

DEDICATION OF THE

DEDICATION

OF THE

MONUMENT

ERECTED IN HONOR OF SUDBURY SOLDIERS IN
THE CIVIL WAR.

May 31, 1897.

For what he was, and all he dared,
Remember him to-day.



*"Stand in thy place and testify,
To coming ages long,
That truth is stranger than a lie,
And righteousness than wrong."—WHITTIER.*

Inscriptions on the Monument.

Front.

"GIFT OF SAMUEL B. ROGERS—MAY 30, 1867."

"TRIBUTE TO THE LOYAL SONS OF SUDBURY—1861—1863."

Reverse.

*"HORACE SANDENSON, JOHN FORSYTH, EDWIN S. PARMENTER,
JOHN P. HUDSON, GEORGE T. DICKEY, THOMAS CORCORAN,
THOMAS SMITH, CURTIS SMITH, ABEL H. DAKIN,
HARTSON D. SINCLAIR, CYRUS E. BARKER."*

PROCEEDINGS

AT THE

Dedication of the Memorial

PRESENTED TO THE TOWN OF SUDBURY,

MASSACHUSETTS,

BY

MR. SAMUEL B. ROGERS,

IN HONOR OF

THE SOLDIERS IN THE CIVIL WAR,

MONDAY AFTERNOON, MAY THIRTY-FIRST,

Eighteen hundred and ninety-seven,

at two o'clock.

SUDBURY

PUBLISHED BY THE TOWN



COMMITTEES.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

MR. AND MRS. A. W. ROBERTS.

MR. AND MRS. J. W. HAMMOND.

MR. AND MRS. G. E. HARRINGTON.

MR. AND MRS. C. S. HUNT.

MR. AND MRS. C. E. ROE.

MR. AND MRS. E. A. COVANT, 2d.

MR. AND MRS. S. UNDERWOOD.

MR. AND MRS. S. D. PERRY.

MR. C. W. RICE.

MR. AND MRS. E. A. POWERS.

MR. AND MRS. N. GOODNOW.

MR. AND MRS. G. LAWRENCE.

MR. AND MRS. H. H. BROWN.

MR. L. F. RICHARDSON.

COMMITTEE ON PROGRAMMES.

H. B. HURLBUT.

G. E. HARRINGTON.

F. E. WALKER.

COMMITTEE ON INVITED GUESTS.

J. S. HUNT.

A. W. ROGERS.

F. M. BOWKER.

COMMITTEE ON DECORATIONS.

DR. G. A. OVIATT.

S. UNDERWOOD.

MISS INEE PERRY.

MISS RUTH BENT.

COMMITTEE ON RECEPTION.

A. W. ROGERS.

C. E. HAYES.

J. S. HUNT.

FRED NOTES.

R. H. HURLBY.

ANDREW HAYNES.

E. H. WILLIS.

E. A. PARMENTER.

E. F. WALKER.

H. W. GILBERT.

REV. W. G. SELMAN.

H. G. BORN.

J. J. PUFFER.

WALDO L. STONE.

REV. C. W. ROUSE.

F. M. BOWKER.

H. C. BOWERS.

J. S. RICE.

T. F. O'NEILL.

H. H. ROGERS.

N. L. PRATT.

A. J. CAIRN.

DR. G. A. OVIATT.

C. F. BURELL.

JOHN H. KATON.

W. H. FAIRBANK.

G. H. THOMPSON.

J. W. GARFIELD, SR.

ALPHRUS PUFFER.

B. F. HOWE.

COMMITTEE ON FINANCE.

ARTHUR H. BURN.

MISS RUTH BENT.

MRS. LENA ALLEN.

HENRY SMITH.

EDWIN A. PARMENTER.

TREASURER.

FRANK W. GOODNOW.

THE MONUMENT.

DESCRIPTION.

The monument consists of a pedestal of Quincy granite, surmounted by a bronze figure of infantryman. The monument is 8 feet by 6 feet 8 inches at the lower base, and 17 feet 6 inches high over all. The pedestal is constructed in six courses, the four lower courses being composed of oblong stone, the two upper courses of square stone. The lower course is rock face with fine hammered margin lines; the next two courses are fine hammered, with 1861-1865 on the front of the third course, with faces of figures polished. The fourth course or lower die has front and back highly polished, with inscription cut in large raised letters in panel on front:

TRIBUTE
TO THE
LOYAL SOONS
OF
BUSHBY

On the left side is carved life size, a knapsack with blanket rolled and strapped on the top with belt, layonet, cap-box and bag. On the right side is knapsack and blanket, with canteen and cartridge box. The upper die is highly polished on four sides, with row of nine balls carved at the top, and has a bronze panel on the front, with the following inscription:

GIFT OF SAMUEL B. HOWES, MAY 30, 1867.

On the rear is a bronze tablet, with the following inscription:

DIED IN THE SERVICE OF THEIR COUNTRY

HORACE KANDERSON
JOHN FOREYTH
EDWIN S. FARMEXTER
JOHN P. HUDSON
GEORGE T. DICKEY
THOMAS CORCORAN
THOMAS SMITH
CURTIS SMITH
ARIEL H. DAKIN
HARTSON D. WENGLAIN
CYRUS E. BARKER

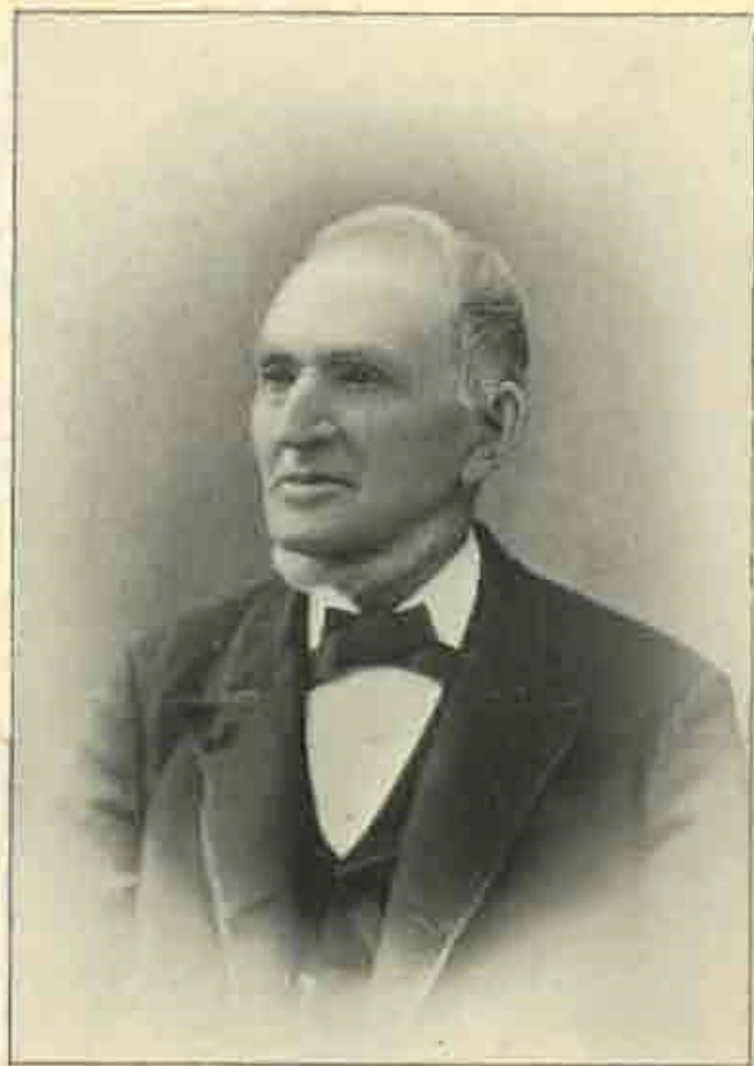
The upper course is fine hammered and moulded. The figure is of the best statuary bronze representing a soldier at parade, rest position, and stands 7 feet above the base.

Designed and built by Bulger Bros., Quincy, Mass.

THE DEDICATION.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

1. PRAYER OF DEDICATION REV. W. G. SEAMAN
2. RESPONSE MALE QUARTETTE
3. GREETING HON. HOMER ROGERS
4. UNSHILING OF MONUMENT { MISS LEANORE CUTLER ROGERS
/ MISS BESSIE FLORENCE ROGERS
(Grand-daughters of the Donor.)
5. STREWING FLOWERS PUPILS OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS
6. MUSIC BY BAND
7. PRESENTATION TO THE TOWN HON. HOMER ROGERS
8. RESPONSE MR. RUFUS H. HURLEBY
9. MUSIC BY BAND
10. ADDRESS MR. JONAS S. HUNT
11. ORATION HON. JOHN L. BAYES
12. SINGING MALE QUARTETTE
13. POEM HON. CHARLES F. GERRY
14. ADDRESS HON. L. D. ASPLEY
15. ADDRESS REV. ALFRED S. HUDSON
16. SINGING MALE QUARTETTE
17. READING OF LETTERS MR. AUBREY W. ROGERS
18. ADDRESSES INVITED GUESTS AND OTHERS
19. HYMN, AMERICA AUDIENCE
20. BLESSING REV. CLARENCE W. ROUSE



SAMUEL BARSTOW ROGERS.

SAMUEL B. ROGERS.

Samuel Barstow Rogers was born in Waltham, Oct. 15, 1813. He is youngest of nine children — Betsey, Lydia, Lucy, Abigail, Mary, Jane, Walter, Nancy and Samuel, — sons and daughters of Walter Rogers, who was born in Marshfield, Aug. 9, 1767, and Betsey (Barstow) Rogers, born in Haverer, Aug. 1, 1772. His natural inclinations early led him to engage in business, and a fondness for commercial activity and the promotion of manufacturing and mercantile enterprises in the community, has characterized his useful life.

For some years he was engaged in the transportation and sale of western hogs, and before the construction of railroads caused drives of swine to be driven over the country roads from Ohio to the market at Brighton, Mass. After the building of railroads he did an extensive commission business in both live and dressed hogs in Brighton and New York city. In the spring of 1864, after thirty-one years experience in this line, he retired, but for a short time only.

In 1863, he with two nephews, Stephen Moore and Homer Rogers, started in business under the firm name of S. B. Rogers & Co. Although the business has changed somewhat, and has been incorporated, still the old name remains the same and they are still partners. S. B. Rogers & Co., manufacturers of leather boards and shoe stiffenings, is a well-known concern and among the oldest in that line in the state. Mr. Rogers has also been engaged in other business enterprises; has been a grocer, a grain dealer, and at one time the owner and manager of Pratt's Mills;

he has built quite a number of dwelling houses in Natick and in his native town, and at present is president of the Huribut-Rogers Machine Co., manufacturers of Cutting-off Lathes, whose machine shop is at So. Sudbury.

In politics Mr. Rogers is an ardent Republican. He held the office of treasurer and collector of Sudbury for several years, and has been one of the assessors several times.

In 1840 he joined the Congregational Church, and has taken quite an interest in its financial as well as its spiritual welfare. His habits have been exemplary, and notwithstanding the temptations in early times for drovers to use spirituous liquors, as they followed the large droves of live stock in storm and sunshine over the rough country roads, Mr. Rogers proved a total abstainer. While engaged in this business, he was once on his way from So. Sudbury to Brighton, when, upon descending Sand Hill to the causeway over the meadows of the Sudbury river, he found that the flood of water was up to his horse's breast, and it being early morning and cold weather, was covered with thin ice. It was not characteristic of the man to take a back track if the way could be opened in front, so taking his "steelyards," used for weighing hogs, in his hand, he walked into the cold water and beat a path through the ice the entire length of the causeway. He then returned for his team, and walking beside his horse led him safely across. When he arrived at the Perquod House in Wayland, cold and wet, the landlord urged him as a precautionary measure against sickness from such exposure, to take a glass of "spirits." He took it, but instead of emptying it into his stomach emptied it into his boots.

On Nov. 30, 1837, Mr. Rogers married Eliza Jones Parmenter, daughter of Noah and Lydia Parmenter, of Sudbury, and by whom four children were born. Mrs. Rogers died in 1892, they having lived together fifty-five years. Two children, Malvina A. and Atherton W. are still living, and Mr. Rogers lives with his son.

During the war Mr. Rogers visited Washington four times; once on the occasion of the marriage of his daughter at the Metropolitan Hotel, Pennsylvania ave.; the other times sight seeing. Was at the battlefield of Gettysburg just after the battle, visited several of the Sudbury boys in camp, and witnessed the grand review at close of the war. He has taken a great interest in the boys in blue.

THE MONUMENT.

DESCRIPTION.

The monument consists of a pedestal of Quincy granite, surmounted by a bronze figure of infantryman. The monument is 8 feet by 6 feet 8 inches at the lower base, and 17 feet 6 inches high over all. The pedestal is constructed in six courses, the four lower courses being composed of oblong stone, the two upper courses of square stone. The lower course is rock face with fine hammered margin lines; the next two courses are fine hammered, with 1861-1865 on the front of the third course, with faces of figures polished. The fourth course or lower die has front and back highly polished, with inscription cut in large raised letters in panel on front:

TRIBUTE
TO THE
LOYAL SONS
OF
SUDBURY

On the left side is carved life size, a knapsack with blanket rolled and strapped on the top with belt, bayonet, cap-box and bugle. On the right side is knapsack and blanket, with canteen and cartridge box. The upper die is highly polished on four sides, with row of minie-balls carved at the top, and has a bronze panel on the front, with the following inscription:

GIFT OF SAMUEL B. ROGERS, MAY 30, 1897.

On the rear is a bronze tablet, with the following inscription:

DIED IN THE SERVICE OF THEIR COUNTRY

HORACE SANDERSON
 JOHN FORSYTH
 EDWIN S. PARMENTER
 JOHN F. HUDSON
 GEORGE T. DICKEY
 THOMAS CONCORAN
 THOMAS SMITH
 CURTIS SMITH
 ABEL H. DAKIN
 HARTSON D. SINGLATH
 CYRUS E. BARKER

The upper course is fine hammered and moulded. The figure is of the best statuary bronze representing a soldier at parade, rest position, and stands 7 feet above the base.

Designed and built by Badger Bros., Quincy, Mass.

THE DEDICATION.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

1. PRAYER OF DEDICATION REV. W. G. SEAMAN
2. RESPONSE MALE QUARTETTE
3. GREETING HON. HOMER ROGERS
4. UNVEILING OF MONUMENT { MISS ISABORE CUTLER ROGERS
 { MISS BESSIE FLORENCE ROGERS
 (Grand-daughters of the DOWD.)
5. STREWING FLOWERS PUPILS OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS
6. MUSIC BY BAND
7. PRESENTATION TO THE TOWN HON. HOMER ROGERS
8. RESPONSE MR. RUFUS H. HURLBET
9. MUSIC BY BAND
10. ADDRESS MR. JONAS S. HUNT
11. ORATION HON. JOHN L. BATES
12. SINGING MALE QUARTETTE
13. POEM HON. CHARLES F. GERRY
14. ADDRESS HON. L. D. ATLEY
15. ADDRESS REV. ALFRED S. HUDSON
16. SINGING MALE QUARTETTE
17. READING OF LETTERS MR. ABERNETHY W. ROGERS
18. ADDRESSES INVITED GUESTS AND OTHERS
19. HYMN, AMERICA AUDIENCE
20. BLESSING REV. CLARENCE W. ROUSE

ROLL OF THE HONORED DEAD.

HORACE SANDERSON.	THOMAS CONROGAN.
JOHN FORKNER.	THOMAS SMITH.
EDWIN S. PARMENTER.	CURTIS SMITH.
JOHN P. HUDSON.	ABEL H. DARTON.
GEORGE T. DUKEY.	HARTSON D. SINCLAIR.

CYRUS E. BARKER.

DONOR OF MONUMENT,

SAMUEL B. ROGERS.

PRESIDENT OF THE DAY,

HON. HOMER ROGERS.

ORATOR,

HON. JOHN L. BATES.

POET,

HON. CHARLES F. GERRY.

MUSIC,

WAYLAND MILITARY BAND,

GEO. W. HUNT, LEADER.

AND

ORPHEUS MALE QUARTETTE, of So. Framingham.

A Concert given by the WAYLAND MILITARY BAND of twenty-five pieces, from 12.30 to 1.30.

SOUTH SUDBURY, MASS., MAY 31, 1897.

The Soldiers' Monument, presented to the town of Sudbury by Mr. Samuel B. Rogers, was dedicated in the presence of about two thousand people on the 31st of May, Monday, coincident as Memorial Day throughout the land. Though the day was showery, the services were held in the open air. The following is a report of the proceedings.

PRAYER OF DEDICATION BY REV. W. G. SEAMAN.

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, we thank Thee for this occasion, and we praise Thee for him who has made the occasion possible. We ask that Thou wilt bless to us all the exercises, and may they inspire to such patriotism, such service of our country, as will make us fit followers of those who gave their lives for our land. To them we dedicate this monument, and to all who took part in the great struggle.

We pray that Thou wilt bless us as a people, for Thou art the God of nations as well as of individuals. May we as a people be united and strive earnestly after the highest ideal of humanity. May this people possess such character that they shall push our country to a place where it shall stand as the foremost among the nations.

Bless every one who hears the exercises to-day, and let each one be filled with a spirit of enthusiasm for his country. Accept the praise of our hearts, and let our dedication be not only of bronze and stone, but may we dedicate ourselves to Thee and to the Commonwealth, and our country, and to the service of man, and wilt Thou accept it all for Jesus' sake? Amen.

The monument was then unveiled by the two grand-daughters of Mr. Rogers, Misses Bessie F. and Imogene C. Rogers.

George Tullis, a lad of nine, then gave the drum call and drummed while the boys and girls, more than a hundred in num-

ber, from the public schools, marched round the monument and in unison saluted the flag, with uncovered heads, in the following words:

"We pledge allegiance to our flag and to the Republic for which it stands: One nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

Each child then threw a bunch of flowers at the feet of the soldier in bronze, flowers that the children had themselves collected from the fields and woods.

The exercises were continued by singing by the Orpheus Male Quartette of Framingham. The first number was the chant, "Our Father, who art in Heaven." This was followed by national airs played by the Wayland Military Band.

The President of the Day, Hon. Homer Rogers, then spoke as follows:

ADDRESS OF HON. HOMER ROGERS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I am bidden by your committee, representing us I do the two parties to this contract which has been fulfilled to-day in the unveiling of this monument to the memory of the heroic dead, and I may add to the heroic living. — I am bidden to give you cordial greeting and a hearty welcome to the exercises of this Memorial Day.

I especially welcome the members of the Grand Army of the Republic to whom this day and this monument mean something more and something different from what they do to others before us. I give a cordial greeting to the members of the Loyal Women's League, to the mothers, daughters and wives of those living and dead, who during the great struggle sacrificed as much as those who went to the front and met the shock of battle, and who suffered more. And I give a hearty welcome and cordial

greeting to the sons and daughters of those veterans, many of them sons of the Revolution also; and to all the children, boys and girls, of the common schools to whom this day should mean more than to us and to whom it is of more significance than to all the rest of us together. It makes little difference what impression those of my generation receive from the services of this Memorial Day, but it makes a world of difference to the nation in which we live and to the spirit of patriotism which we seek to cultivate in our common schools, what the impression is that the boys and girls, who have had so important a part in this service, shall carry away with them. It will mould their sentiments on public affairs throughout all their lives. If another such conflict should come it would find the young men and the young women of the country better fitted to meet it than they were in 1861.

I am delegated by the donor of this monument, our venerable friend and fellow-citizen, Mr. Samuel B. Rogers, to officially present this monument to the town, but before I do that I want to call your attention to the relation of this gift and this monument to the previous history of the town along the same line.

This is the third dedication of a monument in Sudbury within my memory. In 1867, when George S. Boutwell was governor of Massachusetts, some of you will remember the red-letter day we had in the celebration on the slope of Goodman's Hill, at the dedication of the monument to the pioneers who fought for life and liberty in the King Philip's war. That monument was erected by the joint action of the town and state and has been a credit and satisfaction to the town all these years. The event which it commemorates took place more than two hundred years ago. The 17th of June last, we dedicated a monument made possible by the generous gift of one of our good ladies who has since gone to her reward, Mrs. Joanna Gleason. That monument was dedicated to the memory of our Revolutionary fathers, who

fought to establish the government under which we live, and to perpetuate which the war of 1861-65 was made necessary.

Now, today we have the third important event in the history of this small but old and heroic town. This gift is due to the generosity of our venerable friend whom we all delight to call "Uncle Sam." In presenting this to the town, according to the official record dated the 17th of May last, there were conditions attending this gift: First, that it should cost the town nothing, either for the monument, for its erection or for its dedication. The second condition was that it should stand on the land in front of the public library. The land and the library itself was the gift of a noble man, who a generation ago imiled better than he knew, and they have given to us, proportionate to its demands, one of the best libraries and one of the largest, in relation to the population, that there is in the state of Massachusetts. That cost the town nothing, but it has been valued, appreciated and improved.

The third condition was that, if possible, the monument should be dedicated upon this Memorial Day.

I wish to congratulate the town and my fellow citizens that this was not a posthumous affair. He is a wise man who executes his own will, and we have Uncle Sam with us to-day, hale and hearty, and enjoying every moment of this occasion. I wish to say to him that we are enjoying in double measure the day which we celebrate because he is one of us. (Hearty applause.)

The town in accepting this gift passed special resolutions unanimously and thankfully accepting the same. They are as follows:

{ OFFICE OF THE TOWN CLERK,
} SADBURY, MASS., MAY 17, 1896.

At a legal town meeting held at Sudbury, July 20, A. D., 1896, the town voted to accept the gift offered by Samuel H. Rogers

upon the terms and conditions in the following communication addressed to the Selectmen:

SOUTH SADBURY, JULY 3, 1896.

To the Honorable Board of Selectmen of the Town of Sudbury:

GENTLEMEN—A monument has just been erected and dedicated to the memory of those who fought in the War of the Revolution, and it seemed to me that some memorial should be erected to the brave men who fought and died in the late Civil War; and I will make the following proposition: Will give a monument that shall cost two thousand dollars, provided the same shall be located on lawn in front of Goodnow Library at South Sudbury. The foundation and expense of dedication shall be provided for without any appropriation of the town. My wish is that it shall be dedicated on Memorial Day, 1897.

(Signed)

SAMUEL H. ROGERS.

The following preamble and resolutions were offered by George E. Harrington, Esq., and adopted by unanimous vote of the town:

Whereas, The Town of Sudbury, in common with many others of our State, furnished a noble and conspicuous example in promptly answering the call made by the president for soldiers during the Civil War period, thus emphasizing the fitness of a memorial to the devotion and sacrifices of her citizens shown in the Nation's hour of peril; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the liberality and patriotism of Mr. Samuel H. Rogers, whose unselfish interest in all that pertains to the welfare of the Town of Sudbury has so many times been manifested to the people, is duly appreciated by them, especially in the present instance.

Resolved, That this latest evidence of his generosity, as well as of his wish to see the most enduring and deserved tribute of respect paid to the memory of the loyal men who became participants in the War of the Rebellion, is received by us, citizens of the community from which they went forth in answer to the call of duty, with feelings of mingled thankfulness and pleasure.

Resolved, That we are proud of the fact that Sudbury is so soon to add its tribute to the bravery and the worth of our citizen soldiery, as has already been done by nearly two hundred Massachusetts towns and cities in the erection of similar memorials; twenty-three of which localities are in Middlesex county.

Resolved, That the gentleman who on this occasion has so nobly done honor to himself and to the community in which he has so long resided, should receive an officially verified copy of these resolutions, and that the same be made a part of our town records.

Copy of Record. Attest:

JONAS S. HUNT,

Town Clerk of Sudbury.

And now I have simply to present this monument to the representatives of the town, and Mr. Rufus H. Hurlbut is authorized to receive it. I have no keys to deliver with it. It will never be locked or covered, except with flags and with the flowers of spring strewn by loyal school children and the members of the Grand Army of the Republic. That alone shall ever conceal it. I have no deed of trust to give. I simply, in this presence and with you as witnesses, turn over to you this monument which for all time shall be sacred and appreciated by this people. I forbear telling you to guard it well or to protect it. If the time should ever come in the history of this country when there shall be indifference even as to the care of the monuments to our sacred dead, then has begun the decadence of the Republic; then has begun waste and ruin, and when that has begun it is better that every monument on the face of our land shall be buried out of sight. That condition of things can never exist, and I hesitate to warn you in the usual phrase to guard it. In behalf of Mr. Samuel B. Rogers I now turn the monument over to you as the representative of the town.

RESPONSE BY MR. RUFUS H. HURLBUT.

MR. PRESIDENT AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I have been honored by being requested by the Selectmen of Sudbury to receive this gift. It is an honor and a satisfaction to receive it on account of its intrinsic and artistic value. It will add greatly to the attractiveness of our old country town, already rich in its memorial spots and its memorial stones. It is an honor and a pleasure to receive it as a memorial of scenes and events which caused more intense interest, excitement and alarm than has anything else within the memory of the living. It is a pleasure to receive it as a tribute to those boys of Sudbury who made the "surprise sacrifice" for a great and righteous cause. And it is a great privilege and honor to receive it from one of our fellow-townsmen, a native of Sudbury, whose life has always been identified with the best interests of the town, and whose patriotism and loyalty to his country, to his town, and to every good cause have been so long and so widely known and always so substantially manifested. I know that I voice the universal sentiment when I extend to Samuel B. Rogers the thanks and gratitude of the town for this munificent gift. (Applause.)

After the playing of a march by the Hudson Brass Band, the town clerk, Mr. Jonas S. Hunt, who has served in that capacity forty continuous years, was introduced by the President, who read the following account of the "Boys of Sudbury."

ADDRESS OF JONAS S. HUNT.

MR. PRESIDENT:

If I had chosen my position to-day it would certainly have been in the audience as a spectator or listener rather than as a speaker upon this platform. Under any ordinary circumstances I should have excused myself from saying anything, but having been particularly requested by the venerable gentleman to whom we are indebted for this splendid monument, I did not feel at liberty to refuse, and as what I have to say will be to a considerable extent of historical or statistical character, I shall perhaps be excused for reading from manuscript.

Sudbury has had the reputation of being behind the times—not up to date in some respects, and this to some extent is undoubtedly true, but in the matter of monuments it seems to be rapidly approaching the front, and possibly may yet deserve the name of the "Monumental Town." A portion of this audience will remember that in the year 1852, with the assistance of an appropriation by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the town erected a monument but a short distance from where we now stand, to the memory of officers and soldiers numbering twenty-nine, who were slain by the Indians one hundred and seventy-six years before.

Less than a year ago we dedicated another monument, for which we are indebted in a great measure to one noble woman who has since gone from us, to the memory of soldiers of the Revolution, for which the town had waited one hundred and twenty years, and another one hundred and twenty years might perhaps have passed before the monument we dedicate to-day had been erected but for the liberality and patriotism of the giver. But I do not propose to say more of the giver or of the gift, only

that the gift speaks for itself, and no words of mine can add to the feelings of pleasure and satisfaction of the giver, who I am quite sure would prefer that no more particular mention of his name or of his generous act should be made by me.

If it were possible I should be pleased to give a statement in detail of the action of the town at the commencement and during the war; also some account of the volunteers individually, but time will not admit, and I will only say that appropriate action was taken by the town as early as in other towns in this vicinity. The first "War Meeting" was held on the 22d of April, 1861. This was a mass meeting of citizens, but a legal town meeting was called a week later, and the action taken at the mass meeting ratified. This action was with particular reference to a company of state militia, most of the members of which belonged in Sudbury, and was known as the "Waldworth Rifle Guards." It was expected that this company would be called into the service, and the town "voted to furnish new uniforms for the members, and revolvers for each in case they were called into the service of their country." "Voted, also, to pay each member of the company a sum of money, in addition to the amount paid by the government, which shall make their pay \$20 per month while they are in service." "Voted, also, that the families of those who leave shall be furnished with all necessary assistance at the expense of the town, and that the business of those who leave it shall be properly cared for by the town and not be allowed to suffer by their absence." The amount of money actually paid by the town for fitting out this company was very nearly \$1000, but the company, as a company, never went to the war, but twenty-five of its members enlisted in the 13th regiment and left the state on the 30th day of July, 1861.

These statements must suffice to show the feeling in the town and the action of the voters. Many meetings were called later for the purpose of responding to the calls of the president for

more volunteers, and in general the quotas were promptly filled. Altogether 168 men were furnished by the town, which number was eleven more than were called for.

The amount of money expended by the town on account of the war, exclusive of state aid to soldiers' families, was \$17,575. The amount expended during the war for aid to families of soldiers, was \$6,199.18, which was refunded by the state. The selectmen of the town during the war were: James Moore, John H. Dakin, George Parmenter, Abel B. Jones, George Goodnow, Hiram H. Goodnow, Thomas P. Heribert, Charles Hunt and Walter Rogers, not one of whom is left to participate in the expenses of to-day. All of these were men of excellent judgment and did their best for the town and the soldiers, but those who can remember those times will agree with me that the late Dea. Thomas P. Heribert is entitled to the credit of doing more than any one man toward filling the several quotas of men as they were called for.

Of the enlisted men placed to the credit of Sudbury, twenty-five were in the 13th regiment, and according to the best information obtainable but two who belonged in Sudbury are now living. Five enlisted in the 16th, two of whom were killed, two others wounded and three now living; five were in the 18th, none of whom are known to be living; one man was in the 1st, and nineteen in the 20th, but of these twenty none were residents of Sudbury; sixteen were in the 26th, a part of whom were residents of that part of the town that is now the town of Maynard; eight men were mustered into the 33d, all of them residents of Sudbury, and it is a remarkable fact that seven of the eight are now living. Thirteen Sudbury boys were in the 43d, six of whom are known to be living, five are dead and two not known; four were in the 56th, only one of whom is living; five nine-months' men and one hundred day men were in the 6th, four of whom are living; three were in the 10th, two each in the 9th, 33d, 38th and

61st; one each in the 32d, 24th, 30th, 32d, 39th, 47th and 50th. All of these were Infantry regiments. There were also two in the 1st, four in the 2d, three in the 4th, and two in the 5th Cavalry, and thirteen were in various Artillery regiments. Four volunteers from Sudbury, of one family; three from another, and one from a third; eight who were all brothers and cousins, all of whom were great grand-sons of General John Nixon, who was conspicuous for his bravery at the famous battle of Bunker Hill. These same eight were also direct descendants of Colonel Ezekiel Howe, also of revolutionary fame.

There was one family in town when the War began in which there were seven sons; four of them enlisted, one was drafted and exempted, and it is said that the other two boys would have enlisted if they had been old enough.

Sudbury cannot boast of any Generals in the late War, and I know of but one volunteer who attained so high a rank as that of Captain; but on the other hand, we have no record of any deserters, any rebel or any award among them, and it has never been said to my knowledge that any soldier from Sudbury was guilty of any act while in the service which would have been a disgrace to his country, to his town, or to himself, or that would have caused a blush of shame upon the faces of his comrades. And I believe that a large majority, if not all who survived, came back to us better citizens, more *useful men*, than when they left.

HON. HOMER ROGERS.

Those of you who were present at the dedication of the Revolutionary monument will remember with what judgment your committee selected the various speakers of the day, and how we built around the oration a programme which will always be treasured as one of the most interesting records of any day in the history of our town. I wish to congratulate you that I am permitted to introduce to you the same orator to-day, the young man of whom I ventured to prophesy that he was destined to swing the gavel in the House of Representatives. That was naturally and easily fulfilled, so I venture to make another prophesy, that if early in the twentieth century I shall be permitted to introduce him again to the people of Sudbury I shall be greatly disappointed if I do not present him as the chief magistrate of Massachusetts. I have the honor to present to you Hon. John L. Bates of Boston.

ORATION OF HON. JOHN L. BATES.

FELLOW CITIZENS OF OUR COMMON COUNTRY:

I have become much interested in Sudbury, Sudbury's history, and Sudbury's people. If it is not exactly a home-like feeling that comes over me as I stand here now, it is that kindred feeling that comes to one who realizes that he is in the home of his friends. On the 17th of last June, you gave to me, a stranger, a cordial welcome, and to-day by your kind invitation, and your hospitable reception, you have added to the bonds of friendship that were forged at that time, so that I venture to add that should it be my good fortune to again be permitted to partake in your anniversaries or your celebrations, I shall unconsciously find myself calling you not "fellow citizens," but "fellow townsmen."

We are met to-day to dedicate to the loyal sons of Sudbury a monument that is the gift of one of her citizens. The world rightfully crowns with a halo of glory the heads of those whose inclination led and whose conditions permitted to take the soldier's part in that great strife of '61 to '65. Yet, true it is, that there were as loyal men whose duties kept them in civil life during that period as there were who joined the army for the defense of the Union. No, all the loyal men did not go to the front, and, while we ascribe the highest medal of honor to those who did, let us of this generation not forget to honor also those who staid at home, and who, by sacrificing time and wealth, contributed in no small degree to the success of those who shouldered the musket and drew the sword. Had all gone to the war, the war would have been a failure, and had all staid at home there would have been no war, but the "Sun of America would have set." Both citizen and soldier had parts to perform of the greatest consequence. "He is the noblest man who puts the highest estimate on others." In these words some one has clothed a great truth. It takes a noble man to recognize nobility in others, a brave man to recognize bravery, a patriotic man to recognize patriotism, a loyal man to recognize loyalty. And the recognition of the soldier, as embodied in this memorial to-day, shows that the giver is possessed of those elements of courage, sacrifice and loyalty that he by this gift commemorates. Happy is he that he has lived to see this embodiment of the desire of his heart, and happy is Sudbury that in her monuments, her library, and her churches, she can read the generosity of her successful citizens; their love for the associations of their early homes, their fidelity to the principles of loyalty and patriotism, of education and religion, on which hang the nation's life.

Three centuries are now typified by the memorials of Sudbury; three periods of the development of the human race. On these three memorials, as towers of majestic height and grandeur, are hung the spans of history that bridge the nation's life.

It is but a few steps to that shaft that marks the spot where Wadsworth and the twenty-eight others fell near the slope of that solemn April day in 1676, slain by the arrow, the tomahawk and the scalping knife, in opposing a tide of savage invasion led on by King Philip, the most determined and the most terrible invasion of any to which the early colonists were subjected.

The Wadsworth memorial speaks to us of the savage race that has forever passed away; it tells us of the deprivations, hardships and dangers to which the settlers were exposed. It points out that Sudbury, but twenty miles from the Atlantic coast, was then a frontier town, and in suggesting the small beginning of the nation, it, by contrast, emphasizes on this day also the nation's enormous growth. Those who fought on that day, were fighting for home, wife, child, life itself. To have failed in courage then meant the ascendancy of the red man in New England, the extermination of the pale face, and the going out of his life amid torture and pain.

Is there not, then, an added inspiration on this occasion from the thought that the Green Hill, that lies before us, was the stage on which over two centuries ago Wadsworth and Brocklebank and their sturdy men fell, acting heroically their part in the last in one of New England's greatest tragedies.

A mile farther up the road is another century mile stone. It is the monument to the heroes of the revolution. There stands the minute man in his granite cloak. He represents the century of struggle for self-government for political freedom. His glory was not won in fighting for self-preservation or for home, but, in fighting for an existence that brooked no master, in working out the problem of man's government by man, in fighting for the right to engage in lawful business enterprise without either artificial legal barriers, or the oppression of taxation, except such as he himself had a voice in imposing. It was a grand age and a grand people, who, though weak in numbers

and scattered in their homes, sprung to arms and dared all that man can dare, to prevent the forging of chains of governmental tyranny and oppression upon them.

But the contest of the century that we commemorate to-day, the contest of 1861 to 1865, differed from that in 1676, in that it was not for the protection of home and life. Nor was it, like the contest of 1776, a contest for political rights for a voice in the government. No. They were even higher motives than these that actuated the boys in blue. There was a contest, primarily, to be sure, for the perpetuity of the Union, but behind that and above it was the irrepressible conflict for humanity, for fraternity, a conflict to make the Declaration of Independence a truth and not a lie in this country, a conflict to extend freedom and the right to the pursuit of life and happiness to every human soul whether the great Maker had set it in ebony or in ivory.

It was brave for the men of 1676 to offer life in defence of home, it was noble in the men of 1776 to offer life in defence of political liberty, but it was braver, noble and god-like for the men of 1861 to offer life to better the condition of their down-trodden brother. Three centuries, then,—the seventeenth, the eighteenth, the nineteenth; three stages of the nation's growth,—the child, the youth, the man: Three ages of the race,—the savage, the civilized, the human,—are typified in the three monuments of Sudbury, the last of which we dedicate to-day.

This is a beautiful day for such a service. A day sweet with the breath of May; sweet with the perfume of burning buds; sweet with the increase of human hearts, yearning for the "touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still." It is a day of fitting quiet; the anvils of a thousand forges give forth no sound; no hawky arm of tolling man is raised against them; the singing looms of a thousand mills forget to chant their song of weary week; the smoke curls not from the chimney, nor does the flame light the window of the laundry; the rivers, unharnessed

and unbroken, ripple onward to the sea. The nation turns from her toil and forgets her pleasure. It is "Memorial Day," a day that, like a silken thread of sacred glory is woven in the warp of time, and that, with the circle of each revolving year, halts the increasing millions of the nation before it to celebrate, not the birth of a king, but the birth of a liberty as broad as mankind, and to venerate the memory of those who were led forward by the desire that the "one government of the people, by the people and for the people might not perish from off the face of the earth." That government was cradled in the Mayflower, grew rugged in its contests with the savage of the forests, attained its majority amid the discouragements and sufferings of Valley Forge and the victory at Yorktown, and when in full manhood engaged in the fiercest struggle of all time for the perpetuation of itself and the solution of the great problem of human government bound up in the proposition that all men are born free and equal.

Our fathers in 1775 raised the flag of revolution and defended it on grassy plain and rugged slope, and carried it forward through icy winters and scorching summers, until it waved from the heights of victory, and was acknowledged the independent flag of a free people. The monarchs of the old world looked on with apprehension; not because they feared the ultimate success of America, for of that they never doubted, but because they feared her seeming present success might fan into a conflagration of discontent and revolution the unhappy peoples over whom they stretched out their scepters.

France was the first to prove the monarchs' fears well grounded. With bloody hands she attempted the building of liberty's temple on murder and ostrage. In a few dark months she paid the dire penalty of centuries of miracle. Those who had sowed the wind reaped the whirlwind. Through the deeds of France all Europe was thrown into deadly contest. A contest essentially

abortive of all good results, for at its close, the people, at the bidding of princes, resumed their former allegiance and the rulers went about proclaiming the restoration of the old order of things. They called it "peace;" it was but the calm of exhaustion. Peoples that had known no rule but that of despots, no lot but that of poverty, no rights but those of oppressors, were hungering for better things. In the west they saw signs that inspired within them the belief that a new era was about to dawn. With astonishment they beheld the rapid advance of the new nation across the sea. They were not slow to compare their own condition and prosperity with those of the people who governed themselves. Rulers might fret and fume and declare the impracticability of government by the people, but Europe was not theorizing, nor was she in philosophic mood; she was reading the great object lesson of America, where Republican government was fast evolving from the experimental stage into a living permanent fact.

With this evolution European unrest broke out afresh, an unrest that could not be satisfied with the present or former condition of things. Nation after nation patterned after the young republic. Sullenly was all progress opposed by the ruling classes. But, nevertheless, the advance was rapid. Barrier after barrier gave away, monarch after monarch granted concessions that stripped them of their absolute prerogatives, for concessions or destruction were the only alternatives presented to them by their former subjects. We have not the time to point out in detail the steps by which this great progress has been made, we can but point out the results.

Seventy-five years ago western Europe was composed of many despotic powers, wherein the ruler had absolute control over the property and lives of his subjects. To-day every country in western Europe has a popular branch of government corresponding to our National House of Representatives which branch is

not only representative of the people, but is also chosen by the people and has the power that over-shadows and controls the thrones themselves. Seventy-five years ago these nations went to war, not because some great national principle was at stake, but because the rights of the people had been ignored and trespassed upon by another nation, but because of some petty quarrel between the rulers, a quarrel in which the people themselves had no interest and that too often springs solely from the whim of a scribe, or the strifes of a king. Then the masses failed not for their own happiness, but solely to add to the pleasures of their princes. Now no monarch can hold his throne in Europe, excepting as he proclaims his policy to be solely in the interests of the welfare of his people.

The example of America is recognized by the student of history as the great stimulating impulse in this onward movement of freedom in Europe. Yet, America, whose torch of liberty emitted sparks that kindled freedom's fires in a score of countries across the sea, was herself a monster of immorality and oppression. The forefathers, who dared the British on Bunker Hill, and who wrote those charters of human rights, the Declaration of Independence and the American Constitution, which Mr. Gladstone has called the "most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man," notwithstanding their wisdom and fidelity to principle, bequeathed to their posterity a government that compromised with and tolerated the most unjustifiable system of slavery that the world had ever known. It tarnished the fair name of the nation. It made it a by-word among the peoples of the earth. Like a cancer at the heart it cut its way into the vitals and sapped the nation's strength.

Such a condition of affairs could not long endure. What was the result? As soon as the country had established itself on a basis such that its time and thought were not con-

sumed in planning for defence against foreign interference, the irrepressible conflict between slavery and the human conscience began. Every sensible of its inherent weakness, slavery was never satisfied with the assurances it received of protection. Its demands upon the nation, whenever granted, were followed by other demands of increasing boldness and effrontery. Statesmen of three generations devoted their greatest efforts to effecting compromises that should appease the hunger of the monster without soiling the conscience of the land. But statesmanship and compromises failed. None knew better than the monster itself, that its life and principles were inconsistent with those upon which was founded the government of the nation. Conscious of this fact, by its impatient thrashing about within the confines assigned to it, it hastened its own doom. Nothing would satisfy it but the creation of a new action, that should be wholly subservient to its purposes and whose very life should be linked in close communion with its own.

From the time of the Union under the Constitution, the doctrine of state sovereignty had been jealously guarded and earnestly promulgated for the accomplishment of various questionable purposes. The doctrine had long been the ally of slavery. At its behest South Carolina set up her claims of sovereignty and the right to withdraw from the compact she had entered. Other states followed her example and joined in a new confederation. The old world's rulers looked on with feelings of exultation. At last, they thought, the long delayed but ever hoped for breaking up of the great Republic was at hand. But the lovers of liberty the world over, with feelings of deepest anxiety, watched to see if the Republic might not yet survive. Then it was that the sons of Seditio and the sons of the nation aroused themselves and set about to save the nation. Then occurred that four years' outburst of loyalty and patriotism that challenged the admiration of the world and which we commemorate to-day. Then be-

gin that war for the Union which John Weight declared to be the only righteous war in modern history.

The success of the Confederate States meant much. It was not only the fate of the black man, but the fate of America and the fate of liberty that hung in the balances. If the doctrines of secession were to prevail, then, as our enemies had alleged, the Constitution was, indeed, but a rope of sand, and America, in place of one strong nation, was to present to the world a vast number of nations, each jealous of its neighbor and each an easy prey to the covetous rulers of the old world. If one or two states had the right to secede then all had the right. If two republics could exist side by side, then why not a further division upon every pretext and the establishment of many republics. The North fore-saw the danger and recognized that not only the integrity of its domain was threatened, but also the very existence of a republican form of government. If a nation ruled by the people could not save itself from dismemberment, then speedy dissolution must follow, and with it liberty itself must die in its own birth-place, and be forever buried beneath its own hearthstone.

The North was not prepared for the conflict. Although "the history of mankind is war," yet America had been a peaceful nation. The war of 1812, with its few brilliant exploits on the sea had long been forgotten. The Indian wars were local in their character and were rather massacres and punishments than wars. The war with Mexico was but a brief campaign wherein American bravery and energy found hardly an obstacle in its victorious path. If it takes two to make a quarrel, it also takes two to make a war, and there can hardly be said to have been two parties to the Mexican war. And so when the Rebellion began, America was tilling her soil, and engaged in those industrial pursuits which had sprung up during three quarters of a century of almost unbroken peace.

But suddenly, peaceful America became one vast manufactory

of the munitions of war, and was recognized as the greatest military power of the age. Evolutions of war were conducted on a greater scale than the world had ever known. The seventy-five thousand men who responded to the first call of the martyred President were followed by a million more, and these by yet another million, until the vast number of three million men had enlisted and bared their breasts to receive the shock that rebellion had planned for the Union. Over sixty thousand of these brave souls were killed in battle, one hundred and eighty-three thousand died of disease, thirty-five thousand died of wounds, thirty thousand died in rebel prisons; a total of over three hundred thousand lives sacrificed directly on the nation's altar. As we look back through the vista of the intervening years, it seems as though the Supreme Ruler of the Universe had planned that the final struggle of liberty for a place in the world should be so long and terrible, so costly in worldly treasure and in human blood that all men of succeeding ages might know that liberty had withstood the utmost test and be forever discouraged from again questioning her strength or the ability of her great champion, this great nation of the West, to maintain the principles upon which it was founded.

Sallybury failed not the colonists in their hour of need in 1676, nor did she fail the patriots in 1775. What was her course in 1861? She was true to her history and the character of the fathers was shown in the acts of the children. When the first echoes of the shots fired at Sumter came reverberating through the North, the stars and stripes went down on Sumter, but "they went up in every city and town North of Mason & Dixon's line;" unfurled they were from the loftiest trees of the forest, the highest spires of the city. Every one wore the colors. Sallybury, without waiting for the formality of a legally called town meeting, gathered in her hall, discussed the situation with patriotic zeal, and took such action as it was possible for her to take, to make

herself ready to assist the Government. Her Wadsworth Rifle Guards were speedily equipped, and impatiently awaited an opportunity to enlist. They were not permitted to go with those who went first to the front, but when the call came for men to enlist for three years, or for the war, then came the opportunity of Sudbury's sons, and twenty-five of them enlisted in the 13th Massachusetts regiment, and on July 30, 1861, left the Commonwealth to protect the nation. It was soon discovered that the struggle was one of more vast proportions than had been realized at the beginning. The president issued call after call for troops, and to each of these Sudbury loyally and promptly responded, until she had furnished one hundred and sixty-eight men for the Union cause, or one-tenth of her entire population, while she collected from her citizens in taxes, to aid in carrying on the war, more than ten dollars for every man, woman and child in the town.

Her soldiers were in more than a dozen of the regiments of the Massachusetts Infantry. They were in several of the regiments of Cavalry and also in the Artillery. They acted a gallant part in many of the most serious and momentous conflicts of the great struggle. They were with McClellan on the Chickahominy. They were at Fair Oaks when the rebel hosts fled, and when the gallant Kearney, "who had left an arm at the gates of Mexico," dashed up holding the bridle rein between his teeth, his saber flashing from his only hand, and shouting to his men, "Dash in anywhere, you will find lovely fighting all along the line!" They were in the Army of the Potomac, at that clearing on Malvern Hill where a seven days' battle ended in the repeated repulse and slaughter of their foes. They were in the pursuit of Lee, when he was brought to bay at Antietam, in that battle "where the windrows of blue and gray showed where the lines of battle had been mowed down by the reaper, death." They were at Fredericksburg, when the year 1862 went out with the lives of

the thousands who made those mad, yet heroic charges on Marye's Heights. They were at Gettysburg when the supreme moment of the war came. When the rebellion reached its high water mark, and the great grey billows were dashed into foam on the shore of blue. Whether any of Sudbury's men were with Sherman when his victorious army, swinging clear of its base of supplies, made its grand march to the sea like an avenging cyclone, irresistibly rushing forward, bringing dismay to the traitor and destruction to all that kept that rebellion alive, I do not know. But certain it is, that they were with Grant while he was pounding away in the wilderness, "the land of the jungle, thicket and ooze," while thousands fell at every blow, and while amid the destruction, the telegraph at Washington flicked off the message, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." Under the same great leader for weeks they fought before Petersburg and Richmond. It is a great but true record that reveals that there were not any more important conflicts in the great rebellion than were those in which this old town was represented.

It was not Sudbury's lot to furnish commanders, but to furnish men. To the great generals of the war we would accord naught but honor, but sometimes we are inclined to overlook the man who served in the ranks, but who served his country, it may be, with yet the greater self-sacrifice, because he had not the allurements of fame to beckon him on. A few days since in the hall of the Representatives of the old Commonwealth, I was the witness of an impressive scene. General Howard, who commanded one of the great divisions of Sherman's army in his march to the sea, who was in command of the Union army on the first day of the battle at Gettysburg, the last survivor of the division commanders of the war, came into the chamber while the House was in session. Business was suspended that the law makers might have the opportunity of hearing the words of the christian general, the battle-crowned Havelock of the American

army, and of grasping his hand. I say "hand," for he had but one, for his right sleeve hung empty by his side. After a brief address, all the members of the House came up and shook his hand, and after the members, then came the messengers. They were, for the most part, Grand Army men. Some of them had served beneath him. And then, last of all, there came Tom Meager, who for years has kept a little stand in the State House. As they saw this vendor from the corridor approaching, it suddenly dawned upon the minds of the members that his right sleeve also was empty, although they had never asked the reason why, or hardly noticed it before, but when he said, "General Howard, you lost your right arm at Fair Oaks, and so did I, and I would gladly give it again for my country," the House broke out into cheers as it realized that Tom Meager, the keeper of the fruit stand, was a hero, whose face had been furrowed by the storms of war and whose body had been riven by the tempest blast of battle, and that as an humble soldier in the ranks he has sacrificed as much, if not more, for his country than had even the distinguished General. And I thought to myself, as I witnessed the scene, that all the heroes did not write their names in marble, nor on the pages of history. Thousands will never be known by name beyond their former firesides. And so it is with many of Sudbury's sons. But the determined endurance on the march, the lonely watches on the picket line, the desperate assaults where death stood in the way, showed these men to be the equals in courage and loyalty of those whose names became household words throughout the land. Let me carry this thought a little farther; the man who stood unharmed, as some of these veterans now before me did, side by side in the conflict with those whom the bullets struck, were as much heroes as though in the Providence of God they had been buried in the battle field's grave. Death is not necessary to complete a hero. The survivors and the slain, the whole and the maimed, you who are here

to-day, and those who have gone on into the great unknown, were equally factors in the conflict. Nor can I stop here, but I must add that heroic action was not confined to men alone, either in Sudbury or elsewhere, and this hour is sacred also to the mothers, the widows and the orphans who buried their hopes in the sacrifices of the war, and began life-long struggles, in many cases not yet ended.

In 1881, at four o'clock on a summer's morning, alone, in the darkness, I hastened across the bridge over the Potomac, up the heights beyond until I reached the Arlington National Cemetery. The ring of day was just rising from the mists beyond the city, and tipping the buildings of the noble capital of the nation with its golden spray. Far below me, the placid Potomac was rippling with smiles as it received the kisses of the morning sunbeams. The city was arousing itself from slumber and throwing off the veil of night. On the noble trees, whose boughs interlocked above me, the grey squirrels jumped from branch to bough, here and there pausing with saucy look to glance at the early intruder. On my left was a magnificent mansion with its stately columns, the former home of the great confederate chieftain, Lee. But my thoughts tarried not with the stately manor, nor the waking city, nor the playful squirrel, nor the noisiest mansion, for at my right was a plain granite monument, and this was the inscription in here: "Beneath this stone lie the remains of 2111 unknown Union soldiers gathered from the battlefield." I raised my hat, for my feet pressed sacred soil. Visions of war were all about me. I saw you veterans, in the long and dreary wait on the banks of the Potomac impatient to meet the southerner's bayonet. I saw you in your reverses at Bull Run and Chancellorsville, reverses that but stimulated you to such victories as those at Antietam and Gettysburg. I saw the little Monitor, as in the cause of God she went forth and hurled the shot that felled the Gallish Mermaid. I saw you on the heights of Vicks-

burg wresting the stubborn city from Rebellion's grasp, thereby cutting in twain the great Confederacy. I followed you in your triumphal march with the great Sherman from Atlanta to the sea. I saw your patient endurance of suffering and agony, as life ebbed out in Libby prison and Andersonville. I saw you facing death in a thousand unrecorded skirmishes. I exulted in your victories on numberless battlefields. And as I looked ever and anon there came up to me your battle songs of freedom, or defence after defence gave way, while, under the mightiest chieftain of the age, "Unconditional Surrender Grant," you marched through the Wilderness and hemmed in the capital of the confederate states. I saw you enter the streets, saw Lee's troops in flight, and Davis with pallid cheek leaving the doomed city; I saw Richmond on fire and the stars and stripes floating from the capital of the confederacy. I saw you in hot pursuit of the fleeing forces. I saw you at Appomattox where the white flag went up over the rebel hosts and the veterans in blue shared their rations with the veterans in gray. Throughout the north I heard the bells pealing; the cannon roaring as they joined in one triumphant anthem of victory from sea to sea. I saw the nation stagger when she was dealt that last fondest blow of treason that robbed her of her leader. Then I heard a sound as of the rushing of many waters, or the rustling of the pine forest in the gale. More distinct and louder it became, and then I distinguished the tramp, tramp, tramp of a great host beneath which the earth was trembling. The long bridge below was covered with men, and each man wore a dusty coat of blue. The city, yonder, was decked in holiday attire. Banners streamed from every pinnacle. The rulers of the nation were there; the statesmen who had guided the ship of state through the storm of four years of civil war were there; the unnumbered sovereigns of America, the people, lined the streets on every hand, while the flag of my country, undimmed by the loss of a single star, waved from a thousand

staffs. It was the day of the grand review of the greatest army that ever shook a continent or wielded the battle axe of God. Huzzas rent the air. Again and again, the triumphant sounds broke out afresh, as the remnant of a great regiment, or the remnant of a veteran, or the empty sleeve of a hero, or a tattered but victorious battle flag came into view. All along the line men raised their heads, the women waved their handkerchiefs. Tramp, tramp, tramp, three hundred thousand veterans, flag defenders, emigrants, heroes are passing in review. The review is ended. I see the vast army lay down their arms and again become absorbed in the pursuits of civil life.

The soldier disappears, his work is done. What shall his monument be? Shall it be a granite shaft piercing the clouds? No, a shaft is but a stone. Shall it be a triumphal arch spanning the highway? No; many a tyrant has had such for a triumph of wrong over right. Shall it be a pyramid, with its broad base covering acres of earth? No; the pyramid does but remind us of man's injustice to man. Let it be, as here to-day, the representative in the imperishable bronze of the manhood of the Union soldier. A manhood that, by the aid of Heaven, broke down the tyranny of classes that since the beginning of nations had placed artificial barriers between the sons of man. A manhood that liberated four millions of people. A manhood that preserved the Union; that made the nation a tower of strength in the eyes of all the world; that made American citizenship the grandest citizenship on earth; that made it possible for millions yet unborn in this, and other lands, to sing songs of freedom and of happiness.

Aye! Let it be the Union soldier, and as we gaze upon him, once again we shall hear his unceasing tramp, tramp, tramp, telling us that the confederacy is dead. Secession is dead, slavery is dead. "A man is a man for a' that." "Union and Liberty, now and forever, one and inseparable."

POEM BY C. F. GERRY.

After the singing of "Lead Kindly Light," by the Quartette, the President introduced Hon. Charles F. Gerry as the only poet of Sudbury. Mr. Gerry responded in person, but asked Mr. C. W. Elms to read his poem, as he himself was unable to do so on account of hoarseness.

POEM.

We meet to-day to dedicate, this valued work of art,
Reminder of the Civil War, and patriotic part.
Our soldiers took in answer to the call for speedy aid,
To save our Capitol from threats, by traitorous rebels made.

The all-absorbing question till the Civil War began,
Was how to prove the negro but the fraction of a man;
Incappable of self-support or this world's goods to hoard,
But kindly granted liberty of working for his board.

The south knew well their power to keep the negro in his chains,
To buy and sell him at their will, and fatten on the gains,
Until humanity cried "hold! no farther shalt thou go,"
And then was strangled in its coils, the black man's hated foe.

The world was learning rapidly that kingdoms were a cheat,
And crowns were glittering bubbles, that would soon be obsolete;
But the boasted aristocracy on slavery's rock to stand,
Could not, they found, be builded with foundations "contraband."

Like surges of the ocean, when they break with sudden roar,
With all their maddened fury on a wild and rocky shore,
Were trumpets of secession, with their muttering sounds of wrath,
Boding death and desolation all along their future path.

The storm broke first on Sumner, and the northern heart stood still,

As the staunch old fort was battered down, with a demonic will;
Then up rose loyal men from Maine to the Pacific shore,
Our flag had been insulted, they cared to honor no more.

The war at once began, but through base treachery and theft,
The treasury was empty, and but few munitions left;
The forts were feebly garrisoned, some sinking in decay,
While war ships all had gone, save two, on missions far away.

Such pilfering and villainy, inflamed each northern heart,
And showed a lack of honesty that had no counterpart;
And soon erased strict party lines, and all were southward bound,
To turn of "John Brown's body lies a-osslering in the ground."

To Sumner I must here allude, one of the noble few
Who championed the black man's cause with all the force he knew;
For Senatorial seat acquired, a contest long was made,
Till at the last our good old town came nobly to his aid.

To that one * vote we have no doubt he owed the seat obtained,
And soon the whole slave system, he so fearlessly arraigned
That southern men saw plainly that their wicked cause was lost,
And so with murderous hand they sought his blood at any cost.

You know the rest, how four long years he spent in seeking aid,
To heal the dreadful injury the assassin's weapon made,
But lived to see his life work crowned at last with grand success,
And slavery slumbering in the grave, with all its hideousness.

In all the famous battles fought, where brave men freely bled,
In not a few the nation's life was saved hung by brittle thread,
Some Sudbury boys were always near, the dangerous work to share,
And ever fought with motives pure and patriot courage rare.

* The vote alluded to above was cast by Capt. Joseph Haynes, who was a member of the Legislature that year from Sudbury. He was an old line Democrat, and had voted accordingly with his party, but changed his vote on the 25th ballot, and on this 26th ballot Sumner was elected to the United States Senate.

We find them at Antietam, where the shot like hail-stones fell,
 And at the fight at Fredericksburg, where hissed the hurdling shell;
 On Spottsylvania's height, where men in reckless valor vied,
 While standing in the turbid pools of water, crimson dyed.

They bivouaced in the southern swamps, where fevers lay in
 wait,
 And where amphibian monsters in the night hours congregate.
 At times half starved, and poorly clad — the while in wintry glee
 The winds went howling thro' their camps in eastern Tennessee.

At other times they tented on the bloody battle-field,
 While curtains of the night its scarred and ghostly face concealed.
 But so wearied with the contest, soon would drowsy fingers creep,
 O'er their eyelids, till unconscious in the friendly arms of sleep.

Some ask the gain to justify, such loss of human life,
 As shown in every battle-field through all the civil strife;
 On which, from off their higher planes, the pitying angels gazed,
 But saw that slavery's citadel must first of all be razed.

It has been razed and not one stone upon another left,
 Nor giant aristocracy from off our nation cleft;
 No armies longer meet the gaze with hated rebel rag,
 But undivided still we stand beneath the same old flag.

But hatred, cruel hatred of the negro still remains,
 As shown by frequent lynchings, where no law the mob restrains;
 A simple accusation, with no care about the plea,
 Is all they want to carry out Judge Lynch's stern decree.

But the time is surely coming, and will not be long delayed,
 When the hand of persecution 'gainst the black man will be
 stayed;
 When the human heart will soften with belief in every clau —
 in the "Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man."

To him who rears this monument, we point with honest pride;
 The soldier has no truer friend, and none a safer guide.
 His life has been an open book, in which we look in vain
 For pages stained with selfishness, or sinful greed for gain.

As citizen, he's always held in town an honored place,
 Performing all requirements with a kindly, cheerful face.
 Then write upon his tomb-stone, when he sleeps beneath the sod,
 This simple line: "An honest man 's the noblest work of God."

In all the rolling years to come, this cenotaph will stand,
 Reminder of the cruel war so desolate our land;
 And of our noble sons who helped the bloody hand restrain,
 And bared their breasts with patriot zeal, to storms of iron rain.

Sleep on, brave men, your comrades true, will year by year occu-
 yme,
 To decorate with flowers your graves, and keep your memories
 green.
 And when they, too, their tents have struck, and heard the last
 tap too,
 Your sons will not forget the graves of all the "Boys in Blue."

ADDRESS OF REV. ALFRED S. HUDSON.

We have been speaking of prophesies. In my remarks at Sudbury Center on June 17th of last year, I said that in the near future another monument would arise in Sudbury. That prophesy has been fulfilled. Another monument has arisen, and we are here to-day to dedicate it to our lamented patriot dead.

I knew that my prediction would be fulfilled because I knew that Samuel H. Rogers was acquainted with what Sudbury needed, and with what her soldiers were deserving of, and because I knew he was the man to meet the emergency.

And now that this commendable work has been done, and we are here to admire it, and with appreciative spirits to receive it, we would give to him who has so generously remembered us, due thanks, and due glory to our noble fallen whose sacrifice is perpetuated by this suggestive and ornate memorial. Surely, as we look up to yonder statue of bronze, standing there silent on its beautiful pedestal, we may perhaps best express ourselves in the language of the immortal Webster, in his oration at the dedication of Bunker Hill monument. As the famous orator looked upward to that substantial structure, he exclaimed: "A duty has been done!" So say we here to-day of this monument. "A duty has been done;" a great work has been accomplished; and our soldiers fallen in the great struggle of '61, are now memorialized, not only in the hearts of their grateful townpeople, but by an object of such a nature as sets forth our gratitude in a tangible way, and records it for a coming age.

But not only, fellow-citizens, do we feel grateful to the giver and gratified by the beautiful gift, but we are pleased, also, with the spirit that gave it. The generous donor was actuated, we

have reason to believe, by the spirit of '76 and '61, and of every marked epoch in our country's history where our townmen have met the public need.

The traditional trait of the Sudbury soldier is a readiness to meet some want. When at Bunker Hill on June 17, 1775, the three Sudbury companies saw an unfilled gap, and that unless somebody filled it the day would be inevitably lost, they marched in and filled that gap. Others had intrenchments, but they had none; the frail protection of a small breastwork of hay was all that stood between them and the foe. It was an emergency, an unsupplied want; to know of it was to supply it.

So the donor of this monument saw an unfilled gap, a great public want unmet, and he assumed the responsibility. He knew the worthy war record of Sudbury and he resolved to perpetuate it in a fitting way. In doing this beneficent act, our patriotic benefactor has enabled this ancient township to take a foremost place among the monumental towns of Middlesex county.

With the statue of a continental soldier at Sudbury Center, overlooking the spot where the minute-men mustered for their memorable march to the first front of the Revolutionary war; with the symmetrical structure of Mt. Wakeworth cemetery, whose shadow slants outward upon that once lonely battle-field of the forest, and with this newly erected token of our valor, surely no town can now surpass us in valuable markers of military history.

But while we are so exceptionally favored in this feature of which I speak, and while we possess so many and so suitable memorials, it is my privilege as one somewhat versed in your annals, to state that you have by no means exhausted the objects worthy to be commemorated. For it may be said, gratefully to the town's credit, and as a plain matter of history, that Sudbury has rendered by her soldiers other services as important, and has been connected with other events as momentous, and met other occasions of a character as arduous as those commemorated by

these three monuments. There have been experiences as thrilling in our country's history as those associated with the war with King Philip, King George, and the great confederate south. Some of these experiences interspersed in spaces intermediate of these are the Ranger's service about Rutland, early in 1700; the long, intermittent intercolonial French wars a little later; and the perilous raids of the northern and eastern Indians. In each of these dark and dismal war periods, when the country was strained to its utmost to meet the trying exigency, Sudbury soldiers in the field and her citizens at home did their part in a most creditable way. She was present at Fort No. 4, in New Hampshire, by her brave Captain Brown and his company; she was about Rutland by Bristol and Wright; and in the successive wars between England and France, from 1744 to 1767, she sent company after company to the far-fest front; and whenever her officers and men ventured they did deeds worth the praises of posterity, worthy as noble a monument as any yet erected in Sudbury. To give force to this assertion, we would state, perhaps, in the periods just alluded to, more Sudbury soldiers fell in battle or died of disease than fell and died in the war of the Revolution, at the invasion of the Indians in 1676, and in the great civil war, all taken together.

Shall these sacrifices go unobserved? Shall these seasons of deprivations be passed lightly by? Shall these services have no memorial? In other words, is there no public-spirited citizen of Sudbury who will add another tribute on which shall be inscribed "To the memory of Capt. Samuel Dakin, Lieut. Samuel Curtis, Private Greut, and all others of Sudbury who fell in battle near Fort Edward, N. Y., and of more than one hundred other stalwart citizens, who in the several successive intercolonial wars crossed the Canadian border in behalf of the colonies and the English crown." He who does this will do a generous work, and will couple his name in a most estimable alliance with those whose deeds he strives thus to commemorate.

At this point, Mr. President, I believe I may well pause and congratulate Samuel R. Rogers, because he had the sagacity to lay hold of the principle of embalming one's memory by good deeds for others; for in preserving the names of these soldiers he has unwittingly preserved his own. Zaphon, MacAnky and Huescroft will not be forgotten till they of whom they wrote have passed from mortal interest and memory. We cannot act well for others without acting well for ourselves. The reflex influences and agencies of our activities are always at work. They silently operate, but if we work for the good of our fellow beings they will bless us nevertheless.

Not to linger longer on the generous giver and the gift, let us turn to what the gift signifies. That monument is suggestive of merit; but it speaks not of the merit of the dead only. It points also to those whom the battle and the hospital spared, some of whom are now with us and are sharers of the blessings they together fought to secure. In short, it points to the sufferings of the living as surely as to the completed lives of the dead. Some died, but all of them suffered, hence the glory of those who survived is not to be stated because they survived. Since, then, to the living as well as to the dead this monument points, to their sacrifice and service we may well give a moment's reflection. Some of the survivors of that war are with us, fellow citizens, today. Hurbut, Moore, Garfield, Bailey and Willis of the 35th; Parmenter, of the 16th; Eaton, Butterfield, Rogers, Hunt, Puffer and Jones of the 45th; and Moore and Green of the 13th. And as at this moment they reverently do honor to their former comrades in arms now fallen, so may we accord all honor to them, for they, too, endured hardship for us; they, too, met an emergency in our country's need; they, too, stood ready for the sacrifice. All these veterans who now stand before me, when they fall one by one in the fast lessening ranks, will be a part of the patriot dead, and their names will be as those which that tablet

bears. Appropriately, then, do I say that this monument points to the living as well as the dead. In connection with what we have said of the two-fold significance of this monument, it may be of interest to remark that it is a noticeable feature of Sudbury military history, that while the town has furnished so many enlisted men for the various wars, the fatalities have been comparatively small, and far out of proportion to the quotas furnished. The town has probably sent to the successive wars from ten to twelve hundred men. There were probably five hundred in the War of the Revolution, one or two hundred in the several French wars, and a hundred more in the intermediate period. In the great Civil War she sent eleven men in excess of her quota, making one hundred and sixty-eight for that period; and in King Philip's Invasion of 1676, as the "Old Petition" records it, the town had "eighty-five fighting men." Not on the battle-field of Concord and Lexington the town lost but two men; at Bunker Hill only one, on the fateful April 21st, near a century before, she lost but one; and in the last war only about one in fifty of all that were sent were killed on the field.

This record is all the more remarkable when we consider the posts of peril the town's soldiers have occupied, and the famous regiments in which they served. In 1676 her improvised soldiers beat the Indians from their very door yards; and perhaps the precinct of every garrison house of Sudbury was a hard fought battle-field. At Bunker Hill, as we have said, three companies occupied the unprotected place on the left, and withstood repeatedly the close fire of the English regulars. In the Civil War, she was represented repeatedly in some of the best fighting regiments of the old Bay State. What regiment for fighting qualities excelled the Massachusetts 16th? Some of the positions held by it were terrible. On one occasion, at the battle of the Wilderness, the musketry fire was so fierce and constant that a tree fourteen inches in thickness was felled by the bullets of the

opposing forces; and on another occasion the men fired upwards of three hundred rounds of ammunition before they stopped to clean their pieces. In this regiment were Darling, Parmenter, Witherell, and the lamented Forsyth and Sanderson. This regiment was also at Fair Oaks and Malvern Hill, in the Peninsula campaign of '62, and later at Fredericksburg and Petersburg.

What shall we say of the 18th, in which Edwin Parmenter served, another of the slain? This, too, was a fighting regiment, and in the battles on the Peninsula, and later at Chancellorsville, Gettysburg and the Wilderness. The 30th, in which several of our men served, was at the siege of Knexrille, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and in the battles about Petersburg. Thus commendably might we speak of the old Massachusetts 13th. This, too, was at Gettysburg, Fredericksburg, Antietam, and the second Bull Run. In this regiment was George T. Dickry, whose name is on the monument, and the late Charles E. Hayes, who, having been wounded, upon recovery returned to the ranks, and came home at the termination of his three years' enlistment, mutilated, broken down and ever after to bear the scars of war. The 45th, it is said, lost more men in the service than all the other nine months' regiments combined.

Let us now turn our attention to the men who have passed away, and who dying amid the dreariness of those dark, dismal days could not see and realize as we do the result of their sacrifice. We are called together to-day on no gala occasion. In a measure it is our duty to look backward. The times in which these soldiers passed from our midst were tumultuous. Some of them marched into the pale realms of shade amid the gloom of fire and smoke, "and death shot falling thick and fast." Some of them passed away in the hospital or lingered out a painful existence afar from note of bugle or the rude shout of command. But wherever their death, it was heroic. Of Henry Dakin his comrade wrote, "He did his duty faithfully, and was never

heard to complain, and that his friends could feel he was a true and faithful soldier."

Of John P. Hudson, a fellow soldier in his battery wrote, "He always did his duty like a good soldier; his conduct and bearing was an example for the rest to follow, and he was loved by all." Of Curtis Smith the record states, "Died Oct. 19, 1864, of starvation in prison at Andersonville, Ga." The sheet history of Edwin Farmer is, he went as a substitute for a brother, was mortally wounded at the battle of Bottom Bridge, Va., and died far from his friends. Thus the fallen of our friends passed from us. Life to them was as sweet as to us, but they put not their hand to the plough to look back. It was the speaker's sad duty to watch by the couch of one whose name that tablet bears, through long weeks of patient endurance. A spirit more patient never endured its pains. A heart more brave never faced the great destroyer. He died as a soldier should die, ready to live and meet life with its continued and repeated conflicts, or to join "the great majority" at the Master's call. No murmur of regret escaped him, no rebellious desire to change God's plan. The result of war he took as a matter of course. And when at length he succumbed to the last great enemy it was with no consternation that he met his approach. His beautiful life went out

"Calmly as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun."

To say it was heroic is inadequate; it was more than heroic, it was sublime.

But of those departed patriots and of their characters as soldiers we need relate nothing more. They require not this monument to perpetuate their history, for it lives in the life of others, it arrives every shock of accident, or waste, or havoc of time, and in the well being of a cluster of great commonwealths, honor and virtue will live. Vandal statues may crumble and fall; time's eyes "effacing Suger's" may erase those names, but it cannot

erase or detract from the work that our patriots wrought. That work has gone into the lives and the influence of institutions and of men. It is embodied in the emancipation of thousands of our fellow creatures who were marked with the curse of the slave. It is in the establishment of christian ethics and in the preservation of a wide-spread justice. Until these shall perish from our land and their results shall cease to exist, so long shall the agencies that occasioned them be known and remembered.

What is written on the nation's heart is written in living characters. What is of spiritual and moral importance need be protected by no locks from the thief of time. It ranges with a freedom that is respected by the great destroyer of all material monuments, and is as permanent as the throne of truth. Thus secure are the memory and the work of these patriots; and it is said in the epitaph of the famous architect of one of England's noblest cathedrals, "Si monumentum queris circumspice." So say we of their fame. "If you seek a monument look about you." Look at laws, liberties and uplifted lives. As for their bodies they rest from their labors, secure in the embrace of the land they loved so well. The ashes of our fallen townsmen are mingled with the dust of the great mother earth in places near and remote, but wherever they are they rest.

"The eagle's wild and war-like blast,
Shall waken them no more,
An army now might thunder past,
And they not heed its roar."

Nothing can reach or disturb their repose.
"They sleep the sleep that knows no waking,
Dream of battle fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking."

Their couch is bestowed by the fiscal trustees of the gentle spring; the birds care for their peaches in the low bending boughs

of the shrubbery; and the night dews drop tribute on the soldier's quiet mound. In view of these things, fellow citizens and friends, though as we said this is the gala occasion, it is not an hour of unbroken shadow. It is an hour that lets in the light. We are called upon to rejoice for the favored place in history that our fallen heroes are permitted to occupy. It is said of the ancient Thracians that they gave "tears to the birth couch, triumph to the grave." Well may we shout triumph for these, for their graves are a people's shrine, the altars of a nation's offerings.

After the singing of "We Shall Meet, but we Shall Miss Him," by the Quartette, Comrade James P. Clare was called on for a three-minute speech.

JAMES P. CLARE.

MR. PRESIDENT, COMRADES AND FELLOW CITIZENS:

I am specially gratified to be here to-day and to have the privilege of taking part in the exercises of the dedication of the Soldiers' Monument.

Some have said that Sudbury is in the vanguard in regard to monuments. I am sorry to say that Hudson is a good ways in the rear. But, as you well know, comrades, when we were in the enemies' country it was essential to have an advance guard, and Sudbury is that; but it was also essential to have a rear guard, and perhaps if we live long enough we shall see that Hudson makes a good rear guard. I thank you for the privilege of being here.

Ex-Senator George A. Reed of Saxonville was asked to speak.

ADDRESS OF HON. GEORGE A. REED.

MR. PRESIDENT:

Nearly one year ago the citizens of this town gathered to dedicate a monument to the memory of those brave men who gave their lives to found a country where freedom and liberty should reign supreme.

To-day we are gathered to dedicate a monument to the memory of those who freely gave their lives to defend, from the hand of treason, that country which their fathers had fought to found nearly a century before.

As we read the pages of history, let us, in imagination, visit the little hamlet of Lexington on the morn of April 19, 1775. We see gathered together a band of nearly a hundred men, standing firmly to resist the on coming army, which in all the pomp of military glory is marching towards them. There, on that bright spring morning, on the tender budding grass, the first blood was shed and the first shot fired that was heard around the world; and the foundation of one of the mightiest nations of this earth was laid.

Now let us pass over a period of eighty-six years. We see a great and mighty nation, whose area spreads from the blue Atlantic on the east to the broad Pacific on the west; from the great lakes on the north to the gulf of Mexico on the south; and whose inhabitants are millions.

In the south the hand of treason is raised against this country which our forefathers founded with their prayers and sealed with their blood. As we see that hand raised to grasp this nation by the throat, a million of loyal men fly to arms, for the same blood

flows in their veins that flowed in the veins of their sires; and the loyal north marches to the rescue.

We see them leaving home, family and fireside, a willing sacrifice, if need be, for freedom's cause; and on the 19th of April, 1861, in the streets of Baltimore, for the second time in our history, the first blood was shed for the life of a nation; and Sudbury was not behind in doing her duty. She sent 168 men, which was eleven more than the government required.

To-day you have dedicated a tribute to their memory which shall last forever. Not only that, but it teaches the love of country and patriotism to our children and their posterity forever.

If we are successful in the future, as a nation, our children must be taught the lessons of loyalty. Next to love of God comes love of country. Let us strive to instill into the hearts of the youth of our land the same pure motives that inspired our ancestors, for they are to be the bulwark of loving hearts and loyal souls to protect our beloved country from treason within and from foes without; they are to maintain and hold this country for freedom and free republican government against all the world.

The tender thoughts awakened to-day by these ceremonies should make us better citizens, draw us into closer comradeship, and give us a closer touch of elbows and hearts on the remainder of our journey through life.

Those whose names are inscribed on this monument, and those whose graves we have decorated to-day have halted in their weary march; stacked their arms; sheathed their swords; gone into their last bivouac.

When the bright glory of an eternal day shall be ushered in with bugle call and drum beat at signal from our Supreme Grand Commander, those sleeping comrades will form on the left—no battle scars, nor broken arms, nor maimed limbs, nor pained

frame, nor shattered intellect, shall blench their risen immortals.

No corroded brass, no rusty musket, no worn knapsack, no soiled uniforms will be visible from right to left in that far-reaching and perfect line.

As the music of heavenly bands of angelic players shall sweep along the parade front, to the dipping colors and the military salute, "Hail to the Chief," the blood of immortal youth shall leap through their veins, and flash in every eye; and may we not feel that those who have passed that bourne from which no traveler can return, are permitted to look down upon these scenes and say with us, "Peace on earth, and good will to all men," and may one flag forever wave over an undivided nation.

Rev. F. E. Emrich, D.D., of South Framingham, was the last speaker.

DR. EMRICH.

Mr. President:

One condition of the donor of this monument interested me, that he wanted it placed before the public library of the town. I think that that was eminently fitting, because in order to give the boys and girls an understanding of what that monument stands for it must have by its side the books that shall tell the heroic history of the boys in blue from 1861 to 1865. It is not enough that the statue be placed there, because the children will ask what means this statue; what meant the loyalty of the boys in blue? What meant the conflict in which they were engaged? And then they will take down from the shelves the volumes that tell the story of our nation from 1776 to 1861. And they will read the story of the rising national feeling culminating in the great speech of Daniel Webster, and the speeches of Lincoln and Douglass, which helped to make the great north ready to strike for freedom from the curse of slavery.

Two books have recently interested me very much. One is by Professor Burgess, telling the story of our nation from 1817 to 1867, in which he says that the story of this nation could never be written by any man who did not have the spirit of nationality and who was not a northerner, and who did not feel that the great cause of 1861 was decided right. The other book, which to me is a sign of the times, was written by a man born a southerner, a professor in a college of the south to-day, with a title bearing on the old regime, and that man, looking at it from the standpoint of the north says slavery was a wrong and a mistake, and the cause in which the north triumphed was the cause of civilization. That man is a harbinger of the morning, the first voice of the

regenerated south. When our southern people will begin to feel as our English people feel, and teach their children in their school histories that the War of the Rebellion was for the cause of freedom and civilization; when our southern and northern school books will tell the story impartially, trustingly and faithfully, then north and south shall be one nation, indivisible, thanking God for all the blood that has been spilled, for the remission of sin can only come by that.

After the singing of "America," the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Clarence W. House.

ASSOCIATIONS REPRESENTED AT THE DEDICATION.

In the compilation of this report of the proceedings on the occasion of a most interesting event in the history of Sudbury, it is a matter of much satisfaction to be enabled to thus place on record the interest manifested in the affair by the men who participated in the War of the Rebellion.

The Sudbury Veteran's Association extended invitations to different organizations to be present at the exercises of dedication, and the following were represented: Barnside Post, No. 142, G. A. R., of Saxtonville, forty men, Edward Gleason, Commander; Camp No. 50, Sons of Veterans, of South Framingham, thirty men, Charles Balsam, Captain. These organizations were accompanied by the Wayland Military Band of twenty-five pieces, George W. Hunt, Leader, and the Orpheus Male Quartette of South Framingham. There were also present as guests, Row Post, No. 9, G. A. R., of Hudson, James P. Clark, Commander, and Maj. A. A. Powers Camp, No. 5, Sons of Veterans, of Hudson, Leslie S. Dawes, Captain, the Hudson Brass Band of twenty-three pieces, Tobias Hennessy, Leader, furnishing music for them.

The organizations above mentioned composed a procession that marched from the railroad station to the Memorial Church grounds.

The Dahlgren Naval Veteran Association of Lowell sent a detail of five men on the day of dedication, and a significant feature of the event was the home coming to the town of their nativity of quite a large and representative number of the men who honorably served their state and nation in various companies and regiments of the great Civil War.

LETTERS OF REGRET RECEIVED BY COMMITTEE.

MARLBORO, MASS., MAY 25, 1897.

Your invitation to attend the ceremonies of the dedication of a memorial in your town, erected in honor of soldiers of the War of the Rebellion, on Monday, May 31, 1897, duly received.

Regretting that, owing to a previous engagement, I shall be unable to attend. Wishing you success, and thanking you and your committee for the kindness shown me, I remain,

Yours truly,
ALFRED BEAUBERT.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY.

Clerk of Courts.

MAY 26, 1897.

I am much obliged for the invitation to be at Sudbury on May 31st. It would give me great pleasure to be with you then, but have already made arrangements to be elsewhere that day.

With regards, very sincerely,
THOMAS C. HUBB.

NORTH ATTENBORO, MASS., MAY 26, 1897.

I am in receipt of the courteous and kind invitation of the town of Sudbury to be its guest on Memorial Day at the dedication of its memorial in honor of the soldiers of the War of the Rebellion. Allow me through the committee to express my appreciation of this favor.

It would give me much satisfaction to be present if I could be released from the engagements which require me to be here. I

do not see my way clear to be away from North Attleboro on the 31st.

The town of Sudbury is to be congratulated for her war record and for the patriotism of her citizens of the present day, who are taking means to perpetuate the fame of her heroes.

Very truly yours,

JOHN WHITEHILL.

SPOONSFIELD, MASS., MAY 22, 1897.

Your letter of the 19th inst. came duly to hand. It would afford me real pleasure could I accept your kind invitation to share with you and the good people of Sudbury in the services of dedication on the 31st. I exceedingly regret that my state of health will not permit my leaving home at present.

I recall the war days of 1861 with emotional interest, and the drum beat and tramp of troops are yet in my ear. The loyal response of the men of Sudbury to the nation's call "to arms" has ever been a pleasant memory. That I had any share in arousing loyalty to action I esteem an honor and privilege.

You dedicate your monument not to war but to *freedom*, and the union of all the states of this great nation. Many a hero fell, but in falling saw the *death of slavery*, a fact worth the shedding of blood to accomplish.

May the survivors of the now sleeping heroes not forget that other and equally relentless foes threaten these institutions for which their fathers died—enemies in peace, more subtle and dangerous than open warlike.

Again thanking you for your kind remembrance and cordial invitation, and hoping you will have complete success in your patriotic dedication services, I am with grateful respect,

Yours sincerely,

J. SCOTT.

NOTE.—Mr. Scott was pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Sudbury when the war broke out, and officiated at the funeral of George T. Dickey, the first soldier who died and was buried at home.

ACTON, MASS., MAY 31, 1897.

Your kind invitation to attend dedicatory services May 31, of

the memorial presented to the town of Sudbury by the Hon. Samuel B. Rogers, has been received, for which I return sincere thanks.

Some time since I received an invitation from the commander of Post 128, G. A. R., to be present at memorial exercises in this town at same date and hour, so I am compelled to decline your kind invitation.

This worthy contribution by Mr. Rogers is a fitting completion to the noble history of the town of Sudbury as recorded in bronze and granite in the different localities in your town.

Of structure and materials as imperishable as the fame of the brave men whose names it bears, silently in the long hereafter it will help to keep fresh and fair the memory, the ever living memory, of those martyred sons of Sudbury who fought and died for union and emancipation.

LOUISE CONANT.

LOWELL, MASS., MAY 29, 1897.

I greatly regret that an engagement made some weeks ago for Memorial Day will prevent my accepting your courteous invitation to the dedication of the Soldiers' Monument in Sudbury on the 31st.

Yours sincerely,

GEO. A. MARDEN.

BOSTON, MAY 26, 1897.

I thank your committee for the courteous invitation to be present at the dedicatory services in Sudbury, May 31. I have already, however, accepted an invitation of our own Post to participate in the exercises in Frammingham, and I fear that they will not be finalized in time to permit me to go to Sudbury.

I wish that I might be present, and trust that the day and the exercises will be all that you could desire.

I am, yours truly,

JOHN M. MERRIAM.

WAYLAND, MASS., MAY 25, 1897.

Your invitation for Memorial Day received this evening. Thank you for it. I should be much pleased to be present with you on that occasion, but as I am one of the Decoration Day committee for Wayland's celebration I do not see how I can accept.

Very truly yours,
EDWARD CARTER.

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS., MAY 28, 1897.

Your cordial invitation to attend the dedication of a memorial erected in honor of Sudbury's brave soldiers of the War of the Rebellion I thank you most kindly for.

On account of previous engagements I cannot be with you only in spirit and good will in the exercises of accepting so noble and generous a gift from one of your most honored and esteemed townsmen. Thanking you again, believe me,

Very truly yours,
4 Park Lane. THOMAS J. STARKS.

THE HIGHLAND MILITARY ACADEMY.

JOSEPH ALDEN SHAW, A. M., *Head Master.*

WORCESTER, MASS., MAY 29, 1897.

Your cordial invitation to me to be present at the services on Memorial Day, has been duly received. Until very lately I have had the expectation that I could respond in person to your call, and enjoy another of the festal days in good old Sudbury, whose hospitality and patriotism her sons and daughters have made famous. But my duties here, increased as they are by the near coming of our graduation week, must cause me to decline with many regrets, but very sincere thanks, your kindly request.

Faithfully yours,
JOSEPH ALDEN SHAW.

BOSTON, MAY 25, 1897.

I am in receipt of your very kind invitation to be present at your exercises Memorial Day, but I am very sorry to say that an engagement which I cannot break will prevent my attending.

Trusting that you will have a most successful and enjoyable time, I am,

Very respectfully,
WILLIAM H. BRIGHAM.

Dictated.

