

**MEMORIAL CEREMONIES AT THE
NATIONAL CEMETERY,
ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA: UNDER THE
AUSPICES OF THE GRAND ARMY
OF THE REPUBLIC. MAY 30, 1868**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649749645

Memorial Ceremonies at the National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia: Under the Auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic. May 30, 1868 by Grand Army of the Republic

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

**MEMORIAL CEREMONIES AT THE
NATIONAL CEMETERY,
ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA: UNDER THE
AUSPICES OF THE GRAND ARMY
OF THE REPUBLIC. MAY 30, 1868**

Memorial Ceremonies

AT THE

NATIONAL CEMETERY,

ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA.

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

MAY 30, 1868.

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY P. H. SMITH, ESQ.

WASHINGTON, D. C.:

McGILL & WITHEROW, PRINTERS AND STENOGRAPHERS.

1868.

PREFATORY.

The great interest manifested by the public in the commemorative ceremonies of the 30th ultimo, the disappointment of many in not being able to attend, together with the universal desire expressed that the proceedings should appear in some durable form for preservation, have induced those having the matter in charge to publish this report.

There are many persons, officers of the Government and citizens in private life, whose generous support it would be grateful and pleasant to mention, but to do this would greatly enlarge this pamphlet and be but a poor acknowledgment of the estimate in which these tokens of sympathy are held. With but two or three exceptions, (and it were perhaps better not to allude even to these,) every request made by the several committees in perfecting the arrangements for the occasion was readily granted, and wherever comrades went the kindest sympathy and most generous aid were cheerfully bestowed. It does not fall within the scope of this report to relate the scenes and incidents, the details of the arrangements and the manner of decoration, the object being merely to give what was said, together with the order of the exercises.

N. P. CHIPMAN,

Chairman Committee of Arrangements.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 7, 1868.

MEMORIAL CEREMONIES.

At one o'clock, p. m., N. P. CHIPMAN, chairman of Committee of Arrangements, called the audience to order, and said:

COMRADES AND FRIENDS:

We are assembled to commemorate, in some fitting manner, the deeds of those who lie in this national cemetery, and to offer a tribute to their deathless memory.

We are here at the call of the commander-in-chief of our Order, and to join in ceremonies which are transpiring at this hour all over the land, wherever the grave of a soldier is known or a loyal heart remembers with gratitude the noble sacrifices of our gallant dead.

The General Order to which I have alluded will be read by the Assistant Adjutant General.

W. T. COLLINS then read the following:

HEADQUARTERS GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC,
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, 416 FOURTEENTH ST.,
Washington, D. C., May 5, 1868.

GENERAL ORDERS }
No. 11. }

1. The 30th day of May, 1868, is designated for the purpose of strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country during the late rebellion, and whose bodies now lie in almost every city, village, and hamlet church-yard in the land. In this observance no form of ceremony is prescribed, but posts and comrades will in their own way arrange such fitting services and testimonials of respect as circumstances may permit.

We are organized, comrades, as our regulations tell us, for the purpose, among other things, "of preserving and strengthening those kind and fraternal feelings which have bound together the soldiers, sailors, and marines who united to suppress the late rebellion." What can aid more to assure this result than by cherishing tenderly the memory of our heroic dead, who made their breasts a barricade between our country and its foes. Their soldier lives were the reviville of freedom to a race in chains, and their deaths the tattoo of rebellious tyranny in arms. We should guard their graves with sacred vigilance. All that the consecrated wealth and taste of the nation can add to their adornment

and security, is but a fitting tribute to the memory of her slain defenders. Let no wanton foot tread rudely on such hallowed grounds. Let pleasant paths invite the coming and going of reverent visitors and fond mourners. Let no vandalism of avarice or neglect, no ravages of time testify to the present or to the coming generations, that we have forgotten as a people the cost of a free and undivided Republic.

If other eyes grow dull, and other hands slack, and other hearts cold in the solemn trust, ours shall keep it well as long as the light and warmth of life remains to us.

Let us, then, at the time appointed gather around their sacred remains and garland the passionless mounds above them with the choicest flowers of spring time; let us raise above them the dear old flag they saved from dishonor; let us in this solemn presence renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom they have left among us, a sacred charge upon a nation's gratitude—the soldier's and sailor's widow and orphan.

II. It is the purpose of the Commander-in-Chief to inaugurate this observance with the hope that it will be kept up from year to year, while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of his departed comrades. He earnestly desires the public press to call attention to this order, and lend its friendly aid in bringing it to the notice of comrades in all parts of the country in time for simultaneous compliance therewith.

III. Department Commanders will use every effort to make this order effective.

By order of—

JOHN A. LOGAN,
Commander-in-Chief.

Official:

WM. T. COLLINS, A. A. G.

N. P. CHIPMAN,
Adjutant General.

Prayer—By Rev. BYRON SUNDERLAND, D. D.

Almighty and Everlasting God—the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ—the God of our fathers and our God—who hast the care of all the ends of the earth. Oh, thou Creator, Preserver, and Benefactor of the World, whose providence is over every living thing, and who dost cause the seasons to keep their annual rounds, and from the death and drowsiness of winter dost evoke the life and beauty of the spring, how great and manifold are the tokens of Thy presence, and of Thy resurrection power, as all nature wakes again glorious in the garniture of flowers, and filled with melodies of the time when the singing of birds is come.

We pray thee, oh Lord, mercifully to remember us for good, as we have come forth this day, among Thy people, to acknowledge Thee; and, as Thy servants of old time did for themselves and for Thy chosen nation, to call upon Thy name and to spread out our supplications before Thee. For we are come this day to the cities of the dead—we are come to the sepulchres of our heroes, slain and fallen in battle with all the host of them that counted not their lives dear unto them for the sacred cause of God, and of country, and of humanity, and by which price they have made of this land one greater than Thermopylae, an

have filled it in all its borders with freedom's shrines. Because we have come to mourn this day for those who sleep, and to pay to their memory the utmost tenderness of our regards. Because we have come to weep with those who survive, that the mission of our country could be accomplished only at so great a sacrifice. Because we have come, Oh Lord, likewise to mingle with our tears and sorrows a grateful sense of our deliverance and our triumph over appalling dangers, while we cover with garlands and fresh flowers the graves of our noble sons. Because we have come to take from the lap of earth these new children that have sprung in such abundance of loveliness and in such fragrance of incense, and cast them back upon the mother that brought them forth, in testimony that there is nothing too delicate, nothing too beautiful to be lavished upon the remembrance of those who have sealed with blood their devotion to the holy work of God and man.

Yet, oh Lord, we well do know that these blooms of earth will fade; these blossoms will wither and perish where they fall. Well do we know that they will return to mingle with the sacred mould of those who once stood up as a living rampart against the violence of treason—against the fury of rebellion; still do we pray that other hands, year after year, may strew them afresh, as we do this day. We pray that every spring-time may rise with its prophet voice to tell us that there is glory and immortality in the truth. That however assailed, however borne down for a time, the eternal years of God are her's. And we pray, too, that her's may be the hearts of men that never quail, though in the midst of living perfidies that make the soul turn sick. We pray, too, that her's too may be the hands of men that have borne the fire of every martyr for the priceless cause of liberty and justice. We pray, too, that her's may be the vows of men who, though betrayed and outraged in the house of their own friends, will not yet forget their duty—will not yet forsake the charge that has been imposed upon them—whether through the sophistries of a perverted judgment, or through the temptations of a corrupt ambition, or through the baser briberies of mammon, which, while they deceive, both defile and degrade our manhood to the lowest depths of infamy.

And now, oh Lord our God, we appeal to Thee by the united voice of our prayer for the integrity and rectitude of our nation in all coming time, and for the benefits and blessings of amity, equality, and fraternity, for us and for all men throughout the world, we cry to Thee from among the graves of those whom Thou didst choose to win the victory in the last great struggle for the welfare of mankind. And we pray, Thee, now especially, to look down upon us in Thy mercy, and bless us. Bless the general and officers, and soldiers and sailors of the Army and Navy of the United States—those that may be to-day assembled here or elsewhere, in all the land, for the same affecting purpose. Bless all the people of our country, and confirm to us the fruits of the late war in the emancipation of millions that had been growing in bondage, and in the exalted aims that have sustained this people in such great advancement. Give us a spiritual religion. May Christianity prevail among us in its original purity. May it not be to us an empty ritual, but a daily covenant between God and men, and between man and his fellow-men. And we pray that the machinations and efforts of demagogues—that the pestilence and poison of mere

partizan politics—may be thoroughly purged from among us as the bane, forever, of all republics, and the certain precursors of their disaster and downfall.

And, oh Lord, so long as the sovereignty of this great people shall be committed to the work of constitutional freedom—to the work of liberty regulated by law—to the work of and equality for all men without distinction—so long do we pray that Thou wilt uphold the honor of this Government, and give its name and its prowess respect among the peoples of the earth. For well we know that whensoever this nation shall depart from these great lights, and wander darkening in the gloom and sorcery of despotism and oppression, then wilt Thou make bare Thine arm and strike down the whole political fabric under which we live.

And now, oh Lord, we implore these blessings upon us—we deprecate these judgments from us—not in our own name, nor upon our own merits, but alone in the name and upon the merits of Him whose name is above every name, and will endure forever. And unto the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, will we ascribe unceasing and undivided praises. Amen.

Hymn—Entitled "Honor to the Soldier." Eight voices.*

The Hon. JAMES A. GARFIELD was then introduced, and spoke as follows :

I am oppressed with a sense of the impropriety of uttering words on this occasion. If silence is ever golden, it must be here beside the graves of fifteen thousand men, whose lives were more significant than speech, and whose death was a poem the music of which can never be sung. With words, we make promises, plight faith, praise virtue. Promises may not be kept; plighted faith may be broken; and vannted virtue be only the gunning mask of vice. We do not know one promise these men made, one pledge they gave, one word they spoke; but we do know they summed up and perfected, by one supreme act, the highest virtues of men and citizens. For love of country they accepted death; and in that act they resolved all doubts, and made immortal their patriotism and their virtue.

For the noblest man that lives there still remains a conflict. He must still withstand the assaults of time and fortune; must still be assailed by temptations before which lofty natures have fallen. But with *these* the conflict was ended, the victory was won, when death stamped on them the great seal of heroic character, and closed a record which years can never blot.

I know of nothing more appropriate on this occasion, than to inquire what brought these men here. What high motive led them to condense life into an hour, and to crown that hour by joyfully welcoming death? Let us consider.

Eight years ago this was the most unwarlike nation of the earth. For nearly fifty years, no spot, in any of these States, had been the scene of battle. Thirty millions of people had an army of less than ten thousand men. The faith of our people in the stability and permanence of their institutions, was like their faith in the eternal course of nature. Peace, liberty, and personal security, were blessings as common and universal as sunshine, and showers, and fruitful

* These were amateur singers of the city who kindly volunteered their services. Some of them are comrades.

seasons; and all sprang from a single source—the principle declared in the Pilgrim covenant of 1620—that all owed due submission and obedience to the lawfully expressed will of the majority. This is not one of the doctrines of our political system—it is the system itself. It is our political firmament, in which all other truths are set, as stars in heaven. It is the encasing air; the breath of the nation's life. Against this principle the whole weight of the rebellion was thrown. Its overthrow would have brought such ruin as might follow in the physical universe, if the power of gravitation were destroyed, and—

"Nature's concord broke,
Among the constellations war were sprung,
And planets, rushing from aspect malign
Of fiercest opposition, in mid-sky
Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound."

The nation was summoned to arms, by every high motive which can inspire men. Two centuries of freedom had made its people unfit for despotism. They must save their Government, or miserably perish.

As a flash of lightning, in a midnight tempest, reveals the abysmal horrors of the sea, so did the flash of the first gun disclose the awful abyss into which rebellion was ready to plunge us. In a moment, the fire was lighted in twenty million hearts. In a moment, we were the most warlike nation on the earth. In a moment, we were not merely a people with an army—we were a people in arms. The nation was in column—not all at the front, but all in the array.

I love to believe that no heroic sacrifice is ever lost. That the characters of men are moulded and inspired by what their fathers have done—that treasured up in American souls, are all the unconscious influences of the great deeds of the Anglo-Saxon race, from Agincourt to Bunker Hill. It was such an influence which led a young Greek, two thousand years ago, when he heard the news of Marathon, to exclaim, "The trophies of Miltiades will not let me sleep." Could these men be silent in 1861—these, whose ancestors had felt the inspiration of battle on every field where civilization had fought in the last thousand years? Read their answer in this green turf. Each for himself gathered up all the cherished purposes of life—its aims and ambitions, its dearest affections—and flung all, with life itself, into the scale of battle.

We began the war for the Union alone, but we had not gone far into its darkness before a new element was added to the conflict, which filled the army and the nation with cheerful but intense religious enthusiasm. In lessons that could not be misunderstood, the Nation was taught that God had linked to our own, the destiny of an enslaved race—that their liberty and our Union were indeed "one and inseparable." It was this that made the soul of John Brown the marching companion of our soldiers, and made them sing as they went down to battle—

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom which transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free—
While God is marching on."

With such inspirations, failure was impossible. The struggle consecrated, in some degree, every man who bore a worthy part. I can never forget an inci-