

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

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 20' Width 6' Depth 6' or Diameter _____
Sculpture: Height _____ 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.
Roundel on front of obelisk: IN HONOR OF THE CITIZEN SOLDIERS
OF DORCHESTER WHO FOUGHT IN THE WAR OF REBELLION
1861-1865
Roundel on rear of obelisk: THEY DIED THAT THE NATION
MIGHT LIVE
All four sides of the obelisk are engraved with the names
of Dorchester soldiers who died in the war.

Environmental Setting

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

Type of Location

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

A tall granite obelisk adorned with a band of stars and a band of shields. The middle section of the monument contains four marble roundels, one on each side of the obelisk. One roundel contains a relief of a cannon, and roundel contains the Dorchester seal (in relief). The lower section of the monument is inscribed with the names of the war dead. The monument is surrounded by a wrought iron fence. Surrounding plantings are overgrown.

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. 2, 2006

Your Name Kevin P. Tucker

Address 58 Forest Street

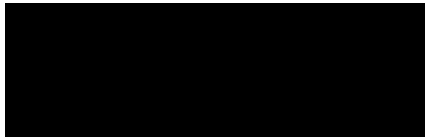
City Wakefield

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



FRONT MONUMENT



FRONT MONUMENT



FRONT BASE



LEFT BASE



REAR BASE



RIGHT BASE



RIGHT MONUMENT

25
13187
29.70

DEDICATION
OF THE
SOLDIERS' MONUMENT
AT
DORCHESTER,
SEPTEMBER 17, 1867.
BOSTON:
THOMAS GROOM & CO.
1868.



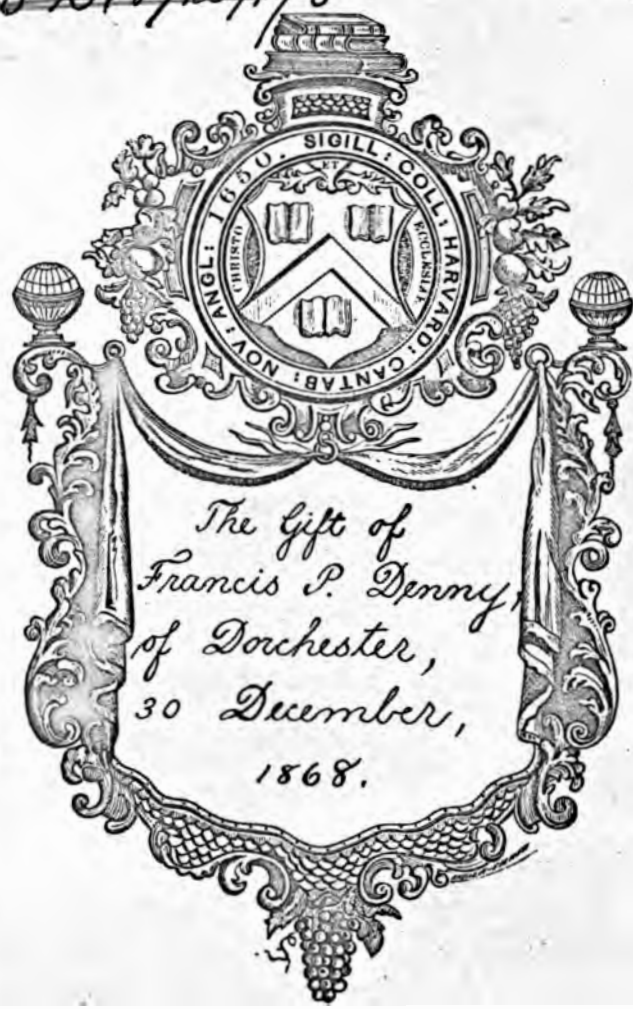
HARVARD
COLLEGE
LIBRARY

285

34

~~MS 13187.29.70~~

Ms. 1873.



2)

DEDICATION

OF THE

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT

AT

DORCHESTER,

SEPTEMBER 17, 1867.

BOSTON:
THOMAS GROOM & CO.
1868.

0334.7

~~U.S. 13187.29.70~~

215 13187.29.70
—

1868. Dec. 30.

Gift of

Francis Parkman Lemmy
of Dorchester.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

MUSIC.

READING FROM THE SCRIPTURES,

BY REV. T. J. MUMFORD.

MUSIC.

DEDICATORY PRAYER,

BY REV. J. H. MEANS.

DIRGE.

SUNG BY THE CHILDREN OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Peace to the brave who nobly fell
'Neath our flag, their hope and pride!
They fought like heroes long and well,
Then like heroes died.

Hallowed forever be the graves
Where our martyrs dreamless sleep!
Columbia, weep thy fallen braves,
But triumphant weep!

Nobly they died in Freedom's name—
Died our country's flag to save;
Forever sacred be their fame,
Green their honored grave!

ORATION,

BY REV. C. A. HUMPHREYS.

ODE,

BY W. T. ADAMS, ESQ.

Sung by the Children of the Public Schools.

No more the cannon peal
And clash of ringing steel
Our land o'ersweep ;
But, in the soldier's grave,
The bravest of the brave,
Who died our cause to save,
In glory sleep !

On many a battle plain,
Green with their life-blood stain,
Our heroes rest.
In holy calm they sleep,
While mourning thousands weep,
And in their hearts still keep
Their memory blest.

Immortal bays we bring
Upon their graves to fling,
Heroic dead !
'They fought in freedom's fight,
Dispelling treason's night,
And in their manhood's might
Their life-blood shed.

All honor to our braves,
Who sleep in hallowed graves
In southern clime,
Or at their kindred's side ;
Alike they bled and died
To stay oppression's tide—
A death sublime.

Lord God of nations, here
This monument we rear,
In thy great name.
As Thou hast blessed our land,
To Thee we give the band
Who fell by treason's hand —
And deathless fame.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

MUSIC.

TRANSFER OF THE MONUMENT
TO THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

DOXOLOGY.

From all who dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
In every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

ORATION

BY REV. CHARLES A. HUMPHREYS,

OF SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS :

As we stand under the shadow of this monument which we dedicate to-day, its silent pointing to the heavens, its voiceless record of noble names, remind us that our theme is beyond the power of words to portray, and that silence is here the most fitting eloquence. All great things are silent,—the eternal hills, the ocean in its depths. They have no speech nor language; yet their peaceful stillness is more eloquent than the roar of tempests at the surface, or the blast of winds at their summit. So this silent orator tells more eloquently of the grand achievements and the glorious deeds of our heroes than any spoken eulogy that mortal lips can frame. How impressive is its simple silence! It bears no record of the valor of our soldiers; it lavishes no praise on their patriotic devotion; it does not even name the bloody fields where one and another laid down their precious lives; but so long as this shaft shall stand, so long as its

stony finger shall point to the open heavens,—so long shall it tell the story of their sacrifice, and point the passers-by to those lofty and divine principles of liberty from which they drew their courage and their strength.

It is a high and sacred duty that we this day fulfil. It is not only our martyr brothers that we honor by this memorial, but also ourselves. By it, we pledge ourselves to a like devotion. If we honor them because they died that the nation might live, let us show our sincerity by so living that the nation may have more abundant life. Let us not excuse ourselves by saying that we cannot of ourselves do much. It was not with such faint-heartedness that they girt on their armor. Our little band of martyrs could not save the nation; yet they gave what they could, and all they could, to the common cause, and so are equal sharers of the common triumph. It is the noble distinction of our country not only that the people can rule it, but that they alone can save it. Imperial Rome could not live without her Cæsar. Alexander yielded to his successors the empire of half the world; but without him, it could not keep its integrity. All the ancient dynasties crumbled with the ashes of their leaders. The supremacy of modern European nations depends chiefly on the diplomacy of a few. Bismarck builds a mighty kingdom on the ruins of the German Confederation, while France loses caste with the duplicity of Napoleon, and England comes to a stand-still with the obstinate selfishness of her ministry: but our nation can decline only with the decline

of public virtue, and can live only in the life of the people. Our hundred martyrs are only a handful compared with the hundreds of thousands of victims offered on the altar of the country; yet each of them fought for the nation and not for any leader, and in each one's sacrifice the nation found salvation. It is not presumption then, but the very spirit of our institutions to raise an enduring memorial of each and every martyr of liberty, and to give a national significance to each hero's devotion.

Will any one say that, because ours was a civil war, memorials of its victims must of necessity perpetuate sectional bitterness? I repel the insinuation. Not one of those whose devotion we celebrate to-day fought for a section or a party, but for the whole country. Not one of them lifted his arm against the South, but against treason wherever it might rear its horrid front. They were not the victims of passion, but the martyrs of principle. We celebrate not the triumph of a section, but the saving of a nation. The names which we with pious care have cut in the enduring stone were long before claimed by the Genius of Liberty, and set with more enduring lustre among the brightest pearls in her diadem. Need we then hesitate to reveal our memorial to the world? Will any true son of liberty ever turn with averted face from its brilliant record? When our nation is again united in a common devotion to the principles of freedom, which are the very life of the

republic, shall we then be ashamed to recall the names of those who died in her defence?

But even if our monument, besides celebrating the virtues of our heroes, should also recall the crimes of the rebels, and revive the long smothered indignation against the plotters of treason in the South, still let it stand. We may forgive, but we cannot forget, — we must not forget. We owe it to our brothers not to forget their sacrifices. Upon their wasted lives we are rearing the structure of a nobler civilization. Their blood has nourished the seeds of liberty, their names will ever be its truest inspiration. Shall we reap the fruits of their devotion, and refuse to honor their memories? It was the painful necessity of their position to fight against their own flesh and blood. Shall we therefore conceal the record of their fidelity? Shall we not rather hold in more abundant honor those who left houses and lands and kindred for the sake of a noble principle? How often friend met friend in bloody fray, brother lifting the sword against brother! They felt that love of country was a holier tie than love of kindred; for the happiness of millions was involved in the nation's salvation. Let us not forget, then, their self-denying devotion. We owe it to our country not to forget her defenders. The nation lives only in the devotion of the people; and we must, by every appreciative celebration and every enduring memorial, perpetuate the remembrance of those who gave everything for

her salvation. The national character is moulded by the traditions of its own experience. The masses of men do not look abroad for their teachings of wisdom and their illustrations of heroism, but to their own ancestry and their own community. The strongest communities or peoples are those that are richest in these traditions of heroism and devotion.

It is not in the decline of national power, but at its height, that the memorials of greatness are reared. The neglect of them is the sure sign of national weakness and decay. When Greece forgot the heroes of Marathon, she forgot also her own glory. When Rome forgot Brutus and his compatriots at Philippi, she forgot also her own liberties. When England forgot Cromwell, or remembered him only to disgrace his ashes, she disgraced herself, and forgot her supremacy in the glittering attractions of a luxurious court. When our country shall forget to honor her defenders, shall neglect the memorials of their heroism, she will have forgotten also her own true dignity, and have neglected the fountains of her truest life. No, we will not forget our fallen heroes. As long as freedom has a name to be honored and loved, her martyrs shall be remembered; and if ever we are tempted to be false to liberty, their blood will cry to us from the ground, and their spirits will still rule us from their urns. To the people of France, for long years after his death, the ashes of Napoleon were a more potent spell than the flash of a hundred thousand bayonets. They cringed before the ghost of the tyrant

quicker than to the sword of his tools. No such horrid nightmare haunts the graves of our heroes; yet the spell of their names shall be as powerful. For long years to come, yes, forever in the history of our land, the grave of a martyr of liberty shall be stronger than the throne of a tyrant, and the ashes of her patriot defenders shall overcome the legions of treason though they advance terrible as an army with banners.

In the war through which we have just passed, the traditions of the Revolution were as inspiring as the immediate demands of the crisis. We believed that as God had been with our fathers He would also be with us. We trusted that a like devotion to liberty would meet a like reward. We read and we repeated to others the story of their sacrifices. Lexington and Bunker Hill were our rallying cries. The blood-stained snows of Valley Forge nerved our endurance. The triumph of Yorktown inspired our faith. The Charter of Independence became the certificate of the national life. The South threatened to violate the sacred memories of the Revolution by calling the roll of her slaves under the shadow of Bunker Hill. But from beneath her hallowed sod there came such inspiration that a million freemen sprang to arms and defied the impious threat. The rebels fought not alone against Northern steel, but against their own and the country's history, against their own and the country's life. God and nature were against them. The stars in their courses fought against rebellion. The result was not doubtful.

In decisive battles, truth always musters the heaviest battalions. So to-day those who under the specious pretext of a restored Union are plotting for a re-established system of oppression, are plotting against the national life, and will surely fail. Our country has not vanquished her open enemies only to fall by the thrusts of her pretended friends. She is stronger than ever before in the faith of the people. She stands not now as in the Revolution, the hopeful field whereon freedom and high civilization might achieve new triumphs for man. Our country holds to-day a grander position and a nobler fame. She stands before the world as the arena whereon Freedom and Slavery have closed in fierce death-grapple, and Freedom stands triumphant. If our fathers and brothers died for a glorious hope, shall we not live for a grand fruition? Our fathers feared that the stripes of their dear-loved banner might come to symbolize the exactions of a foreign tyranny, and our brothers died not only the hope that its stars might not go out in disastrous night. But to us the stripes are crimson with the blood of a hundred thousand heroes whose ebbing life was the flood tide on which our liberties rose for a vantage-ground of eternal security, and its stars stand firm as the stars in heaven, not only undiminished, but ever increasing in number and in lustre.

What an inheritance has thus been transmitted to us as the inspiration and the pledge of our fidelity!

We need not now search the annals of ancient history for illustrations of heroism and patriotic devotion. We need go no more to Marathon and Thermopylæ. We need not appeal to Leonidas to inspire our courage, nor suffer the trophies of Miltiades to break our sleep. We need not even go back to Lexington and Bunker Hill, to Prescott and Warren. We have in our own times as bright a galaxy of noble names, as grand a pile of trophies. Where are the fields that shall dim the lustre of Antietam and Gettysburg, of Winchester and Cedar Creek, of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, of Murfreesborough and Lookout Mountain? Where in military annals are the movements that compare in rapidity with the raids of Sheridan, in grandeur with the march of Sherman, in persistency with the advance of Grant? Where in history are the generals who can cast a shade upon the names of Lyon and Sedgwick and Kearney and Macpherson? Where are the commanders braver than Rogers and Winslow and Farragut and Foote? What nation or people has such an illustrious roll of young heroes—Ellsworth, Winthrop, Baker, Shaw, Putnam, Lowell? And if we come nearer home, what private memorial ever bore nobler names than ours? Do you speak of courage? At Gettysburg, they moved not one step backward before the fiercest onset of the desperate foe.* Do you speak

* Thos. B. Fox, Jr., Capt., Second Regiment Mass. Infantry Volunteers, died July 25th, 1863, of wounds received at Gettysburg, Pa.

of gallant daring? Their advance at Kenesaw Mountain was not checked till their poor bodies were riddled with bullets.* Do you speak of endurance? In the Wilderness for thirty days they marched and fought and intrenched, and marched and fought and intrenched, every day nearer the rebel capitol, and in the last grand effort at Cold Harbor met defeat only with death.† Do you speak of fortitude and patience? Do you not know that eleven of those whose names are here surrounded with an enduring wreath of glory met without a murmur a most inglorious death, away from friends, without one tear of sympathy, wasting away inch by inch in the loathsome confinement of the rebel prisons? I will not multiply horrors in order to magnify their virtues. But, tell me, is there a brighter page in history than that which we have stereotyped to-day with these familiar names? To-day we give them to history; but not alone to her cold and voiceless record. We have also inscribed their names upon the tablets of our hearts, and there they shall live in a bright immortality of grateful remembrance.

I have spoken of the value of our traditions to patriotic devotion, now so multiplied that almost every fire-side has its own heroic tale.

* Henry W. Hall, Adjutant, Fifty-first Regiment Illinois Infantry Volunteers, fell June 27th, 1864, pierced with eleven bullets, in the charge upon the rebel intrenchments at Kenesaw Mountain.

† Walter Humphreys, Co. A, Thirteenth Regiment Mass. Infantry Volunteers, fell at Cold Harbor, June 2d, 1864.

But their value depends chiefly on connecting them with the traditions of the national life. We must not repeat the story of the glorious deeds of our heroes without recalling also the sacred principles for which they risked their precious lives. They fought first and foremost for the national integrity; but for the national integrity chiefly because it was the synonyme of universal liberty. God in his all-wise providence had planted the vine of liberty in this western world at the foot of the tree of our national life, and had so entwined their rapid growths that the axe could not cleave them apart without destroying both, nor could the propitious rains water the roots of liberty without nourishing also the national life. As in the Revolution, the colonists did not in the beginning fight for independence but for justice, yet were soon taught by providential experience that justice could not be reached except through independence, so, in the late war, our people did not in the beginning fight for freedom, but for the national life; yet were soon taught by providential events that the nation could not be saved except through liberty. And as at the birth of religious liberty in Judea, God had prepared a grand empire under one head, its subjects obeying the same laws, familiar with the same language, sharers of a common civilization, and all from the gates of Hercules to the farthest Ind bearing the common dignity of a Roman citizen, and this unity of laws and language invited Christianity to the casier conquest of the world, so at the birth of civil liberty in the May-

flower, God opened a wide continent, and raised up a great people, and gave them liberty for their inheritance, and freedom for their possession, and bade them scatter these blessings throughout the world. For the security of these priceless treasures, we first won our independence through the devotion of our fathers, and now by the fidelity of our brothers have established our nationality on the basis of universal liberty. It only remains that we still be faithful; that we now and forever link our traditions of patriotic devotion, so full and fresh to-day, with the traditions of liberty which God has entwined so closely about our national life; then we shall enter upon such a career of glory as we can scarcely now foresee.

Our most immediate duty is to secure the fruits of our triumph, and lay the foundation of a lasting peace. Oh, for a Hampden or a Washington, who, having caught the spirit of a great struggle and brought it to a successful close, can also, by wisdom and moderation, restrain the excesses of victory and soothe the anger of defeat! Alas! our village Hampden, our second Washington is gone! gone with those who in camp and field and hospital laid their rich gifts of life upon the altar of the country! gone to his boys whose bright and gleaming ranks beyond the river of death opened to welcome what we could so hardly lose! Still we will not repine. Our salvation does not depend upon one man or set of men, but upon the people, and the lessons of this war have been too deeply burned into their

hearts for them now to prove untrue. Let the people see to it that treason is made odious and rebellion fully crushed; that loyalty is encouraged and disloyalty rebuked; that liberty is made the inalienable possession of every inhabitant of our land, and that all within our borders, of whatever race, sex or condition, are allowed free scope for the development of all their powers, and are intrusted with all the duties of citizenship for which they may be fitted by their intelligence, their capacities, or their natural position. What a glorious career will then open to our nation! Fearing no enemies within or without, she will attain a dignity she has not yet assumed; she will be a leader among the nations, too great to excite their envy, too magnanimous to stir their hate. Her freedom will be the inspiration of every struggling people, and her tranquillity the rebuke of every trembling tyranny.

Yet not in laws alone shall she lead the nations, but in literatures and every field of knowledge. We have not only broken the fetters of the slave, but we have begun to break the fetters of the mind. As the common mind goes forth to mingle in strife or sympathy with the minds of millions, and sees open before it all the opportunities and privileges that the greatest can possess, and feels that it participates in the dignity and glory of the mighty mass, and sustains an equal share in its protection and support, it cannot but expand with the expanding thought, and must rise above all mean conceptions and narrow views, and image forth in its

own development the grand unfolding of the national life. Great nations beget great thoughts; and it is only with great struggles that great literatures are born. The relentless plough of war has broken the surface of the popular mind, and brought up the rich sub-soil of deep convictions and broader aims, and it now lies furrowed and fallow for the sowing of whatever thoughts befit a great nation and a free people.

Would that some Homer or Virgil or Dante might arise to catch the spirit of the age and mould the aspirations of the people into a worthy epic that would be a priceless legacy to all coming time! Or rather, would that there might arise one greater than they all! For the struggle through which we have passed developed more of daring adventure and thrilling romance, more of calm endurance and heroic devotion than Virgil ever saw, or Homer ever sung; and its terrible earnestness and fearful sacrifices would furnish the theme of a "divine tragedy" that would need a greater than Dante to portray. The age must make its own interpreter. Meanwhile we can all do something to establish and perpetuate the principles for which our brothers died. Let us see to it that the rich seeds of precious lives that have been sown broadcast over the land bear living fruit in a purified government and a regenerated people. Let us catch the spirit of the age, and press on in the path of the nation's destiny. The time is ripe for grand attempts and grander results. Freedom is daily achieving victories for which but lately we scarce dared to

hope ; and the spirit of Republicanism is rising in such a flood that its reflux waves are engulfing the thrones and tyrannies of the old world, and lifting the oppressed people into liberty and manhood.

Is not this place also inspiring? Old Dorchester bears a noble record of public virtue and devoted patriotism. In 1630, her founders, led hither by their love of Christian liberty, having first by a fair equivalent obtained a release of the land from the Indian chief, used great efforts to civilize the neighboring tribes and convert them to Christianity, thus laying the foundations of her civil polity in enlightened justice and earnest religious faith. In 1652, by public vote, a general collection was taken up in the town for the maintenance of Harvard College. In 1664, the town drew up a petition for civil and religious liberty ; and in general took such a stand in those early colonial days that, in all civil assemblies and military musters she was allowed the precedence in honorable position. Nor did she discredit her reputation in after time. Years before the Revolution, the town voted to encourage domestic manufactures, and lessen the use of foreign luxuries. She especially prohibited the use of tea except in cases of sickness ; and in 1774 voted to pay her province tax into the treasury of the "Sons of Liberty," instead of to the treasurer of the Crown, declaring that the attempt of Parliament to impose upon the colonies laws without their consent was a tyrannical usurpation. In the Revolution, having early voted to

sustain the Continental Congress if they should see fit to declare an independency with Great Britain, Dorchester gave to the army one-third of her men over sixteen years of age, and in the late war for our national existence, with a population of only ten thousand, she furnished one thousand two hundred and seventy-seven men, which was one hundred and twenty-three in excess of all calls ; and of these, one hundred and twenty-seven became martyrs of liberty, ninety-seven of them our own townsmen.

Theirs are the holy rites of commemoration that we celebrate to-day. About their names we here intertwine an imperishable wreath of glory. To their memories we consecrate this monumental shaft. We have placed it under the shadow of the church, for theirs was a sacred cause. It stands in view of the sounding ocean whose ceaseless beat and roar shall not outlast their fame. We will also enshrine them in our heart of hearts ; and, inspired by their devotion to the country, we will here consecrate ourselves anew to her service.

“The patriot spirit has not fled ;
It walks in noon's broad light,
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead
With the holy stars by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this rock-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, in their mystic play,
Shall break and foam no more.”

ADDRESS BY FRANCIS P. DENNY, ESQ.,

Chairman of the Committee, in Transferring the Monument to the Town Authorities.

LADIES AND FELLOW-CITIZENS :

We have assembled on Meeting-house Hill, at another meeting for the soldiers. What memories are awakened as we gather here to-day! It was here you came to urge your young men to enlist in the army of the Union, at those earnest meetings where the word of patriotism was answered by the pledge of life for country, and whose enlistment paper contained many a name inscribed upon the roll of honor here. At the time of defeat, in the hour of darkness, you stood here close together to strengthen your own faith and to send the word of encouragement to your soldiers in the field. In the hour of dread suspense, on that never to be forgotten Sunday, in yonder church, there was a meeting for the wounded and the dying soldiers, where not a word was spoken, but the tender love of woman taught the lesson of the day. Here, week after week, year in and year out, in sunshine and in storm, have the mothers and sisters, the wives and daughters of our soldiers, brought their offerings and prepared those comforts

that can only come from home. How often have these rocks resounded with the measured tread of the procession bearing the precious dust of the hero from receiving its last sad honors to its final resting-place! And when victory came, as come it must, it was here you welcomed home your war-worn veterans.

With such associations, it is well, it is fitting, that we should be here to-day; that here we should erect our memorial tablet for those who went out from our homes and never returned, or came back but to die.

There are other associations about this spot that are pleasant to reflect upon. The monument stands on the ground covered from 1743 to 1817, a period of seventy-four years, by the third meeting-house erected in the town, and the only one of its day and generation, — this tree marks the spot where the pulpit stood. So that this is already consecrated ground, sacred as the place where our fathers assembled for the worship of God.

It is but justice to the committee to state briefly the simple story of the origin of their authority, and what they have attempted to express in the structure before us.

The Pickwick Club, a literary society of the town, at the beginning of the war had upon its records the names of forty-nine young men; at its close, twenty-two had been in the service of their country, and seven had yielded up their lives in its sacred cause. It was found impossible to reorganize it; its life-blood was gone. But its war record was too brilliant to be lost; the mem-

ories of its heroes too precious to be forgotten; the lesson of their lives too rich a legacy not to be handed down to another generation. After an existence of ten years, its last act was the appointment of the present soldiers' monument committee, with instructions to embrace in its design a memorial of all who fell in the war of the rebellion belonging to the town of Dorchester.

On the eastern tablet are seven names, no better than the other ninety, but I feel I do no injustice if I point to them with a fraternal affection, and remind you of him who fell at Antietam, in the heat of the battle; of him who sickened and died at Newbern; of him who received his fatal wound at the battle of the Wilderness; of the martyr of Port Royal, stricken by malaria in the midst of his labors for the down-trodden and oppressed; of the gallant officer at Groveton, mortally wounded while leading his men to the charge; of him who was wounded at Gettysburg in the hour of victory, the pride of his home-mates, the beloved of his associates everywhere, who was permitted to die in the home of his youth; of the heroic Adjutant at Kenesaw Mountain who fell, exciting the admiration even of his foe, with drawn sword in advance of his men. And of each one whose name is here it may be said, as honor enough, he died that the nation might live.

In the selection of a monumental design, limited by the funds of a subscription to which it was wished all should contribute rather than to have it large and exclusive, the committee sought for no elaborate

column, no pretentious architectural display. The structure that attempts by its magnificence to glorify the dead is meaningless. We can add no honor to what our soldiers earned for themselves; but rather we would share theirs by acknowledging to ourselves and to our descendants by this record of their lives, that they were of us, of our hearts, and of our homes.

But, if I understand aright the chief use, the meaning, of this structure, it is the lesson of patriotism it teaches for all time: that when the hour of national trouble comes again, of danger to the union of these States, when the constitution, of which this day is the anniversary of its receiving the signatures of those honored men who framed it, is misinterpreted or trampled upon, that, in that day, which may God avert, as the people gather together for counsel of themselves and of the former time, and as they ask how was it with our Fathers, turning to this memorial tablet they may learn, that in the great civil war men gave their lives a willing sacrifice for the life of their beloved country. And who shall say that in our own time, that to-day we do not need its lessons? Are we so faithfully carrying out those grand principles of justice and humanity they died to maintain, that we need no reminding of our duty? Or shall we rather this day, assembled to offer a tribute to patriotism, feeling the presence of a threatening cloud in our political horizon, renew our pledges and strengthen our vows to stand till death for the Republic!

Mr. Chairman of the Selectmen, to you, as the repre-

sentative of the authorities of the town of Dorchester, with this evidence of title which I put into your hands, I deliver this monument to your care and protection.

To the Committee, sir, the charge of its erection has been a sacred duty. May the keeping of it ever be held a sacred trust.

Believing that the town would before long inclose these grounds as a public square, there has been no fence placed around the monument, and we beg you, sir, and your associates, and we appeal to you, fellow-citizens, to do all in your power to hasten so desirable an event.

May this monument be a holy presence in our midst, inspiring in each one of us the feeling, "I must do something for my country." And may it declare to the generations that may gather around it that Justice is eternal and must prevail.

REMARKS OF JAMES H. UPHAM, ESQ.

Chairman of the Selectmen.

MR. CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE:

The town of Dorchester accepts the trust.

Be assured, sir, she, the mother of free public schools, whose patriotism and liberality have been so tried in the early wars with the Indians, with the French in the colonial days, in the war of the Revolution, in the Shay's rebellion, in the last war with England, and in the dreadful war so lately gloriously closed, and who has been found always true and trustworthy, will sacredly preserve this beautiful tribute of her citizens to the memory of sons who, in obedience to early instructions, and inherited purpose in morality, patriotism and humanity, have laid their lives on the altar of their country. I have no doubt your suggestions relative to these grounds will be duly attended to, and that, at no distant day, they will be graded, inclosed and ornamented, to be kept as a public park or common.

Future generations will bless the memory of those we this day unite in honoring by these services.

LETTER FROM GOVERNOR BULLOCK

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

BOSTON, Sept. 13th, 1867.

GENTLEMEN: I pray you will accept my thanks for your great kindness in inviting me to take some part with the people of Dorchester in dedicating their soldiers' monument.

But as the day appointed for this public ceremony is the seventeenth instant, when I am under an unavoidable engagement to be absent from the State, it will be my great loss to be compelled to forego the acceptance of your invitation.

This necessity I most deeply regret. The ancient, continued and unbroken current of patriotic sacrifice for the American Union which Dorchester has presented in every one of our wars for nationality, from the Revolution until now, will lend to the present commemoration an interest which is historically sublime. Let the present be a fit sequence of the past.

Let the sons of Dorchester who fell in the grand war of the rebellion be counted and be perpetuated as worthy successors of those who fell in the drama of the first Revolution. And let your noble town count it for

her highest honor to have the opportunity to consecrate the present monument to the patriotic virtues of the present generation which have given guarantee and security to the blood shed by the first generation of the citizens of Dorchester, loving liberty and willing to die for the assurance of it.

ALEX. H. BULLOCK.

LETTER FROM
EX-GOVERNOR JOHN A. ANDREW.

BOSTON, September 16th, 1867.

MESSRS. FRANCIS P. DENNY,
J. H. PIERCE, AND OTHERS, *Committee, etc., etc.*

GENTLEMEN: I cordially thank you for the invitation with which you have favored me, to attend the dedication of the Soldiers' Monument, in Dorchester, to-morrow; but I am compelled to add, that I must start tomorrow morning for Worcester, and remain in attendance on a judicial trial, from which there is no relief nor delay permitted. Were it possible for me, I would certainly bear testimony by my presence to the interest which such an occasion will never fail to inspire in my heart while it remains capable of any emotion.

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN A. ANDREW.

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W. R. PORTER.	G. H. CLARK.
F. E. BARNARD.	W. E. BLAKE.
WALTER HUMPHREYS.	B. F. BARTLETT.
G. F. BOYNTON.	JAS. CAMPBELL.
J. H. STIMPSON.	T. S. BOYNTON.
A. W. CLAPP.	R. WESSELHOEFT.
H. D. BURR.	G. W. McELROY.
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A. J. McINTIRE.	JEREMIAH HENDLEY.
ANDREW WILSON.	C. E. TOLMAN.
W. B. GASKINS.	G. O. BAXTER.
C. F. DALE.	WILLIAM QUIGLEY.
JAS. TEELAN.	C. E. HART.
J. H. BLACKMAN.	FRITZ GOETH.
HARRISON GLOVER.	J. W. STERLING.
LEMUEL TILESTON.	GEO. B. YOUNG.
FREDERIC VEIT.	

CAUSES OF DEATH.

Killed in battle	26
Died of disease	29
Died of wounds	20
Inhuman treatment in rebel prisons	11
Accidental	2
Unknown	9
	97

Born in Dorchester	39
" (out of Dorchester) in Massachusetts	20
" in Ireland	8
" " Provinces	7
" " Maine	8
" " Germany	4
" " England	1
" " Scotland	2
" " Prussia	1
" " Illinois	2
" " New Hampshire	2
" " Unknown	3
	97



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