DEDICATION

OF THE

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT

AT

WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS,

JULY 15, A.D. 1874.

"Nemo parum diu vixit qui virtutis perfectae perfecto functus est munere."—CICERO *De Contemnenda Morte.*

"Sed quo sis . . . alacrior ad tutandum rem publicam, sic habeto: omnibus qui patriam conservarint, adjuverint, auxerint, certum esse in caelo ac definitum locum ubi beati aevo sempiterno fruuntur."—IDEM: *Somnium Scipionis.*

Worcester:
PRINTED BY ORDER OF THE MONUMENT COMMITTEE.
MDCCCLXXV.

DEDICATION.

THE formal exercises of the Dedication of the Monument began at one o'clock, P. M., on Wednesday, July 15, 1874. After a Voluntary by the Germania Band of Boston, prayer was offered by the Rev. WILLIAM R. HUNTINGTON, rector of All Saints' Church.

The Hon. BENJAMIN F. THOMAS, of Boston (a native of Worcester), read the following Ode, written by himself for the occasion: —

1.

For sternest work of duty done,
The martyr's crown in patience won,
The mount of passion calmly trod,
The fetters which their swords have riven,
The pledge of peace their blood hath given,
They shall be called the sons of God.

2.

Peacemakers they! the good and brave,
Who died discordant States to save
And lift unto a higher plane;
That morn, when Light her gates unbars,
Might hail the blessed Stripes and Stars
Without a rent, without a stain.

3.

They, as the prophet-soldier, rest:
No promised land their footsteps pressed;
Yet on their parting vision gleamed
Prospect of better day and clime,
The noblest of the births of time,
A nation from itself redeemed.

4.

Not for the dead these trophies rise;
The spirit of self-sacrifice,
Which healed the nation's bitter strife,
Is of the eternal things of God,
Its feet with his salvation shod, —
Is in itself immortal life.

5.

Their funeral drum-beat shall keep pace
With every movement of the race,
On higher, nobler life intent.
Where'er a people lives to see
The Law enthroned with Liberty,
Shall rise our soldiers' monument.

6.

For *us* the lesson; greed and lust
Eat out our faith, eat out our trust,
The fibres of our manhood loose.
If these memorials of the dead
Suffuse the cheek and bow the head,
They could not have diviner use.

GEORGE CROMPTON, ESQ., Chairman of the Monument Committee, addressed the audience as follows: —

MR. CROMPTON'S ADDRESS.

Fellow-Citizens: — The Soldiers' Monument Committee welcome you to this day's duty, the dedication of the memorial to our fallen soldiers. We welcome their surviving comrades, and these invited guests, to these dedicatory exercises.

You will be addressed on this occasion by those you love to honor; my province is simply to give the history of the doings of the committee who have had this subject in charge.

The first action taken was by the City Council in 1866, which resulted in the appointment, at a mass meeting held in Mechanic's Hall, February 10th, 1867, of a committee of twenty-five, to co-operate with a special committee of the City Council. This Joint Committee thoroughly canvassed the city for subscriptions, and were cordially received by the people, and especially by those who had lost relatives or friends by the war. On September 5th, 1867, the Treasurer, the Hon. George W. Richardson, reported the funds on hand, including interest, to be $11,242. The meeting at which this report was made, chose a new committee, who, "with such as the city government should join, should choose a site, select a design, and erect a monument to our fallen heroes."

On the 16th of the same month the City Council appointed another Committee of Co-operation; the organization thus enlarged, through its Executive Committee solicited plans, and finally agreed upon one for a memorial arch, which was approved by the General Committee, and also by a committee from the Grand Army of the Republic. These committees recommended the reference of the matter to the people, at the then approaching municipal election. There was considerable opposition to the design as being unsuitable, in matter of taste, to the object intended, and the vote which was taken resulted in its rejection.

From this time to September, 1871, no action was taken. In the interval the death of Mayor Blake left us without a chairman. We reorganized inSeptember, 1871, and immediately invited Mr. Randolph Rogers, one of the most gifted of living sculptors (who was at that time in the country

erecting monuments for the States of Rhode Island and Michigan), to make a model for a Monument. When completed it met the approval of the committee and the community, and was cordially endorsed by vote of a committee of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The sum in the hands of our Treasurer, by accretion of interest, had reached about $15,000; we petitioned the city government to grant $35,000, with which to make a fund of $50,000. To the honor of the members of that government (1871) be it said, it was unanimously granted; a contract was immediately made with the artist, Mr. Rogers, to erect a monument 52 feet in height, according to the plan of his model, of granite and bronze, at a cost of $50,000.

The contract has, in the opinion of the committee, been executed in the utmost good faith. To more perfectly carry out the design, he has added to the height of the column, and enlarged the crowning figure. The entire height of the monument is 65 feet. Upon buttresses, from each corner of the second die, stand figures in bronze, representing Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery and Navy; on the second die, the profiles in bas-relief of the late President Lincoln and Governor Andrew, the dying soldier in bas-relief, and the inscription: —

"ERECTED BY THE PEOPLE

OF WORCESTER,

TO THE MEMORY OF HER SONS WHO DIED

For the Unity of the Republic,

A. D. 1861–1865."

On the third die are the arms of the United States, the arms of the State of Massachusetts, and the seal of the city of Worcester; also the crossed swords and laurel wreath, respresenting the army. A Corinthian cap upon a Roman column supports a semi-globe, upon which the Goddess of Victory is in the act of alighting, with sword aloft in the right hand and a palm in the left.

On the first, or lower die, the names of our 397 fallen soldiers are engraved on four bronze plates. At each of the four corners of the sub-base stand, inverted, four bronze cannons, captured from the enemy in the war. To the Hon. George F. Hoar, for his efforts in procuring the guns, and for many other acts of kindness and public spirit, we offer our thanks.

We are especially indebted, and the city is indebted, to a distinguished citizen, who, after our long inactivity, consolidated public opinion by his soul-stirring appeal, and enabled us to take the initiative, of which you to-day see the result; and whom I now introduce to you as our orator, — the Hon. Alexander H. Bullock.

At the close of Mr. Crompton's remarks, the drapery which had concealed the chief portions of the Monument fell, revealing the beautiful masterpiece to the thousands of spectators, whose admiration and enthusiasm found vent in loud and repeated cheers. The band played "Keller's American Hymn;" and the Fifth Battery of Light Artillery, of Worcester, which was stationed at Washington square, fired a national salute.

The Hon. ALEXANDER H. BULLOCK, of Worcester (ex-governor of the Commonwealth), delivered the following address: —

ADDRESS OF HON. A. H. BULLOCK.

I can neither enlarge nor diminish the lesson of the hour inscribed upon the column before us. We have assembled to witness the erection of a Monument by the people of Worcester to the memory of her sons who died for the union of the States. Some memorial fitting in design and durable in substance, which should perpetuate the names of the four hundred citizens fallen for their country, and in association with them pay respect to the larger number of survivors who shared in the same military service, is not only an appropriate offering, but an absolute necessity from our human condition. The sense of gratitude may be trusted so long as memory is fresh or tradition is actively repeated, but these are of uncertain duration, and the time of forgetfulness comes only too soon and unawares. The necessary thing is some visible memorial, without which a haze of indifference quickly gathers over virtuous deeds, and the names of modest heroes are untimely lost. We readily believe with Cicero that but for the Iliad the same grave which held the body of Achilles would also have entombed his name. But the historian poet never comes to commemorate the names of the great body of a nation's soldiery, though its existence was preserved by their blood. Already a large part of this present assembly is in need of this Monument for monitor and instructor. Some of us indeed remember the first general war meeting held here for half a century, — on the sixteenth of April, 1861, — which witnessed the fusion of all religions, all politics, all nationalities, under one common sense of wrong and one common purpose of vindication; but that was more than

thirteen years ago, almost half the time by which we measure a transitory generation, and the young men of twenty-one to-day, who were then school-boys on the grammar form, are now learning, as students, that mighty series of events into which these soldiers were then enlisting, as actors. Whilst, therefore, we stand around this majestic structure with varied reflections, — of approbation for the harmonious effect with which the eminent artist has made each part tributary to the whole work, his statues and embossments merging from their several quarters into civic and martial union beneath the column culminating in benignant victory, — of a certain justifiable complacency for the unanimity with which the city has voted this token of its own public spirit, — of grateful welcome to these remustering ranks of the survivors, privates who were companions and officers who were leaders of the noble dead, — in high supremacy over all these thoughts our gaze passes and fixes upon the names of those translated, and our heart returns to the consciousness that this is THEIR memorial, its first and last object to transmit THEIR names and THEIR deeds to a remote posterity.

The story of the city in the late conflict is the history of the town of earlier days re-enacted on a larger scale and on wider fields. In free and brave communities, kept up to the measure of their fathers by a chivalrous standard of patriotic duty, the inheritance of good blood and inspiring traditions counts for an increasing degree of glory, each generation not only retaining but augmenting the vigor of their ancestors. That truth has been displayed in the public conduct of the people of this town in five historical wars, covering, with greater or less intervals, the

period of one hundred and twenty-five years. It is a century since Lord Chatham, whose name will ever be held sacred by the freemen of Massachusetts, declared in the house of peers, with a pride surpassing the pride of argument, that the inhabitants of New England had raised on their own bottom four regiments and taken Louisburg from the veteran troops of France. This provincial town, then scarcely advanced more than twenty years in its chartered existence, was represented by its full quota in those regiments under Sir William Pepperell, and carried into that siege names which are still borne by some of our present townsmen, and are thus associated with the victory celebrated by the elder Pitt. The scenes of resolve and preparation which were witnessed here in 1861 were the enlarged spectacle of the century preceding; and the same plains that were covered with the gathering troops of our day had whitened with the tents of our fathers under beat of the drums of the seven years' war, from 1756 to 1763. They awoke at that time from a brief rest on their arms to actions from which Great Britain bore away imperial renown, and our ancestors the gloom of a depleted population and the transcendent lessons that fitted them for independence. The Worcester men moved everywhere in that war; they were at Crown Point and Fort William Henry; they were in captivity at Montreal and in the epidemics of Lake George; they shared with the ill-fated Abercrombie in the defeat of Ticonderoga and with Gen. Amherst in the joy of triumph. It is not easy for the fifty thousand inhabitants of the present day to understand it, yet the recorded rolls declare it, that the rugged stock of our predecessors sent

more than five hundred men into the campaigns of the ten years ending with 1756, out of a population not averaging through that period more than fourteen hundred. That character heroic, pervading the spiritual frame of the age, and working in acts of valor in the field, held the town among the foremost twelve years afterwards, and bore its citizens in triumph through another and severer struggle of seven years' duration. When the alarm messenger shouted on the green where we are now assembled the cry of blood from Lexington, at noon, on the 19th of April, 1775, his voice fell upon a people already prepared by experience and sacrifice, by long training of arms and by inherited training of the spirit, at a minute's warning to strike the blows for independence; and scarcely had cannon and bells ceased to reverberate over these hills when two companies of one hundred and ten men were on their way for Concord and Boston. It was the tale of previous days. They marched out with the blessing of the same pulpit which rang with its manly counsel ten years before; they bore the discipline and daring of the Rangers of the French war; they stepped to the same fife and drum which had sounded under the walls of Louisburg. I will not overtax your patience with the story of Worcester in the Revolution. Happily, we consecrate this Monument by the side of another,* which, while it commemorates the long-suffering heroism of a distinguished soldier of the Revolution, commemorates as well the whole part which this town bore in that war, from the first baptism in Middlesex to the final coronation of virtue at Yorktown. Of what kind, in service and sacrifice, that

* The monument to Col. Timothy Bigelow.

marble tells. He filled his regiment here, the stout old Fifteenth of the Massachusetts line in the Continental, known and impressed upon history by their ineffaceable footsteps at Saratoga, in Rhode Island, at Verplanck's Point, at Peekskill, at Valley Forge, a band whose conduct in close, hot places was worthy of the stern commentary of Napier or Cæsar, — descended long since to the grave of our common lot, — but after the lapse of two generations represented again as if in reinvested life and repeated glory under the colors of the Massachusetts Fifteenth of 1861. Example is the school of mankind.

On the morning of the 15th of April, 1861, the entire city was awakened by the intelligence that, under the first blow struck for disunion, the flag of the United States had been dishonored, and before nightfall the murmur of the armories and the common speech of all told of but one mind and one purpose. In a day we had all become republicans, we had all become democrats. The annals of that first week, its transfusion of heart to heart, its enthusiasm toned to solemn calm, its days and nights of ceaseless preparation, will supply a priceless inheritance in any future national exigency. The Light Infantry, first off and first at the capital, the City Guards and the Emmet Guards quickly following, filled the requisition for three hundred within five days from the first peal of the tocsin, and the next Sabbath after the fall of Sumter witnessed that, by the departure of its first consecrated band, the city had not only met its present duty, but had covenanted for every future requirement.

I advert again to the prompt enlistment of the Emmet Guards, because in my judgment it was a representative

fact of the highest importance to the permanent character of our government. This company was, I believe, the first organization of foreign blood which marched into the war, though it was followed by others of various nationalities, all of which rendered cordial service unto the end by the side of the patriotic native-born of the land. It is not any new boast that in the last seventy-five years we have drawn to our shores discordant elements from half the globe and magnetized the mass with the electric spark of civil freedom; but this is the first proof and illustration, on a national scale, that all distinctions of blood sink before the American flag, and that in the hour of extreme peril unity of action receives special guaranty and strength from diversities of origin. It would be impossible for me within my limitations to attempt any narrative of the subsequent organization here of companies and regiments, of which the stirring recollections have scarcely yet subsided. Fortunately the whole of this history has been collated and published with honorable industry and impartiality in a memorial volume,* which the present generation cannot afford to neglect, and which will surely be appreciated by the next as having a great and rare value.

It is not possible that I should state the number of men who served as soldiers of the city. In this search I find a catalogue of their names dislocated and confused by the repeated enlistment of the same individuals in different regiments; but I estimate their whole number as not far from three thousand. You are to bear in mind also that a very large number of our citizens did service in the

* History of Worcester in the War, by A. P. Marvin.

lines of other States. Many of our own are thus lost to our recognition, save when in individual instances a conspicuous action or a conspicuous death dissolves the mystery, and brings back the name of a distant son for memorial honors at home. The records of Massachusetts volunteers officially show that the men of Worcester served under the colors of fifty distinct regiments of infantry, five regiments of cavalry, and fourteen regimental or battery organizations of artillery, all sent into the field with the commission of John A. Andrew, whose name as the great war-governor of Massachusetts will forever be associated with the immortal renown of her soldiers. Our eye detects amongst the inscriptions upon this monument the names of our sons fallen under the banners of seventeen regiments of our sister States and nine military organizations of the general government. Estimating the probabilities of the number of our own enlisted by the ascertained number of our own dead in regiments without the State, though we can reach no definite result, we know enough to be able to say for a truth that the blood of Worcester was offered for the defence of the government in more than one hundred regiments and under the flag of every loyal State. Marvellous touchstone for us all that conflict was! Between ourselves and some of the States of the centre and the west there had been for several years more or less of political and social difference, with a plenty of misapprehension and ill blood all round; but when the common test came to all, how blessed the reunion in which they stood together and learned mutual respect under the same flag of stars!

A sense of repletion of material comes over me when I

contemplate the extent and number of the fields which resounded with the tread of your soldiers. Not a page, but a volume, would furnish the recital. They shared in the shifting lot of the army of the Potomac, from its clouded morning to its brilliant close, in the marchings and fightings of the Shenandoah, till every open field and copse became familiar ground; in the early welcome victories of Carolina; in patient trials along the Gulf; in the hours of turning fortune at New Orleans, Port Hudson and Vicksburg; in the tangled marches and counter-marches of Tennessee; in every part of the country, in every great campaign, not excepting the Napoleonic excursion of Sherman to the sea. It would especially be my pleasing duty, if time would permit, to make particular mention of the deeds of the Worcester regiments, so called, city and county, and of a few others in which a considerable proportion of our citizens enlisted, in whose personnel you became by observation and contact so deeply interested. I will not, indeed, omit to give voice to the opinion, to which the official testimony of so many of the higher officers of the army converges, that in labors and actions performed, and in the manner of performing them, they ranked among the most illustrious of the war. You will permit me to go one step further on simply my own authority, for I take it there are some things in war, as in peace, which the common sense of a layman as well as a soldier can penetrate. I read the campaigns of the Spanish Peninsula, so often resorted to as a standard in military comparison, and I read the most approved descriptive accounts of the service of these regiments of our own; I allow for some exaggeration in all the cases, and the farther back in the past they are, the greater

this allowance should be; and I declare the conviction, which every intelligent man is capable of forming, that for the moral and military qualities of a manly heroism, for versatile labors, for marches, for trials, for tough fighting and for sublime endurance, laurel wreaths should fall around the shaft now rising before us, as profusely as fame has ever strewn her honors over the memory of Talavera or Salamanca. Throughout the hostilities it was a common complaint of the English critics that many of our battles were inconclusive. We then thought that we knew something of the reason for this, and military writers across the water are now confessing that they understand it as well. Conspicuously a writer of high authority in the profession of arms, an officer of the British army,* who, in a recent volume, accounting for what he terms the "inconclusiveness" of our own engagements, very justly says that "the beaten side would not break up;" and then goes on remarking that "in order to pursue, there must be some one to run away, and to the credit of Americans, the ordinary conditions of European warfare in this respect were usually absent from the great battles fought (in the United States)." I dare say that those who have returned from the war will appreciate the compliment, no doubt a just one, to the valor of both sides in our struggle. It is nothing very new as a discovery. The great Conde, when asked why he did not take Marshal Turenne, since he often came very near to him, replied (*J'ai peur qu'il ne me prenne*) — "I am afraid that *he* will take *me*." The fields of American valor are in every State, and on both sides of the cause, and the regi-

* Colonel Chesney's Essays in Military Biography, reprinted from the "Edinburgh Review."

ments which are largely represented in yonder engraved list of the dead would by any tribunal of comparison be awarded some of the highest of historical honors.

But we are not just if we measure the merit of these lives by battles alone. There was no hard detail of labor that they were not equal to, no patient and cheerless sacrifice they did not endure, no vicissitude of prosperous or adverse fortune they did not meet with serenity. O my friends, you may well believe that there is much of a soldier's life which is harder than a soldier's death! Consider the tedium and tiredness of preparation for action deferred, the nervous strain from constant vigil at patrol and picket, the extreme of human wretchedness which comes from hunger, — "two ears of corn a day's ration" in one of our regiments; "six spoonfuls of flour for seven days," in another, — consider the marching for objects unknown to the ranks, and therefore all the harder to endure, under the intensity of our sky, summer or winter, until the very heavens seem animate with cruel hostility, "over one thousand miles in the hottest season" [the Thirty-fourth], "marching without rations under a Mississippi sun until some dropped dead in the ranks" [the Thirty-sixth], "marching, watching, starving, and fighting in the mazes of Tennessee [the Twenty-first], — consider the dreariness of exhaustion which steals over the senses like the forecasting shadows of dissolution, the days and nights so lengthened out in sickness, the solemn and awful rest of captivity, the horrors of prison whence too often the cry of sacred misery rises to Heaven, and where the Almighty sometimes abandons man to the display of his capacity for depravity, — and tell me whether you might not have pre-

ferred far rather the quick parting of soul and body in the waters at Ball's Bluff, amidst the transfiguration of victory on Lookout Mountain, in the battles of the Wilderness, that labyrinth of quick passing fury and quick coming glory.

In the erection of this monument we symbolize alike the character of the war and the character of those who engaged in it. Several years ago a gentleman of military authority in England aroused a warm discussion by the assertion that a villain makes none the worse a soldier. That might be true in a single instance, under a transitory passion for plunder or booty; but no sustained spirit of fortitude, such as carries a people through the changing tides of a long war, can be counted on, unless the merit of the war itself be high enough to enlist in it high personal characters. "A war," says Mr. Burke, "a war to preserve national independence, liberty, life and honor, is a war just, necessary, manly and pious, and we are bound to persevere in it by every principle, divine and human, as long as the system which menaces them has an existence." That was precisely our case, and our fellow-citizens, looking at it with as fair and impartial an eye as was ever united to a feeling heart, resolved to settle the question at once and for all time, at whatever cost and sacrifice the struggle should find necessary. They left happy firesides for the cheerless camp, misled by none of the illusive glare of romance nor any passing gust of madness, but thoroughly convinced that the government their fathers had established was now on its test and trial, and that the blood of man must be shed to redeem the blood of man. Men who would have looked upon any

other war of the present century as vanity or as crime, carried their hearts and their arms impetuously into this. In the essential quality that marks great exemplars of patriotic virtue they were as superior to the heroes of Marathon, one-tenth part of whom were slaves let loose to fight the battles of their masters, as the civil polity of New England transcends the imperfect civilization of Greece or Rome. They were citizen-heroes, bearing in one hand the musket, and in the other the violated constitution of their country, fully determined and sworn, the Lord helping them, to carry the former to the land's end, if need be, to restore the latter to acknowledged supremacy over every inch of territory which had ever taken the national christening. I allow they were backed by tremendous forces from behind, — teeming industries, generous wealth, the sympathetic support of women, the most active that any age had witnessed; but they had a greater backing than these, — principles descended to them in the high phrase of Milton, endeared to them through the depth and pathos of colonial and revolutionary traditions, sounding through their hearts in the undying words of Adams and Warren, of Webster and Sumner. In sending such men into the field you sent out armed doctrines which were invulnerable and immortal, —

> "Spirits that live throughout,
> Vital in every part, not as frail man,"

and wherever or in whatsoever numbers their mortal representatives should fall, the imperishable principle was certain to reappear in other champions on the field, until the wrong should be forever vanquished.

And who were the three thousand that went out from the city to bear aloft such a standard in such a cause? For the most part they were the young men of the day, the flower of the city's manhood. "Youth is genius," says Disraeli. Undoubtedly youth is the stage of the ideal inspirations which play a most important part in every decisive revolution or social advancement. Not all age is sluggish, and not all youth is pure or progressive, but human nature has its rules, and they are not disturbed by the exceptions. Advanced towards the grand climacteric, men are apt to become affectionately attached to the seasons of peace, in which they find accumulated profits and fixed pleasures better placed than in war. The dead level of civilization, the inertia of States, is best administered by the wisdom of the elders; but when the great change comes, and obsolete or vicious institutions are to pass away by violence, as too often they must, younger men have to give and take the blows, though old ones may have to be called in again at the close to assist in the adjustments.

The first Pitt was comparatively but a young man when he set in motion the influences that drove the old Councillors from around the throne, and in a short career, which reads like a romance of the imagination, bore with his own hand the flag of British conquest blazing with triumph over the two hemispheres. A few years later, with the gout settling over his body and the caprices of patrician dignity over his spirit, he made the remark, which is frequently and only partially quoted, that "confidence is a plant of slow growth in aged bosoms; youth is the season for credulity." I accept the stately apothegm for the

American situation. The young men of the United States had prepared the way for the contest; it was the product of their enthusiasm. It was to be a contest of desperation. In the fulness of time the day had come when the Institution, so called, — the hoary monarch of our political system, who

> "Not content
> With fair equality, fraternal state,
> Did arrogate dominion undeserved
> Over his brethren," —

was to be met in the last demand and on the last field, and all our habits of concession and surrender, confirmed and indurated for three generations, were to be upturned and reversed, — the day of a social, elemental revolution, in which the proud master should retire forever from the scene, in which many of the relations of production and commerce were to be changed, and many of the old methods of business and politics were to be swept along like stubble before a wild north-wester.

And who could be best fitted to encounter such a situation? The sculptor, Mr. Rogers, — who, I may as well say to you, was true as steel to his country during all the war, a terror at Rome to every inflated refugee from home, — has placed before you the answer to my question. In full sympathy with his subject, he has symbolized each arm of the service in youthful figure, fashioned in a soldier's grace and strength, upon whose countenance sits the silent power of hope and faith, whilst over them all settles the indomitable will fitting their character and their cause. Nothing that is tricked, nothing that is theatrical or affected, lurks in these ideals. The artist has met

the occasion. The young men who filled the rolls of that war must have been surcharged with the electric fire of enthusiasm, must have breathed in the atmosphere of a credulity which easily believes in heroic and revolutionary deeds, must have been so unhackneyed in the ways of age as from instinct to repel every suggestion of compromise, credulous enough to have an easy faith in the eternal union of the States, credulous enough to snuff emancipation in the air before it appeared to the sight, to behold high above the clouds of that desperate day the honor and renown which would come to those who should strike the chains from four millions of men and elevate them to the peerage of American citizenship; or the contest would have broken down in its second year. Such we saw them muster. From the shops, from the professions, from the churches, from the schools upon these surrounding highlands, they came with the dew of youth upon their lips, and bravely were sworn in for freedom, for their country and their God. O my fellow-citizens, those were historical hours! The example of past generations tingled in their veins and forgotten histories reappeared in those new young lives. The descendant of one who, ninety years before, had stood with his musket in the first company of martyrs at Lexington, broke away from the peace of home to complete the work of his ancestor, and laid down his life in the far-off prison which horror forbids me to mention. How true it is, as formulated by Bolingbroke, that "the virtue of one generation is transfused by the magic of example into several generations." I recall the young citizen of foreign blood, hereditary from Waterloo, who came forward in that first enlistment to match the gallantry

of his sire, and fell to his sleep at Cold Harbor, asking that his face might be turned to the enemy and the banner of stars be held over his body in his dying moments. The whole war was unlike any other; religion, poetry and eloquence had prepared the way, and it came at length stirring to their profoundest depths the ideal elements of national life; a credulous pride and boast for the destiny of the flag; rich veins of sentiment never so quickened before; conceptions of freedom such as can flame only in the heart fresh from the studies of boyhood, and unchecked by the cooler calculations of advanced years.

As we unveil the statues of the army of the dead, our justice and gratitude fall short of our duty and desire if we fail to comprehend the results they achieved. All this to-day is an empty pageantry, if we catch not the lesson of the occasion. I take that lesson from the engraved entablatures, where it will be read for ages to come:—they achieved not only a conquest and a peace, but they established the unity of the republic. They accomplished something more. It sometimes happens that war, that divinity as mysterious in action as tremendous in power, accomplishes incidentally purposes not inferior to the original and principal object. "War never leaves where it found a nation." If peace had come from early surrender, and not from final conquest, from the first day at Bull Run, and not from the last day at Appomatox, then it would have been, in the language of Washington, "a peace of war." In the same roar of battle in which the union of States was sealed to perpetual life, the constitution gained its just and final interpretation, without which any victory would have been only a transient joy. Very early after

the opening of hostilities it became obvious, and by none more quickly discerned than by the ingenuous and independent volunteer, that the one thing absolutely essential for enduring union and peace was the acknowledgment of the equality of all, and their right to enfranchisement. The moral sense of the nation, which had become more keen by war, the alternations of the cause oscillating between victory and defeat, the talk of the volunteers about the camp fires, the judgment of the world, the visible tokens of the Divine will combined to aggravate and heighten the demand for a completed republic under universal emancipation, and a homogeneous people under universal suffrage. And then, repose. It has come, but it could only have come after war. It needed the tramp of armies to break down the prejudices rooted by the vicious overgrowth of an hundred years and twining about the very body of the Constitution. We might as well suppose that after months of torrid heat and vapor, rolling vegetable life to a scroll, the God of nature would clear the atmosphere without the agency of electric sublimity and destruction, as believe that the current of national vice of a century could be changed, and the institutions grounded in the mercenary passions of many generations could be overturned, without the vicissitudes and agonies of protracted war.

Out of the war has come another reform in the interpretation of the powers of the government which never would have been won in peace. We have learned at last that the sovereignty of the nation is greater than the sovereignty of the States. We tried that question under the civil experience of eighty years without reaching a settlement. The

Revolution found us united, but only for a special purpose, and the Declaration of Independence, though grand as a war-cry, was by no means a bond of government. The Confederation which followed proved only a joint stock association, liable to dissolution at any moment, because it established no central power to raise revenue, or enforce a treaty, or compel a State. It was rich enough for individual liberty, but was poverty as a unit of sovereignty. It sprang out of provincialism, and came only to statism, and not to nationality. It was something splendid as a stage of progress, but could be nothing as a consummation. Then, as a consequence, came the Constitution. Singularly enough, Madison, the champion of the Constitution, gave to his own work its first and worst construction of weakness in the Virginia resolutions of "ninety-eight." Those resolutions, coupled since with African slavery, have been the cause of our war. When, long afterwards, Webster, in reply to Hayne, put forth the only construction under which this Union could live, Madison, then an old man, explained away the resolutions of "ninety-eight;" but it was too late, — the mischief had begun its irresistible work. The same school of interpretation continued, and under the authority of its great master, Calhoun, it outlived the argument of Webster, the denunciation of Clay, the invective of Adams, and took its last animate form and articulate expression in James Buchanan. In the expiring hours of his administration he led the way to the opening of war by promulgating to the world once more, and for the last time, that the national sovereignty was powerless before the sovereignty of the States; and with these parting words he retired from the capitol to his eternal retreat. He closed

the doors of the old school forever, and it only remained for Abraham Lincoln to open the doors of the new.

And now, after all these years of the strife of opinions and of arms, we have come to the opportunity of gratitude for the establishment of the central authority of this Union, of the sovereignty of unity over its parts, of the oneness and indestructibility of American nationality. This has been an open question before, and never could have been solved until the disputants at the South as well as at the North should acknowledge it to be solved; and the ordeal of fire and blood alone could bring them to such acknowledgment. And that time has arrived. They who resisted the idea of the dominant authority of the federal principle by a war of words for seventy years, and by a war of arms for four years which seemed longer than the seventy before, are in substantial agreement with other sections in accepting this trial of battle as the finality. They have entered with us all upon reconstruction with acknowledgment of the establishment of federal authority; disputed before, but conceded at length; claimed by Hamilton, but frittered quite away by Madison; demonstrated by Webster, but surrendered by Buchanan; established now, if anything can be said to be established, for all coming time by the hearts and by the arms of the people. Nothing exceeds in grandeur the settlement of this disputed question. It proves that the silence of the Constitution, which all over the world has been accounted its weakness, was destined under Providence to become its strength. Whatever shall be the number of States between the Atlantic and the Pacific, they shall live and

govern under one common authority and under one common flag.

Looking back to the events of the contest we find there a new school for the national character. I am not afraid of seeming to touch upon the delicate ground of military glory. The renown of martial deeds is better than national decay. The necessity had become imminent and overshadowing for some fresh infusion in the sluggish and turbid current of the national spirit. Inglorious sloth was to be broken by virtuous activity. For half a century with scarcely any interruption, we had been harvesting the fruits of prosperous peace, but we had also garnered into the treasury of the heart a large mixture of the noxious growths which spring up in a long period of social inertia. The atmosphere was heavy with the overspread and far-stretching vapors rising from the malarial luxuriance of the broad level of materialistic life, and the blast of war came to inspire, to change and to purify. The politics and ambitions of the time were composed, so to speak, of two or three stratified periods of compromise and bargain, immutable principles exchanged for transient repose, when the war fell to startle the fallen virtue of the people to manly self-sacrifice and heroism. In such a change the whole nation became a school of honor, of noble aspirations, of exalted sentiments. The air grew fragrant with courage, decision, manliness and rectitude, and a new generation rose stocked with exhilarating lessons and examples. You may deplore, you must deplore, the necessity of so terrible an agency of reformation, but you recognize in it the hand of the God of your fathers. If you ask in what sense moral and social good can come

from these feats of arms, from the trials and suffering of that dread ordeal, the answer is, — good in the very manifestation of greatness, of enterprise, of valor, of suffering; good in the shape of bright and stimulating examples offered to the contemplation of the next generation. The line of uninterrupted uniformity connecting the ages of a nation may conduct to riches and contentment, but the danger is that it will become a contentment of mercenary and obtuse sentiments even worse than the shock of martial magnetism. Certain it is that the Almighty has so dealt with us, and with all the other nations of modern power.

Nor do I limit my estimate of the moral stimulation of the late conflict to the rugged half of our population. In no less degree has it been a stimulating educator to the other sex, formed to gentle manners and trained to a merciful religion. No former generation, of Spartan or Roman fame, has better illustrated the whole circle of grace and beneficence than the women of America throughout that dark and troubled period. Under all defeats and discouragements, not any utterance of doubt nor sign of dissension among the sterner sex, nor any degree of grief or sacrifice brought home to their own hearts, for a moment disturbed in the women of this country "the firm and settled purpose of their souls to undergo all and to do all that the meekest patience, the noblest resolution, and the highest trust in God could enable human beings to suffer or to perform." The moral and social heroism which the war called into activity, elevating men and women to higher spheres of thought and action than any they had moved in before, will live

as examples during this generation and pass down among the traditions that shall instruct and animate the following.

It seems to many of us as the consciousness of yesterday that bonfires and illuminations in all the land proclaimed that fraternal blood had ceased to flow, and yet, even already, the war has been consigned to history, and the era of restoration is completed. Pacification, reconciliation, meets with an all-embracing welcome in every section, in every State. Providence in its benignant work has outstripped the anticipations of both sides. Unfriendly prophets in Europe have been disappointed, we ourselves have been disappointed by the swiftly following reaction of all the better parts of human nature. Comumnity of interest, fellowship and blood, of strength, pride and renown, has so quickly proved too mighty and too benevolent for the lingering memory of wrong and the lurking thought of retaliation. Since the first assembling of States at Philadelphia a century ago, there has been no such manifestation of the saving grace and power of nationality as that which now pervades this great people. Nor can the history of civil wars in other countries and other ages supply a parallel or a precedent to ours.

Within five years after the shedding of blood one tone and purpose of renationalization courses like a river of peace through all the States and churches, through all the industries and intercommunications, through all political and all social life. To-day the highest policy of States lies in the broadest magnanimity, and the wisest statesmanship is forgetfulness and forgiveness. We have

passed through a protracted period of war; now let us take our hearts with us into a protracted period of fraternization. The voice of pacification cries to us from the ground. The earth is the common tomb of the war, the common resting-place of silence and reconciliation, where in the awful but kindly brotherhood of death the dust of warriors may commingle in peace. The living ought to learn peace from the dead. I am sure that we all concurred with the President of the United States in his recent declaration to Congress, that the last manifestation of sectional passion ought to be buried beneath a tolerant and statesmanly amnesty. The people of all the States, weary of war, weary of dissension, hail the dear old flag, never so dear before, as the assurance of a united nation and universal peace.

To those who fell we bring the votive offering of this passing hour. The recorded list is rich with memories of self-sacrificing patriotism and the immortal fame of dying for one's country. In reading and studying their names I have felt oppressed with a desire to make here and there some special mention; but I have schooled myself to forbear, under a sense of justice forbidding me to lay a discriminating finger upon the sacred roll. Wherever they offered up their lives, amid the thunder of battle or on the exhausting march, in victory or in defeat, in hospital or in prison, officers and privates, soldiers and patriots all, they fell like the beauty of Israel, on their high places, burying all distinction of rank in the august equality of death. In that same spirit of impartial justice their names are engraved on the enduring bronze, where they will be read in after ages when the hands that

reared the work, and the voices which now dedicate it, shall have passed away and been forgotten. The names of those who fell at Marathon, inscribed upon the pillars erected over the spot, were legible to more than twenty successive generations; and we may devoutly trust that these names of our sons, if obscured by time, will be restored by the pious hands of our successors, and will continue as long as the Union shall last, though it be a thousand years. Especially to you, surviving comrades of the conflict, who have assembled in such vast throng to participate in these fleeting ceremonies, we commit the keeping of this sacred trust, — to the army of the living the duty of protecting the honor of the army of the dead.

Major-General CHARLES DEVENS, JR., of Worcester (a Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court), also addressed the audience as follows: —

ADDRESS OF GEN. DEVENS.

With the reflections that have been excited by the noble address to which we have just listened engrossing our minds, with the emotions it has kindled still swelling our hearts, it would hardly seem advisable (were I to consult my own views alone) that more should be added; and we might well depart, satisfied that all it was in our power to do by the exercises of this day had been done. Yet as it has seemed otherwise to the committee, who have desired that some one should speak upon this occasion who had himself served with those whose deeds we have striven this day to commemorate, I answer readily to the call. Certainly, it is most fitting that in a city whose existence and prosperity demonstrate more clearly than any labored