the deafened sky,  
Voice of North and South in a battle cry ;  
And war rushed in a torrent to the plain,  
Sweeping everything like a hurricane.

Paint, now, a scene in colors high and bold.  
The details for this one you can be told  
By hundreds, who sit before us to-day,  
And who know full well the long, sad story  
Full of self-sacrifice, honor, glory ;  
Who remember clearly, by sorrow's right,  
When a horseman rode through the stilly night



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Calling, with the power of war's alarms,  
For brave men to rally and rush to arms ;  
Who remember, how at the bugle's sound,  
One hundred sixty-nine went from this town,  
That gave thus to the nation's need and call,  
Twenty-nine men more than its quotas all ;  
Who recall wives and mothers, sad, alone,  
Left to wait in the well beloved home,  
Feeding broken lives upon hopes and fears  
That dragged along through those desperate years—  
Long years, when hearts beat fast and locks grew gray  
Through alarm for the dear one far away,  
While earth and blue heaven were empty space  
Where no glimpse was seen of a beloved face.  
Who remember many a battle field,  
Where the pulse almost stopped and the head reeled  
To gaze upon the huge piles of the slain ;  
Brave men, who would never march forth again,  
Yet heard in bullet's hiss and cannon's roar—  
To die for the right is life evermore ;  
Who recall the story of Malvern Hill,  
Of Vicksburg, Port Hudson and Charlottesville,  
Of Sherman, grandly marching to the sea,  
Of Richmond's fall and the defeat of Lee.

Put up your brushes—do not try to paint.  
Your hand will tremble and your heart grow faint,  
As you trace the struggle's whole weary length,  
That drank up the Nation's vigorous strength.  
You have no colors, howe'er fair they be,  
That can portray the days of victory.

Leave it to the speaker of silver tongue  
To tell how the battles were fought and won ;  
Or to the silent veterans, if you will,  
Whose bent forms, so scarred, will speak better still.

Whose halting step and whose thin, empty sleeve  
Carry the power to make all believe.

Leave it to the graves, from the Gulf to Maine,  
To tell how the victory has been gained ;  
For the strongest picture under the sun  
Could never show how dearly it was won.

Leave it to rocky base and form so white,  
Standing in the bright sheen of Summer light,  
To tell to the ages that are to be,  
Of Pembroke's sacrifice for liberty ;  
To train the young, from their earliest breath,  
In devotion to country unto death,  
And to keep the record clean to the last,  
Ever loyal and faithful, as in the past ;  
To teach patience, though the way may seem long ;  
And how to suffer and yet still be strong ;  
Leave to this emblem to stir in the breast  
Noble thoughts which may never be expressed,  
But will fall upon the heart, like sweet dew,  
Making it truthful, tender, leal and true ;  
Leave it to bind, for everlasting good,  
The bond of universal brotherhood,  
And teach humanity is so entwined  
No loss nor gain is wholly yours or mine :  
That each must strive with all his power to raise  
His own life and others to higher ways ;  
And thus, by truth, honor and daily deeds  
Of kindness, supplying a brother's needs,  
He shall help to complete God's first great plan,  
Which was : " In our image let us make man ;"  
And by scorning falsehood, deceit and pride,  
" Awake in His likeness and satisfied."

Mrs. Sarah E. Bosworth kindly furnished the following for publication, which was omitted from the programme on account of the abrupt termination of the exercises, the invited guests being obliged to leave to take trains for home.

### THE UNRETURNED.

It is but meet on this occasion to pay a memorial tribute to the "Unreturned." in whose memory this Monument has been erected and dedicated to-day. This is a fitting time for memories, loving and sad. Cherished faces move out from the silent, shadowy past, and we view them with bowed head, misty eye and aching heart. Their graves, whether here or there, known or unknown to us, are marked and decorated by the good Father, who lets not one sorrow of the human heart be unassuaged.

Those of this generation who have grown to manhood and womanhood, deprived of the love and care of a father, will be glad to go back with me in sacred memories. You to-day can scarce understand what it cost them *then* to leave their homes and loved ones. It was like tearing the heart out; to go forth when the viper, Rebellion, turned to sting and despoil the bosom that had cherished it; and the call came for men—*men*, the flower, pride and dependence of our towns was the sacrifice to be offered up for the violation of the law and the preservation of our country; and men, even boys, responded to the call and stood a bulwark between safety and destruction.

These children of the "Unreturned" have received a sacred baptism. As the soldier, husband and father returned again and again, bedewing your unconscious faces with the strong man's parting tears of anguish,

praying God to bless and keep you always safe. You and your mothers have that memory. As the sacred legacy of a father's love for you and his home in an hour of need, and an unreturned husband and father as your part in the price of the country. It is your sacred duty and privilege to keep alive the memories of the war; guard well the principles they fought and died for that it cost not innocent, precious blood ever again. It is your heritage and honored privilege—

“To call your children! instruct them what a debt  
They owe their ancestors, and make them swear  
To pay it, by transmitting down entire,  
Those sacred rights to which themselves were born.”

The fathers and mothers have memories of the unreturned sons, tender and sad, which bowed the form, silvered the head ere its time, and left an aching void in the heart too old to heal from such a vital wrench. And the precious letters read and re-read with loving anguish, which ever breathed of thoughtful love for *them*, always writing “I want to come home to be a comfort to you, but God knows best. He does right.” Though they would not have had the result otherwise, yet victory to them was bought with a fearful price, “and their lives from out the shadows are lifted never more.” God pity them and help them to bear up in the hope of soon meeting their “Unreturned” where suspense, sorrow, sin and war are not known. Their need of *us* went out with their breath, our need of *them* will continue while our lives and country lasts. It must ever be our precious duty and pleasure to preserve the memory of the war and its cost to us; to preserve the memory of those who went in the best years of their young lives to promote the welfare and secure to this generation its present peace and prosperity. Woe to us as a people and country if we cease to do it; preserve it in brass, stone and bronze, as is fitting and right; but more than that, enshrine their memory in grateful hearts,

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and perpetuate their sacrifices from one generation to another. They gave their all, their lives for us; let us give them memorials of love, gratitude and reverence, and say of our country's saviors and martyrs—

“ Life's race well run,  
Life's work well done,  
Life's crown well won,  
Now comes rest !”

SARAH E. BOSWORTH.

PEMBROKE, MASS., June 12, 1889.

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## LETTERS IN RESPONSE TO INVITATIONS.

OFFICE OF THE EVENING NEWS, }  
FALL RIVER, June 3, 1889, }

*Dr. Francis Collamore, Chairman, Pembroke, Mass.:*

DEAR SIR: Your very kind favor, enclosing an invitation to participate in the service at the dedication of the Pembroke Soldiers' Monument, June 12th, was duly received.

I have delayed making answer to your letter, cherishing the hope that I might be able to accept the invitation, but it is with sincere regret that I write you to-day of my inability to join in the services of June.

The memory of a former visit to Pembroke, when I was privileged to address the G. A. R. of the vicinity on Memorial Day, is a fragrant one to me, and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to be able to return to Pembroke and once again look into the faces of the “ Boys in Blue,” whose valor in times of war and whose sturdy manhood and devotion to the principles of the highest citizenship in times of peace, have left their impress upon the history of the town, the county, the commonwealth and the nation.

To respond for the “ Sons of Veterans ” on such an occasion would be an honor indeed. “ The Sons of Vet-

erans represent to-day more than 60,000 young men, each one of whom can proudly say :

“ My father was a part of the Grand Army of 2,700,000 men, who, on land and sea, from '61 to '65, fought the battles of the great strife, in order that home and loved ones might bask in the radiant sunshine of peace and prosperity.”

The heroism of the fathers lives in the life of the nation, and Clio, the muse of history, weeps that she has no language to fully portray the story of that mighty conflict in which were enacted deeds of daring and of heroism that go to make the grandest pictures in the panorama of our national life. Nearly a quarter of a century has passed since the grandest military chieftain the world has ever honored said : “ Let us have peace,” and the “ Boys in Blue ” passed in review at Washington, with the eyes of the world upon them. Ours is now a land of peace, and while other nations are in the turmoil of dissension, strife and conflict, thank God, we are at peace with the world. The heated cannon has long since cooled, the swords have been sheathed and the men who wore the blue have returned to the vocations of public and private life, yet though the wounds made by the war of Rebellion are fast healing under the balm administered by Father Time, we, as “ Sons of Veterans,” have not reached that point when we can say : “ We’ve had enough of the story of the war,” but we continue to “ tell the old, old story,” that others profiting by the glorious example of the soldiers of the Union, may have a higher, grander and truer patriotic devotion than they have ever known before.

The “ Sons of Veterans,” as an organization, has been in existence since November, 1881, and its objects briefly stated are : To keep green the memories of our fathers and their sacrifice for the Union cause ; to aid members of that noble organization, the G. A. R., and see that no man who shouldered a musket, or who served a day in the defence of the Union principles and the Union cause, shall be allowed to end his days in a pauper’s home if we can prevent it ; to assist in the proper observance of Memorial Day and to emphasize the distinction which makes May 30th a holy day rather than a holiday ; to assist each other

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in the work of fraternal love, and to inculcate the principles of patriotism and love of country throughout the community.

We believe that the principles and objects of our organization are such as will commend the order to the support, not only of every veteran, but of every patriotic citizen.

We live, not as a rival, but as an auxiliary of the G. A. R., to take up the work of Loyalty and Liberty when our fathers have answered for the last time the roll-call of the commander below, and go to join in the bivouac of their comrades who have gone before. We believe that all we enjoy to-day in liberty, law and citizenship, comes to us as a precious legacy from the services of the fathers. Other men have labored, and we are simply entering into the enjoyment of the fruits of their labors, and it is my earnest prayer that we may so live and labor until our flag, with its half a hundred stars, may float on every sea, ocean and river, the emblem of the highest developments of christian civilization, and of our land we may sing :

Great God, we thank Thee for this home,  
This bounteous birthland of the free,  
Where strangers from afar, may come  
And breathe the air of liberty.

Still may her flowers untrammelled spring,  
Her harvest wave, her cities rise,  
Until, when time shall fold its wing,  
Remain, earth's loveliest paradise.

Please present my regrets to the members of Post 111 that I shall be unable to meet them on the occasion of the dedication of their memorial, and assure them that while the marble, bronze and stone may crumble and fall, the memory of their deeds and those of their comrades in arms, will remain to the end of time an enduring monument in the hearts of a grateful people.

With best wishes for the success of the occasion, I have the honor to be

Loyally yours,

GEORGE W. PENNIMAN.

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CUSTOM HOUSE, OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR, }  
BOSTON, May, 27, 1889. }

*Mr. John M. Munroe, Boston, Mass.:*

DEAR SIR: I am in receipt of the courteous request of the Committee of the Pembroke Soldiers' Monument Association, tendered through you, to be present at the dedication of the Monument, June 12th. It would give me much gratification to attend the exercises on that occasion, were it possible for me to do so; but I must beg you to express to the Committee my regret that, under the orders of my physician, I am obliged to decline this very kind invitation, the condition of my health being such that I am still forbidden exertion of this kind.

Very truly yours,

LEVERETT SALTONSTALL.

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BANGOR, April 17, 1889.

*Francis Collamore, Esq., North Pembroke, Mass.:*

DEAR SIR: I have your note of the 15th inst. inviting me to attend the dedication of a Soldiers' Monument at Pembroke, Mass., the home of my grandfather, Eleazer Hamlin.

I thank you truly for your invitation, but regret to say that I will not be able to attend, as I should be glad to do, and you must excuse me.

Yours truly,

H. HAMLIN.

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At a meeting of the Monument Association, held subsequent to the dedication, it was voted that the thanks of the Association be tendered to Hon. Harvey N. Shepard for his eloquent and scholarly oration, to the Standish Guards and the different Posts G. A. R., and Camps S. of V., and to all others who contributed in any way to the success of the occasion.