

NATIONAL ORGANIZATION
SONS OF UNION VETERANS OF THE CIVIL WAR

CIVIL WAR MEMORIAL ASSESSMENT FORM

BRIGHTON Civil War Memorial

PLEASE:

- Type or print, using a ball-point pen, when filling out this form. Legibility is critical.
- Do not guess at the information. An answer of, "Unknown," is more helpful.
- Include a photograph of each viewable side and label it with name & direction of view.

- Thank You.

Type of Memorial

Monument *with* Sculpture ___ Monument with *Cannon*
 ___ Monument without Sculpture ___ Historical Marker ___ Plaque

Affiliation

___ G.A.R. (Post Name & No. _____) ___ M.O.L.L.U.S.
 ___ W.R.C. (Corps Name & No. _____) ___ Other Allied Order
 ___ SUVCW (Camp Name & No. _____) (Please describe below)
 ___ DUVCW (Tent Name & No. _____)
 Other: *City of Boston*

Original Dedication Date *1866* Please consult any/all newspaper archives for a local paper's article that would have information on the *first* dedication ceremony and/or other facts on the memorial. Please submit a copy of your findings with full identification of the paper & date of publication. Thank you.

Location

The Memorial is *currently* located at:
 Street/Road address or site location *Evergreen Cemetery, Commonwealth Avenue*
 City/Village *Brighton* Township *Boston* County *Suffolk*

The front of the Memorial faces: North ___ South ___ East ___ West

Government Body, Agency, or Individual Owner (of private cemetery that Memorial is located in)...

Name *City of Boston* Dept./Div. *Boston Art Commission, Office of Cultural Affairs*
 Street Address *City Hall, Room 716*
 City *Boston* State *MA* Zip Code *02201*
 Contact Person _____ Telephone () _____

If the Memorial has been moved, please list former location(s)...

Physical Details

Material of Monument or base under a Sculpture or Cannon = Stone ___ Concrete ___ Metal ___ Undetermined
 If known, name specific material (color of granite, marble, etc.) *light gray granite*

Material of the Sculpture = Stone ___ Concrete ___ Metal ___ Undetermined
 If known, name specific material (color of granite, marble, etc.) light gray granite
 If the Sculpture is of metal, is it solid cast or "hollow?" solid

Material of Plaque or Historical Marker / Tablet = _____

Material of Cannon = ___ Bronze ___ Iron - Consult known Ordnance Listing to confirm

Markings on muzzle = _____

Markings on Left Trunion _____ Right Trunion _____

Is inert ammunition a part of the Memorial? ___ If so, describe _____

Approximate Dimensions (indicate unit of measure) - taken from tallest / widest points

Monument or Base: Height 26' Width 6' Depth 6' or Diameter _____

Sculpture: Height 4' Width _____ Depth _____ or Diameter _____

For Memorials with multiple Sculptures, please record this information on a separate sheet of paper for each statue and attach to this form. Please describe the "pose" of each statue and any weapons/implements involved (in case your photos become separated from this form). Thank you!

Markings/Inscriptions (on stone-work / metal-work of monument, base, sculpture)

Maker or Fabricator mark / name? If so, give name & location found _____

The "Dedication Text" is formed: cut into material ___ raised up from material face

Record the text (indicate any separation if on different sides...) Please use additional sheet if necessary.

FRONT: IN/GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE/OF THE/PATRIOTIC
 AND BRAVE/VOLUNTEERS OF BRIGHTON/WHOSE/LIVES WERE
 SACRIFICED/IN DEFENCE OF/LIBERTY AND THE UNION/
 DURING THE/GREAT REBELLION/ 1865 (Raised Letters)

REAR: HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE/WHO SINK TO REST/BY
 ALL THEIR COUNTRY,S/WISHES BLEST.

LEFT AND RIGHT: NAMES OF WAR DEAD

Environmental Setting

(The general vicinity and immediate locale surrounding a memorial can play a major role in its overall condition.)

Type of Location

- | | | |
|--|--------------------|---------------------|
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Cemetery | ___ Park | ___ Plaza/Courtyard |
| ___ "Town Square" | ___ Post Office | ___ School |
| ___ Municipal Building | ___ State Capitol | Other: _____ |
| ___ Courthouse | ___ College Campus | _____ |
| ___ Traffic Circle | ___ Library | _____ |

Surface Coating

Does there appear to be a coating? Yes No Unable to determine
 If known, identify type of coating.

Gilded Painted Varnished Waxed Unable to determine
 Is the coating in good condition? Yes No Unable to determine

Basic Surface Condition Assessment (check one)

In your opinion, what is the general appearance or condition of the Memorial?
 Well maintained Would benefit from treatment In urgent need of treatment Unable to determine

Overall Description


Briefly describe the Memorial (affiliation / overall condition & any concern not already touched on).

Thirty foot obelisk surmounted by a bald eagle, bearing the
names of Brighton's war dead.

Supplemental Background Information

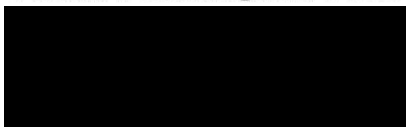
In addition to your on-site survey, any additional information you can provide on the described Memorial will be welcomed. Please label each account with its source (author, title, publisher, date, pages). Topics include any reference to the points listed on this questionnaire, plus any previous conservation treatments - or efforts to raise money for treatment. Thank you.

Inspector Identification

Date of On-site Survey Dec. 10, 2006
 Your Name Kevin Tucker
 Address 58 Forest Street City Wakefield
 State MA Zip Code 01880 Telephone 

Please send this completed form to:

Todd A. Shillington, PDC



Thank you for your help, and attention to detail.

SONS OF UNION VETERANS OF THE CIVIL WAR
 National Civil War Memorials Committee

BRIGHTON SOLDIERS MONUMENT



BRIGHTON SOLDIERS MONUMENT



FRONT BASE



FRONT BASE



REAR BASE



FRONT MIDDLE



FRONT TOP



LEFT BASE



RIGHT BASE

AN

O R A T I O N

DELIVERED AT THE

DEDICATION OF THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT,

IN

Evergreen Cemetery, Brighton, Mass.,

ON THURSDAY AFTERNOON, JULY 26, 1866,

BY

REV. FREDERIC AUGUSTUS WHITNEY.

With an Appendix,

CONTAINING THE OTHER EXERCISES, AND NOTICES OF THE DECEASED SOLDIERS.

4
3200



BOSTON:

S. CHISM,—FRANKLIN PRINTING HOUSE,

No. 134 Washington Street, corner of Spring Lane.

1866.

98

HARVARD PLACE, BRIGHTON, December 5, 1865.

REV. FREDERIC A. WHITNEY.

Dear Sir: At a meeting of the Soldiers' Monument Committee, held on Thursday evening, the 30th of November last, it was voted to extend to you an invitation to deliver the Oration at the dedication of the Monument.

I have the pleasure to communicate to you the desire of the Committee, and hope it will be agreeable to you to accept the invitation.

The day of the dedication is not yet appointed; but it will not occur till late in the spring, or in the early part of summer.

With great respect,

Most truly yours,

AUGUSTUS MASON,

Sec'y Mon. Com., Brighton.

GARDNER STREET, BRIGHTON, December 6, 1865.

DR. MASON.

Dear Sir: Your letter of the 5th instant, inviting me, on behalf of the Soldiers' Monument Committee, to deliver the Oration at the dedication of the Monument, was received last evening.

It gives me pleasure to accept the invitation with which you have thus honored me. My warmest sympathies have been from the beginning with the glorious cause in behalf of which our devoted fellow-citizens, with their myriad comrades in arms, thus laid down their lives. You have done a good work in preparing this beautiful and massive Monument. Let us, at the fit season, gather gratefully and reverently about it, and testify by our words, though all unworthy, our admiration for their braver deeds.

With kind regards to the Committee, and to yourself personally, I remain,

Your obliged servant,

FREDERIC A. WHITNEY.

AUGUSTUS MASON, M.D.,

Sec'y of Mon. Com., Brighton.

HARVARD PLACE, BRIGHTON, August 1, 1866.

REV. FREDERIC A. WHITNEY.

Dear Sir: At a meeting of the Monument Committee, held this evening, it was unanimously voted, That the thanks of the Committee be presented to the Rev. FREDERIC A. WHITNEY, for his very able and interesting Oration at the dedication of the Brighton Soldiers' Monument, and that a copy of the same be requested for publication.

I take great pleasure in communicating this desire of the Committee, and respectfully solicit a copy of the Oration at your earliest convenience.

Very truly yours,

AUGUSTUS MASON,

Sec'y Monument Committee.

GARDNER STREET, BRIGHTON, August 4, 1866.

AUGUSTUS MASON, M.D., Sec'y of the Monument Committee.

Dear Sir: I comply cheerfully with the request of the Monument Committee to submit for publication a copy of the Oration which commemorated the occasion so interesting to us all.

And grateful for the friendly terms in which you have communicated the desire of your associates, I remain,

Yours cordially,

FREDERIC A. WHITNEY.

THE MONUMENT

In Quincy granite, described in the Oration, is thirty feet in height, and, with the grounds, has been entirely completed at an expense of about five thousand dollars.

The design consists of a square base two courses high, with a smaller base at each corner supporting cannon balls. Upon the base is placed a pyramidal plinth with inscriptions and names on all sides. Above the plinth is a square shaft with moulded base and capital, upon the top of which is an eagle resting upon a ball. The die of the shaft is decorated with a shield, with stars, and flags.





SOLDIERS' MONUMENT,
EVERGREEN CEMETERY, BRIGHTON, MASS.

O R A T I O N .

MR. PRESIDENT, FELLOW-CITIZENS, AND FRIENDS :

ON Wednesday, the 7th of August, 1850, now sixteen years past, we were first gathered in this beautiful cemetery to set apart these groves—then vocal, as to-day, with the music of birds, and bowed in their luxuriant summer foliage — as a garden of graves. In the address of consecration which I had the honor to pronounce on that occasion, this day was not foreseen. We anticipated the ordinary exigencies of the place which was thus dedicated by appropriate religious rites, and named so fitly EVER-GREEN CEMETERY, a name most appropriate here for its natural, more rich even and beautiful for its spiritual significance. Indeed, we could not but anticipate the natural conditions of mortality, under which, from all the dear relations of life, the bodies of our dead, our beloved, were to be brought here. Accordingly the address reminded us that

“Here shall the weary rest,
And souls with woes oppressed
No more shall weep;

And youth and age shall come,
 And beauty in her bloom,
 And manhood to the tomb,—
 Sweet be their sleep!"

But who of the great throng assembled for those consecration services anticipated the new, the noble consecration which this occasion brings? Who of all—not the speaker certainly—could have dreamed that before eleven years were quite circled, a civil war, with no shadow of justification on the part of the aggressors, should be begun within the borders of our own United States, that, sustained four years on a scale of expenditure and of army equipment unparalleled in the history of nations, should cut down three hundred thousand and more of our best and bravest patriots? Who could have thought that some even who sat here with us then in the bloom of boyhood, or in the rich promise of youth, were so soon to spring to arms at their country's call, to give their lives for her life, to be buried on distant battle-fields, or to be borne back within these gates that swung wide open, as with patriotic welcome, to give resting place to their martyred forms?

Pardon me a single reference more to that address of consecration. These words were spoken in it: "Within this circling grove where we are assembled to-day, it is contemplated that a chapel may be erected, in which the last services over our dead, grateful alike to Christian faith and to bereaved affection, may be discharged. Thus happily the spot

on which we are gathered for these opening rites may be the same on which, through coming years, the stricken mourner, kindred and friends will bow in prayer, before the forms of the beloved go down to their kindred dust."

The public convenience of our citizens has not yet called for the erection of the chapel thus proposed in the opening of these grounds, to be erected in the centre of this grove, which bears, as from the beginning, the name of Chapel Grove, and which, when those words were spoken, was thickly covered with its native forest trees. But instead thereof, what a structure do our eyes this day behold here! Not the chapel consecrated to the successive discharge of the funeral services which Christian faith and affection prompt, but the graceful shaft hewn out from the solid rock. Not the hallowed enclosure for the solemn chant and prayer and holy scripture of the burial, but the Monument, hallowed already—is it not?—with sacred memories, holy forever as it shall be held, in the dedication we this day make of it to the patriot dead, not in the name of Mars the Pagan, but of God our Father, the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

We only thought to have prepared here the chapel where, as one by one our friends, and these our young soldiers with them, should die by the gentle hand of Providence in their homes, we might honor their burial, and lo, we are called thus to honor them

slain in battle! Alas, we knew not what the years had in store. Our "tenderness," alas, how "ill-informed!" We are reminded of that touching passage in the Iliad of Homer, where Andromache prepares so kindly for the hero-husband of her love:—

. . . . "But fair Andromache
Nought yet had heard, nor knew by sure report
Hector's delay without the city gates.
She in a closet of her palace sat,
A two-fold web weaving magnificent,
With sprinkled flowers, inwrought, of various hues,
And to her maidens had commandment given
Through all her house, that, compassing with fire
An ample tripod, they should warm a bath
For noble Hector from the fight returned.
Tenderness ill-informed! She little knew
That in the field, from such refreshment far,
Pallas had slain him by Achilles' hand."

We relinquish willingly this central site from its original purpose, for the claims of our heroes. No longer as Chapel Grove shall it be known, but as Monument Grove. The Monument, which we dedicate here to-day, reflects the highest honor upon the architect who designed it, upon the Committee who have devised and planned, and upon those who have executed the work. In silent, massive grandeur it stands, as if calmly defying the changes of centuries. Not silent, for how truly eloquent is that shaft! It reads to us the whole history of these years of war. It is a speaking testimony to the noble principles on which so reluctantly the North accepted from the South the dread arbitrament of battle. It is our

own free-will offering. Its symbols, hewn out by the sculptor's hand from its own granite face, how appropriate, how expressive! Behold on its front the shield twined with our nation's flag,—the stars which the sculptor's chisel has set there, on which God grant! the holy stars in their heavenly places shall long look down,—the shield upon which, Spartan-like, not with which, our soldiers so many came back. The shield behold there, the sublime monogram shall I not call it, since we see twined within it so gracefully those two significant letters which shall tell forever, as they have told hitherto, of our States united. The shield, once more, behold there, that marks the arms of our dear old State, whose soldiers were the very first on the field when the battle-cry sounded, leaving their own blood, the first spilled in the mighty struggle, leaving, too, their own dead in the streets of Baltimore, as they rushed to the defence of the capital. O Massachusetts, venerable mother, hadst thou thought in the blood of so many of thy choicest sons, in this, we had deemed it, the noonday of Christian civilization, thus to verify that motto blazoned on thy shield,—

“*Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem*”?

Behold, likewise, carved so exquisitely from the rock, the cannon balls, which speak to the heart, louder even than their report to the ear, of the deadly contest.

And, towering on high, behold still further the noble eagle, proud symbol of our country. It rests on the solid ball that crowns the summit of the granite shaft. It was shaped by the cunning skill of man from the hard-wrought rock, and even, as was the Saviour's garment, without seam or joint. As a sleepless sentinel behold the eagle above the names, cut in the enduring stone, of our fallen heroes.

Reverently, as becomes our converse with the departed, gratefully and affectionately, as becomes the sentiments we all entertain for these martyred ones, let me speak here their engraven names, as they form that roll of honor:—

PATRICK BARRY,
 ELIAS HASTINGS BENNETT,
 CHARLES BRYANT CUSHING,
 WILLIAM CHAUNCY DAILEY,
 JOHN FLINT DAY,
 JOEL DAVENPORT DUDLEY,
 JOHN WARREN FOWLE,
 GEORGE FROST,
 HENRY HASTINGS FULLER,
 JOHN GOLDING,
 HAZAEL LEANDER GROVER,
 GEORGE HENRY HOWE, JR.,
 SAMUEL DEVENS HARRIS NILES,
 FRANCIS EDWIN PLUMMER,
 ALBERT RICE,
 RICHARD DAVID RING,
 WARREN DUTTON RUSSELL, }
 FRANCIS LOWELL RUSSELL, } Brothers.
 FRANCIS AUGUSTINE STARKEY,
 EDWARD LEWIS STEVENS,
 FRANKLIN WILLIAM THOMPSON,
 JOSEPH WASHINGTON WARREN, }
 GEORGE WASHINGTON WARREN, } Father and son.

Twenty-three from out the whole number of some two hundred, natives or enlisted in our town,—why answer they not, comrades, to this roll-call, as, perchance, ye have often heard them answer in martial array?

For the inscription on the front of the Monument, which, in terms so chaste and appropriate, denotes its purpose, we are indebted to our fellow-townsmen, Mr. Life Baldwin, of the Committee:—

I N
G R A T E F U L R E M E M B R A N C E
 O F T H E
 P A T R I O T I C A N D B R A V E
V o l u n t e e r s o f B r i g h t o n ,
 W H O S E
 L I V E S W E R E S A C R I F I C E D
 I N D E F E N C E O F
L I B E R T Y A N D T H E U N I O N ,
 D U R I N G
 T H E G R E A T R E B E L L I O N .

And, finally, we read, engraven on the reverse of the Monument, the opening lines of that fine ode of William Collins, England's imaginative poet of the seventeenth century, from whom, in life, with all his merits, fame turned aside, but to lay on his early grave a chaplet which the ages shall make greener and greener,—

“How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes blest!”

The Monument, in its material and in its design, well meets the demands of the highest art. Durability, simplicity, expression, these qualities, here so marked, it has been usual, from the time of Phidias and Praxiteles, the most illustrious sculptors of antiquity, to require in whatever works are intended to perpetuate the memory of past heroes or the deeds of an heroic age.

Of the execution of the Monument, let me here speak the merited word of praise for the enterprising and gifted artisans of Quincy, where lie the inexhaustible granite beds from which it came, Messrs. Adam Vogel & Son, who, under the direction of the accomplished architect, Mr. George Frederic Meacham, have so admirably fulfilled his design.

No site could be more favorable than this which the good judgment of the Committee has selected. Most gratefully, I am sure, do we accept from their hands this completed work, as it has been transmitted by Mr. Bickford, Chairman alike of the Committee, and of the Board of Selectmen the legitimate custodians of these sacred enclosures. With all its touching symbols, with all the tender associations which, like mantling ivy, and as green and fresh, already twine themselves about it,—as the hearts of some of you, my friends, will bear me witness,—we accept, Sir, we will guard, we will treasure this Monument. If embedded, on its deep foundations, in the earth where the dust of our dead is gently mingling, it

points, nevertheless, towards heaven that has received their spirits. For,—

“As water rises to its fountain head,
 However low you lay its transient bed,
 So must the spirit, from its earthly course,
 Mount to the Deity which is its source.”

The Monument shall quicken our patriotism, it shall sanctify the sorrow of the bereaved, it shall make holier this consecrated place of graves, and inspire us with new hopes for our country, with a livelier faith for humanity, and with a surer confidence in the final triumphs of truth and justice and freedom.

For consider further, friends, and you, gentlemen of the Committee, how natural, as well as beautiful and becoming, is your work in raising here this Monument. The best instincts of our nature prompt the grateful service which you have so happily rendered. How has the surface of the earth teemed with monuments in honor of the illustrious dead so long as man has dwelt thereon. Far back in the primeval ages, down through successive periods of barbarism or refinement, amidst dimly-traced historic records, as in the full sunlight of modern annals, we discern these memorial piles. Everywhere and always, gratitude and affection have planted above the grave some stately mausoleum, some humble stone or solemn shaft, some rude structure it may be, or some exquisite specimen of the sculptor's art, to mark and honor the burial-spot.

We read in the opening book of the ancient Scripture that Jacob, as he journeyed to Bethel, buried Rachel his beloved wife on the way; and, in the words of that simple narrative written almost four thousand years ago, "Jacob set a pillar upon her grave; that is the pillar of Rachel's grave," we read, "unto this day." Some have turned to this incident in the Bible as the origin of funeral monuments. But whatever records may have reached our time respecting the earliest usages of the human race in this regard, the erection of some kind of monument is doubtless coeval with the inroads and progress of mortality.

The mighty Pyramids of Egypt still stand, an enduring testimony to this truth. The mind is well-nigh confused in contemplating the immense size, the wondrous combination of parts, the solemn chambers, the strange conformity of the lateral angles of these structures with the cardinal points, with the rays of certain beautiful stars, and with the position of the heavenly bodies. Ancient and modern discoverers agree singularly in their descriptions of these stupendous specimens of art, more enduring they have proved than any other works of man. From the banks of the Euphrates, from along the western margin of the valley of the Nile above Cairo, come to us representations of group after group still standing, the pyramids of Gizeh, of Aboo Seer, of Sakkara, of Dashoor, and of the ruins of

many which have fallen in these forty centuries and more of their history.

The entire area of this cemetery would be just covered by the square base of the great pyramid of Egypt, which, with its exquisitely hewn and nicely adjusted blocks of stone, towers to the majestic height of four hundred and fifty feet. Herodotus the father of history and Pliny among the ancients, have furnished authentic data; the former ascribing its erection to Cheops, king of the Egyptians, who for twenty years employed the compulsory service of his people, one hundred thousand men at a time, in periods of three months each. But even this huge monumental pile is quite eclipsed by the great pyramid in Mexico. This stands at Cholula, a place now in ruins, but, when the ancient Empire of Mexico was in its glory, the capital of an independent state, the sanctuary and chief seat of the gods. Cortez, in his victorious march to Mexico in 1519, avenged in dreadful slaughter the treachery and perfidy of her people, as detailed with so much interest in the glowing periods of Robertson, the English historian, and of our own Prescott. Will you credit my statement, friends, when I say that the base of this monumental pile covers an area of forty-five acres, and that its truncated summit, on which once stood a magnificent temple containing an image of the patron god, embraced, as we may rely

on the measurement of M. de Humboldt, one entire acre!

And these were burial-places, and these the stupendous piles that of old honored kings and conquerors, the famous, but not always for illustrious deeds, the powerful, the mighty by some renown, yet not always the noble in soul. Oh, more worthy far of our honor than many of those who slept beneath the pyramids are the young and tried patriots whose unselfish devotion we here commemorate. Egypt, India, Persia, Babylon, all how rich in monumental structures! Would that time permitted me to lead you in imagination through that wide field. So ancient time speaks out the instincts of the human heart in posting by the grave some enduring memorial. And how can we enumerate the various monuments which the ampler culture of modern time has produced? In every shape and form they stand. Copied often from the splendid mausoleums and imposing sepulchral shrines of Greece and Rome, they have become the graceful adornment of each modern nation. They are reared on hillside and valley; in humble burial-grounds and in solemn cathedrals; in the public thoroughfares and in sequestered glens; in the streets of London, as that in memory of the late Duke of York at the end of Waterloo Place, and that to Lord Nelson in Trafalgar Square. The imposing Napoleon Column on the Place Vendome, Paris, must occur to many, commemorating, perhaps,

his most remarkable victory, and in that his devoted soldiers, — his triumph over the united Austrian and Russian armies at Austerlitz, in 1805. It surpasses in height what was usually accounted one of the seven wonders of the world, Pompey's Pillar, near Alexandria, in Egypt. It is higher than the famous Column of Trajan at Rome, erected A. D. 115, that holds in a golden ball on its summit the ashes of the Roman emperor, and it rivals the celebrated triumphal column in honor of Constantine at Constantinople. So numerous, so various in design, — in conception so grand and affecting, these monuments of modern time in the Old World have found, perhaps, their richest and most imposing expression in the august collections of Westminster Abbey and amidst the shady retreats and natural charms of Pere la Chaise in France.

Nor has our own country been unmindful of the claims of her illustrious dead to similar honor, nor has affection been tardy with us in rearing monuments above the grave. The vast monumental earth mounds of the aborigines of our land were met here in an after age of civilization by the graceful shafts which rose here and there above the burial-places, or in memory of our fathers who fell in many a sanguinary conflict with the Indian tribes.

Such was the monument erected at Sudbury, Mass., nearly a century and a half since, by the filial piety of President Wadsworth of Harvard University,

in memory of his father, the gallant "stout-hearted" Captain Samuel Wadsworth of Milton, and his brave soldiers slain, captured, tortured by the Indians, in the Sudbury fight, on the 21st of April,—not 18th, as borne in the inscription,—1676. A new and more enduring monument erected here, by the town of Sudbury assisted by the State, in the same commemoration, was dedicated on the 23d of November, 1852, in the able address of Governor Boutwell. Such is the monument erected likewise by our State at Haverhill, on the site of the house, and in memory of that heroic woman, Hannah (Emerson), wife of Thomas Dustin, the mother of thirteen children, the youngest but a week old when killed by her captors. She suffered the cruelties of the Indians in her capture from her sick-bed, on the 15th of March, 1697. On the 31st of the same month, she escaped,—shall I detail the wondrous narrative?—and, after a weary journey, reached her home, only through the awful alternative of slaying with her own hands and the hands of her nurse and a young English lad her fellow-prisoners, ten of the Indian family, her savage guard, as they slept with her in their wigwam, and bearing their scalps to Boston, as evidence before the General Assembly of the province, of her daring work. From the State she received a largess of fifty pounds, and bounties from various other sources, particularly from the Governor of Maryland. And let me not omit to

name, as one of the most expressive of this class of monuments, that so beautifully wrought in marble, dedicated at the laying of its corner-stone by the matchless eloquence of Everett, which commemorates at Bloody Brook, in Deerfield, Mass., in the lovely valley of the Connecticut, the terrible slaughter, by seven hundred Indians, of Captain Thomas Lothrop, of Salem, and his choice young men, "the flower of Essex County," on the 18th of September, 1675.

The saintly "Apostle Eliot," of Roxbury, who with such sweet patience and holy zeal toiled to instruct and christianize these wild children of the forest, has been well commemorated in the beautiful Corinthian column, forty-two feet in height, erected in Forest Hills Cemetery. The appropriateness of the symbols which mark this monument is in none more manifest than in the surrounding fence. The iron pales of this bulustrade, supported by Doric posts of stone patterned after the monument, are alternately crosses and arrows. And John Harvard, born in the Old World, but adopted son of the New, who first provided generously for the cause of learning in these savage wilds by founding, in 1636, the college at Cambridge that counts among its first graduates one single Indian, is commemorated not alone in the magnificent university which two centuries have reared on his foundation. An appropriate granite obelisk, the offering of the alumni, stands likewise to

his memory in the ancient burying-ground at Charlestown where he ministered, which was dedicated by Edward Everett, on the 26th of September, 1828, the one hundred and ninetieth anniversary of Harvard's death. So in various monumental designs have the Puritan fathers of New England been honored by their descendants, though at variance with their well-known principles, seeing that they sought not honor from men, but from God. The Cushman Monument, in memory of the eminent Puritans, ancestors of the Cushman family, erected at Plymouth in 1858, and the Forefathers' Monument, designed by Billings on a magnificent scale, of which the corner-stone was laid at Plymouth in 1859, and which, when completed, at its estimated cost of three hundred thousand dollars, will rank among the most elaborate in the world, may be likewise mentioned in this connection.

The Revolutionary period of our history was most fruitful in commemorative occasions. Memorials of the earliest contests are perpetuated at Concord and Lexington in this State, the first battle-ground of the Revolution, at West Cambridge, Acton, Danvers, Chelmsford, and at various other towns whose citizens fell in the opening struggle. I hardly realize that I speak to one entire generation in this large assembly who could never have seen the Warren Monument, raised on Bunker Hill to the memory of that first great martyr in our country's cause, Major-General Joseph Warren. Erected in 1794, it was

taken down in 1825, that a nobler shaft in its place might grace those memorable heights. For the curious of coming ages, however, is still preserved, within the present monument, an exact miniature model of that earlier shaft, most ingeniously wrought in marble. And the eloquence of Webster yet lingers on the ear, as, at the laying of the corner-stone by General La Fayette, June 17, 1825, and at the final dedication, June 17, 1843, he pronounced, before the largest audiences ever gathered in our land, those inimitable orations, forever to be associated with the imposing obelisk that now towers to the height of two hundred and twenty-one feet on Bunker Hill, and commemorates with Warren all his heroic associates.

The monument, erected in 1790, on Beacon Hill, Boston, and which was taken down on the grading of the hill in 1811, must be distinctly remembered by the elder portion of this audience. It was a Doric column, four feet in diameter, raised on a pedestal of eight feet, and was surmounted by a gilded eagle carved, not as yonder enduring effigy, from granite, but from wood. The entire height of this monument was sixty feet. It took the place of the earlier "beacon," or flag-staff, of about the same height, that gave name to the hill, and which was blown down November 26, 1789. On stone slabs, inserted in the four faces of the monument, were inscribed important events in the history of the Revolution. These

tablets have been carefully preserved at the State House, and hope is entertained that they may again be restored to the rebuilt monument* in the vicinity of its early site, on Boston Common.

Few monuments more beautiful, I am sure, have been raised by private munificence, to commemorate the events or the heroes of the Revolution, than that erected at Worcester, five years since, by Mr. Timothy Bigelow Lawrence, in honor of his great-grandfather, the sturdy patriot, Col. Timothy Bigelow, who led his company of minute-men so bravely, on the 19th of April, 1775, from Worcester to Concord. A neat monument in freestone to Josiah Quincy, Jr., the patriot, who toiled for his country which he so loved, and died for her, though not on her battle-fields, April 26, 1775, stands in the ancient burying-ground at Quincy, the seat of the family, bearing an appropriate inscription to the memory of the noble martyr and his wife, from the pen of President John Quincy Adams. And in the First Church, adjacent, may be seen mural monuments in memory of the two Presidents Adams and their wives, surmounted with the busts, by Greenough our sculptor, of President John Adams and of his son the President, whose lives and eminent services were so closely identified with the history and fortunes of their country.

* Exact engravings of this earlier monument and of the beacon may be seen in Snow's History of Boston.

The imposing monument, and the statue of Henry Clay, by Crawford, at Louisville, the statue of Commodore Hull, by the same American sculptor, the monument of Brigadier-General Stark, the hero of Bennington, and of General Ethan Allen, the hero of Ticonderoga, wrought for the Capitol of Vermont,—these, with many similar, may be classed under the period we are considering. The character and services, as well as the peerless fame, of Washington, called forth early the best art, native and foreign, of painter and sculptor, in portraits, busts and statues of various designs. The colossal statue of Washington by Greenough, in front of the National Capitol; the beautiful statue in white marble, in quiet repose, the costume a military cloak, in our State House at Boston, by Sir Francis Chantrey, of England; the large statue in sitting posture, by Canova the Italian, at Raleigh, North Carolina; the erect statue, probably the best extant, clad in the uniform of an American Revolutionary officer, in the Capitol of Virginia, by Houdon, the French sculptor, who, in October, 1785, in company with Franklin, spent three weeks at Mount Vernon with the illustrious subject, preparing his model; and the grand equestrian statue in bronze, by our American sculptor Brown, standing on that favorable site, Union Square, New York, may be cited, a few among the many memorials of our revered chief. And specially should we notice the colossal equestrian statue of Washington, in

bronze, twenty-five feet in height, executed by Crawford for the State of Virginia. Cast in Munich, Germany, under the personal oversight of our sculptor, it arrived in Richmond early in 1858. So great, we are told, was the enthusiasm of the people at the sight of the grand spectacle, that with their own hands they drew the massive casting to its chosen site on Capitol Hill. Would that the noble lessons of union and justice and liberty which Washington ever taught, and which those bronze lips seem still speaking, had been so planted in the hearts of that misguided people that no enthusiasm and excitement less commendable than this had since swept as a besom of destruction over their beautiful city.

Monuments in like manner, of manifold patterns, have been erected to the Father of his Country, from the simplest shaft to the impressive Washington Monument at Baltimore, and the magnificent National Monument at the capital, that, receiving contributions of curiously wrought stone from every State in the Union, and designed to reach the dizzy height of six hundred feet, started from its corner-stone on the 4th of July, 1848, on which occasion Mr. Winthrop pronounced his patriotic oration.

And yet a third period of special interest in monumental art in our country may be defined from the consecration in 1832, of Mount Auburn, in date the first, and may I not add, in beauty and attractiveness still, the quiet queen of all our rural cemeteries.

How within those peaceful shades, in monumental designs the simplest and most touching, in designs elaborate and magnificent, has Art vindicated for herself a high place in our people's regard. The noble statues of our early statesmen in her Chapel there, Adams and Otis and Winthrop, of Story, our jurist,—of Bowditch, our great mathematician and navigator, in her grounds, and of others, many, in the various departments of high renown, attest this regard. The chaste, appropriate, and elegant funereal monuments, erected by affection, from that over the grave of Hannah Adams, one of the earliest of our American female writers and among the first interred at Mount Auburn, to that of Spurzheim, the eminent and beloved philosopher, who followed her so soon, of the classic Kirkland and Buckminster and Channing, and of the many that throng those hallowed pathways, all assure us of those worthy instincts of our nature which prompt us, as here to-day, to adorn and honor the grave.

The establishment of Mount Auburn, as you well know, has diffused through our land the most commendable interest in rural cemeteries. As these have been consecrated in and about our cities and within our country towns, they have multiplied and originated approved and tasteful monuments. So that everywhere such structures now meet the eye and move the heart, from the renewed New England burial-ground to the mausoleums and mural tablets

that within churches commemorate beloved ministers whose voices death has hushed, as of Whitefield, in the Second Church of Newburyport; of Freeman, Greenwood, Peabody, in the Stone Chapel, Boston; of Whitney and Lunt, in the First Church, Quincy; and of Clarke, in the First Church of Uxbridge. These structures everywhere plead with us for dear memories of the departed, from the simplest shaft that love has reared and inscribed, to the elaborate statues, in enduring bronze or granite, that stand in our public places, as of DeWitte Clinton, statesman and philanthropist, in Greenwood Cemetery, N. Y.; and those in Boston of Franklin, our earliest and most renowned philosopher; of Webster, our gifted statesman; of Mann, our wise educator, friend of the slave and of the oppressed; and of Hamilton, our unrivalled financier, who bore the nation so successfully through her early financial struggles.

Still a fourth period of monumental art in our country dates from the war of which this Monument and these dedication services tell us. This war, so utterly without justification, as I have before declared, on the part of the assailants, who struck the first wild blow at Sumter, has really inaugurated a new era in monumental art,—art funereal, triumphal. On every side are rising, or have already been erected, appropriate memorials to the memory of our soldiers who were slain in the field, or who fell by rapid or lingering disease, or from the final

issue of wounds contracted in that war. To two of our Massachusetts soldiers, Luther C. Ladd and Addison Otis Whitney, of the glorious Sixth, who fell, the first martyrs, in Baltimore, on the memorable 19th of April, 1861, our State has erected, by an enactment before the close of the war, at Lowell, their place of residence, a most expressive and beautiful monument. Placed in one of the public squares of the city, it was dedicated, by the moving eloquence of our great-hearted Governor Andrew, on the 17th of June, 1865. His untiring devotion to the good of his country, as well as of the Commonwealth, over which he presided so ably through all that troubled war, his special regard, by day and night, for the comfort and welfare of our troops, evinced—soldiers, do you recall it?—in that telegram, despatched at once to Baltimore in the bloody fray, that the bodies of those slain Massachusetts soldiers be tenderly cared for and borne home at the expense of the State, will never be forgotten by a grateful people.

Of this admirable monument at Lowell it cannot be out of place to say, that it was designed by the same enterprising architects, Messrs. Woodcock and Meacham, one of whom has presented in our own Monument here, and in similar memorials, erected and in process of completion in several other towns and cities, such ample evidence of true taste and skill. While this gentleman, Mr. Meacham, was an undergraduate at our university, it was my lot, as a

member of the examining committee, to sit in critical judgment on his attainments in certain academic studies. But let me say, friends, that now, in the department of monumental architecture, at least, how I should shrink from criticism on his acquisitions, and how, the rather, it would be for me to sit a most humble pupil at his feet.

Time would fail to enumerate the many places in our own State where patriotism and gratitude towards our devoted soldiers have inaugurated similar movements with our own. Mount Auburn and our various rural cemeteries are already dotted with such memorials to the fallen brave. Forest Hills Cemetery, in the beautifully simple and appropriate monument just reared to one of the noblest of our young scholar soldiers, his father a native of this town, Theodore Parkman, color-bearer of the Massachusetts Forty-fifth, who fell in battle, presents a most happy design. Books, which he so loved, but second to his country, appear, and over them the national flag and the laurel wreath. Our squares, our places of public resort, as well as retired spots, if less obtrusive, perhaps more favorable for meditation, already tell to the passing age, as they will speak to coming generations, the story of the mighty sacrifice for union and freedom. And throughout the loyal States each day brings us tidings that the graves of our patriotic soldiers, no more than the service of their lives, shall not be forgotten. Each

newspaper tells you that somewhere else through these States United, cemented anew in the costly ransom of blood and tears and treasure, another monument has risen to mark the great struggle, to commemorate the departed fallen in our army and navy, to honor, likewise, shall we not say, their companions in arms who survived. So, for our own land at least, seems likely to be verified that memorable saying of Pericles, the peerless orator of Greece, while commemorating the Athenian dead,—“This whole earth is the sepulchre of illustrious men.”

Thus, fellow-citizens, instructed by the instincts of humanity, by affection and religion, and by the lessons of history, we dedicate this Monument to the memory of our soldiers who died for us. We do it in gratitude, likewise, to their surviving comrades, many of whom are here present with us, who gave heart and strength and offered life in the same great contest. It becomes you with strong propriety thus to commemorate your gallant defenders. Your record through the war has been honorable. Your quotas have been readily filled. Your sons have borne their part in the toils and hardships, in the daring exploits, and in the victories on the field and on the sea. Your wives and mothers and daughters have labored and endured for the sacred cause with woman's noblest heroism, while your sons have enjoyed

certainly their full share in the honorable promotions and stations of the military service.

The 22d of June, 1865, you devoted as a triumphal occasion to your returned soldiers. They were welcomed home by public procession, by the peal of bells, by the cannon that woke the echoes of our hills and valleys. They were greeted by childhood's joy and manhood's pride, by graceful decorations, by the smiles of mothers and maidens, by music and song, by feasting and dancing, even as was King David welcomed home from the battle of old. As on that joyous occasion we could not forget the brave ones who came not home, too, because they had gone up to their better home, so to-day, in the commemoration rendered especially to the departed, we do not forget the living. Gentlemen, we welcome you here to sit with us about this Monument; with us to catch the exalted spirit which it breathes, while you drop the beautiful evergreen,* emblem of undying remembrance and regard, as above the graves of your brothers. We welcome you with us to commune with your departed comrades whose names it bears, and with us to mingle your sympathies and prayers for the bereaved hearts and homes whose honest tears cannot be quite stayed in the proud consideration that these have died to save their country. With unselfish purpose they went forth from the hon-

* Evergreen and flowers were laid by the soldiers and children on the base of the Monument. See Appendix.

orable pursuits of labor, from halls of learning, from stations of social ease and enjoyment, from homes how precious those homes can now best testify. They counted not their own lives dear, so they might win victory for the nation. They cared not to live to benefit themselves alone. Not of them indeed could be uttered that striking Roman taunt, "Qui vivit sibi solum prodesse, moriens omnibus prodest:" He who lives only to benefit himself gives the world a benefit when he dies. And we beg you, soldiers, with us comfort these mourners in the assurance that their beloved have died thus unselfishly to redeem a race from awful bondage, and to transmit to future generations the blessings of union and freedom, of equal civil rights, of education and peace, of liberty and law.

With further propriety you make this loyal dedication as citizens of a town which, not many years since, was embraced in the ancient municipality of Cambridge. Your fathers, in their homes hereabouts, were still citizens of Cambridge, many of them foremost in patriotic service in the Revolution of 1775. As inhabitants of the south part of Cambridge, on this side of the Charles River, they stood on their Common, now within the limits of Cambridge proper, with Washington as he took command of the American army beneath that ancient elm, still green and vigorous, and of late with tender care encircled with

an iron balustrade, the patriotic offering of one of your former ministers.

General Washington, it may be remarked, arrived at Cambridge on the 2d of July, 1775, at two o'clock in the afternoon, escorted by a cavalcade of citizens and a troop of light-horse, having left Philadelphia on the 21st of June, and having hastened with all possible speed. As he passed through New York, on the 25th, he first heard of the battle of Bunker Hill, which had been fought eight days before. He assumed his command on the 3d of July; and among the first orders* which he issued, and which is still preserved, was that for the military funeral, on the 5th, of Col. Thomas Gardner, of this part of Cambridge, who, gallantly leading his regiment in the memorable battle of the 17th of June, on Bunker Hill, fell, mortally wounded, was borne back here across the river, and died on the 3d of July, in his fifty-second year. A pleasant town in Worcester County, in this State, incorporated shortly after his death, was called Gardner, to perpetuate the name and memory of this distinguished officer. One of our own streets here, laid out nearly twenty years since through land originally embraced in his estate,

* "July 4, 1775. — Col. Gardner is to be buried to-morrow, at three o'clock, p. m., with the military honors due to so brave and gallant an officer, who fought, bled and died in the cause of his country and mankind. His own regiment, except the company at Malden, to attend on this mournful occasion. The place of these companies in the lines on Prospect Hill to be supplied by Col. Glover's regiment till the funeral is over." — *Washington's Orders*.

—and contiguous to which, on South Harvard Street, may be seen to-day, beneath three of the noblest elms that grace our town, the unfilled cellar of his house, removed to Allston Street, and the well of whose waters he drank, — commemorates in like manner his cherished name.*

With these and many kindred associations binding the past and the present, you will join heartily in the

* “Thomas Gardner’s regiment, of Middlesex, was commissioned on the 2d of June. William Bond was lieutenant-colonel, and Michael Jackson was major. After the British landed, this regiment was stationed in the road leading to Lechmere’s Point, and late in the day was ordered to Charlestown. On arriving at Bunker Hill, General Putnam ordered part of it to assist in throwing up defences commenced at this place. One company went to the rail fence. The greater part, under the lead of their colonel, on the third attack advanced towards the redoubt. On the way, Col. Gardner was struck by a ball, which inflicted a mortal wound. While a party was carrying him off, he had an affecting interview with his son, a youth of nineteen, who was anxious to aid in bearing him from the field. His heroic father prohibited him, and he was borne on a litter of rails over Winter Hill. Here he was overtaken by the retreating troops. He raised himself on his rude couch and addressed to them cheering words. He lingered until July 3d, when he died. On the 5th he was buried with the honors of war. He had been a member of the General Court and of the Provincial Congress. He was a true patriot, a brave soldier, and an upright man.”—*Frothingham’s Siege of Boston*.

“From the era of our public difficulties he distinguished himself as an ardent friend to the expiring liberties of America, and by the unanimous suffrages of his townsmen was for some years elected a member of the General Assembly. But when the daring encroachments of intruding despotism deprived us of a constitutional convention, and the first law of nature demanded a substitute, he was chosen one of the Provincial Congress, in which department he was vigilant and indefatigable in defeating every effort of tyranny. To promote the interest of his country was the delight of his soul. An inflexible zeal for freedom caused him to behold every engine of oppression with contempt, horror and aversion. To his family he was kind, tender and indulgent; to his friends, unreserved and sincere; to the whole circle of his acquaintance, affable, condescending and obliging; while veneration for religion augmented the splendor of his sister virtues.”—*Essex Gazette, July 13, 1775*.

dedication which we make of this Monument to the spirit of Patriotism and Loyalty which animated these fallen soldiers. It nerved them for the strife. It sustained them in the deadly encounter. It speaks from this granite shaft as it did from the marble lips of those of them on whom we looked shrouded in their country's flag for the burial. Patriotism, we are hereby assured, has not died out. Many had come well-nigh to think of it as peculiarly the noble virtue of a by-gone age, and to fancy, often, that men like those who framed our Republic — that generals, commanders, soldiers, — faithful, steadfast, true as those of the American Revolution of 1775 — should be known here no more. Natural, perhaps, that the heroic age must be always thus placed in the shadowy past. But what learn we to-day from this, and from these multiform and fast-rising monuments of which I have spoken? What great lesson have these young martyrs taught us all? Our present, they testify, how heroic has it proved! The question, so long mooted, in regard to our early patriots, whether nature or the exigencies of the age produce the men needed for the service, seems now put to rest. Shall our future annalist, think you, shrink from matching our 1860-65 with the 1775 of our fathers, so radiant with acknowledged glory? The patriots, statesmen, generals, soldiers of that earlier time, do we them injustice when we write on the lengthened scroll the names of those on whom this later contest, so glori-

ous in its issues, has laid an imperishable renown? The battle-fields of Gettysburg and Vicksburg, of Atlanta, Petersburg, and Fredericksburg; the exploits of our monitors; the passes of the Mississippi; the Georgian tour to the Atlantic by the daring Sherman; the waters of New Orleans and the approaches of Mobile commanded by the intrepid Farragut,—does not, shall not equal pride and honor attach to them as to the well-fought battle-fields and naval exploits of the Revolution, so familiar to our school pupils here? And Washington himself, the truly great, stands he now quite so solitary in his country's fame? May not the name of him, the second father of his country, our martyred chief, who, with an aim so steadfast to the restoration of the Union, to the salvation of his country, to the redemption of an oppressed race, walked bravely the path of duty that led so shortly to the grave, be written on the same starry scroll? Kindred with Washington in some of the best attributes of human nature; a man of homely but of wondrous wisdom; of lowliest humility joined with the highest ambition, the ambition to serve; a man of the noblest sense because it was so truly common; the lover of children; emancipator of the bondmen; lover of his land and his race; lover and trusting child of the Infinite Father; loved by the soldiers for his honesty and kindness, his genial, manly heart,—no dedication services like these would be complete that did not recognize the

life and services and death of our good President Lincoln. In a choice lay of one of our American poets, eminent among living dramatists, Mr. George H. Boker, and in a single sweet strain from a gifted poetess of our own State, Miss Kimball, let his memory blend with that of our dead while we dedicate this their Monument to the spirit of patriotism that inspired them and him:—

“Nor in your prayers forget the martyred chief,
 Fallen for the gospel of your own belief,
 Who, ere he mounted to the people’s throne,
 Asked for your prayers, and joined in them his own.
 I knew the man. I see him, as he stands
 With gifts of mercy in his outstretched hands;
 A kindly light within his gentle eyes,
 Sad as the toil in which his heart grew wise;
 His lips half parted with the constant smile
 That kindled truth, but foiled the deepest guile;
 His head bent forward, and his willing ear
 Divinely patient right and wrong to hear;
 Great in his goodness, humble in his state,
 Firm in his purpose, yet not passionate,
 He led his people with a tender hand,
 And won by love a sway beyond command.
 Summoned by lot to mitigate a time
 Frenzied with rage, unscrupulous with crime,
 He bore his mission with so meek a heart,
 That Heaven itself took up his people’s part,
 And, when he faltered, helped him ere he fell,
 Eking his efforts out by miracle.
 No king this man, by grace of God’s intent,
 No, something better, freemen,—President!
 A nature modelled on a higher plan,
 Lord of himself, an inborn gentleman!”

“Rest, rest for him whose noble work is done;
 For him who led us gently, unaware,
 Till we were readier to do and dare
 For Freedom, and her hundred fields were won.”

To FREEDOM, next to Patriotism and Loyalty, we dedicate this Monument in the name of our fallen soldiers. For sacred freedom they bore the battle-shock. Freedom, I hold, was necessarily involved in every worthy issue of that war. Say that we fought it out to its glorious end for the restoration of the Union, or for the preservation of the Constitution; still, does any man believe that after the first year or two of the contest, as the North came thoroughly to understand the purpose of the rebels, to experience their unparalleled cruelties, and to learn how slavery was at the bottom of the whole strife, any union could be possible again save in the downfall of slavery? Does he believe that any Constitution could again be regarded as of the strength of a straw that was not wiped clean of this foul leprosy?

No! when, on the 22d of September, 1862, President Lincoln issued his Proclamation of Emancipation,—immortal document, if aught that ever came from mortal pen can be immortal,—the great mass of our people, I tell you, were ready for it. The army was ready for it. The Almighty, who directed all,—with reverence I speak it,—was ready for it, for his own “fulness of time” had come. Humanity, not on these shores only, but worn with the tyrannies and oppressions of the Old World, was ready for it. Yes! and many a noble patriot here and there, whose weary eyes were strained in watching for this glorious light, this second sun of righteousness upon

our world, took up that holy scripture strain, "Nunc Domine dimittis," "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

Thanks, thanks to God who giveth us the victory! "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so whom he hath redeemed." Thanks to our able and successful generals and commanders! Thanks to our brave soldiers, the living and the departed, who, under God, achieved so great success! To both our warmest gratitude is due. What could either have done without the other? Mr. President, I cannot discriminate in these estimates of worth. It is like capital and labor in your own commercial province, each useless without the other. Napoleon without his devoted soldiers of what avail? Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Farragut, without their brave boys,—each alone would for us have been useless, impotent. To both give thanks, through whose efforts went forth that sublime decree, the herald of universal freedom in our land.

Following the Proclamation of Emancipation came the Constitutional Amendment, announced by proclamation of Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, on the 18th of December, 1865, as ratified by the requisite three-fourths of all the States. This forever banished slavery from the land, as the great source of all our woe. This enacted that henceforth and forever our country must be the home only of the free. And

now, to crown the toil and sacrifice of martyr and patriot, the Civil Rights Bill, which establishes the citizenship of every man born in the country, be he white or black, has secured, though, I am sorry to add, over the veto of the President, the overwhelming approval of Congress. The scene in the Senate of the United States on its adoption, on the 6th of April last, surpassed in sublime enthusiasm and righteous approbation any which I can recall in parliamentary history. Far and wide through the loyal States, the voice of approval has passed on these momentous decrees, in all outward demonstrations of joy and gladness, as in pealing cannon and chiming bell, in glad song and inspiring verse, as well as in soundest argument, forensic and popular,—never equalled at least in our own land. I except not even the announcement of the Declaration of Independence, for that was attended with more doubt and uncertainty and anxious forebodings on the part of the whole people than was the ratification of these great measures.

Who shall so well speak for us the patriotic sentiment of our whole people, while over the land went swelling as a tide the general joy at these public decrees, as our loyal poet Whittier, in his grand “*Laus Deo*,” as his ear caught the sound :—

It is done!
Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.

How the belfries rock and reel;
How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!
 Every stroke exulting tells
 Of the burial hour of erime.
 Loud and long, that all may hear,
 Ring for every listening ear
 Of Eternity and Time!

Let us kneel:
 God's own voice is in that peal,
 And this spot is holy ground.
 Lord, forgive us! What are we,
 That our eyes this glory see,
 That our ears have heard the sound!

For the Lord
 On the whirlwind is abroad;
 In the earthquake he has spoken;
 He has smitten with his thunder
 The iron walls asunder,
 And the gates of brass are broken!

Loud and long
 Lift the old exulting song,
 Sing with Miriam by the sea:
 He has cast the mighty down;
 Horse and rider sink and drown;
 "He hath triumphed gloriously!"

Did we dare,
 In our agony of prayer,
 Ask for more than he has done?

When was ever his right hand
 Over any time or land
 Stretched as now beneath the sun!

How they pale,
 Ancient myth and song and tale,
 In this wonder of our days,
 When the cruel rod of war
 Blossoms white with righteous law,
 And the wrath of man is praise!

Blotted out!
 All within and all about
 Shall a fresher life begin;
 Freer breathe the universe
 As it rolls its heavy curse
 On the dead and buried sin!

It is done!
 In the circuit of the sun
 Shall the sound thereof go forth.
 It shall bid the sad rejoice,
 It shall give the dumb a voice,
 It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing,
 Bells of joy! On morning's wing
 Send the song of praise abroad!
 With a sound of broken chains
 Tell the nation that He reigns,
 Who alone is Lord and God!

Say I not well then, friends, soldiers, that this Monument shall stand to impartial and universal freedom henceforth consecrate? Nay, ye spirits of the slain in battle, who, so many voices testify, have not died in vain, answer! Ye, ten thousand times worse than slain, starved, or frozen, or burned ones, murdered by inches in slavery's prison-pens, not

houses, speak and answer! We know your reply to this our question. But charge us, charge us all,—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, kindred perchance by any tie with some slain soldier,—charge these school children even, who have given you in these fresh flowers laid on your Monument so fit an expression of their love, and whose sweet voices, in the beautiful and touching hymn of one of our own citizens, has sung your requiem,—charge us all that here, at the base of this Monument, we dedicate ourselves anew, as the holiest consecration of your shrine, to the sacred cause of FREEDOM, PATRIOTISM, LOYALTY!

Fellow-citizens, I have uttered all too inadequately some of the thoughts which crowd for utterance at this hour. Most grateful has been to me the opportunity to speak in this commemoration. Most grateful to me, who along these three-and-twenty years past have so often stood by the bedsides of your dying and over your confined dead, thus to assist in paying these last public rites to the memory of your beloved ones whose names henceforth are associated with their country's fame. In kindest sympathy, in warmest gratitude, be assured, that country holds its many bereaved households. In Christian faith and hope be entreated, ye sorrowing ones, to remember the good thus slain in battle as your treasure and your country's treasure laid up on high. Be assured

ye have given them in a worthy cause. The nation is richer that they have died, prouder before the world that ye had them to give. Hark to our gifted poet, whose familiar national hymn we shall sing before leaving these grounds:—

“ Weep for their memory! would they had not died!
Sing for their memory! 'tis the nation's pride!”

Cherishing from the very opening of the strife the most sanguine faith in the ultimate triumphs of my country over armed rebellion, I rejoice with you, friends, in the nation's repose. With old blind Milton, “bating no jot of heart or hope” in her darkest hours, battling not on the field,—shame on us lag-gards at home!—I have battled as I was able with the nation's foes, open or secret, with the faithless, the doubters, the fearful ones, for the nation's financial sufficiency, as for her moral integrity, her God-approving course, her sure victory in the end. Speaking ever in utter condemnation of the parricides who went from the nation's Senate, declaring, just before, as did Alexander H. Stephens, ours “the most beneficent government of which history gives us any account,”—declaring, as did Jefferson Davis, ours “the best government ever instituted by men, unexceptionably administered, and under which the people have been prosperous beyond comparison with any other people whose career has been recorded in history,”—went thus to plunge daggers in their moth-

er's heart, I congratulate you on their hypocrisy exposed, their schemes frustrated, their armies defeated and scattered, the nation saved. While several of the nations of Europe have just become involved in a war, the complications and issues of which no seer arises yet satisfactorily to predict, we sit in peace. We will believe that the years of war which we have suffered are the earnest of richest blessings to our land. With our illustrious loyal statesman, Josiah Quincy, who died those few months only before final victory crowned our arms,—as did his renowned father “Quincy the Patriot,” of whom I have spoken, those few days only after the opening of the great drama of the American Revolution he so longed to see,—we too will count the war, as he assured me he did, as “the most hopeful sign of the country's future.”

We raise these monuments to commemorate alike those who helped and still live, and those who, helping, died to save our land. If, through any ungodly allurements, we prove recreant to the exalted principles for which we waged the war, these monuments shall only point our shame. But if we all are true, these silent beacons, radiant with the celestial light that encompasses the departed heroes whose names they bear, shall point to dawning glory for our land, which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived.

A P P E N D I X.

THE town of Brighton contributed liberally of men and means for the suppression of the Rebellion. More than two hundred enlisted in the service of their country, and twenty-three furnished substitutes. A list of the names may be seen in the Town Municipal Report, 1865. In the war of the American Revolution, few towns manifested a more patriotic spirit than Cambridge, of which place Brighton made part until set off and incorporated as a separate town, February 28, 1808. Something of this earlier patriotism appears to have animated the descendants of those worthies of 1775 in the recent struggle.

Large contributions in money were made, and large stores of clothing and army and hospital necessaries and comforts were furnished steadily through the untiring labors of the ladies of the Soldiers' Aid Society. The burden of bereavement was laid heavily on some of our homes as beloved ones were slain on the battle-fields, or died by disease contracted in the service of their country. Still, the noble end we had in view — the preservation of our nationality, — the supremacy of the government, — the freedom of the oppressed, — the maintenance of order, liberty, law — was deemed worthy the mighty sacrifice. And when, at length, after four weary years of warfare, these glorious issues were secured, in the defeat and surrender of the rebel armies, no town joined more heartily than ours in the triumphant celebration of Peace. None rendered sincerer thanksgiving to Almighty God, who had counselled our counsellors, who had led and blessed our armed hosts and given us the victory. None with more heart-felt joy, or with prouder jubilee, welcomed back their returned soldiers.

But the gratitude of our citizens toward their brave defenders was not yet satisfied. It was felt that a permanent memorial should stand to testify to after ages our regard for our heroes. The subject was brought before the Annual Town Meeting in March 1865, through an article in the warrant in these words: — "To see what action the town will take to commemorate the names of the inhabitants of the town who have lost their lives in the service of the country in the present war."

A committee chosen to consider the subject reported at a subsequent meeting in April in favor of erecting a monument. At the same time the committee was enlarged, embracing in all, twelve, whose names follow:—

CHARLES HEARD,
AUGUSTUS MASON,
WILLARD ADAMS HARRINGTON,
EDWARD AUGUSTUS STORY,
WEARE DOW BICKFORD,

LIFE BALDWIN,
GRANVILLE FULLER,
NATHANIEL JACKSON,
CHARLES HENRY BASS BRECK,
HORACE WHEELER JORDAN.

Mr. Heard declining to serve as chairman, Mr. Bickford was chosen, and Dr. Mason served as permanent secretary.

Under the judicious direction of this Committee, the work was prosecuted, and arrangements were finally concluded for dedicating the Monument, Thursday afternoon, July 26, 1866, at half-past three o'clock.

A platform erected on the north-west side of the Monument (the right as appears in the engraving) for the speakers, Committee and invited guests, was tastefully adorned with flowers and flags, the floral decorations being the grateful offering of Mr. and Mrs. Winship. Seats facing the platform were provided for a large congregation, and it was estimated that more than a thousand persons were present.

The occasion had been announced in several of the Boston papers. The weather was most delightful, sunny, clear and cool. The returned soldiers of the town assembled at Mason's Hall on Washington Street, corner of Harvard Place, at half-past one o'clock. The school children with their teachers were arranged on Market Square, opposite the Hall, at two o'clock. The procession, embracing these bodies and such of the citizens as had not already assembled at the Monument, attended by the Cambridge Band, marched through Washington, Foster and South Streets, to Evergreen Cemetery. The imposing gateway on South Street, in Egyptian architecture, is surmounted with an entablature, bearing on either side the name and date of the consecration of the Cemetery, and those hallowed words:—

“Now is Christ risen from the dead.”

“My peace I leave with you”:—

The Christian's song of triumph on bearing in his dead, and the Saviour's precious legacy for the bereaved on leaving the grounds.

The whole gateway, on this occasion, was beautifully draped in crape and flags. Passing beneath the gateway, the procession wound through Central Avenue, and on the left side of North Grove to Chapel Grove, in which the Monument stands. Marching around the Monument, each soldier deposited a sprig of evergreen, and each pupil

a spray of flowers, upon its base, to the memory of the deceased heroes, and, under the direction of Sergeant Calvin Rice, and William Augustus Putnam Willard, Principal of the Bennett Grammar School, took the seats reserved for them.

After music by the band, Mr. Bickford, president of the day, made the following address:—

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—

We are assembled to-day to consecrate a Monument erected to the memory of the patriotic citizens of Brighton who lost their lives in defence of their country in the late Rebellion.

It is now nearly six years since the conspiracy to break up this great confederacy of States, to destroy our Constitution, and even our nationality, broke out in open rebellion against the general government. But the echo from the first gun that was fired upon Fort Sumter was heard in every hamlet of the Free States. It awoke an enthusiastic love of country and of our institutions, that had, apparently, been sleeping for more than a quarter of a century. Our citizens rushed to arms from every station in society, leaving business, friends, wives and children, with a full determination to put down the rebellion and save their country.

The fire of patriotism that was kindled at the first attack upon Fort Sumter continued to burn with increasing lustre during all the years of the struggle. At every call for volunteers by the President of the United States, men came forward with unprecedented enthusiasm to fill our regiments and form new organizations, until our armies in the field became invincible in numbers as well as in patriotism. This enabled us, under the leadership of our able generals and the judicious management of the government, to subdue the rebellion and restore peace to our distracted country.

Many of our volunteers are here to-day, happy in the consciousness of having done their duty to their town and their country, to participate in this consecration. Some lie buried in the hero's grave, having died from disease incident to camp life, or fighting gallantly for their land. To their memory this Monument has been erected.

The Committee, in discharging their grateful service, have had no sinecure work to perform. But if their efforts prove satisfactory to their fellow-citizens, they are amply rewarded. When this Monument was first contemplated, but few such had been erected. Some of these were examined. Architects were invited to submit designs and stone-cutters' estimates. After many meetings of the Committee and due inquiry as to the durability and expense of different kinds of granite, it was decided to adopt the Quincy granite and the design furnished by George Frederic Meacham, Esq., of Boston. The models for the eagle and the shield were carved by William H. Hastings, ship carver, of Boston. The contract for cutting the Monument was given to Messrs. Adam Vogel & Son of Quincy. Messrs. A. C. Sanborn & Co., of East Cambridge, furnished the curb-stone and steps, and the laying of the same was by Mr. Haslett, of Cambridge.

The Committee would congratulate the inhabitants of the town on the very liberal subscriptions which have been made, and on the general and cordial response of all classes, including the teachers and pupils of the public schools, to the patriotic call.

And now, fellow-citizens, in behalf of the Committee of Arrangements, to whom you entrusted the construction of this Monument, I surrender it to your care. And I particularly charge you so to cherish and preserve it, that it may be handed down to the latest generations, that the future may know who of the men of Brighton have died in this eventful crisis that their country might be saved.

Next followed on the printed Order of Exercises a selected hymn from the pen of Miss Anna H. Phillips:—

Our Father, all thy glorious earth
Is consecrated ground;
For everywhere, on land and sea,
Thy life and love are found:
Yet, by thy special blessing, Lord,
To us may hallowed be
This place of sleep for our beloved,
Whose spirits rest with Thee!

O, Father! guarded by thy love
And hallowed be each grave
O'er which the snows of winter fall,
Or summer's blossoms wave;
And let thy tenderness enfold
The mourner by the dead,
Thou who dost number all our woes,
And every tear we shed!

Oh, teach the bowed and stricken heart
How beautiful is death,—
Teach it the glory of that life
Succeeding mortal breath;
Reveal that "many-mansioned" home
Whose gates shut out all pain,
Where we, in thine eternal light,
Shall know our loved again!

Selections from the Scriptures were then read, and prayer offered by the Rev. Ralph H. Bowles, pastor of the Baptist Church, Brighton.

1st SAMUEL XXXI. 11-13.

"And when the inhabitants of Jabesh-gilead heard of that which the Philistines had done to Saul, all the vallant men arose, and went all night, and took the body of Saul, and the bodies of his sons, from the wall of Bethshan, and came to Jabesh, and burnt them there. And they took their bones, and buried them under a tree at Jabesh, and fasted seven days."

2d SAMUEL I. 17, 19-27.

"And David lamented with this lamentation over Saul, and over Jonathan, his son: The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen! Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph. Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings: for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil. From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the mighty, the bow of Jonathan turned not back, and the sword of Saul returned not

empty. Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided: they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions. Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights; who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel. How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thy high places. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!"

PSALM XVIII. 36-43, 47-49.

"Thou hast enlarged my steps under me, that my feet did not slip. I have pursued mine enemies, and overtaken them: neither did I turn again till they were consumed. I have wounded them that they were not able to rise; they are fallen under my feet. For thou hast girded me with strength unto the battle; thou hast subdued under me those that rose up against me. Thou hast also given me the necks of mine enemies, that I might destroy them that hate me. They cried, but there was none to save them; even unto the Lord, but he answered them not. Then did I beat them small as the dust before the wind; I did cast them out as the dirt in the streets. For thou hast delivered me from the strivings of the people; and thou hast made me the head of the heathen: a people whom I have not known shall serve me. It is God that avengeth me, and subdueth the people under me. He delivereth me from mine enemies; yea, thou liftest me up above those that rise up against me; thou hast delivered me from the violent man. Therefore will I give thanks unto thee, O Lord, among the heathen, and sing praises unto thy name."

PSALM XXII. 3-5.

"But thou art holy, O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel. Our fathers trusted in thee; they trusted, and thou didst deliver them. They cried unto thee and were delivered; they trusted in thee and were not confounded."

ISAIAH LXI. 1, 2, 4.

"The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn. And they shall build the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolations, and they shall repair the waste cities, the desolations of many generations."

1st CORINTHIANS XV. 20-22, 51-58.

"But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. Behold, I shew you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

PRAYER.

O Almighty God, who art a strong tower of defence unto thy servants against the face of their enemies; we yield thee praise and thanksgiving for our deliverance from those great and apparent dangers wherewith we were compassed, and that thou didst lead our armies, and time our checks and successes until we were ready for the accom-

plishment of thy great and good purposes, and then thou didst vouchsafe us a complete victory over our foes; that by thy providential direction the war, begun to perpetuate and nationalize slavery, resulted in its overthrow and in the emancipation of millions in our land, who had long borne the oppressor's yoke; that thou didst give us loyalty, patriotism, patience, perseverance and self-sacrifice equal to the fearful exigency; that thou didst raise up for us leaders, able and true; and for all that thy good hand hath wrought in us and by us. In particular, we thank thee that so many of our fellow-townsmen, who took their lives in their hands and went out from us to fight the battles of their country, have returned in safety, and are here to share with us to-day in a tribute of respect to their departed comrades in arms. And as they read this record of the names of the departed, and remember when those now sleeping were alive and with them in the camp or on the field, may a sense of thy goodness that spared them constrain them to give themselves up to thee and thy service. May the remembrance of toils endured, and service performed for their country in her need, be a satisfaction to them as long as their lives endure. May thy favor ever rest upon them. Make them all good soldiers of the cross, — give them moral courage and spiritual strength to fight the good fight of faith, and in thy heavenly kingdom acknowledge them conquerors, and more than conquerors, through Him that loved them and gave himself for them.

O Most Merciful Jehovah, who doth not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men, who art the widow's God and the Father of the fatherless, we most earnestly beseech thee to regard with tender compassion those whom this war has stricken and bereaved. Mitigate their sorrows and heal their griefs by the communications of thy Spirit and the gifts of thy grace. We especially commend to thee the surviving friends of those whose cherished names this Monument bears. May they be comforted by the thought that their loved and departed have not lived or died in vain; that, though they fell, the righteous cause of liberty and humanity was strengthened and upheld by their fall; that, though they rest from their labors, their works do follow them. Wilt thou have these stricken mourners always in thy fatherly care, and provide for all their wants. In every time of their loneliness and grief, may they hear their Saviour say, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

O Lord our Heavenly Father, the high and mighty Ruler of the universe, who dost from thy throne behold all the dwellers upon earth, most heartily we beseech thee with thy favor to behold and bless thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority; and so replenish them with the grace of thy Holy Spirit, that they may always incline to thy will, and walk in thy way: that all things may be so ordered and settled by their endeavors, upon the best and surest foundations, that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us for all generations.

O Righteous Father, we humbly acknowledge that we have justly deserved thy rebukes and the suffering we have endured. But may thy chastisements teach all this nation wisdom and righteousness, so that in time to come we may be spared from the burdens and bereavements of war. While we mourn before thee the loss of our friends and fellow-townsmen who have laid down their lives in their country's cause, we thank thee for all that was manly and magnanimous, patriotic and pious, in their example. And we invoke thy smile of approval upon this Monument, which we have erected to honor and perpetuate their memories. Be pleased to look upon it as a thank-offering to thee for thy gifts to us and to our cause of the lives and services it commemorates. May it please thee to watch and preserve it through the changes of summer's heat and winter's cold for many coming generations, and give it a voice teaching us, and our children's children after us, that he that loseth his life for Christ's and humanity's sake shall find it again glorified and blessed.

Let thy protection keep and thy hand lead us through the duties of this day. Assist and bless all who engage in them, especially thy servant who is to address us. May what he shall say stir up and increase in us all pious and patriotic emotions, and may we return from this sadly interesting occasion wiser and better than we came; with

more love to men; better fitted to serve our country and generation and to glorify thee our God.

Command thy blessing upon our industry, upon our schools, our churches, our ministry, upon all the inhabitants and all the interests of this town. Especially do we earnestly entreat thee to keep and save our precious children and youth, and make them a seed to serve thee when we shall be no more. Fill the whole earth with thy glory. "Let thy kingdom come, and thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

Make us deeply sensible, we beseech thee, of the shortness and uncertainty of human life. And give us grace so to pass the time of our sojourning here in thy love and service, that when we depart this life we may be meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light, — through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

The following beautiful hymn, written for the occasion, by Augustus Mason, M. D., of Brighton, was then sung:—

Now to our patriot dead be paid
The tribute of immortal fame,
While gratefully we breathe each name
On this memorial shaft displayed.

On many a Southern field they fell,
Battling for Freedom and the Right;
And in the thickest of the fight
They bore their country's standard well:

Or perished in the traitors' pen;
Or, 'mid the hardships of the field,
Their loyalty with life they sealed,
And died like brave, true-hearted men.

To all who sleep a soldier's sleep,
Where'er they lie, — in hallowed ground,
Or those above whose grass-grown mound
Sad stars their lonely vigils keep,—

To all our brave, heroic band
Who nobly met a soldier's fate,
This Monument we consecrate;
God bless them and our native land!

The Oration by the Rev. Mr. Whitney occupied in the delivery about one hour and a half. Music by the band followed. The National Hymn, by the Rev. Samuel F. Smith, D. D., of Newton, "My Country, 'tis of Thee," was sung by the assembly; and the Benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Mr. Bowles.

RESOLUTIONS.

Immediately after the services of dedication, the returned soldiers assembled at Mason's Hall, and appointed a committee to draft resolutions expressing their sense of the memorial work.

At an adjourned meeting, August 6, Mr. Willard, from the committee, presented the following, which were unanimously adopted:—

Whereas, the patriotic people of Brighton, by general subscription, have caused to be erected, in Evergreen Cemetery, a suitable Monument to perpetuate the memory of the gallant dead, our companions in arms, who nobly sacrificed their lives to sustain the Union and the Constitution, that justice and liberty might be established, and life, peace, and the pursuit of happiness might forever be the common heritage; therefore

Resolved, That we tender our most grateful thanks to our fellow-citizens for the liberality, public spirit and patriotism they have manifested in erecting the Monument, that the deeds of the heroic men whose memory it consecrates might be forever perpetuated.

Resolved, That, grateful to Divine Providence for preserving our own lives from the imminent perils of the late war, now happily ended, so that we have been permitted to participate in the dedication of the Monument and to pay our tribute of respect to the memory of our deceased comrades,— we hereby express to the Monument Committee our appreciation of their zeal and energy in prosecuting the work and of their signal success in the completed structure; and also our obligations for their courtesy in consulting the wishes of the returned soldiers in regard to the arrangements on the day of dedication and for their active co-operation in executing the same.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the Monument Committee.

AUGUSTUS MASON,
Chairman.

CHARLES EDMUND RICE,
Secretary.

DECEASED SOLDIERS

HERE COMMEMORATED.

PATRICK BARRY.—Born in Ireland, 1827; son of Thomas. Came to this country, 1842, and lived with his half-brother, William Ring, on Oakland Street, Brighton; married, Boston, 1858, Elizabeth Callahan. Enlisted here, Nov. 18, 1861, for three years, in 28th Mass. Vols. In camp at North Cambridge till Jan. 1862, when the regiment was ordered South. Having taken cold, he was sick in hospital at Hilton Head, S. C. Under date May 21, he writes home to his wife in affectionate and hopeful terms, enclosing money. He died in the hospital, June 7, 1862, seventeen days after his last letter, and was interred at Hilton Head, leaving his widow in feeble health, and two sons, of sixteen and fifteen years, residing on River Street, Brighton.

ELIAS HASTINGS BENNETT.—Born at Brighton, Sept. 13, 1840. Son of Elias Dexter and Almira (Wellington) Bennett. Educated at Brighton; passing honorably through the several grades of schools, and entered on mercantile life in Boston, as clerk. Three or four years had been passed here, when the battle-cry called him to the service of his country before he had attained his twenty-first year. He enlisted for three years in the 13th Mass. Vols., having been first connected with the 4th Battalion of Rifles, which was absorbed in the 13th. He left Boston for the field July 29, 1861. He was in several skirmishes and engagements with the enemy, and fell, nobly serving, on Saturday, Aug. 30, 1862, in the disastrous battle of Bull Run, Va. His body was buried on the field with other comrades. His excellent character in the service is attested by the sympathetic communication of Rev. Mr. Gaylord, chaplain of the 13th, and by his officers and fellow-soldiers. The home where he was so dear has in his early death a cherished and holy memory. His parents, with two surviving sons, one of whom is in business in Boston and one an undergraduate at Harvard University, reside on Market Street, Brighton. His father was born at Lancaster, Mass., April 6, 1815, son of Elias and Sarah (Hastings) Bennett; his mother, at Westminster, Mass., Aug. 1, 1818, daughter of Seth and Louisa (Miles) Wellington.

CHARLES BRYANT CUSHING.—Born in Boston, Dec. 5, 1841, only son of Solomon Bryant and Maria (Thaxter) Cushing. He removed with his parents in 1855 to Brighton, at whose schools his education was completed. He enlisted for three years, July 16, 1861, not twenty years old, in the 13th Mass. Vols. He was drowned on Friday, June 6th, 1862, as he was crossing the river Shenandoah, at Front Royal, Va., with a detachment of his comrades in a boat to rejoin their regiment previously passed over on the bridge. A violent rain-storm had in the mean time so swollen the river as to carry away the bridge. Young Cushing, though a fine swimmer, was unable to stem the current. His body was recovered in eight days and buried by the river. His parents, both born in Boston, reside at Brighton, comforted in precious memories and fond mementos of their son,—having his diary returned, in which he wrote as he was about to cross the river,—and kind testimonial letters from the chaplain of the 13th, and those noble parting words of their boy in answer to their reluctant consent to his enlistment,—“Though we are young, if we stay behind, who is to save the country?”

L. of G.

WILLIAM CHAUNCY DAILEY.—Born at Cambridge, Jan. 13, 1845; son of Lewis and Hannah Hunting (Farrington) Dailey. He removed with his father in 1855 to Brighton, where he attended school. In Aug., 1861, then in his seventeenth year, he enlisted for three years, in the 33d Mass. Vols., Co. E. He went out with a brave devoted spirit, and served most faithfully in various engagements; but was not permitted to complete his term of enlistment. He was wounded in a skirmish at Acquorth, near Marietta, Georgia; lived three days; died June 26, 1864, in his twentieth year, and was buried there. His mother, daughter of Isaac and Mchitable (Hunting) Farrington of Brighton, died at Cambridge, March 11, 1853. His father, born at Stanstead, C. E., April, 1814, son of John and Clara, subsequently married Mrs. Emily (Winsor) Herrick, widow of Thomas Waterman Herrick; died at Brighton, Nov. 18, 1864, from the effects of a fall from staging, shortly previous.

JOHN FLINT DAY.—Born at Strong, Me., May 19, 1824; son of John and Mary (Norton) Day. He was married at Carlisle, Mass., January 2, 1855, to Miss Sibbyl S. Robbins of that place, and came on that day to reside at Brighton. He was appointed on the 1st July, 1861, postmaster of Brighton. Here he enlisted for three years, Jan. 9, 1864, in the 4th Mass. Cavalry, Co. D. On the 17th of August following he was in an engagement at Gainesville, Florida. With a detachment of the cavalry he was pursued by the enemy. The others escaping, he was driven into a swamp, where he was fed by a negro woman three weeks. Finally he was captured by a squad of rebel cavalry, and taken to Andersonville prison, place of awful memories in the heart of a civilized world. He was subsequently removed to the rebel prison at Millen, Georgia, where he died, Oct. 26, 1864, in his forty-first year, after a week of sickness induced by starvation. His grave is No. 203 at Camp Lawton, Millen. The record of the faithful and affectionate husband, father, son and brother is thus added to that of the younger patriots who were bound by fewer ties to home. He leaves his widow, who has charge of the post-office at Brighton, a son of ten, and two daughters of eight and seven years of age.

JOEL DAVENPORT DUDLEY.—Born at Brighton, Feb. 17, 1842; son of Joseph Davenport and Lovina Taplin (Celley) Dudley. He was educated at the public schools of Brighton. In Nov., 1861, when in his twentieth year, he enlisted for three years, in the 1st Mass. Cavalry, which was subsequently united with the 4th. Re-enlisting Jan., 1864, he secured the privilege of a furlough and visited his home. Returning after faithful service on the battle-field, on a second furlough, he was married at Montpelier, Vt., March 3, 1865, to Miss Lydia Shayton, who, born at Black Rock, near Buffalo, N. Y., removed with her father's family to Vermont, where had been his earlier home.

Our gallant young soldier, corporal in the cavalry, left his bride and home at Brighton in health and hope and promise to rejoin the army, on Tuesday, March 7th, and was killed in thirty days, Thursday, April 6th, 1865, in his twenty-fourth year, in that last critical battle at High Bridge, Va., which enforced the surrender of the rebel General Lee, and in which Captain William T. Hodges, of Roxbury, and Col. Francis Washburn of Worcester, of the same cavalry corps, fell. In November following the body was brought home. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Frederic A. Whitney, Sunday, Nov. 19. Major Stevens of the 4th Cavalry and many of the comrades and friends of the faithful and brave patriot deceased were present. Interment was in the family lot at Evergreen Cemetery. His father, born at Roxbury, son of Samuel and Susannah (Davenport) Dudley, lives at Brighton, having one surviving son. His mother, born at Woodbury, Vt., daughter of Joel and Phebe (Blanchard) Celley, died at Brighton, Nov. 13, 1869. His wife is at her father's, near Montpelier, Vt.

JOHN WARREN FOWLE.—Born at Quincey, March 12, 1838; only son of John and Elizabeth (Arnold) Fowle. When twelve years old he removed with his parents to Boston; and residing subsequently at Watertown and Frammingham, came with them to Brighton in 1851. In October, 1862, one year of this interval having been passed with his parents at Braintree, he enlisted for nine months in the 45th Mass. V. M., the Cadet Regiment, and, from the encampment at Rendville, left Boston for Newbern, N. C.

Having excellent musical talent, he served the regiment in this capacity, and was promoted as major drummer. Having faithfully served out his term of enlistment, winning the warm regards of his comrades and officers, he was taken sick and two days after started for home.

Suffering much in the steamer on the way, from the want of proper attention on the part of the authorities to the sick soldiers, he arrived at Brighton, June 30, 1863. Here, watched with tender care in the bosom of a loving home, through the delirium of typhus fever in which he fancied he heard the martial music to which he had so ably contributed, he died July 8, 1863, in his twenty-sixth year, and his body was taken to Quincy for interment. His father, born at Quincy, May 21, 1804, son of Jacob and Sarah (Cleverly) Fowle, and his mother, born at Quincy, March 24, 1808, daughter of Joseph and Elizabeth (Briesler) Arnold, live at Brighton, on Cambridge Street,—of their children two married daughters only surviving.

GEORGE EDWIN FROST.—(The middle name accidentally omitted on page 10.) Born at West Cambridge, April 18, 1845; son of Ephraim and Caroline (Cutter) Frost. Attended school at West Cambridge. He went early to Sanbornton, N. H., to work on a farm, was subsequently at Waltham in the employ of Mr. Horace Wilson, who married his sister; at Newton with Mr. Daniel Knowles; and came to Brighton, Oct., 1863, to live with Mr. Edmund Rice, who testifies of him as one of the most faithful and worthy of the many men whom he has had in his employ. Impelled by a strong sense of duty, he enlisted at Brighton in the 11th Mass. Battery, Jan., 1865. He served in the engagements at Chancellorsville and in the Wilderness, was wounded, lived three days, and died in hospital at Fredericksburg, Va., May 13, 1865, and was buried there. His father, son of Ephraim, was born and died at West Cambridge. His mother, born there, daughter of Jonas Cutter, subsequently married (2d) Ebenezer Morrison, and lives at Sanbornton, N. H. Three children survive,—a son with her, who was also in the late U. S. service; and married daughters at Waltham, and in the State of Wisconsin.

HENRY HASTINGS FULLER.—Born at Brighton, Dec. 7, 1829; son of Ebenezer and Sarah Jackson (Hastings) Fuller. Educated in Brighton; married in Boston, March 18, 1855, Miss Mary Mehitable, born and resident at Brighton, daughter of Francis William and Harriet (Harding) Broad of that place. In 1862, he enlisted in the 38th Mass. V. M., and in the summer left the encampment at Lynnfield, for the South. He died in University Hospital, New Orleans, La., of chronic diarrhœa, Aug. 16, 1863, in his thirty-fourth year. His friends, in their sorrow for the faithful and beloved husband, father, son and brother, were comforted, as the bereaved friends of many soldiers deceased could not be, that the body was restored to them. The first of our soldiers brought home for interment, his body arrived here in Jan. 1864. Funeral services were conducted in the First Church here, by Rev. Messrs. Whitney, Cushman and Noyes, Thursday afternoon, Jan. 28; and the interment was at Evergreen Cemetery. His widow lives in Boston. Of his two children, one survived him. His father, born at Brighton, Feb. 19, 1793, son of Deacon Ebenezer and Martha (Bryant) Fuller, and his mother, born at Brighton, July 21, 1796, daughter of Reuben and Grace (Jackson) Hastings, celebrated at their home here on Cambridge Street, Monday, May 1, 1865, the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage, their golden wedding, which fell on Sunday, April 30, and are living here in active health, and in the happy intercourse of children and children's children.

JOHN GOLDING.—Born at Brighton, June 18, 1843; son of Peter and Catharine (Murtargh) Golding. He was educated at Brighton. In May, 1861, he enlisted at Brighton for three years in the 11th Mass. V. M., Co. F. He served faithfully through his whole term, sharing in various engagements, and at regular intervals, in the spirit of a true son, sending home a portion of his wages. On the 3d of July, 1863, he was killed, in the memorable battle of Gettysburg, Pa., and lies buried there. His parents, born in Ireland, live on Bennett Street, Brighton.

HAZAELE LEANDER GROVER.—Born at Swanville, Me., Feb. 27, 1839; son of Moses and Betsey (Davis) Grover. Employed in his trade as tinsmith at Brighton, he enlisted there, June 4, 1861, in the 12th Mass. V. M., Co. E. He served most devotedly in the engagements at Fair Oaks, Cedar Mountain, Bull Run (2d), Culpepper, and Antietam. He died at Kedysville, Md., Sept. 25, 1862, from the effects of a wound received eight days before at the battle of Antietam. He lies buried at Kedysville. His father and brother both died in service in the late war, the former a victim of Andersonville prison. His mother is living in Carmel, Me.

GEORGE HENRY HOWE, JR.—Born in the city of Roxbury, Feb. 2, 1845; only son of George Henry and Catherine (Field) Howe. His father in 1852 removed his family to Brighton, where George was educated. He enlisted Jan. 16, 1862, for three years, at Boston, in the 99th New York V. M., Co. I; was ordered to Hampton, and thence to Norfolk, Va., at the capture of which place he was present. Recovering from the measles with which he had been sick at Norfolk, he was ordered some miles from that city, and in this expedition took a severe cold from which he never recovered, and was honorably discharged from the service, April 16, 1863, at Camp Suffolk. On the 5th of November, 1864, he died in consumption at Brighton, amidst the kind ministrations of his home to which he had been brought, and which was comforted in the sweet peace and unwonted trust with which its young soldier anticipated his final discharge from this whole battle of life. His body was interred at Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y., in the family tomb of his mother, who, born at New York, daughter of Peter and Margaret (Marsh) Field, died at Brighton, Sept. 15, 1863. His father, born at West Roxbury, son of Abraham Fay and Mary (Savage) Howe, resides at Brighton, on Academy Hill.

SAMUEL DEVENS HARRIS NILES.—Born in Boston, 1823; son of Thomas and Sarah (McClennen) Niles. He was for a time at school at Stockbridge and subsequently at Watertown, to which place his parents removed. At an early age he entered a store in Boston, but soon left. Prompted by a love of adventure, he followed the seas and travelled by land many years. He enlisted early in the war on board a U. S. frigate and was stationed in the harbor of Valparaiso. He returned to his native city in 1862, and enlisted in November, as carpenter, on board the coast survey schooner "Bibb," Captain Bowtell, which was ordered to the South. He died suddenly of heart disease, at his post, in Dec., 1862, off Port Royal, S. C., at which place he was buried with Masonic honors. His father, born at Dorchester, son of Ebenezer Niles, resides at Brighton, on Oakland Street. His own mother, born in Boston, daughter of Caleb McClennen, is not living.

FRANK EDWIN PLUMMER.—Born in Boston, Dec. 13, 1845; son of Enoch and Elizabeth (Johnston) Plummer. He removed about 1860, with his father's family then residing in New Hampshire, to Brighton. He enlisted, Feb. 23, 1864, at Concord, New Hampshire, in the New Hampshire Cavalry, and started in health and hope for the field. He was in Wilson's raid and in numerous skirmishes. But his fond wish to serve his country in arms was destined to a speedy disappointment. He returned home to Brighton, sick, Nov. 6, 1864; and, watched over with tender care, died here, of chronic diarrhoea, Jan. 15, 1865, in his twentieth year, and was interred at Evergreen Cemetery. His father, born at Londonderry, N. H., and his mother, born at Bradford, are living at Brighton, on South Street, corner of Lake Street.

ALBERT RICE.—Born at Brighton, May 12, 1836; tenth among fifteen children of Emery and Betsey (Kirk) Rice. He attended school at Brighton. When about sixteen, he went to sea; and, returning home, was shipwrecked off the coast of Nova Scotia. With some forty of the three hundred on board ship he was saved; and after a short residence at home, made a voyage to the East Indies, returning in less than two years. On the opening of the war he was working at his trade as carpenter at home; and with a most patriotic spirit gave himself at once to the service of his country. Early in

June, 1861, he enlisted for three years at Fort Independence, in 13th Mass. Vols., Co. C. He served devotedly until May, 1862, in all the engagements in which his regiment shared, including those at Bolivar Heights and at Dam No. 5. Arriving at Falmouth, Va., after a forced march, he was stricken with paralysis, May 22, 1862, and died on the morning following, in his twenty-seventh year. He was buried by his companions in the old grave-yard of Falmouth, and a headboard was placed at his grave. But this was burned by the rebels; and though his friends have searched carefully, no trace of his grave has been discovered. His father, born at Northfield, Mass., Jan. 1, 1792, son of Silas and Abigail (Hagar) Rice, and his mother, born in Boston, are living at Brighton, on Cambridge Street.

RICHARD DAVID RING.—Born at Brighton, Sept. 17, 1844; son of William and Bridget (Haggerty) Ring. He served three years in the ordnance department, U. S. Arsenal, Watertown, and enlisted, April 7, 1863, in the 2d New Jersey Vols. His service was very brief. He died of pneumonia, June 9, 1865, in his twenty-first year, in the Pattison Park General Hospital, Baltimore. His body was brought directly home and interred at Holyhood Cemetery, Brookline. His father, born in Ireland, county of Cork, son of David and Ann (Ludgate) Ring, died at Brighton, May 8, 1863. His mother, born in Ireland, county of Cork, daughter of Richard and Elizabeth (McCarty) Haggerty, lives on Oakland Street, Brighton.

WARREN DUTTON RUSSELL, Lieutenant, FRANCIS LOWELL DUTTON RUSSELL, Lieutenant, brothers; sons of James Dutton and Sarah Ellen (Hooper) Russell. Their father's name was changed by act of the Legislature, Feb. 21, 1820, from James Russell Dutton to James Dutton Russell. Born in Boston, Jan. 7, 1810, he graduated at Harvard University, 1829, and studied law. He was son of Hon. Warren Dutton, of Yale College 1797, lawyer of Boston, who resided many years at Brighton, and died there, March 3, 1857, in his eighty-third year, and of Elizabeth Cutts Lowell, daughter of Hon. Judge Lowell of Boston.

The first-named brother was born in Boston, April 30, 1840, and came in early childhood with his parents to Brighton. He entered Harvard University, 1856. Left college, and subsequently spent two years in the Cambridge Law School. Leaving these studies he enlisted at Brighton, and was commissioned, Aug. 20, 1861, second lieutenant, 18th Mass. Vols. He was promoted first lieutenant in the same regiment, July 16, 1862. His devotion and bravery in the service have been highly extolled. He fell in the second battle at Bull Run, Va., Saturday, Aug. 30, 1862. A brother officer wrote thus: "The 18th was formed in battle line at 9 A. M., and advanced over a field through a piece of woods, where we were kept three hours supporting batteries. At 3, P. M., the order came to advance. We charged through an open space of rising ground, nearly one quarter of a mile, under very heavy fire of shot and shell. During the charge, the voice of Lieutenant Russell could be heard continually encouraging his men. One of his men having been killed, he took his musket, and had discharged it twice, when, standing close by the colors, he was struck in the neck by a ball, cutting the jugular vein. His death was instantaneous, and he could not have suffered the slightest pain. His face was perfectly composed as in sleep. The regiment has lost a good officer and the officers a good friend."

The younger brother was born at Brighton, Oct. 2, 1844, and baptized by the pastor of the First Church there, June 29, 1845. He enlisted in a New York regiment (Col. Duryea's) just leaving for Washington, and was wounded at the battle of Great Bethel. When the Secretary of War, soon after this battle, visited the hospital at Fort Monroe, so attracted and pleased was he with the intelligence of this young soldier and the patient manliness with which he bore his wounds, that he promised him a commission in the army if he recovered. Amidst the distracting cares of office the Secretary did not forget his promise, but, hearing that Russell had gone home on furlough to recruit his strength, appointed him first lieutenant in the 4th U. S. Cavalry. Recovering, he returned to the service; but again came home, sick, Jan. 8, 1864,—having been promoted brevet captain. He died May 11, 1864, at Springfield, Mass.,

(Massasoit House), where he had gone with his sisters a week previous, in the hope of recruiting his health. Funeral from King's Chapel, Boston. Interment at Mount Auburn. His father died at Brighton, June 19, 1861, and his mother, born at Marblehead, 1817, daughter of William Hooper, died Feb. 27, 1848.

FRANCIS AUGUSTINE STARKEY. — Born at East Vassalboro', Me., May 21, 1841; son of Lyman G. and Mary (Williams) Starkey. He came to Brighton May 22, 1860, and lived with Mr. Daniel Shillaber, by whose family he was much esteemed for his excellent character. He enlisted Dec. 7, 1861, for three years, in Read's Mounted Rifle Rangers. This battalion of cavalry was organized as a body-guard for General B. F. Butler and attached to the 30th Mass. Regiment. After a year it was incorporated into Col. Chickering's regiment, 4th Mass. Cavalry. Young Starkey had no opportunity to manifest on the field the patriotic spirit which had led him to serve, as he was soon taken sick. On the 14th of April, 1862, he died of typhoid fever on Ship Island, in the Gulf of Mexico, not quite completing his twenty-first year, and was interred on the island. Rev. John P. Cleveland of Lowell, chaplain, conducted the funeral services. His parents are living at East Vassalboro'.

EDWARD LEWIS STEVENS, Lieutenant. — Born in Boston, Sept. 30, 1842; son of Silas and Jane (Smith) Stevens. His father removed in 1845 from Boston to Brighton; and here, at the High School, under the charge of Mr. John Ruggles, he was tutored for Harvard University, where he was entered 1859. Of very few of the young soldiers of our country has so general and exalted commendation been awarded, alike in oral and printed testimony, as of this "young Harvard hero." The obituary and resolutions prepared by his brother officers at their head-quarters, Georgetown, S. C., with the accompanying letter to his family; the letter of Prof. Child of the University, with the full notice and resolutions published by the class of 1863; his own admirable letter sent home shortly before his death, avowing the high principles on which the war should be waged, and his confident belief in its glorious issues; even the appropriate resolutions of the Sunday school at Brighton with which he had been connected, would all come fitly here. But these prescribed limits forbid. He left college in his senior year to enlist, Sept. 12, 1862, for nine months, in the 41th Mass. V. M. Returning June 18, 1863, he joined in the class day exercises at college, but was too late for the annual examinations. Studying in the fall, he received his degree, Jan., 1864. In the mean while he was in the store of Messrs. Sabiu & Page, Boston. In January, 1864, he was commissioned as second lieutenant in the 54th Mass. Vols., and left home for the regiment at Jacksonville, Fla. For his remarkable qualities as a man and an officer he was subsequently promoted first lieutenant. He was killed instantly, April 18, 1865, at Boykins Mills, near Camden, S. C., in an expedition from Georgetown to Camden under Brig.-General Potter. "He fell so near the enemy's works that it was not deemed right to order any one forward to recover the body, but volunteers promptly presented themselves, and he was thus buried near where he fell." His character has been finely delineated in the published records above mentioned, which may be consulted. His mother, born at Waltham, July 10, 1805, daughter of Nathan and Susannah (Bemis) Smith, died at Brighton, Nov. 25, 1845. His father, born at Needham, May 2, 1806, son of Silas and Sally (Gay) Stevens, lives on Washington Street, Brighton (one daughter and one son surviving), and married (2d) Miss Brackett of Newton.

FRANKLIN WILLARD THOMPSON. — Born in Boston, July 13, 1846; son of George and Julia Ann (Hubbard) Thompson. He attended school in Boston, and in Somerville where his parents subsequently resided, and came to Brighton in 1860 and lived with Mr. Theodore Monroe. In August, 1862, he enlisted in the 39th Mass. Vols., Co. E, Somerville, and was ordered first to Washington. Having shared bravely in several engagements, he was taken prisoner at Petersburg, Va., Aug. 25, 1864, and confined in Salisbury prison, N. C. He was subsequently removed, and died in the Florence stockade, S. C. A few days only before his capture, letters were received from him by

his sister at Brighton, expressing the regards of the loving as well as patriotic heart which endears the memory of the young soldier to his friends. His father, born at Hancock, N. H., May 13, 1821, lives at Quincy (Squantum). His mother, born at Chesterfield, N. H., April 20, 1819, died at Somerville, October, 1859.

JOSEPH WASHINGTON WARREN. — Born at Charlestown, Mass., March 13, 1819, and came to Brighton when a boy, living there in the employ, successively, of Mr. Bodge and of Mr. Jonathan Hastings. He married at Roxbury, 1839, Elizabeth Hunt of Bath, N. H., and lived at Cambridgeport, where she died. In 1845, he married (2d), at Cambridgeport, Charlotte R. Moody. About 1857 he removed from Roxbury to Brighton, where he remained until his enlistment, Dec. 17, 1863, in the 11th Mass. Light Battery. He was mustered into service, Jan. 2, 1864, and left Boston for the South. He was taken sick in the summer; was three months in the Wolf Street Hospital, Alexandria, Va.; reached home, sick, on the 9th September, "looking in his altered visage like a man of eighty years," and died there, of chronic dysentery, on the 23d. Funeral services were conducted on the 26th, in the Baptist church, Brighton, by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Bowles, and the body was interred at Evergreen Cemetery. His widow and children live at Brighton.

GEORGE WASHINGTON WARREN. — Born at Roxbury, June 25, 1840; son of Joseph Washington and Elizabeth (Hunt) Warren (above). He was married at Brighton, Oct. 10, 1861, to Mary Ann Claypole, who was born at Cambridgeport. He enlisted a few days after his father, was mustered into service on the same day and in the same battery with him. He, too, was sick at Alexandria, in Sickles Hospital, and died there of heart disease, Sept. 3, 1864, twenty days before his father's death. He was buried at Alexandria. His widow subsequently married Geo. M. Monto of Brighton, and resides there.

The following lines, written by a lady of this town on viewing the Monument, are here inserted by request, as a tribute to the departed soldiers:—

REST, soldier, rest; earth's toil is o'er;
The soul is welcomed to that shore
Where peace and love forever reign,
And all are free from strife and pain.

Rest, soldier, rest; in this sweet spot
Few comrades lie,—but not forgot
Those sleeping in a Southern land,
Who form with you one martyr band.

Rest, soldier, rest; the great work done,
Your brow is wreathed with laurels won;
And comrades brave will drop a tear
For each whose name is written here.

Rest, soldier, rest; this shaft will tell
How dear the flag for which you fell;
Unfurled it bears from shore to shore
Union and Freedom evermore.

SOLDIERS' UNION.

THE returned soldiers of Brighton met at Mason's Hall, August 18, 1866,—nearly every regiment and battery that had been in the service from the State being represented,—and organized a club for literary exercises and mutual improvement. Officers were chosen, as follows :

PRESIDENT.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS PUTNAM WILLARD.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

JOHN PRATT, CHARLES EDMUND RICE, RICHARD BAXTER SMART.

RECORDING SECRETARY.

JOHN THOMAS NEEDHAM.

FINANCIAL SECRETARY.

EDWARD HARRIS.

TREASURER.

AUGUSTUS MASON.

MARSHAL.

ALANSON TOWNSEND BREWER.

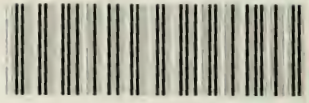
STANDING COMMITTEE.

AUSTIN BIGELOW, GEORGE FRANCIS GORDON,
CHANDLER BALCH BRAMAN.

Under the auspices of this club, a course of lectures has been inaugurated, to be given each week alternately at the Town Hall on Washington Street and at Union Hall on Union Square. The opening lecture was delivered Thursday evening, October 4, by the Hon. George Sewall Boutwell, on "Faith essential to Success." The second was by the Hon. George Stillman Hillard, on "Books,—their Use, their Selection." The third was by Edwin Percy Whipple, on "Shoddy." The fourth was by Rev. Warren Handel Cudworth, late chaplain First Mass. Regt., on "Purpose;" and the fifth is announced to be given by Rev. William Rounsville Alger of Boston.

PD 133

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