

NATIONAL ORGANIZATION  
**SONS OF UNION VETERANS OF THE CIVIL WAR**  
**CIVIL WAR MEMORIAL ASSESSMENT FORM**

**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. David S. Dudley Post # 79)      ☐ 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: \_\_\_\_\_

**Original Dedication Date** Oct. 13, 1893 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 High Street  
 City/Village Candia Township \_\_\_\_\_ County Rockingham

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 Town of Candia Dept./Div. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Street Address 74 High St.  
 City Candia State NH Zip Code 03034  
 Contact Person \_\_\_\_\_ Telephone ( ) \_\_\_\_\_

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

N/A

**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.) Granite

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

Material of Plaque or Historical Marker / Tablet = N/A

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 11' Width 51" Depth \_\_\_\_\_ or Diameter \_\_\_\_\_  
 Sculpture: Height 6'1" Width 24 1/4" 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 \_\_\_\_\_

J. L. Mott Iron Works, NYC City

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.

See Attached

### Environmental Setting

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

#### Type of Location

☐ Cemetery  
☐ "Town Square"  
☐ Municipal Building  
☐ Courthouse  
☐ Traffic Circle

☐ Park  
☐ Post Office  
☐ State Capitol  
☐ College Campus  
☐ Library

☐ Plaza/Courtyard  
☐ School

Other: Sits between a  
Museum + Bed + Breakfast on  
public Land

**General Vicinity**

☒ Rural (low population, open land)  
☐ Town

☐ Suburban (residential, near city)  
☐ Urban / Metropolitan

**Immediate Locale** (check as many as may apply)

☐ Industrial ☐ Commercial  
☒ Street/Roadside within 20 feet ☐ Tree Covered (overhanging branches)  
☐ Protected from the elements (canopy or enclosure, indoors)  
☐ Protected from the public (fence or other barrier)  
☐ Any other significant environmental factor \_\_\_\_\_

**Condition Information****Structural Condition** (check as many as may apply)

The following section applies to Monuments *with* Sculpture, and Monuments *without* Sculpture - including the base for Monuments with *Cannon*. Instability in the sculpture and its base can be detected by a number of factors. Indicators may be obvious or subtle. Visually examine the sculpture and its base.

	Sculpture	Base
If hollow, is the internal support unstable/exposed? (look for signs of exterior rust)	_____	_____
Any evidence of structural instability? (look for cracked joints, missing mortar or caulking or plant growth)	✓	_____
Any broken or missing parts? (look for elements (i.e., sword, musket, hands, arms, etc. - missing due to vandalism, fluctuating weather conditions, etc.)	✓	_____
Any cracks, splits, breaks or holes? (also look for signs of uneven stress & weakness in the material)	✓	_____

**Surface Appearance** (check as many as may apply)

	Sculpture	Base
Black crusting	_____	_____
White crusting	_____	_____
Etched, pitted, or otherwise corroded (on metal)	_____	_____
Metallic staining (run-off from copper, iron, etc.)	_____	_____
Organic growth (moss, algae, lichen or vines)	_____	✓
Chalky or powdery stone	_____	_____
Granular eroding of stone	_____	_____
Spalling of stone (surface splitting off)	_____	_____
Droppings (bird, animal, insect remains)	✓	_____
Other (e.g., spray paint graffiti) - Please describe...	_____	_____

Does water collect in recessed areas of the Memorial? ☐ Yes ☐ No ☒ Unable to tell

**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 determineIs 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?

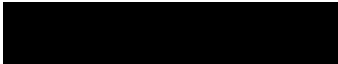
☐ Well maintained ☐ Would benefit from treatment ☒ In urgent need of treatment ☐ Unable to determine**Overall Description**

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

see Attached

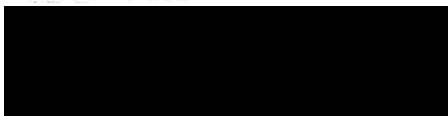
**Supplemental Background Information**

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 April 16, 2004Your Name Dan MeehanAddress 13 Brownstone LaneState N.H. Zip Code 03867City RochesterTelephone 

Please send this completed form to:

Todd A. Shillington, PCC



Thank you for your help, and attention to detail.

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

Candia, NH  
Civil War Monument

Artist: J.L. Mott, Iron Works, New York City

Dates: Dedicated Oct. 13, 1893. Rededicated May 25, 1958

Medium: Sculpture: bronze (found to be ZINK); Base: granite

Dimensions: Sculpture: approx. 6 x 2 x 2 ft.; Base: approx. 11 ft. x 55 in. x 57 in.

**Inscription:** (On front of shaft of base, incised letters:) IN HONOR OF 126 MEN OF Candia WHO SERVED IN THE/WAR OF THE REBELLION/KILLED/(List of six names follows)/DIED IN SERVICE/(List of fifteen names follows) (On rear of shaft of base, incised letters:) MONUMENT PRESENTED BY/GOV. FREDERICK SMYTH/FOUNDATION BY THE/TOWN (On side of shaft of base:) IN MEMORY OF 155 MEN OF Candia WHO SERVED IN THE/WAR OF THE REVOLUTION/KILLED LIEUT. T. DEARBORN/P. HILLS/IN MEMORY OF 5 MEN OF Candia WHO SERVED IN THE/FRENCH INDIAN WAR/OF 1756 (On other side of shaft of base, incised letters:) IN MEMORY OF 48 Candia/MEN WHO SERVED IN THE/WAR OR 1812 AND/J.W. WEBSTER/KILLED IN THE MEXICAN WAR/1847/IN HONOR OF 34 MEN OF Candia WHO SERVED IN THE WORLD WAR I/KILLED IN ACTION/LIEUT. WM. HERVEY THOMAS unsigned

**Description:** A figure of a bearded and mustached Union Civil War soldier, dressed in a Union uniform that consists of boots, pants, overcoat, cloak and cap. He stands holding the barrel of a rifle with his proper right hand while resting his proper left wrist across the top of the barrel. The soldier wears a belt with a buckle with "U.S." on it and two hanging pouches, a small one at his front proper right and a larger one at his rear. The Sculpture is placed atop a base that consists of three lower steps, a smooth inscribed shaft, and a large cap. A granite curb and four flowerbeds enclose the entire monument.

In early 1892, Governor Frederick Smyth, a native of Candia, New Hampshire, offered to give Candia a monument honoring its Civil War soldiers on the condition that the town provided a suitable location. The monument was later expanded to include soldiers of other wars. At its annual town meeting on March 8, 1892, the town voted to donate a site at the old meetinghouse and that \$200 be appropriated for curbing and foundation. On March 14, 1893, the town voted to appropriate another \$100 in addition to what had already been raised. The governor kept his promise and supplied the town with the monument.

In 1958 the monument was struck by a vehicle, toppled and damaged. LeBlanc Bros. Granite Works restored the monument. The curbstones around the base are the original stones, but were sandblasted and cleaned with "speedy-cleaner." The four walks between the curbstones and base were replaced with cement. The base's three lower steps are the original steps, but these were sandblasted and re-cut to fit the lower section of the base's shaft. The original inscribed shaft of the base was replaced with a new one bearing sandblasted letters and a steel finish. The base's cap is the original stone. The monument was rededicated on May 25, 1958, with people present who had attended the original dedication sixty-five years earlier.

In 2003 Candia's War Memorial monument was damaged some time after Halloween, when the soldier's musket was found shattered at the base of the High Street monument. Some of the pieces were missing and police aren't sure if the damage was the result of vandalism or natural decay.

Charles W. Canney Camp No. 5, SUVCW of Rochester, NH contacted Rika Smith McNally & Associates, Conservators of Objects & Sculptures of Framingham, Mass., to inspect the

monument. It was found that the Statue was made of Zinc not bronze like it was thought and that the soldiers' kepi brim and the scabbard and Bayonet were missing. Also his right thumb was just barely attached and there are cracks on the backside of his legs. During the 1958 repairs it was painted and that paint is flaking off.

The curbstones around the base needs repair, it is separating from the monument and the cement pieces are to be removed and granite put in its place.

The assessment to restore the monument is **\$22,350.00**

**Condition: In need of repair**

**Front**

In Honor of the 126 men of  
Candia who served in the  
War of the rebellion

**Killed**

W.L. Haines  
G.C. Emerson  
S. Dearborn  
E. Harris  
D.R. Daniels  
J.P. Bean

**Died in Service**

D.B. Dubley  
J.G. Batchelder  
C.B. Carr  
L.B. Wallace  
N.G. Harding  
E.P. Lane  
E.F. Brown  
A.M. Merrill  
D. Hall  
B.F. Swain  
G.M.D. Mead  
G.F. Hoyt  
G.W. Clay  
W.M. Clark  
J.H. Gile  
J. Moor

**Left Side**

In memory of 155 men of  
Candia who served in the  
War of the revolution

**Killed**

Lieut. T. Dearborn  
P. Hills

**Back**

In Memory of the 5 men of  
Candia who served in the French  
Indian War of 1756



Monument Presented by  
Gov. Frederick Smyth  
Foundation by Town

**Right Side**

The memory of 48 Candia  
Men who served in the  
War of 1812 and  
J.W. Webster  
Killed in Mexican War  
1847

In honor of the 34 men of  
Candia who served in the  
World War I  
Killed in Action  
Lieut. Wm. Henry Thomas

# CHARLES W. CANNEY, CAMP # 5

Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War  
[www.cwcanneycamp5.org](http://www.cwcanneycamp5.org)

March 29, 2005

Dear Brother Shillington;

The enclosed paperwork is a monument registration for Candia, NH.

Our Camp is currently working with the community to raise funds to restore the monument.

Camp 5 has started a project to help all communities in New Hampshire that have Civil War items raise funds needed for restoration.

Other monument registration forms will follow NH towns, we have helped Portsmouth rededicated 2003, Tilton – no rededication as of yet, Raymond – rededication May 30, 2005.

We have also sent the needed paperwork for the National SUVCW Grant for Candia.

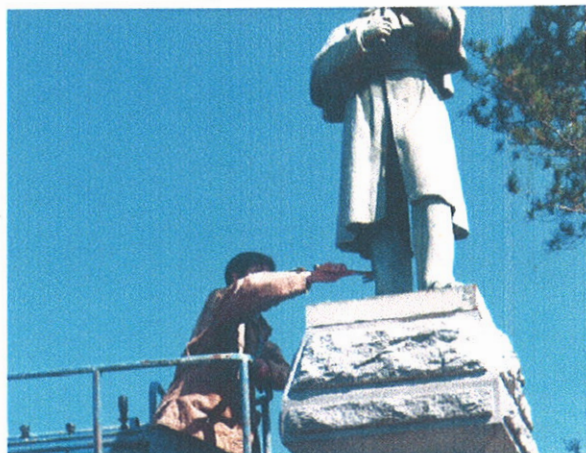
If you have any questions please email me at [commander@cwcanneycamp5.org](mailto:commander@cwcanneycamp5.org)

Yours in F.C.&L.

Dan Meehan  
Camp 5, Commander



Checking Monument  
Hollow



Taken Paint  
Sample



Missing Hat  
Brim



Crack  
in  
leg



Thumb  
is  
loose  
Attached



Paint chips



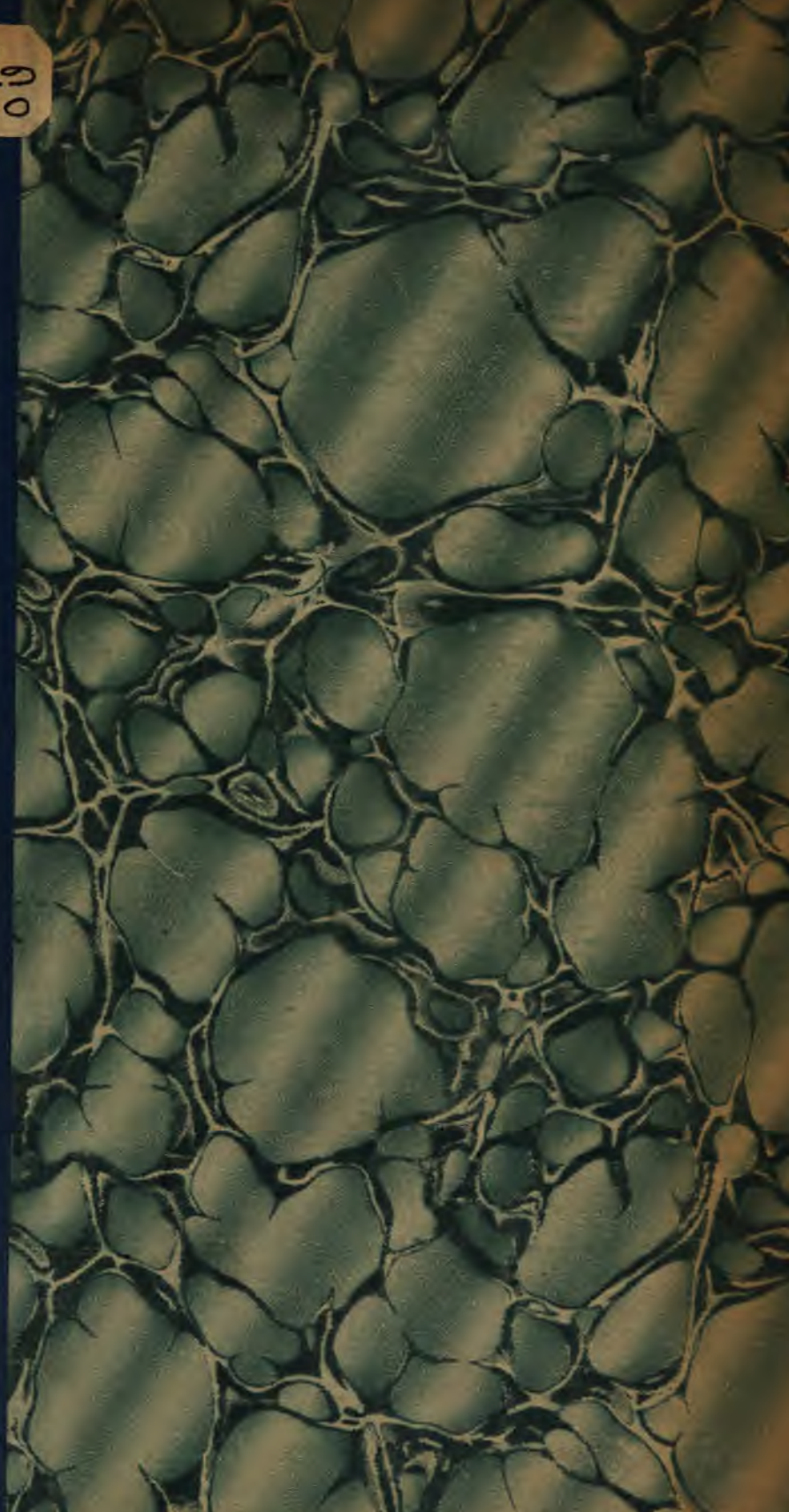
children measuring the  
monument



Candia, N.H.  
Soldiers' Monument



US  
11829  
20.10



US 11829.20.10

HARVARD COLLEGE  
LIBRARY



THE GIFT OF  
LAWRENCE SHAW MAYO

CLASS OF 1910

ADDRESSES AND PROCEEDINGS AT THE DEDICATION OF

• CANDIA'S •

• SOLDIERS' • • •



• MONUMENT •

... CANDIA, N. H., OCTOBER 13, 1893 ...





CANDIA'S SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

0

# ADDRESSES AND PROCEEDINGS

AT THE

## DEDICATION

OF

# Candia's Soldiers' Monument

PRESENTED TO THE TOWN BY

HON. FREDERICK SMYTH,

OCTOBER 13, 1893.

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Compiled by George W. Browne.

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MANCHESTER, N. H.:

PRINTED BY THE JOHN B. CLARKE CO.

1894.



Ms 11829.20.10

1



Laurence S. Mayo

# SOLDIERS MONUMENT,

- - Candia, N. H., - -

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1893.

## PROGRAM.

President, J. LANE FITTS.

"AMERICA," . . . . . BY THE BAND

PRAYER, . . . . . REV. MR. PRATT

PRESENTATION OF MONUMENT,  
BY EX-GOVERNOR FREDERICK SMYTH

ACCEPTANCE BY COMMITTEE

ACCEPTANCE BY SELECTMEN

MUSIC

DEDICATION CEREMONY BY DEPARTMENT OF NEW HAMP-  
SHIRE, G. A. R.

MUSIC

ADDRESS, . . . . . REV. S. C. BEANE

SONG, SELECTED, . . . . . MISS HATTIE A. LANE

POEM, . . . . . SAM WALTER FOSS

REMINISCENCES OF COMPANY I, . . . CHARLES C. PAIGE

SONG, "CALL ME NOT HOME," . . . J. WALTER QUIMBY

NATIONAL SALUTE AND MUSIC

BENEDICTION, . . . . . REV. MR. PRESCOTT

TAPS

## INTRODUCTION.

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There have been some notable and auspicious days in the history of Candia. One hundred and twenty-seven years ago, in this very month of October, every able-bodied man in the parish helped raise on this spot the heavy oaken frame of the first church. Ten years later every male citizen passed in review and gave account of himself in view of the great crisis that hung over the infant colonies. A century after, the centennial of the organization of the church was observed with fitting addresses, and six years later the centennial of the nation's birth was celebrated with speech and song and military parade, with very general and patriotic enthusiasm. But it was reserved for the golden October of 1893, on a day when nature smiled her sweetest on the efforts of man, to make a record unsurpassed and unequalled in all her previous history. The grand scenery about Candia hill was never seen to better advantage. The distant hills which bound the horizon south, east, and northeast, all visible from this doubly-consecrated spot, framed the wide view in calm grandeur. The valley in the foreground, beautiful with the charm of peaceful homes, adorned by the hand of industry, with cultivated field, meadow, and woodland, lake Massabesic like a silver mirror in nature's green-room, all made a fitting arena for the patriotic ceremonies of the hour. From amidst such surroundings came the

people,—men, women, and children. In the mellow sunlight of morning the country wagons dotted the distant thoroughfares; they poured in from the adjacent towns; they came from Manchester by coach and by rail; they came on foot from every near hamlet, until the old hill was alive with a multitude eager to do honor to the occasion and to testify their regard for the honored son whose generous gift was made to commemorate the valor and patriotism of the soldiers who took up arms in defense of liberty.

Here with the inspiring strains of martial music and the voice of song came detachments of veterans and a battery which had done gallant service at the front, speaking on this day not war but peace, to which the answering hills echoed back peace, liberty, and union forevermore.

In the pages that follow the design is to preserve in accessible form what was said at a time so memorable and so interesting. It is but a faint transcript of what actually occurred. The resonant voices of the speakers, the hearty responsive cheers, the moving multitude, the glad greeting of old acquaintances, the hill slopes and dooryards covered with tethered teams, the tables laden with good cheer on the lawn in the shadow of the new church, all proclaimed that the citizens of the brave little town were thoroughly awake to the deep significance of the occasion. Good taste, good feeling, and good order everywhere prevailed, and no untoward event occurred to disturb the well earned repose that settled that night over the homes of Charmingfare.

F. B. EATON.

## CANDIA'S SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

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At the annual town meeting held in Candia, N. H., March 8, 1892, on motion of Capt. J. Lane Fitts it was —

Voted, that the town lay out and donate a spot of ground twenty feet square on the site of the old meeting-house for a soldiers' monument to be erected by Governor Frederick Smyth, and that two hundred dollars be raised and appropriate what is necessary of it for curbing and foundation.

Voted, that J. Lane Fitts be the agent to carry this vote into effect.

At the town election March 14, 1893, it was —

Voted, that the town raise and appropriate what was necessary of the same, in addition to what has been raised, the sum of one hundred dollars for the curbing and foundation of Candia's soldiers' monument.

Voted, that J. Lane Fitts be the agent to carry this vote into effect.

The town having performed its part of the conditions of Governor Smyth's offer of the presentation of a suitable memorial to the memory of the soldiers of Candia, he immediately carried out his intentions by placing on the site selected a granite monument about fourteen feet high above foundation, surmounted by the bronze figure of an infantry soldier, looking southward as he stands at parade rest. The proportions of the work are excellent

6 DEDICATION OF CANDIA'S SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

and harmonious in every respect, and emblematical of its rugged surroundings, it is a tribute of which the sons and daughters of old Charmingfare may well feel proud. Around the base of the monument is a plat twenty feet square, surrounded by cut edgestone, with walks leading up to the inclosure on all sides.

The front, or south side, of the shaft bears the following inscription :

In Honor of the 126 Men of Candia Who Served in the War of the Rebellion.

KILLED.

W. C. Haines,	G. C. Emerson,
S. Dearborn,	E. Harris,
D. R. Daniels,	J. P. Bean,
James G. Batchelder,	C. B. Carr,
L. B. Wallace,	N. G. Hardy,
E. P. Lane,	E. F. Brown,
A. M. Morrill,	D. Hall,
G. M. D. Mead,	B. F. Swain,
G. W. Clay,	C. F. Hoyt,
J. H. Gile,	W. M. Clark,

D. B. Dudley.

On the right side of the monument is inscribed :

In Memory of Forty-eight Candia Men Who Served in the War  
of 1812.

And J. W. Webster, Killed in Mexican War, 1847.

On the left side :

In Memory of 155 Men of Candia Who Served in the War of the Revolution.

KILLED.

Lieut. T. Dearborn,	P. Hills.
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## THE DEDICATION.

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The planning and performing of the ceremonies incidental to the dedication were intrusted to the following officers and committees :

President of the Day, J. Lane Fitts.

Vice Presidents, Josiah M. Fitts, Austin Cass, Isaiah S. Lang, William Crane, Lewis Buswell, Daniel S. Bean, Jonathan C. Hobbs, Samuel Morrill, S. F. Colcord, John P. French.

General Committee, L. F. Dearborn, A. F. Patten, J. W. Sargeant, J. W. Cate, F. P. Brown ; Secretary, A. A. Mulliken.

Finance Committee, J. Lane Fitts, L. F. Dearborn, J. W. Sargeant, W. J. Dudley ; Treasurer, John W. Cate.

Committee on Invitation, D. F. Straw, E. J. Godfrey, C. R. Rowe, M. F. Emerson, W. J. Dudley, J. F. Holt, H. A. Hubbard.

Committee on Speaker and Poet, Merrill Johnson, J. L. Fitts, A. F. Patten, C. W. Truell.

Toastmaster, Henry A. Hubbard.

Marshal, James W. Plaisted.

Aids, Samuel G. Wentworth, George E. Kimball, Allen H. Nelson.

Friday, October 13, 1893, was the day selected for that event which will be cherished as long as the memory of those present live, and remain ever a notable incident in

the history of the town. As if nature was in sympathy with the plans of man, the day was ushered in with a fair sky and genial temperature, such weather as only October at her best can afford. Beneath this truly divine auspice the vast concourse of people assembled about the site of the new monument on High street's most historic grounds to witness and participate in the coming impressive scenes.

At 10.30 o'clock the line of march was formed at the railroad station under the command of Chief Marshal Plaisted, assisted by Aids Wentworth, Kimball, and Nelson, in the following order :

- Manchester City Band, 25 pieces, H. D. Gordon, leader.
- D. B. Dudley Post, G. A. R., of Candia, 40 men, D. F. Straw, commander.
- Joe Hooker Post of Epping, 32 men, J. C. Cram, commander.
- Chester Post, No. 74, of Raymond, 30 men, S. C. Parker, commander.
- Guard of Honor, seven men, W. S. Stanley, commander.
- Portsmouth Fife and Drum Corps.
- Storer Post, No. 1, of Portsmouth, 40 men, J. F. Litus, commander.
- Kearsage Veterans of Portsmouth, 30 men, G. W. Priest, commander.
- Manchester Drum Corps, 6 pieces, J. H. McCabe, leader.
- Louis Bell Post, No. 3, 80 men, Henry S. Perry, commander.
- Capt. Joseph Freschl Post, 40 men, Austin Goings, commander.
- Detail of New Hampshire Light Battery, 12 men, Sergt. Charles O. Barnard.
- Leola Lodge, No. 70, I. O. O. F., of Candia, 50 men, J. H. Foster in command.
- The Tenth Regiment Veteran Association, 100 men, in charge of Gen. M. T. Donahoe of Boston.

The speakers, invited guests, and citizens followed this escort in a long train, the foremost carriage containing President of the Day Capt. J. Lane Fitts, Donor of the Monument Hon. Frederick Smyth, Orator of the Day Rev. S. C. Beane, and Poet of the Day Sam Walter Foss.

When the procession had proceeded with measured steps to the grounds the exercises of the day were opened

by the patriotic strains of America, played by the Manchester City Band.

Prayer was then offered by Rev. T. C. Pratt, chaplain of the day, following which President Fitts addressed the gathering.

#### GREETING OF PRESIDENT J. LANE FITTS.

COMRADES, FRIENDS, FELLOW CITIZENS,—I greet you all this morning, and in behalf of the people of Candia I extend to my comrades of the G. A. R. a hearty welcome. To all who served in the war of the Rebellion I offer a soldier's welcome, and as we touch elbows as in 1861-65 let us be reminded to be true to each other and to the old flag that we bore through storm of shot and shell. To those natives of Candia who return to the old homestead today I say, Welcome home! and we will all strive to make this a red letter day in the history of us all.

A few weeks ago I stood in the national cemetery at Gettysburg, and on a plain stone I read "Unknown New Hampshire, 49." Near by I saw some small square posts marking the graves of those whose states were unknown. They numbered 979.

About a year ago I stood in the national cemetery at Arlington and saw a stone under which were buried the bones of thousands of Union soldiers, gathered up from the battlefields of Virginia. How many Candia contributed to the pile God only knows.

A few years ago the town erected marble marks at the graves of its deceased soldiers who were buried here, but there is nothing erected to the memory of those who did not return from the Revolutionary and Mexican wars, Lieut. Thomas Dearborn, Parker Hills, and John W. Webster.

In 1861 to 1865 one hundred and twenty six strong,

stalwart young men left their homes as citizens of this town for soldier life in the Union army. Of these twenty-one never returned to citizen life again, and of these fourteen have nothing on the face of the earth to show where their remains are, or what was their fate, and of seven of them there is not a word on the town records to show that they ever enlisted, or what was their fate. This is the roll of honor :

George C. Emerson, killed May 5, 1862, Williamsburg, Va.

Stephen Dearborn, killed June 16, 1862, James Island, S. C.

Edmund Harris, killed December 13, 1862, Fredericksburg, Va.

David R. Daniels, killed July 18, 1863, Fort Wagner, S. C.

Wells C. Haines, mortally wounded at Bull Run July 21, 1861, died in prison in Richmond October 8, 1861.

David B. Dudley, mortally wounded at Antietam and died in Frederick, Md., October 6, 1862.

Joel P. Bean, shot in prison December 15, 1864, Salisbury, N. C.

James G. Batchelder, died January 13, 1862, Manchester, N. H.

Charles B. Carr, died October 16, 1862, Pleasant Valley, Va.

Llewellyn B. Wallace, died January 11, 1893, Falmouth, Va.

Nathaniel G. Hardy, died January 22, 1863, Falmouth, Va.

Edward P. Lane, died February 10, 1863, Carrollton, La.

Edward F. Brown, died March 9, 1863, Newport News, Va.

Albert M. Morrill, died March 16, 1863, Candia, N. H.



HON. FREDERICK SMYTH.

Daniel Hall, died July 7, 1863, Port Hudson, La.

Benjamin F. Swain, died July 27, 1863, Vicksburg, Miss.

George M. D. Mead, died August 1, 1863, Memphis, Tenn.

Charles F. Hoyt, died August 14, 1863, Point Lookout, Md.

George W. Clay, died April 2, 1864, Candia, N. H.

William M. Clark, died November 10, 1864, Concord, N. H.

John H. Gile, died April 1, 1865, Manchester, N. H.

These might have remained unhonored and finally forgotten had it not been for the thoughtfulness and generosity of our former townsman, ex-Governor Frederick Smyth, to whom we are indebted for our beautiful cemetery gate and our splendid public library, and many other munificent gifts, for which he has our hearty thanks and shall have our lasting gratitude.

These facts are sufficient reason for our meeting today on this historic ground, consecrated by the guns and drum and fife of the minute men of the Revolution, and by the tramp of the armed men who have left this hill to defend their country's flag wherever it has been assailed.

I need not introduce to you ex-Governor Frederick Smyth, for he is known in every quarter of the globe, and by nearly every man, woman, and child in his native town.

Governor Smyth was greeted with great applause, following which he said :

#### PRESENTATION SPEECH OF GOVERNOR SMYTH.

MR. PRESIDENT AND CITIZENS OF MY NATIVE TOWN,—  
We assemble on this beautiful autumnal day on an occasion unlike any the town has ever witnessed. In examining the military records of the Revolutionary war, the war of 1812, and later the great war of the Rebellion, we find



Candia is not behind other towns of the state in furnishing her full quota of men to fight the battles of our country.

I never realized the sufferings and self-denials of a soldier's life until I witnessed them on the battlefields during the war of the Rebellion and saw with my own eyes the anguish of body and soul they experienced.

I then resolved that whatever I could do for their comfort and to perpetuate the memory of their deeds in the hearts of the people should be done; and when it became my duty in behalf of our state to welcome those who returned in their decimated regiments to the state and their homes, and receive from their hands the blood-stained flags, emblems of their devotion, I promised them that no efforts of mine should be spared in their behalf.

Fourteen years' experience as manager of our disabled soldiers' National Home prompted me to the same duty, and so, feeling that the honor of the soldiers of my native town deserved more enduring recognition than book records, liable at any time to be destroyed, I intimated to some of your citizens that I would join them in an effort to accomplish this. Finally your president of the day, whom I met on the battlefield of Gettysburg binding up the wounds of his comrades, promised me to present the subject at your town meeting, and the result is so well known to you I will not repeat it. The town furnished this fine and solid granite foundation on the site of the old church in which some of us were taught our duties to our Creator and to our fellow men.

I now present to the town of Candia, through its committee, this simple but enduring monument. Guard it well. (Here the monument was unveiled amid great applause.)

The traveler in the old countries of the world will have

his attention challenged by the great monuments, erected at an enormous expense; and when he reads the time-worn inscriptions will learn that nearly all of them were erected in honor of some one great warrior or distinguished citizen. One such I saw last summer erected in honor of the Emperor Trajan at Rome, which has stood for 1,700 years, and is still in an almost perfect state of preservation.

The monument before you, Mr. President, is built to commemorate the services of the *common* soldiers, the privates as well as the officers.

When you and I, my friends, and all these children shall be sleeping with the fathers and mothers gone before us, the children's children of the future generations shall stand around this shaft and tell the story of the men it is raised to commemorate.

Miss Hattie A. Lane then sang "The Star Spangled Banner," followed by Mr. Leonard F. Dearborn, who, in behalf of the town, spoke in acceptance of the monument as follows:

SPEECH OF ACCEPTANCE BY MR. LEONARD F. DEARBORN.

FELLOW CITIZENS AND COMRADES,—We have met here in common under the sheen of the stars and stripes to accept and dedicate this beautiful monument, a gift from the living in memory of the loyal dead. Comrades, again we march to the strain of martial music, conscious that we are veterans of time as well as war, yet we who still linger upon the shores of time must needs play our several parts a little longer.

It has fallen to one of your number, a humble private soldier, to voice for the people of this goodly town their gratitude for this munificent gift, and to echo your thanks as well. Naturally a thousand memories throng our minds

today. Pardon me, sir, if I surrender for a moment to the spell of significant memories. In God's providence no good deed is ever lost ; note then how deeds of love and mercy, called forth in days that tried men's souls, have followed one like his shadow.

In 1861 Company H of the gallant Third New Hampshire Volunteers had assembled at Manchester on the eve of their departure for the war, and then I bade an elder brother, whose name is engraved on yonder stone, a last farewell. Mingling among the boys at that time was a middle-aged, gracious, earnest man ; a citizen then as now ; he took each one by the hand, gave them counsel and words of cheer ; his actions seemed to inspire all with hope and courage. A stranger to me then, I wondered who he might be ; need I tell you ? He was none other than our benefactor. From that hour to the present, whether as Governor of our state, a manager of our National Soldiers' Homes, or on the bloody fields of Gettysburg caring for the wounded, and later on at the Wilderness, ministering to the sick and dying, or in the private walk of life, he has ever been known as the soldier's friend, a lover of his country and his native town. Wherever he has roamed a lengthening chain of affection has ever bound him to his birthplace. We are conscious that as a town we have from time to time been the recipients of a shower of benefits from his bounteous hand, and today it were onerous to accept this memorial, the crowning gift of all, did we not feel and know that there goes with it a tribute of love ; gratefully then we accept it from the heart of the donor. Your committee have deposited beneath this stone, and hermetically sealed, official town records, Odd Fellows, Masonic, and Grand Army reports and relics, daily papers, and a program of today's dedication. It is most fitting that they rest upon hallowed

ground, here where God's temple once found its base. May we not believe that the early lessons taught of immortal truths were an inspiration that has found expression in the result before us. Proudly may we accept and dedicate this monument as a product of our town and state. Its base were once bowlders yonder, its shaft and cap stone quarried from the rocky fastnesses of our granite hills and wrought by the cunning hand of man into a thing of beauty; it stands before us, grand, complete in all its parts, an index pointing heavenward telling the story of the valor and sacrifice of our loyal dead, leaving to us and to posterity an inheritance of rich memories that cling around their valiant names like the fragrance of roses around this broken vase.

A sacred trust to us and to future generations; a shrine to which our children and our children's children shall in homage bow.

Again, sir, accept our gratitude, and may you live long to enjoy the sweet reflection that you this day performed a good and noble deed.

#### DEDICATORY CEREMONIES.

Mr. A. A. Mulliken, chairman of the Board of Selectmen, then addressed Col. Frank G. Noyes of Nashua, Commander of the Department of New Hampshire Grand Army of the Republic, substantially as follows :

DEPARTMENT COMMANDER OF THE GRAND ARMY,—I have been authorized to invite you at this time to accept this monument and to request that it may be dedicated by you to the noble purpose for which it has been erected.

Commander Noyes received the monument in the following address :

MR. CHAIRMAN,—In the name of my comrades of the

Grand Army of the Republic, representing as they do all soldiers and sailors who defended the integrity and authority of the nation, I thank you and those you represent for this memorial shaft. Its very silence is impressive. Without articulate speech it is eloquent. It needs no words of eulogy. It is itself an oration. It assures us that our dead are held in remembrance — those dead who gave their lives for the security of the citizen and the union of the states. It is significant of brave and loyal obedience to the command of the nation always and everywhere, since the obligations of citizenship are not restricted to time or place, or to the conflict of arms. It gives encouragement for the future, since the recognition and approval it gives of patriotic fidelity and heroism will be an incentive for the display of public valor and virtue in all coming time.

There can be no doubt that the honor you pay to the patriotic dead, and to their memorable deeds, will serve not only to make American citizenship in these days more reputable, but also to maintain and perpetuate, through all future generations, the union and authority of the United States of America.

When the war was over, when on the hills of Appomattox the "bonnie blue flag" went down forever and our national ensign, bearing all the stars and stripes of an unbroken Federal union, was again unfurled over the capitol of every state; when a nation's heart had been molded to the principle of equality, and the result of the war had taught the world that liberty and republic were possible; when we then heard the inspiring music of that grand national hymn, "Hail Columbia," whose words would soon again be truthfully repeated over all our broad country, we felt that to have been a Union soldier or sailor was indeed greater than to have been a king!

When our battered veterans of the war returned in 1865 to the Old Granite State, victorious after Appomattox, they were received and welcomed home in the state house yard at Concord by the chief magistrate of New Hampshire. That chief magistrate, who has achieved an enviable distinction at home and abroad — esteemed and venerated in his advancing years, as he was honored in his earlier manhood,— is a son of Candia, and the donor of this commemorative shaft.

As we have this day gazed upon his venerable though still vigorous form, and listened to the thrilling words he has uttered in presenting this monument to his native town of Candia, its people are most grateful that such a man and benefactor was born within its boundaries, and we all say, "God bless ex-Governor Frederick Smyth."

Adjutant General, you will detail a guard of honor.

#### OFFICERS AND GUARDS OF HONOR.

Officer of the Day, John P. Dane.

Officer of the Guard, W. S. Stanley.

Guards, J. K. Moore, L. D. Moore, J. Prescott, J. Marden, W. H. Glidden, George Turner.

The following named officers of the Department of New Hampshire, Grand Army of the Republic, officiated in the dedicatory ceremonies, which were carried out according to the ritual of the order :

Frank G. Noyes, Department Commander.

David R. Pierce, Senior Vice Department Commander.

Marcus M. Collis, Acting Junior Vice Department Commander.

Myron M. Hovey, Adjutant General.

Rev. Daniel C. Easton, Chaplain.



Rev. Samuel C. Beane of Newburyport, Mass., the orator of the day, was then introduced and delivered the following admirable address :

ORATION BY REV. SAMUEL C. BEANE.

MR. PRESIDENT, VETERANS OF THE UNION ARMY AND NAVY, AND CITIZENS,— This is an historic day. To the people of Candia, to her children who have come back to the old home, and to those who from any place now gather about this spot, the exercises in which we are engaged signalize no common events.

They tell of an old era ended and a new age begun. It is no light holiday, but the celebration of gains achieved in human welfare and human hope, not only for this republic, but for the world and for all time — steps accomplished by a conviction, an intrepidity, and a martyrdom as costly and as splendid as have ever illuminated the annals of mankind.

What, in fact, has taken place to assemble us here? What means this monument given by a loyal son to a grateful mother-town? Who are these veterans, survivors of a vast legion, with silvering hair, and too often, alas, bearing with them, in uncomplaining patience, through the years, some scar of weakness, or open wound of pain? What is the meaning of all this?

Such questions find their answer only as we study the career of civilization and the contested epochs of human progress through these modern centuries. The event of this day must find its setting in the history of the English race, and its allied races, for the last 700 years.

Our remote ancestors in those northern forests of the European continent, demanded and enforced the largest personal liberty. Freedom was their birthright and their element. Even in their tribal life the voice of the people was the law of the land.

But it came to pass that, by the introduction of feudal law by William the Conqueror, the descendants of these German men, now dwelling in England, found themselves, as late as the year 1200, ground beneath an absolute and irresponsible monarchy.

From that day to this there have been, by people of Anglo-Saxon blood and their allies, four memorable contests for the destruction of arbitrary power and the restoration of men to their natural rights. First, Magna Charta in the thirteenth century; second, the English revolution and Puritan uprising in the seventeenth; third, the American revolution in the eighteenth; and fourth and last, the Civil War in America, in our own time. These are the four principal movements which have led up from absolutism in government to the idea, as yet half realized, of man as man, regardless of birth or outside conditions, man as a freeman and a king by nature.

That solemn camping of the two forces at Runnymede in 1215,—the army of King John on the one side and the nobles and their following on the other,—was the first drawing of battle lines on English soil between our freedom-loving ancestors and a royal despotism. We name it the beginning of our constitutional liberties. Small in its literal results, obtaining only a few rights and privileges, and those chiefly for the nobles and clergy, yet it was the first definite concession wrung from arbitrary power by any subjects of the realm. Thenceforth between the people and their sovereign there was a breakwater against royal selfishness and passion, and thenceforth the people began to dream that they, too, were men, and that, in due time, they would share the rights of ancient liberty. Magna Charta, the Great Document, as its Latin name imports, dating from this year 1215, inconsiderable as it may seem to us in our wild surfeit of liberty, was a power

and promise sent bounding on, before which thrones must tremble, and chains would break, till the humblest subject should rise to manhood's full rights and dignities.

Again, four centuries pass by, not idle intervals, but alive with thought, and uplook, and prophecy ; alive, with increasing sensibility, to the worth and dignity of man. During that period America was discovered, and the larger world broadened men's thoughts and kindled their expectations. Four centuries between Magna Charta and the rise of Milton and Cromwell, with the Puritan venture to New England. This second great act was not, like the first, a mere concession to feudal lords and ecclesiastical magnates. It was now the people at the front, leaving forever the base level, and rising toward the estate of men.

The next century,—the eighteenth,—witnesses the third great movement for the enfranchisement of the people. Englishmen and their companions have colonized these western shores ; they have broken with the old order ; they have begun a nation of their own ; and five generations of men, far from the seat of political power, have made the way for a new contention for human rights. The occasion came, and the Anglo-Saxon forgot not his birthright.

Our republic, wrought into being chiefly by his brain and will, was, as I said, no establishing of privileges for a class or a few classes, it was no bare limitation of a lusty throne ; it was the dethroning of the throne itself, and the lifting up of the people, not to mere liberty, but to supreme dominion.

Before this third uprising the nations stood aghast. It was the most daring step, the most unprecedented deed, the civilized world had beheld.

All former revolutions, indeed, appear now as episodes beside this audacious casting off of outgrown institutions,

this erecting of a republic so largely without pattern, from the ideals and sentiments and magnificent dreams of the human soul. So, by this third step, came the people up from liberty to sovereignty.

But one more conflict must be had between the old order and the new. It came in our own time. Its echoes are still with us, and its heroic memories call us gratefully together at this hour. Its significance none can now mistake; its historic part in the advancement of the human race, we must never forget nor lightly remember.

Three things had been achieved before. Absolute monarchy had yielded certain rights and privileges to an aristocracy; then freedom had been asserted for the people; then, by our American Revolution, popular sovereignty had been added to liberty as its essential strength and safeguard. But in all these contests and gains the most inveterate, and perhaps the most fatal, cause of human oppressions had never been seriously assailed, namely, the alienating lines of race and color. The fathers of the nation had inherited an institution which subjected the African black to the European white in unmitigated servitude. The fathers deplored the fact even more bitterly than we can do. They declared it, however, the rough incident of a new industrial life; or, to quote the thought of Calhoun, "a temporary staging about the new house of our national liberties." The Declaration of Independence excluded all slavery from the theory of the nation, and the constitution gave it reluctant tolerance.

But it is one thing to assert a great truth and quite another to make it an accomplished fact; one thing to declare all men free and equal, and another and greater to establish their equality; one work to build a constitutional republic on the plan of ultimate universal freedom, but a more costly achievement to make and keep all the people

free under its beneficent flag. Till the truth of liberty was changed into the fact of liberty there was, there could be, no stable peace, no constant unity between these so-called United States. As surely as the sun continued to rise in the heavens and the years to revolve in their circuit, the discord would wax more and more discordant, till a final issue came. That it might come peaceably was the hope of many, that arbitration and compensation might avert the horrors of bloodshed.

But the storm clouds do not gather and thunder and break upon us more contrary to our planning, and regardless of our chosen time, than came to pass the outburst of rumbling discord and long-gathering antipathy between the sections of this country. The Civil War broke forth, and nothing could stay, or even direct, its course.

First came, on our part, the cry of patriotism, pure and simple: "We must put down the rebellion." Then, as passion fell and principle rose, there came the nobler assertion: "We must preserve the union for liberty's sake and the world's sake." Then, as the deeper life and soul of the people were drawn forth, as the strength of manhood and the flower of youth were offered up in self-sacrifice for the cause in hand, it came upon us like a revelation that, in that Providence which overrules all our planning, it was not mere states to be kept united, it was not free commerce up and down our rivers to be maintained, it was not the selfish preservation of our own liberties, that was worthy of such immeasurable cost, but that the uninvited issue was, and must be, and should be, none other than this: the effacing, on our part, of every line of color and race that subjected man to man, until from ocean to ocean of our national commonwealth none should be oppressors and none oppressed.

As Warren, and the Adamses, and Hancock, in the

early time, roused the country to arms against a few unequal taxes and exasperating indignities of the mother government, seeing only so far at first ; but the champions of liberty were led on, step by step, from lesser view to larger hope, until they saw a republic they had hardly dreamed of come gloriously forth from their hands ;—so our brothers of a later day, seizing their weapons to regain a few forts and protect the national territory from dismemberment, were driven on by the half-spoken, poorly understood purpose of their souls, from the common to the higher, from the higher to the very highest aim of patriotism ; and what they scarcely imagined at the beginning became the justifying reason of all their suffering and valor,—that there should be no free states and no slave states, but one homogeneous nation in union and liberty ; “ liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable.” So came to pass the fourth and most magnificent act in the drama of our liberties.

Citizens and friends, it is a common but unwholesome habit of the mind, overlooking the present and the near past, to peer through long perspectives of time and distance, for the world's great heroisms and brilliant days. We find human perfection in some primal Eden ; we date our epics from Troy and Thermopylæ ; and celebrate no martyrdoms this side of Apostolic times. But a truer eyesight assures us that no events in history have been more important, or have involved a more admirable heroism, or a more absolute self-sacrifice, than the contests for liberty on our own shores, between 1775 and 1865, in which New Hampshire, and our own Candia, even to its humblest school district, bore a memorable part.

More than three months before the first gunshot of the Revolutionary struggle this town had voted unanimously to equip itself with weapons and ammunition for resist-

ance against tyranny. Reports of the battle of Lexington roused Col. Nathaniel Emerson at midnight, who rode hurriedly to the meeting-house, on the very spot we have marked with this memorial, rousing the inhabitants along the road; and nine men, armed for duty, are known to have started without delay toward the scene of that engagement.

Our records are not complete, but at least seven men of this town fought two months later at Bunker Hill. Of these two were wounded, and young Parker Hills, aged eighteen, was slain,—our first contribution to the list of Revolutionary martyrs. Three years later, in Rhode Island, Lieut. Thomas Dearborn fell while in noblest self-forgetfulness bestowing mercy upon a wounded fellow soldier. These two, of the one hundred and fifty-five men that Candia furnished, met their death in battle.

On the fourth of March, 1776, ninety-six citizens of Candia, including the ancestors of very many of us, pledged, over their own signatures, their “lives and fortunes,” “to oppose the hostile proceedings of the British fleets and armies against the United Colonies.” At Charlestown and Cambridge, at Princeton and Trenton, at Ticonderoga, at Saratoga and Yorktown, wherever the war stretched its complex nerve, and the need of soldiers was most urgent, thither went these Candia men to the post of service.

As early as 1775, of the 120 males in town from sixteen to fifty years of age, twenty-seven had enlisted in the Continental army, and at times during the seven years' struggle one in six or eight of the entire population must have been marshaled in the ranks of American independence.

When the war of 1812 was declared, the country was divided concerning the necessity of this second armed controversy with Great Britain, and the lines of division

upon the question among the people of this town were honest, distinct, and emphatic. But the loyal cry of the friends of the war that the peace of 1783 had not resulted in entire independence, that the old mother still assumed in some things to domineer her American child, rallied a generous quota of our townsmen as volunteers, besides a company of drafted men. Fortunately very few of them were exposed in any battle, and there is no record of fatalities among them.

We have the name of a single townsman among the victims of the war with Mexico.

It was largely the grandsons and great-grandsons of the men of the Revolution who made up the vanguard of the Union army in 1861. In that year forty-four men of Candia enrolled themselves, without bounty, and with no reward in view but that which their own manhood could offer, of whom Wells C. Haines, a true-hearted and spotless young man, was the first to fall, being mortally wounded at the first battle of Bull Run, and dying in Libby Prison, the first of twenty-one Candia men who perished in the service.

Numbers of later volunteers enlisted with, no doubt, equal unselfishness. There could hardly have been a truer and worthier band than the forty-nine of our townsmen who enrolled themselves in the Candia company, under the command of one whose honored name I speak with the accent of grateful friendship, the late Capt. William Robie Patten. Were there time I would gladly go over the longer and the shorter lists, seeking and finding with you the fine gold of manhood which Candia contributed to the salvation of the republic and the remaking of the union.

Not that sectional feeling and the spirit of adventure and similar motives of the common sort did not actuate



some of these men, or at least mingle with other persuasions. But — and I speak from large personal acquaintance — many of them heard and heeded the divinest call that ever comes to man :

“ Though love repine and reason chafe,  
There comes a voice without reply,—  
‘ ’Tis man’s perdition to be safe,  
When for the truth he ought to die.’ ”

Those were sacred days. Within sight of where we stand the lover hastened to say the marriage vows to his beloved, that in life or death nothing might gainsay their troth ; the young man left the materials of the home he was about erecting to lie unused till he had better earned a hearthstone by patriotic duty ; the father took on his bent shoulders a double burden, that his son might heed a higher obligation ; the mother in patient silence wrought comforts for the darling boy, and sent him from her with a mother’s benediction.

Men gathered in council that the town might do its full share in the great cause, and raised generous sums to ease the burden of the soldiers’ families, while women gathered to make garments and provide alleviations for the camp and hospital.

No, it was not only, or perhaps chiefly, on distant fields of battle that the struggle occurred and the heroism shone. It was here, at home, that the first great self-sacrifice took place.

The field of actual service has, besides hardships and dangers, its exhilaration and romance. It is proverbial that the bugle sound and the smell of battle often make the rawest recruit forgetful of discomfort or peril, and even gay of spirits. The stern moral conflict of many of these men’s lives and the patriotic victory took place chiefly at the beginning, while they were still among us.

Aye, thirty years ago Candia was heroic ground. Not less heroic shall it seem to us today, but altogether worthy of the beautiful memorial we now dedicate.

Friends, it is fitting that this service should occur so late that the passions and agonies of the Civil War should be past; so early that hundreds of those who were witnesses of those events, including, thank Heaven, a remnant of the Union army, can unite in the grateful celebration. It is timely also that our gathering should be in the mellow October of the year, symbolic of the ripening of the results of the civil conflict, and of the late fruiting of those principles which are more than the violence of arms, in a union of all states and sections more cordial and sincere, as we dare believe, than has existed at any former time. And never shall it fail that the sword of freedom, like Achilles's spear, shall heal the wounds of its own making.

Today we celebrate the victories of peace far more than those of war. If the sacrifice of one million lives — which was part of the cost of the terrible contest on both sides — was paid to preserve only a political and commercial union of states, then the expense was infinitely too great. If those men upon whose graves we yearly plant the national flag amidst the flowers of May, were patriots only in the narrow sense of maintaining a government by bayonets, this day would have little inspiration, and this monument would turn to common brass and stone.

But it means a victory won for freedom, and so for peace. It means one great cause of alienation forever, as we trust, removed. It means, in so far as arms and legislation can achieve it, the consummation of the fourth high step in the advance of liberty, marked by the conflicts of Runnymede, and Naseby, and Yorktown, and Gettysburg.

It was providential that this last issue should be tried in

America, the meeting place of nations ; that it should have occurred on this cosmopolitan arena, before the eyes of the whole world ; that men of so many nationalities, making their homes in our great republic, should share with us in this world contest, and in its decision, first by force, and then by the people's acclaim, that the human family, in spite of color, and race, and language, is of one blood, one brotherhood, and one destiny.

Heaven help us to maintain and complete this latest victory, until all barriers and oppressions, whether of wealth or nationality, of party, or sect, or narrow and mistaken patriotism, shall cease to put apart and madden the members of the one human family.

What the next great strife shall be, on our part, for the gain and greatness of man, we cannot now foretell. Would that it might be a holy crusade for the destruction of war itself, for the impeachment and final doom of physical force as the arbiter of nations and sections, for the crowning of reason and conscience and manhood's noble affections as king and judge of the whole earth. In this Columbian year when, with universal good will, the peoples of every continent have brought together in our new city of the west, as upon the sacred altar of humanity, their offerings of industrial achievement, of finest art and skill, of noblest beauty and utility, of broadest education and commerce ; as that unprecedented event for which prophets have looked, and saints have prayed, stands realized in the assembling of the world's manifold religions in one fellowship of human faith ; what could so fitly and illustriously crown the first real congress of the world, as the cessation, from this time forth, of mutual carnage and destruction among mankind ?

Such an event would not make void the memories and purposes of this hour. It would not dim a feature of the

true soldier's countenance, but transfigure it with light unseen before. It would say to every armed hero of liberty in the past : " Well done ! You have not only led us so far by your courage and daring, but have opened for us a path beyond your own heroic march. You have, by achieving the victory of freedom and human good will, cast up for us a highway of future and enduring peace, which we will surely travel henceforth."

Here, then, before this emblem, unveiled today, of human valor in the defence of liberty and universal brotherhood, we will, as the years go by, renew our faith in freedom and in man. Here, where the hardy pioneers first gathered for religious worship ; here, where the people first rallied to arm themselves against oppression ; here, where sleep together our dauntless fathers and brothers of manhood's new era ; here, in this spot, beautiful and lofty for situation, with its broad horizons beckoning us to generous thoughts and world-wide sympathies ; here, where the church bell proclaims through the successive years that nothing in earth or heaven is more excellent than that man should save and befriend his fellow men even unto death ; here, where the silent sentinel shall keep guard of that which is bravest in human history and holiest in human hope ; here, brothers, in coming time, will we revive our devotion to the dear republic, which it has cost so much to create and to redeem, and to those eternal verities for which it is honorable to live and glorious to die.

Mr. Sam Walter Foss of Somerville, Mass., was then introduced, who, with the following prefatory remarks, read an original poem written for the occasion :

REMARKS AND POEM BY SAM WALTER FOSS.

There is something woefully wrong in the moral nature of the man who is not loyal to his native town. Such a

man would forget his own mother and neglect his own children. He is lacking in the essential sentiment that makes a man a man. In this age of easy movement comparatively few men continue to live, during their entire lives, in the places of their birth. But to a true man — no matter where he may wander — the focal point of all the earth, the center of the universe to him, is the town where he was born.

And so today we know that there are hundreds, perhaps thousands, throughout the breadth of the land, from sea to sea, who look back with unspeakable love to these old hills and valleys of Candia. All their lives long the brooks have murmured in their ears, the orchards and cornfields have waved before their eyes, the homes and firesides have been shrines and temples in their thoughts, and the soil, to them, will be forever holy ground. For the soil that has upborne our baby footsteps and holds the forms of those we loved, is always sacred in our thought, though we may wander to the very ends of the world.

This love for one's native town is the basis of all patriotism. For he who learns to love his native town will early learn to love his native land. And so in the dedication of this monument,— the gracious gift of Candia's most distinguished son,— those of us who have come back to the old soil are glad to honor the soldiers who marched away from our native town to die for our native land. In the verses which I have prepared for this occasion I feebly attempt to honor the dead heroes of Candia ; although no verse can equal the epic grandeur of their lives or the tragic pathos of their death.

The broken nation, torn in twain,  
Cried, in the torment of her pain,  
"Oh, bring me men who dare to die,"—  
And thousands answered, "Here am I."

"Come," cried the voice o'er hill and plain,  
Cried with the thunder trumpet's breath,  
"Who'll come to be cut down like grain,  
Upon the harvest fields of death?"  
The voice came from an ominous sky,  
And thousands answered, "Here am I!"

Then did the nation see arise,  
The hero breed that never dies;  
Then did the world behold again  
The strength of God that lives in men.

No monument our hands can raise  
Can justly magnify their praise;  
There is no praise can glorify,  
No praise of tablet, tongue, or pen,  
The soul that does not fear to die,  
The man who dares to die for men.  
All praise is but an idle breath  
When whispered in the ear of death;  
All eulogy an empty sound,  
The ripple of an idle wave,  
When uttered o'er the hallowed ground  
That marks a soldier's grave.

Long since their lives have taken flight,  
Their souls passed on into the night;  
The babes they left behind them then  
Have grown to matrons and to men;  
And children play about their knees,  
And listen while the tale is taught  
Of years of mighty destinies,  
And how their fathers' fathers fought.

And this, our monument, we raise,  
Shall tell their tale to coming days,  
And teach, in the dark hours of need,  
Or when the threat'ning years draw nigh,  
Men of the same strong-hearted breed  
To still be unafraid to die.  
And while are hearts of equal worth,

That love of land or glory stirs,  
Freedom shall dwell upon the earth  
Amid her loving worshipers,  
And rule in sceptred peace afar,  
From rising sun to evening star,  
A land untrod by foot of slaves,  
But white with bloom on heroes' graves.

REMINISCENCES OF COMPANY I, ELEVENTH REGIMENT,  
NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS, BY LIEUT. CHARLES  
C. PAIGE.

MR. PRESIDENT, FELLOW CITIZENS, AND COMRADES OF OLD CHARMINGFARE,—I thank you, sir, for your invitation to be present on this glorious occasion, and desire to express the pleasure it affords me to participate in these dedicatory exercises. The lateness of the hour, the weariness which must necessarily come to you in this long, though interesting, program, and the comprehensive addresses already given, are sufficient reasons why I should not respond to my name.

However, as it is a recorded fact that a large percentage of the town's quota enlisted in Company I of the old Eleventh, I feel that much of interest to you, my former neighbors and townspeople, clusters around the memory of those husbands, sons, and brothers, and as a proud member of that company, which by its alphabetical relations had so much of individuality, I am inclined to ask your forbearance while I make a few allusions to its organization and brilliant record.

Thirty-one years ago the 11th of August last, in yonder church, convened a notable gathering. The battle of Bull Run, so unfavorable to our arms, had left the national cause in such an apparently weak and doubtful condition as to necessitate more men in the field, and President Lincoln issued his call for an army of 600,000 men to check or conquer the Confederacy.

Our leading loyal citizens at once proclaimed a rally, and the Hons. Daniel Clark and Walter Harriman were secured as speakers. It was a gathering such as Candia never before nor since has witnessed. The speakers were eloquent with patriotic appeals, which inspired the loyal hearts listening until there was tremendous enthusiasm, and it seemed that a company might then and there be enrolled. After these gentlemen had finished the humbler ones were asked to move forward.

Mr. President, could I do so without trespassing too much on that which seems sacred to me, I might attempt to paint a picture many of you have never seen ; I might attempt to tell of months of striving for the mastery, the patriot over the coward, the lover of country, or the lover of wife, father, and mother, and home and all its hallowed associations. I might disclose to your vision the question of duty ; of right and wrong ; conscience constantly urged forward. I might also tell you of the awful dread of the battlefield and its fearful carnage, of the fatigue of carrying knapsack, box, and gun ; I might speak of the sacrifices of our chances with you of amassing fortunes in place of receiving \$13 a month, with a broken head, a loss of limb, or a shattered arm, and ruined constitution, and a small pension, which a Rebel commissioner promises, if possible, to cancel. There are those in this audience, members of your Company I, who were tortured with all these visions and real questions, and though history may glorify the citizen soldiery, it has not entered, neither can it enter, into the sacred retreat of the inner wrestlings when his country called him.

The crisis had come with me. I came to the meeting fully decided as to my action. I arose and said, "I am ready to go forward and head the list for a company." One other only enlisted that day, Comrade Ansel Emerson.



Doubtless there are those in this audience who will recall that scene of anxiety and suspense. Wives and mothers breathlessly waiting with burdened hearts, fearing that their husbands or sons would say yes. Woman, O woman! thou angel of love and devotion! Would that I could place thee beside thy husband and son, and say which suffered the keenest anguish in this decision. Nobler and above the sterner sex, you were enabled to say, as did the young wife of my bosom, as she wiped away the tears, "I will be brave and submit. I will hold you back no longer. Go and do your duty." Comrades, you and I went, and who dares to confront us with the remissness of duty?

A few days only passed and forty-three had enrolled. Were I to tell you today that this number included all of Candia's best sons, I should do injustice to your respected citizen and brave soldier, the president of this day, Hon. J. Lane Fitts, and others as true men. But pardon me if I do say among our forty-three were some of the best blood of your town. Company I did not alone and unaided conquer the rebellion, but we, the living members of it, have serious doubts as to the ability of Uncle Sam to overthrow the Confederacy without our potent influence.

Several days were spent by us in arranging our business affairs, for we were just entering on the active scenes of life, just as your young men of today are doing. Some of us were in business, others had farms to work, a few having families to provide for before leaving home.

Pardon me if I refer to my own case as an illustration of the sacrifices men made for their country. I had but recently come home to live with my aged parents, to help make the sunset of their lives pleasant. Eight months previous to my enlistment I was married, and during the winter and spring, as I could find time, I was getting

together material for a dwelling for our own use, and at this date I had the cellar wall nearly completed and the frame ready to put on.

Thus my first long dreamed of and hard worked-for plan must be set aside and abandoned, perhaps forever. I carefully piled the framed timber and placed over it a covering of boards, so that it might be all right should I return. I recollect while engaged in doing this a neighbor passed by and asked me why I was covering my lumber so carefully. I answered that I was covering it up for three years, for I should not return before that time. "Oh nonsense," said he, "the war will not last nine months." Other comrades made equal or greater sacrifices.

We also spent considerable time in drilling, trying to make of ourselves soldiers. A year or more previous to this event, Capt. George Anderson (who, many of you will recollect, was an old militia captain) organized a company of home guards. I had the honor of being an officer in that organization, and attained considerable proficiency in evolutions and the manual of arms. Well do I remember the commands given by our captain, "shoulder arms," and then to designate the new rifle drill (as he called it) from the heavy infantry, he would command: "By the light infantry, shoulder arms."

This discipline under Captain Anderson and my study of the book of tactics as then in use by our army, enabled me to drill the recruits for our Captain Patten, as well as to teach him the manual, etc. I recall the hours spent in father's barn just yonder, putting him through the facings, right, left, and about, and marching him up and down the floor with father's old flintlock in his hands. The horses and cows were the only spectators, and I smile now as I recall the scene.

For my brilliant military service in drilling the company

for the captain and other service rendered, I was promised by him the third position in the company. Alas ! I learned too late that merit was slowly rewarded, and the fact of a man being a patriot, true and brave, did not of itself put shoulder straps on him. So in place I received a third sergeant's warrant, which was probably all I deserved, and another received the commission. And my good friend and comrade, R. Baxter Brown, wore the orderly sergeant's chevrons ; a splendid officer he was in this and higher positions afterwards attained. But, Governor, you made it all right later on, as you always do, for the soldier at least, and Comrade Brown and myself came home honored by your generous interest in our behalf.

August 28, 1862, our company mustered at the corner and marched to the depot, where we took the cars for Concord. We were accompanied to the depot by many of the townspeople. It was a new and extraordinary occasion. Not since the days of our forefathers had such a sight been witnessed. A company of men, citizens, hurrying from their homes to battle, terrible, fierce battle, where men were cut down like grass before the scythe. It was hard for our parents, brothers, sisters, and friends to give us up to enter the deadly conflict and become victims of its carnage. It was harder still for the partners of our lives, our loving wives, to have us thus torn from their embrace. The scene at yonder depot lingers in the memory of us surviving citizens and soldiers. The fond adieu and "God bless you, and a speedy return," the silent yearnings of the anxious parent for his boy, fearing to say the farewell word, lest his utterances would unman him, are all vividly reflected upon us from that long ago scene. And may God in His mercy never again cause us or our children's children to pass through such an ordeal.

We arrived in Concord and went into camp on the east

side of the river. Here we began our field life; our homes were the tent; our bed, the ground, with some straw to cover it; our food, such as soldiers have dealt out to them. We drilled, did camp duty, and some of the boys occasionally went to the city without permission. September 2d we were mustered into the U. S. service for three years. About one week later we broke camp, marched to the station in Concord, and took the cars for Washington. We were in camp in and around that city several days, when we were transported to the vicinity of Harper's Ferry, where the Army of the Potomac was reorganized for the fall campaign under its new commander, General Burnside. About November 1st we started on the march to Fredericksburg, and there received our first and awful baptism in blood.

To continue in detail the service in which Company I participated would be but to repeat the often-told story of daring deeds, fatiguing march, and hard fare, so true of nearly all the brave men "Who went at their country's call." But we did feel proud of the service we rendered, and that upon some of our number were bestowed medals, some received worthy mention, and others the clear title to crowns and garlands, which their modesty only prevented them from wearing. But to us all comes the glad memory that we of Company I, Candia's brave, loyal boys, did help stamp out treason, and wrest from the traitors' grasp the nation's honor, and with our blood to write the everlasting fact, our republic must endure. Many of our comrades became victims of the hardships of army life and the battle strife. They sleep in southern graves, on the hillsides, and in valley cemeteries.

Honored Governor, a remnant of the forty-three of Company I who thirty-one years ago left this now doubly-consecrated spot, are again mustered to aid you in the

loving, generous offering you make to the memory of our heroic dead and the patriots of other days. We accept this expression of the overflowing patriotism of the great heart so interested for the home which gave you birth, and the pride you feel in recording the names of your fellow citizens who gave their lives for the country you loved so much.

Citizens of Candia, proud as you are to claim Governor Frederick Smyth by birth, we, the rank and file citizen-soldiers of Candia and all New Hampshire, claim him by dearer relations. In the hour of need he was watchful for our comfort. In field and hospital he ministered to us by his ever ready and helping presence and official ability. At the front, or in the hospital, during the war or since, "What can I do for you?" was his oft-repeated question. Go into the homes of New Hampshire soldiers, be they in their own, the Bay State, or the far West. Hanging on the walls, amid other valued mementoes and pictures, you will see another beautiful illustration of our noble benefactor's interest in and for the soldiers. It is no feeble sentiment there expressed. Generations to whom the late war is and will be history will know the value of this emblematical soldiers' certificate, conceived and issued by him. Above and encircling the emblem is the motto, "Honor to our country's defenders," while below is written the name and service of the soldier to whom the certificate is issued. At the right is the solid column of infantry, the nation's strength going to war. On the left the welcome home to the open arms and hearts of the loved ones after the duty is done and peace is restored. Between those scenes and encircled by the weapons of war and the battle flags he placed in the hands of his heroes, and which they returned to him unstained and honored, is the dignified noble face we soldiers loved so well. He

was in the great necessity our noble war governor, the soldiers' truest friend.

Thus when in those dark days fierce war was o'er our land,  
We ever felt the warmth and strength of your kind hand;  
So now they're remembered, who fought and bled for you,  
Their names you've engraven in solid rock so true,  
That men in after days may look upon and read  
Of this, your valued tribute and their heroic deed.  
Then as comrades, governor, citizens, and all,  
As reverently before this column we fall,  
Not forgetting the great sorrow we all passed through,  
Our allegiance to country and God we here renew.

SONG BY WALTER QUIMBY.

Mr. Walter Quimby followed Lieutenant Paige's happy remarks with a song, after which Comrade Daniel S. Gilmore of Company A, Tenth Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers, was introduced and spoke as follows :

PRESENTATION OF CANE TO GOVERNOR SMYTH.

Your Excellency, ex-Governor Smyth, I present to you this cane as a souvenir token of the respect of the Tenth New Hampshire boys. And may you ever keep it in remembrance of them.

The recipient, amid the applause of the spectators, responded with a few feeling words in acknowledgment of the gift, of which he had had no intimation.

THE DINNER.

An intermission in the ceremonies was then declared, when a bountiful collation was served from tables which had been built for the occasion near the church, thousands partaking of the tempting repast.

When the enjoyable feast was over a return was made to the grand stand and the literary exercises resumed, Mr.

Henry A. Hubbard, the toastmaster, starting the speech-making by saying :

TOASTMASTER HUBBARD'S OPENING SPEECH.

VETERANS, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN,—The past is ever spread before our mind's eye like a panorama ; the future, well for us, is ever veiled in obscurity. At the breaking out of the war in 1861 could the future have been seen all eyes would have looked with horror upon the contest to come. But the past is behind us, and veterans love to tell, and we of the younger generation love to listen to, the stories of personal experiences in that greatest of all civil wars known to history.

It has been aptly said that "a meal well chatted is half digested." Our rustic dinner provided and served by the homely husbandmen and blooming matrons of old Candia has been well chatted. Now by means of a few informal toasts our digestive powers may be still further stimulated.

We have with us a gentleman, now an honored member of the legal profession in this state, who saw much hard service during the war, and who bravely did his part in bringing it to a successful and honorable close. I refer to Hon. John G. Crawford, who will respond to the following toast :

"The Army of the West, without whose aid success would not so soon have crowned the Union arms."

HON. JOHN G. CRAWFORD'S ADDRESS.

MR. PRESIDENT AND CITIZENS,—When the announcement was made that you were to dedicate a monument to the memory of the citizen-soldiers who went from your town to defend the flag of our country, it was understood the exercises were to be conducted by the sons and daughters of Candia. It was fitting that this should be so,

inasmuch as this memorial is a gift of a son, who, by his own unaided effort, has arisen to such a degree of honor and wealth as comes to but few in this country.

Not alone the town of his nativity has occasion to remember him, for if in your town he forgets not the dead, in the city of his adoption the living has never appealed to him in vain.

Allow me to thank you for the honor you have bestowed, by giving me this opportunity of addressing to you a few words upon this occasion, an occasion of equal interest to all veteran soldiers, as is adduced by their presence with you today.

In all ages nations have erected monuments in honor and in memory of the illustrious dead. These monuments are our instructors in history—they are inspirers of patriotism. Our children, as they pass them on their way to their daily toil, or pause for a moment from their play to gaze upon these emblems of war, will drink in patriotism, and on each day will renew their oath to protect and defend the government purchased and secured at so great a sacrifice. When we look upon the stately monument erected to the "Father of His Country" it is not simply Washington we call to mind. As we stand on Bunker Hill and cast our eyes upon that granite shaft, it is not alone a pile of stone we behold, but all the noble, heroic men who, midst trials and sufferings, laid the foundations of a government the grandest, the noblest, the purest, the freest on earth, a government loved and revered by our own people, honored and respected by the nations of the world.

As we today stand around this monument our thoughts are not confined to the few names inscribed upon its tablet, but our minds go over those four years of terrible carnage, in which millions of the sons of America shared



with the sons of Candia the hardships of the march, the dangers of the battlefield, the sufferings of the prison pens, and they also share with you the glory of the victory, and enjoy with you the blessings of liberty, which were so firmly established that no power on earth can again shake them. But, fellow-citizens, we must not forget that these monuments will moulder into dust.

“The Heaven aspiring pyramid, the proud  
Triumphal arch, and all that erst upheld  
The worshipped names of hoar antiquity,  
Are mouldering into dust.”

The time will come when the antiquary will dwell upon the sculpture, and strive to collect and spell the scattered fragments of letters, which may tell him the names of those heroes to whom it was erected, or the name of that philanthropist who erected it, but the inscription will be gone, effaced, obliterated, and his search will be in vain.

He will not find these names. To what then can he turn? To the history of your town recently published through the liberality of the same man to whom you are indebted for this memorial. To the history of that country for which their blood was shed. To the free institutions which they have saved and transmitted to posterity. These will live so long as the earth shall roll on in its unobstructed orbit. On the pages of this history he will find that last monument that will never crumble into dust or pass to decay. On the pages of your country's history will be found the names of those heroes who, midst trial and death, saved to the world, and to future generations, our flag, our union, our constitution, and our civilization.

“If humanity shows to the God of the world  
A sight for his fatherly eye,  
It is, when a people with banner unfurled,  
Resolve for their freedom to die.”

Realizing, my friends, the grand work they accomplished, with what jealous care should we watch over it. Our flag is the representative of all that is worth living for. Where floats the stars and stripes there our citizens will be protected. No despot dares to trample upon the rights of free Americans, and we have now none others. With more than sixty-five millions of people ready to defend our flag, we can feel secure in all our political, civil, and religious rights, and that flag floating from the top of our institutions of learning declares in thunder tones, "Our public schools are safe." We are now a free and happy people. When we sit by our fire-side, or around the campfire, entertaining our listening children with the fatigues and dangers to which they owe their freedom, and show the scars of the honorable wounds received on the field of battle, how happy that man who can boast that he was one of those heroes who assisted in the arduous work. In that work New Hampshire soldiers' record is not excelled by those from any other section of the Union.

Pericles, the Athenian orator, in an oration in honor of those who gloriously sacrificed their lives to their country, after exalting love of country above all human virtues, turned to the dead, addressing them in language as appropriate on this occasion as it was to the Athenians and Grecians.

"Having bestowed their lives to the public every one of them has received a praise that will never decay; a sepulcher that will always be most illustrious. Not that in which their bones lie mouldering, but that in which their fame is preserved.

"This whole earth is a sepulcher of illustrious citizens. As for you, the survivor, from this very moment, emulat-

ing their virtues, place your sole happiness in liberty, and be prepared to follow its call through every danger."

You who have worn out your lives in the service of your country, and by your valor rendered yourselves conspicuous in saving the Union, are entitled to the most exalted niche in the temple of fame; no less distinguished than he who on the field of battle was sacrificed on the altar of his country's rights. United as we are in fraternity, charity, and loyalty, we can, during the few remaining days allotted us here,

—"Feel that friendship has a power,  
To soothe affliction in her darkest hour.  
Time's trial o'er, shall clasp each other's hand,  
And wait the passport to a better land."

The records of the past are the inheritance of the present. The record of those who thirty years ago went forth from your town is worthy of the most critical investigation by those who are today enjoying the blessings of this free government.

The work, the achievements of that Grand Army—a small remnant of which you see before you—should form the text-books to which future generations should make their appeal.

We gaze with deep and solemn interest upon the faces of those who so grandly defended our flag; and as years pass on, and their ranks become diminished by death, with what greater admiration will our children look upon the few feeble, tottering old heroes, who to them will appear to have come down from some former age.

These men were not merely the advocates of freedom, but as friends of humanity they, by their valor, established universal and complete freedom in our nation.

Civil and political liberty has had its noble army of martyrs. The history of civil liberty is filled with illus-

trious names and deeds. Pericles, Cicero, and Cæsar,—Tell, Wallace, and Washington,—Mirabeau, Cromwell, and Napoleon,—Lincoln, Sherman, and Grant,—these grand constellations were, in the language of the dramatist, the planets of the ages in which they lived. In no age have these planets shone with such brilliancy as the present. The moon, we are told, is a dead planet, and borrows its light from the sun. The sun itself is losing its light and heat, and astronomers are calculating on the length of time when that, too, will cease to shine and send its genial rays upon the earth, to warm and invigorate its inhabitants. When that time comes, if it ever does, and darkness settles forever over the earth, the deeds of the American soldier will continue to shine, brighter and brighter, so long as there is one being still in bondage striving to be free.

Fellow citizens, you see before you what is left of the noble men who went out from your town, during the great Civil War. There is no blot upon their record, but all is bright, conspicuous, and glorious. Their ranks are being rapidly diminished; soon the last member will be mustered out. As you see them growing weak and feeble from premature old age, brought on by their services rendered for you, as a part of this great nation, there is left to you a duty,

"To light the footsteps of the brave,  
Slow marching to a comrade's grave."

To my comrades here present let me say in conclusion: In serenity may you pass your future days, and when, satisfied with life and expiring under the smiles of an approving conscience, you bequeath the inestimable patrimony to your grateful children, it will not be possible for them to err, since, for their polar star, they follow such illustrious examples of wisdom, courage, and patriotism.

SPEECH OF REV. J. D. EMERSON IN RESPONSE TO THE  
TOAST, "THE CLERGY IN THE WAR."

In the geographical centre of Scotland and in the midst of the battle ground for civil and religious liberty, overlooking the field of Sterling-Bridge, where Wallace won his greatest victory, has been erected a monument two hundred and twenty feet high, thirty-six feet square, the walls massive,—fifteen feet at the base and tapering to five or six feet at the top,—where is an imperial crown fifty feet high of white sandstone.

For whom stands this national pile and its crown, glittering in the sunlight of coming ages?

He was a young man, cut down suddenly in war, yet he by his death did more for his country than any other Scotsman by his life, for the love sacrifice of Sir William Wallace feeds the national spirit and ever will.

The personal success of Robert Bruce impairs his influence.

Here we think of Lincoln, as brave, as unselfish as Wallace,—our first genuine American president. How sad and lonely his early life, heavy the sorrow that fell on him then, so his political success has been attributed to his unspeakable sadness. Nothing became him so well as the spirit in which he left this world. Greatest of soldiers, he won the crown of martyrdom.

"When we lose our lives we gain  
More than ten thousand lives attain."

I am to speak for the clergy in the war. Some of us could not pass the physical test when we would; others entered the ranks or a chaplaincy. All nailed the flag just below the cross.

Perhaps no class did more or suffered more in their devotion to the Union. But in a great crisis all are on

the same level, there are no clergy, no laity, no high, no low.

It is pleasant to recall attending the old church on this spot and sitting with grandfather in Esquire Lane's square pew. Also, how my dear ancestor was a soldier under Stark, and would rouse up on a winter evening, shoulder the broom, and show us how they did it at Bennington. How it was his relative, Col. Nathaniel Emerson, whose timely arrival with Col. Seth Warner saved the pivotal second engagement, for his men were sober, when Baum came up, to wrench from Stark the morning victory. At the Bennington centennial Hon. E. H. Stoughton asserted "temperance saved the day!"

A relative of Colonel Emerson, Stephen G. Emerson, a student in the Theological Seminary at Andover, Mass., gave his life as a private soldier,—his is an unknown grave; another Emerson, descended from Colonel Nathaniel, is one of this roll of honor.

The town this day honors her favorite son, New Hampshire's war governor, the munificent giver of this graceful shaft, but perhaps the late Mrs. Smyth, also a descendant of Colonel Emerson, was as true a patriot. It is the cause that makes the hero and heroine. Out of the heart worn and broken are the issues of life to the individual and nation.

"And all who laid their strong lives down  
For this great cause, of their renown  
Our country's crown we make."

I am pleased that this shaft is surmounted by a private soldier. So is it on every monument I have seen, just a common soldier or sailor, since it had become true, as Alexander boasted of his,—each in the ranks is fit to command.

And in every household some brave boy was saying to

his mother, as Iphigenia to hers, "Thou borest me for all the Greeks, not for thyself alone."

Is not self devotion the life of history? Its free will offering to avert danger from the innocent, bless the unborn?

Love is divine when its voice is, "Let me suffer for you."

This is the heroism of the great hearts, the motive that magnifies the act, and on the tented field or these quiet farms, is "Christ's divine self-sacrifice, lived out again before our eyes."

Inscribed on the tombstone of William H. Seward, at Auburn, New York, "He was faithful." I read on that of Mary Lyon, "It is the effort of my life to do my whole duty."

The striving of the soldier is ever unto blood.

"Where duty calls or danger  
Be never wanting there."

This was the high calling of the eighteen whose names are on this beautiful shaft, all of whom I knew and some of whom were my relatives or pupils.

True loyalty to duty at cost of life is the lesson set on this hill, once consecrated by the worship of soldiers of the cross, now by glorious deeds of soldiers of the Union.

God gives a like opportunity, all the rest is left to us.

Each day finds us in the valley of decision, faithful or faithless, as He is sifting out the souls of men before His judgment seat.

There must be chaff or no wheat, but sad indeed if what should have been wheat is chaff, which the wind bloweth away.

What is our record, for, as sings Candia's poet,

"The angels in heaven desire to look in  
The book, which on earth can only begin,  
Of a Providence grand and supernal."

Richter said of the volcano in the fair landscape of Naples, as we may say of this obelisk, "Vesuvius stands in this poem of nature and exalts everything, as war does the eye."

The art of the architect and the sense of the town have made these dull stones speak ; have converted these elements from a secular to a sacred and spiritual use, have made them look to the past and the future, have given them a meaning for the imagination and the heart. The sense of the town, the eloquent inscription the shaft now bears, the memories of these eighteen martyrs, which yet have gathered only their first fame, the largest results, the future power and genius of the land, will go on clothing this monument with daily beauty and spiritual life.

#### MEMORIES OF THE OLD CHURCH.

Toastmaster Hubbard then said: Nearly every rank and profession in life were represented in that vast body of men which poured in resistless waves against the bulwarks of slavery,—a torrent somewhat like that horde which thundered about the walls of Rome near the beginning of the Christian era. But they were savage men, actuated by the thirst for plunder and the lust for blood. The chief duty of the bronze soldier standing yonder, facing the sunny South, where the fierce flames of war licked up and devoured the life and light of many a Northern household, is to perpetuate the memory of heroes of those by-gone days, and I will call upon Francis B. Eaton, the former historian of Candia, to favor us with some remarks upon memories of the old church.

#### REMARKS BY FRANCIS B. EATON.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW TOWNSMEN,—I had written at the close of my brief sketch of the history of Can-



dia, published in 1852, these words: "There are monuments which even small towns and communities may raise more enduring than the costliest marble. It is not alone the splendor of great actions, or the renown of battlefields within our borders, which can entitle us to the just regard of posterity. We shall probably have no occasion to throw our lives into the balance of our country's fortunes or see renewed the days of '76." The event proved me neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet. Ten years had not passed ere the guns at Fort Sumter awakened the nation to a struggle, great indeed, but not greater in proportion to our strength than that which marked the days of the Revolution. How the winged years pass on! It seems but a brief space since I stood, a mere lad, in the shade of one of these elms, then in its leafy prime, and there was pointed out to me one who, they said, had taken the hand of Washington. I looked on him with wonder and admiration, but, sir, I count it equal honor to meet here today men who have grasped the kindly hand of Lincoln, or served under Grant, that greatest general of modern times. We do well to build monuments to our brave dead, and I bow in reverence to this token of loyalty so generously given, beautiful in design and unsurpassed in location.

There is a peculiar fitness that on this old parade ground, set aside by the public spirit of our fathers, that the annual militia drill might keep alive the military spirit of the people; here where the oaken timbered church went up in a chariot of fire; here where the minute guns of Colonel Emerson called Captain Dustin and his men to respond to the call from Lexington,—that this monument should stand on a double foundation, on the granite that underlies this historic hill, and on the character of the men who have made it possible that such a monument should be built.

The lessons that have gone forth from this consecrated spot have been those of patriotism and religion, and to all who have been faithful to this high teaching ample-reward will not be wanting. And to this end,

“ Let the silent sentinel stand,  
With gaze still southward turned,”

forever an admonition and an inspiration to the highest ideal.

Your toastmaster said just before my turn came to speak that he should ask me for some reminiscences of the old church. But the recollections of a boy of thirteen years on any given subject which has slept peacefully for more than half a century can hardly be recalled at a moment's notice. I remember, indeed, the devout faces of the men and women of that old time as they looked up from their square fenced pews or down from the galleries to the quaint pulpit under its sounding board, hung like a huge toadstool from its slender rod and threatening to crush the minister and the deacons in their uncomfortable box by an untimely fall ; but I remember better the fruit and flower of the good seed sown by the preachers and teachers of that day, the fathers and mothers of this good town of ours, and today I see many of those living monuments, imperishable, because immortal, and I read of them in many a field of enterprise and endeavor over our broad land. To these let me pay my tribute today. To the men who responded first to the call of duty at the front ; to the governor whose unfaltering hand imparted strength to the firmness of the state in war time ; to the orator with his eloquent speech ; the poet with his facile diction ; the clergyman with his words of wisdom ; the doctor with his healing touch ; to mayors of cities, advocates, legislators, financiers, singers, musicians, teachers, editors, and artists, honest and noble men ; pure and beautiful maidens, wives,

and mothers ;— those are thy monuments, O Charming-fare ! Worthy of this auspicious day and of these welcoming cheers.

Remarks were also made by Senior Vice Commander David R. Pierce of Dover, and Mr. Edwin J. Godfrey, though the compiler has not been able to obtain copies of same.

At the conclusion of the exercises hearty cheers were given for the donor of the monument, when, amid the ringing applause, the people dispersed to their respective homes, carrying with them pleasant recollections of the event which had passed without aught to mar its good effect.

## REPORTS AND MISCELLANEOUS MATTERS.

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In this connection it may be well to include mention of the following proceedings :

### ARTICLES DEPOSITED UNDER THE MONUMENT.

The succeeding is a complete list of the articles deposited in the copper box, hermetically sealed and placed under the monument :

A copy of the votes of the town.

History of Candia.

Records of Rockingham Lodge, A. F. & A. M., No. 76.

Records of Leola Lodge, No. 70. I. O. O. F.

Records of Winona Lodge, No. 37.

Records of Candia Grange, No. 167, and silver grange pin.

Records and constitution of U. O. G. C.

Records of W. C. T. U. and eighteenth annual report.

Records of D. B. Dudley Post, G. A. R.

Journal of twenty-fourth annual encampment, G. A. R.

Records of D. B. Dudley Relief Corps.

Grand Army badge.

Ex-Prisoners of War badge.

Minie ball from Gettysburg.

Minie ball from Antietam.

Copies of "National Tribune," "Veterans' Advocate," "Exeter Gazette," "Portsmouth Journal," "Mirror and American," "Manchester Union," "Boston Herald," and "Derry News."

## AGENT'S REPORT.

J. Lane Fitts, agent of the town of Candia, chosen to put in the foundation for the monument, reported as follows :

Received of the Town Treasurer . . . \$300.00

*Disbursements.*

Paid A. J. Fifield, for stone . . . . .	\$60.00
for paving stone, cement, and freight . . . . .	18.25
B. A. Hazelton, cutting stone and tools . . . . .	59.40
Charles Fifield, work on stone . . . . .	60.00
for hardware and blacksmithing . . . . .	9.37
board of help and for teaming . . . . .	34.81
labor and incidentals . . . . .	58.17
	<hr/>
Total . . . . .	\$300.00

## REPORT OF GENERAL COMMITTEE.

On the 12th day of October, 1893, J. L. Fitts, as town agent to prepare a suitable foundation for the soldiers' monument, had most faithfully completed his task, and with his customary promptitude at once turned the same over to the general committee for dedication, which took place the following day under the most favorable auspices.

As a rule the people of a town shrug their shoulders when a dollar of expense beyond absolute necessity is asked for the public good ; evidently this sentiment does not obtain among the citizens of Candia ; their ready and generous response to the call of the financial committee for funds to properly dedicate the soldiers' monument stamp them as public spirited to a high degree. If it be true that they who give quickly give twice, then of a truth many supplemented their gifts. Without a general can-

vass enough funds were raised for all necessary expenses, and placed in the hands of the general committee, who most respectfully submit the following financial report :

Amount received from all sources . . . . .	\$230.23
Bills paid out of same . . . . .	229.91
	<hr/>
Balance . . . . .	\$0.32

The treasurer, J. W. Cate, has an itemized account of all funds received and paid out, with bills for same, all of which have been approved by the committee. The principal bills are for printing, band, lumber, barouches, and transportation. From first to last the committee used every honorable means to place every dollar where it would best serve its purpose, taking no remuneration for time or personal expenses.

The many favorable answers to cards of invitation sent to former residents of Candia, G. A. R. Posts, the Tenth New Hampshire Volunteers, and secret societies, admonished the committee that they would be called upon to provide for no inconsiderable number, and that a task was before them to cater to their natural demands. If we were successful, in great measure credit is due to the active and earnest support of hard-working sub-committees, the Relief Corps, D. B. Dudley Post, G. A. R., the clergy, who in their zeal plied both saw and hammer, and citizens of Candia generally. About three thousand plates were laid on first and second tables, the multitude consumed nearly 200 loaves of bread, 150 pots of Boston baked beans, over 200 gallons of coffee, besides an endless amount of pie, doughnuts, cheese, pickles, etc., while hundreds brought provisions and dined in picnic fashion. A large supply of provisions was held in reserve to meet any contingency that might arise, upon return of which full purchase price was refunded.

All paraphernalia, 100 loaves of bread, lumber, etc., were disposed of by auction at a nominal price.

It is worthy of remark that neither accident or disturbance marred the pleasures of the day. In our labors we had the hearty co-operation of one and all, and in such a manner as to give emphasis to the fact that the town most highly appreciates the splendid gift, and will hold the donor in honorable and perpetual remembrance. In conclusion we tender our acknowledgments to the citizens of good old "Charmingfare" for their earnest work and liberal financial support.

L. F. DEARBORN,  
A. F. PATTEN,  
J. W. SARGEANT,  
J. W. CATE,  
F. P. BROWN,  
*General Committee.*

## APPENDIX.

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HOOKSETT, N. H., January 18, 1894.

*Hon. Frederick Smyth :*

DEAR SIR,—I take the liberty in this letter to assure you of my high appreciation of your kindness and respect shown me in expressing the wish, as you did Dedication Day, that I had made some remarks from the speaker's stand. While I feel under great obligation for the good-will thus manifested, and the compliment thus conferred, I, at the same time, deem it fortunate that I did not make the attempt. I have had no experience either in extemporaneous or out-of-door speaking to so large an assembly; and for me, when disabled to some extent by the infirmities of years, and under the hard pressure and the embarrassing excitement of such an occasion, to have ventured to do so would have been preposterous. I should surely have caused the audience much suffering, and myself much painful chagrin.

But while my lips were then silent, my heart was not, but spoke with the greatest fluency, to the full comprehension of all who took me by the hand or caught the bright gleam of my eye.

What a memorable event in the history of us all will that dedication of your soldiers' monument, in Candia, October 13, 1893, always be! The great company present, so full of enthusiasm; the dear old flags — counterparts of the over-arching sky with its floating clouds, both red and white, its ethereal blue and its blazing stars — magic waving emblems of love and devotion to our country; the old, once familiar, yet greatly changed, faces greeted again; the very appropriate presentation address, and the fitting responses; the able oration and other speeches; the reverent unveiling of the monument; the beautiful poem; the impressive ceremony of dedication; the soul-stirring music; the loud booming of the cannon, echoing and re-echoing



among the surrounding hills, reaching the ears and firing the hearts of those far away in the distant towns and villages; the patriotic songs and the devout prayers to Almighty God—all these then gave, and will continue to give, intense interest to the occasion. As I remember them I am under the spell of an exhilarating enchantment. I now see far more than was then visible to my natural eyes: The precious old burying ground near by is all alive with the pale shades of the departed ones there laid away to rest, most of them long ago, witnessing, with keenest interest, the proceedings. I also see shades of the long-forgotten red men who once prized that hill as their own, gazing with stealthy eye and made glad by the sight. The exaltation I then felt and still feel has made a new, and, as I trust, a better, man of me.

The greatest orator of that day was that soldier planted upon that granite shaft. That lifeless statue was full of life. Those gleamless eyes were all lustrous; they beamed with patriotic devotion like two twin morning stars. Those motionless lips had facile and impressive movement; their setting forth of great truths was eloquent and thrilling. How much the acute ear caught in the speech of that mute image! In my childhood it was confidently asserted and fully believed by us children that the roar of the ocean is heard in the spiral drum of a seashell; that the ear held close to its finely polished and delicately tinted mouth detected the wild surgings of the great white-crested seas rolling in and breaking upon the shore. A similar, yet well-founded, fancy makes the ear held close to that soldier catch the deafening roar of all the great battles of the country; the deadly rush of great armies one against the other; the wild rattling of musketry and the heavy belching of cannon, cutting down human beings as the mower's scythe cuts the green grass. It also catches the triumphant shouts of victory, and the resulting cheerful hum of industry during the long intervals of peace and prosperity. Indeed, the whole history of the country is treasured up in it as in a phonograph, and is communicated to all who come with ears to hear.

That monument did not cease to speak as the great assembly dispersed and left it alone at its appointed post of duty. That faithful soldier kept on speaking, and will never cease speaking until the durable bronze and solid granite return to their native elements. You, worthy governor, with the co-operation of the town, have placed upon that hill a great educator for present and many coming ages, whose wise and stimulating instruction will not fail to be most effectual and useful. "Both young men and maidens, old men and children" will make pilgrimages to it each Decoration Day, tenderly bearing green

wreaths and sweet-scented flowers, and in so doing will feel patriotic impulses stirred up within them. Little children will ask and be told its meaning, and their plastic natures will ever retain the deep and good impressions made. Young men and young women will feel new and growing impulses and purposes to be brave, self-sacrificing, stainless in character, and of great worth to the world. Those of middle age, bearing the heat and burden of the day, will be greatly cheered and sustained beneath their painful loads of responsibility. The aged ones, leaning upon the tops of their staves, will turn their dim eyes to it and feel their heavy burdens less crushing. For these and innumerable like reasons, that monument is to Candia a treasure of unspeakable value,—not to her alone, but, through her sons and daughters scattered far and wide, also to the world. While it has no speech, “its line will yet go out through all the earth and its words unto the end of the world.”

We may well congratulate that monument upon its good fortune in being located where it is. It is, indeed, beautiful not only in its situation (elevation), as to the mind of the psalmist was his beloved Jerusalem, sitting like a proud queen enthroned upon Mount Zion, but beautiful also in its surrounding scenery. To our fervid imagination that soldier looks out upon that splendid landscape before him with intelligent perceptions, is touched by its magic spell and experiences, beating and throbbing in his heart, those same grand ideas and thrilling emotions which such charming scenery calls forth in the minds and hearts of those endowed with godlike intellects.

We, the favored sons of old Candia, who have spent our early, many, their entire, lives in intimate and delightful communion with it, know something of its molding and inspiring power, and confess our indebtedness to it for what little attainments we have made as appreciative lovers of the beautiful. We acknowledge ourselves as greatly and alone to blame if the few germ seeds sown by nature in us, as in every one, have not germinated and grown into fragrant blossoms and ripe autumnal fruit, delicious both to sight and taste. How then can we, under that irresistible tendency of the human mind which compels us to attribute to inanimate objects those intelligent thoughts and feelings which we ourselves experience in like circumstances, help seeing in that soldier those exhilarating sentiments kindled and fanned into a consuming flame which has, or should have, been kindled and all ablaze in ourselves? To our minds that wondrously beautiful vista within the large sweep of his vision, stretching southward,—its forest-clad hills, its cultivated fields, its peaceful Massabesic shimmering in

the distance, its blue mountains blending with the curving horizon ;— the mountains skipping like rams, the little hills like lambs — transforms that lifeless, senseless statue into a living poet with ecstatic sentiments of the beautiful glowing in his swelling heart, and words that burn — because themselves all on fire with burning thoughts — falling from his ruby lips, like the pearly dewdrops of evening from the humid atmosphere. As the fabled lyre of Orpheus constrained nature to stop and listen to its spell-binding strains, and touch with responsive rhythmic movement the birds, the trees, and the cold hard rocks, so this enchanting vista seems to us to have evoked in that soldier, surveying it, the creative and greatly fruitful genius of the poet.

We have just seen him the great orator of the day and place, also the permanent and world-wide educator. We now see him as the sweet singer of Charmingfare, with a gemlike psalm ever upon his tongue, a charming song ever beaming in his eye.

That monument is not only beautiful, but sacred, in its situation. It stands near by the graves of the lamented fathers. Its soldier keeps ever-vigilant watch by their silent resting-places, while they sleep peacefully on in their last sleep. In filling this sacred office, he touches very tender chords in, and binds himself very closely to, the hearts of those of us whose beloved kindred have been borne there as their last earthly home. We rejoice greatly in his faithful, permanent guard of them. Symbol of the whole military power of the country, he is abundantly able to, and he surely will, protect their sacred mounds and memorial stones from desecration. We can now, with less concern, bid adieu to our mourned-for friends when we leave them, to live and die ourselves, far away, since they will not cease to be under his sure watch and care.

But it is, most of all, sacred for situation, because it rests upon the very spot over which was the pulpit of the old meeting-house long since destroyed by fire. It thus brings before our minds, in vivid picture, that revered house where our devout fathers worshiped God in the beauty of holiness. A house erected, preserved, and its services maintained at the expense of much hard effort and great self-sacrifice; whither the family tribes went up with great constancy at the call of that sweet-toned old bell whose melodious tones still linger upon our delighted ears,—glad to have their willing feet “stand within her gates”; sanctified by the heartfelt service of joyful songs of praise, fervent prayer, and the faithful, pungent preaching of the word of God; made the very holy of holies by those wonderful outpourings of God’s spirit, which occurred with a good degree of frequency. It also brings

vividly before our minds that holy symbol of the divine presence — the sacramental table with its sacred vessels, and the blessed Saviour reclining at its head as King of the feast. The memory of such and many other symbols, and of those and many other scenes of deep spiritual interest, makes that spot of ground a holy place — the very inmost gate opening into heaven — to all those children of God who witnessed them.

It was a fondly-cherished fancy of the old Moors of Spanish Granada that their beloved Alhambra was located not only in the midst of scenery of surpassing beauty, but directly under heaven; that the royal palace of their honored kings, enshrined in that most noted fortress of all the famous ones of the world, like a priceless jewel in choicest casket,— that that splendid palace had for its greatest honor, a location right beneath the resplendent throne of their divine Allah. A similar fancy respecting that revered house of worship is ours as we recall a scene in that great religious awakening during the ministry of Rev. Mr. Russell. Near the close of a protracted meeting of great interest, increasing from the first to the last day, a large number, made up mostly of the young gentlemen and ladies of the parish, deeply moved, came forward upon invitation, and took appointed seats as inquirers. I shall never forget that sight. It was awe-inspiring. It now seems to me that the old meeting-house was then indeed right beneath and very, very near heaven. As I now picture that scene to my mind, the dream of the old patriarch is fulfilled before my eyes: — Angels, who have been present with their ministry of entreaty during all the meetings, going up to heaven with the glad tidings, and returning bearing messages of love and promise from the throne of God; and the ladder upon which they ascend and descend is very short indeed.

This, “Our holy and beautiful house where our fathers praised God,” was burned, and all our pleasant things within it “were laid waste” years ago; but at the touch of the magic wand of Candia’s great benefactor, this monument arose, phenix-like, from its ashes, and is only another form of the same. It combines in and with itself the old edifice and all the sacred things it contained. In it we see the same lofty pulpit with its Holy Bible and the dear old Watts and Select hymns upon its cushion; the same sacramental table right before it, with the sacred emblems thereon; but the great house itself, how changed and enlarged! its opposite walls as far from each other as the boundary lines of the earth itself; its sheltering roof the great arching dome of the heavens above; its towering spire lost in the zenith; its attentive

audience how changed in character and numbers, embracing all those in the wide world who have ears to hear. This, its wonderful transfiguration, makes it seem all the nearer heaven.

That soldier stationed upon that granite shaft, then, stands, and will stand for ages, right beneath and close to heaven; just where those godly ministers spoke in God's name,—as their legitimate successor; in the very place hallowed by such awe-inspiring and uplifting scenes. As we thus contemplate him, his mouth is opened, his tongue loosed, as was Zachariah's of old, and he preaches, as did his predecessors, God's truth with power. He must proclaim the divine message entrusted to him. The word is in his heart as a burning fire shut up in his bones. He is weary of forbearing and cannot stay. "Woe be to me," he exclaims, "if I preach not the gospel." To stand unmoved and silent amid such inspiring and hallowed associations is too much for bronze or granite.

As the voice of the human preacher is no longer heard there, as they all now hold their peace, the stones must needs cry out; but he holds not his peace and never will. He still speaks, and ever will speak, and every word of his tongue, like the historic gun at Concord, "is heard round the world."

It is a pardonable, as well as pleasing, fancy that when that monument was unveiled, one of the seraphim flew from the throne of God and laid upon that soldier's mouth a live coal, borne in his hand, and so anointed him with authority and power to preach the word. I also fancy him, in the future, often testifying of his fidelity to all who have been within the reach of his voice, saying: "Therefore watch and remember in the space of all these many years, I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears."

It is far more than mere fancy that he thus preaches. God has a herald proclaiming his truth in everything. There are "sermons in stones." To those who have the requisite acute discernment, the responsibilities of all the favored sons of Candia are seen to be greatly augmented by the ceaseless preaching of that faithful soldier who, while eloquent orator, instructive teacher, and sweet poet, has for his greatest and highest calling that of preacher, the first all bound up in and sanctified by this last crowning one, as should always be the case.

We need not look upon ourselves as alone in delighting in and honoring that monument. All heaven is with us in this as in all of our rightful doings. That God who fought the battles of our country, and gave us the final victories, who tenderly brought this vine out of Egypt, planted it on these wilderness shores, cultivated and pro-

tected it, so that the hills are now covered with her shadow, her boughs reaching out unto the sea, her branches unto the river, can but be greatly delighted with all memorials of the self-sacrificing and heroic deeds of those through whom he accomplished his great work; he cannot fail to take large pleasure in symbols of the vital truths he so sought to teach and enforce. His angels, also, who hovered over the fields of carnage, weeping and ministering to the wounded and dying, must, certainly, take pleasure in such manifestations of gratitude and patriotic devotion. This joy in heaven crowns that monument with a halo of brightness which is enrapturing to all who have those eyes which alone can see it. God's face shines upon it, and it is made all luminous by the shining, even as the revolving planets are all ablaze with the shining of the sun. Had we possessed the requisite vision, Dedication Day, we should have seen God with us partaking of our joys; pronouncing his creation-benediction "Good" upon it when unveiled. If, at the dawning of that glad day, we had had the ears to hear, we should have heard the morning stars singing together, and all the sons of God shouting for joy.

Now we earnestly protest against any derision of this claim as unreal and destitute of a sure foundation. We demand its acceptance as most real, and founded upon a rock as firm and immovable as God's throne. It rests upon the very nature of God as omnipresent, omniscient, infinitely condescending and loving. To deny it is to strike a fatal blow at his divine fatherhood, as embracing in its arms of affection all his creatures. The participation of God in all our proper activities and pleasures is a truth as blessed as it is certain. It greatly exalts God in showing him infinitely possessed of that which alone is real greatness,—a disposition to minister to all, not excepting the most insignificant, by sharing their labors and pleasures. How much are we impressed with his supreme greatness when we think of him as sharing with mutual delight the joys of children in their frolicsome plays; of the tender lambs of the flock as they blissfully bound and skip; of the little insects and the crawling worms in their happy motions; of the infinitesimally small animalcules merrily gamboling and frisking in every drop of water. It is his glory that he stands lovingly by the bird and rejoices with her in the completion of her snug little nest where she may lay her young.

How true it is, therefore, that we are not alone in our gladness! How certain that there was joy in heaven, with God himself and among his holy angels, when that noble gift of patriotic devotion was unveiled and dedicated!

It is fitting that the sons of Candia should honor their native town with their love and devotion, as they have received from her treasures of untold value. They owe her a debt of gratitude and service far beyond their power ever to pay. This is true not only of those who have made her their life-residence, but also of those who went out from her in youth or early manhood, and sought their fortunes elsewhere. Being one of the latter, I speak especially of them. The influences acting upon men in their childhood and youth do most to mold character and determine destiny; and, for that reason, we received invaluable blessings in those character-giving agencies, most of them silent, unseen, and unknown, under which we were nurtured and trained. Space will not allow us to mention even a few of the many for which the Candia of our infancy was so famous, nor is it necessary, since they are so well known to all. To them, then, we are largely indebted for all we have or may achieve in after life.

Scientists tell us that the red-hot coals of the furnaces which give gigantic force and useful movement to immense systems of machinery, to long, ponderous rail trains, and mammoth steamships, received their power in their infancy; that their intense blaze from which comes their power, is the reappearing sunbeams which, countless ages ago, flooded and bathed the tender twigs, the soft green leaves, the opening buds and tender blossoms, and thus stored themselves up in the trees which afterwards became the petrified coal of the dark mines. For a similar reason all the great honors and achievements of Candia's children, including the most fortunate, run back to her pure sweet homes, her good schools, her churches, her noble men and women, the prevailing high tone of morality and religion, etc., etc.

On the day of dedication I gave you, honored governor, my hearty congratulations for your good fortune in the opportunity, so happily improved, of honoring yourself by making such a princely gift to your native town, and bringing about such a pleasing occasion. I now wish to thank you with all my heart for all you have ever done for my native church and town. By your remarkable success in business, by your high attainment in political honors, by your illustrious reputation, by your large and numerous gifts to the church and town, you, being one of her children, have given the place an extensive and an enviable notoriety which it could not otherwise have obtained.

I also congratulate the town for her good fortune in having in yourself such a munificent benefactor. Candia has many things in her history which may well make her proud: Her worthy citizens, her brave soldiers, her public and private high schools,—the latter em-

phatically high,—her Sabbath schools and churches, her educated men in the learned professions, especially her large numbers in the gospel ministry, every one of them,—I will not include myself,—honoring his high calling; her business men and those who have filled offices of great eminence and large responsibility. But I do no injustice to the others when I say that she has especial cause to be proud of yourself, as one of her most distinguished and filial sons. She justly regards you as one of her choicest jewels. You enabled her to give to the city of Manchester an excellent mayor and a remarkable business man, and to the state her excellent war-governor,—the right man in the right place. But, of all the large gifts you have bestowed upon your native town, by far the greatest and best is your own self. With reason then do I congratulate the town upon this her good fortune, and in so doing I voice the sentiments of every one of her citizens.

As I now write I seem to see her first settler bravely swinging his ax in the primeval forests, suddenly illuminated with a bright vision of the history of the town and the state, both of them then in the womb of the future, yet even then struggling for birth; a vision including that of their coming names, and, also, that of our Decoration Day; and I seem to hear him exclaim, in words of prophetic ecstasy suggested by those of the Messianic prophecy of Micah: “And thou Candia, in the land of New Hampshire, art not the least among her towns and cities yet to be, for out of thee shall come a *governor* that shall rule my people of the Granite state.”\*

In this letter to you we have spoken of our mother town in terms of high eulogy. We have pictured her many virtues in bright colors. Does any one chide us for this great enthusiasm and large estimate of her excellences? Cold critics will doubtless accuse us of great exaggeration and excessive partiality. Well, let them do so. We acknowledge no error, nor confess any mistake. We could not do otherwise. This eulogy is the affectionate and unrestrainable praise of a dear mother by her loyal children. It is the willing offering of our hearts. The heart, like Homer’s blushing morning, has rosy fingers, and whatever it touches with them is sure to glow with its own gorgeous hues. As we lovingly think of friends so are they to us. Let others, with their microscopes, search out and magnify her faults; we will not. We prefer to be blind to them. The love beams of our

\* In this playful use of the words of the prophet, we do not speak of Candia and her distinguished son as fulfillments of his prophecy. We would not be thus irreverent. We simply represent the illumined first settler as using language *suggested* by that of the Messianic vision.



hearts pouring upon her hide them from our sight, as the dazzling radiance of the sun imparts such a brightness to the planets revolving around it, that their dark spots are invisible. So long, then, as our hearts remain loyal and true to their nature we will, as we must, think of and extol her as faultless and altogether lovely, let strangers censure us as much as they may.

As you and I started out from Candia to seek our fortunes at nearly the same time, I now contemplate our different subsequent careers with much interest. We both received the instruction and discipline of her public and high schools. We were both early filled with a desire and purpose to obtain a liberal education. Providence soon turned you to business pursuits as your life calling, and led me through a course of collegiate and professional study. You and I once had a short business partnership at a certain town meeting, and the memory of my experience in it has not yet ceased to amuse me. From that small beginning you have become a very distinguished business man; I have had very little success in that line. We both started poor in this world's treasures. You have acquired great wealth; I but little. We were members of the same Sabbath school class, under the pious and highly appreciated instruction of our much beloved teacher, Deacon Patten. You, certainly, have greatly honored both teacher and class; would that the same could be said of myself. You, as a business man and citizen, showed yourself so capable and trustworthy as to be called to the governorship of New Hampshire, the highest office in the gift of your native state; I have been graciously permitted to enter and continue in the Gospel ministry. You have honored all your high positions of honor and trust by your efficient and faithful discharge of their arduous duties and great responsibilities; I have honored mine only to a small, if to any, extent. You have acquired a world-wide reputation, I a very limited one.

But notwithstanding all these unfavorable contrasts on my side I feel no envy, but rather rejoice greatly in your so good fortune. I cheerfully concede your great superiority in all these acquisitions with one solitary exception. I admit no inferiority of calling. I fearlessly hold that the office of a minister of the gospel towers up far above that of governor of any state—even our own, high as is the latter; above that of every secular one on earth, not excepting the greatest, the presidency of the United States of America. I, therefore, glory in my office as the greatest in all the world. Officially I look down upon you, little as I am in myself. True, “pigmies are pigmies, though still perched on Alps;” yet they look down upon pyramids in

the vales beneath, all the same. As one ordained and set apart to the Gospel ministry I belong to the apostolic succession. The fundamental principles of my denomination make me the equal of every other bishop of the church — of even his holiness the pope at Rome. But the higher a true bishop is lifted up by his holy office the longer his arm to reach down with blessing, in loving ministry, to those below. Therefore, seated as I am, in St. Peter's chair, his true successor, far up above the clouds, I do now most graciously and with great condescension reach my paternal hand away down to you in your chair of state, wealth, and high honors, and do hereby affix to all your honors and acquisitions my own pontifical seal.

But while my achievements have been so very small and insignificant I still feel assured that I have not lived in vain. I do not admit having mistaken my calling. I dare to claim that the approbation of my God rests upon my choice in entering it. Deeply conscious of the smallness of my accomplishments in it, I yet humbly trust that He who placed so high a value upon the two mites of the poor widow will graciously esteem mine of some little worth. When men put aside all minor considerations and look upon as the great thing not what they do of themselves, but what God does through them, the most humble may take courage. They may have opened but very few fountain springs; but if God causes to flow from them great continental rivers, carrying rich blessings all along their course, they may well be content. In this view it will doubtless appear at the great day that many here esteemed the least were the greatest, and the greatest least.

Our earthly work is well nigh completed. To me the end of this life seems, as it is, very, very near, and the thought is very far from being a painful one. The treasures awaiting me at that time — so my faith assures me — are great beyond conception. Trusting in Christ I am sure of a triumphant death, and of heavenly riches and honors after death, in comparison with which the greatest of earth are as nothing. When I am thus taken away to my blessed home above, no messages of sympathy and sorrow will come to my afflicted wife from all parts of the land and from beyond the ocean; but those of tenderest sympathy and largest consolation will come from my blessed Saviour, whom I love; in whom I trust. Governors and ex-governors and other distinguished men will not officiate as pall bearers at my burial; and no long, slowly-moving procession — the rich and the poor, the high and the low alike — will follow my remains to their last earthly resting place; but, as in the case of the poor loathsome beggar, Lazarus, angels from heaven, so commissioned, will take me up and

tenderly bear me away to my glorious home in Abraham's bosom. Even now, in glad anticipation, I seem to catch the rustling of their snow-white wings, as they wait hovering over my dying chamber, all ready to speed away with such a remarkable trophy of the amazing grace of God in Christ Jesus—one lost but found again; ruined by sin, but more than restored; the least of all his saints and the chief of sinners, made a glorified seraph wearing a royal crown infinitely more splendid and honorable than the most coveted ones of earth. "I do know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep what I have committed to Him against that day."

But let me assure you, respected governor, that in respect to these unspeakable treasures in store for Christ's chosen ones I claim no superiority to you. I dare not claim even equality with any man. But each one can give testimony only upon the evidence of his own personal faith and so only in his own case.

I am preaching, as you perceive. The letter-writing minister keeps on his preaching garb. Why should he not? Preaching is my calling. To that end was I born. In that I glory. I wish to keep on preaching all the remaining days of my life, and to breathe my last faint, expiring breath, whispering to those around my dying bed "the unsearchable riches of Christ."

As I have passed far beyond the limits assigned for this letter I will close, with sincere assurances of high respect and much gratitude.

M. PATTEN.

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1700 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, February 3, 1894.

*Dear Governor:*

In October last I received from a resident of Cambridge a passing sketch newspaper account of the celebration exercises at the unveiling of the monument tributary to the memory of the fallen heroes of our native town in the three great wars of our beloved country. For your marked prominence and generous doings in this tribute of affection, I pray you will receive my hearty greetings, while I salute you with no ordinary pride.

Your remarks on the occasion, so timely and patriotic, become *emotional* as you narrate your personal visits to the bloody fields of battle so desperately fought, dearly and gallantly won.

The address of the Rev. Dr. S. C. Beane, so original and scholarly, entirely out of the ordinary course of dissertation, in allusion to the advance in toleration, as instanced by him of that "unprecedented event for which prophets have looked and saints have prayed, stands realized in the assembling of the world's manifold religions in one warm fellowship of human faith which could so illustriously crown this first congress of the world as the cessation from this time forth of mutual carnage and destruction among mankind!"

Grown up since I left our native town, it has not been my good fortune to know much of Dr. Beane; but on one occasion passed part of one day with him at our Lenox library, sufficient, however, to challenge my pride in being with him, as yourself, a fellow townsman. I don't remember the name of your poet Foss among the old residents of Candia, but his poem is excellent, timely, and patriotic.

May I solicit from you a more particular account of the memorial occasion, as I can but believe one may have been published? The newspaper account which I had, passed into the hands of General Butterfield, he expressing to me his high appreciation for allowing it. It may be known to you, his official appointment as chairman of a committee to locate the different spots to place tablets and monuments in honor of our patriotic dead in battle.

If any fellow-townsmen now in your city remember me, please tender to them my respectful and cordial regards. And more than all, please receive my sincere congratulations for your substantial and honorable achievements in the great battle of life.

Very truly and sincerely yours,

M. DUDLEY BEAN.

HON. FREDERICK SMYTH,  
Manchester. N. H.

1700 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, March 8, 1894.

*My Dear Governor :*

Some ten months after your agreeable and honored call on the memorable 22d, a genuine episode in the historical day, I received the valued three volumes which you so kindly sent by express.

The volume "Memorial," affectionate tributes to the memory of the sainted Mrs. Emma, seems an earnest to thousands yet living impressed with her intellect, matchless charms, eminent graces, and beautiful character ; all, all challenge a teardrop to her memory.

"The History of Candia" is really a marvel of industry in variety and detail, incidents so numerous and not uninteresting, every individual almost a character. And then its topography and geographical description,—roads, corners, hills, valleys, rivulets, mills, and locations so carefully named as to revive the memory of boyhood,—so long ago. Describing its religious history, its creeds, and varied peculiarities, seemingly so true, without the least taint of sectarian prejudice. Natural history,—bears, deer, wildcats, and snakes. Primitive and later industries, even in that our old native town, what an interesting change in four generations ! Its biographical sketches, I suppose carefully told, not without interest.

"Life of Frederick Smyth." Well, this is a book, a pretty good history of forty years and more of the times in which he lived, and *still lives*. I mean to say that 'tis not confined to our own little state alone, but a vast portion of our great country, undivided, "one and inseparable."

Fearing you will consider me too personal, I hesitate in elaborating further on your public speeches, addresses, and international courtesies.

The printing of the diary of your very dear companion in your travels is a very rich legacy to her surviving friends, and to the lovers of literature, descriptive of an interesting portion of the world so famed in early history.

I note *one* event in *life* of Governor Smyth omitted, but tastefully and wisely narrated in "The History of Candia": That he spanned old ocean to capture a fair daughter of Scotland, and to receive the blessing of a grandfather. To have had a grandfather is among the extreme fashions of the present day,—even at the risk of the imagination.

Well, *Marion* is a historical name in both countries, and *Senark*, old and new, far-famed as well, containing the marble statue of the

patriot Wallace, where were performed his daring exploits; and where within our own time, received the visit of the Emperor Alexander of Russia to Robert Dale and the eminent Robert Dale Owen, who it has been my pleasure to know; but I may believe that the visit of the great czar of Russia at least was not more interesting than our Republican governor to "all and singular;" and so you will receive my hearty congratulations for this timely and pleasing event.

To Mrs. Marion Frederick Smyth please present my most cordial salutation. True, the marriage of a governor is no rare event in the life of a hopeful and amiable young lady, but the pride which his own little town has is in the truth that it furnished no mere *figure head*; but that he carried into the executive department of his patriotic state all the energy and industry of his boyhood, of which, happily, there are yet living and ever watchful so many who glory in the high qualities of the head and heart. I know that my congratulations are timely, and will be more and more so as one year succeeds the other in all coming time. May they be many.

I may express the pleasure which the call of Mrs. Smyth afforded to my niece Miss Cora, and my daughter Fanny; afforded — only regretted that your time was so short and already appropriated. But they rely on your coming again at an early day to the city, and as early being advised.

I may once again allude to your crowning gift, the monument of affection to the memory of fallen braves, early and later, old and young, whose dust mingles with our hard granite soil. 'Tis as sacred as of the kings, queens, warrior heroes, and poets of Westminster Abbey, of whom all speaking the English tongue may pilgrimage to see.

Sincerely and earnestly, yours always,

M. DUDLEY BEAN.

HON. FREDERICK SMYTH,  
Manchester, N. H.

## VOTE OF THE TOWN.

On March 13, 1894, in the annual town meeeting at Candia, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

*Resolved*, That we tender our sincere thanks to ex-Governor Frederick Smyth for the generous gift of a soldiers' monument, and that the Selectmen be instructed to cause to be inscribed on the northerly side of the same: "Monument presented by ex-Governor Frederick Smyth. Foundation furnished by the town."

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.