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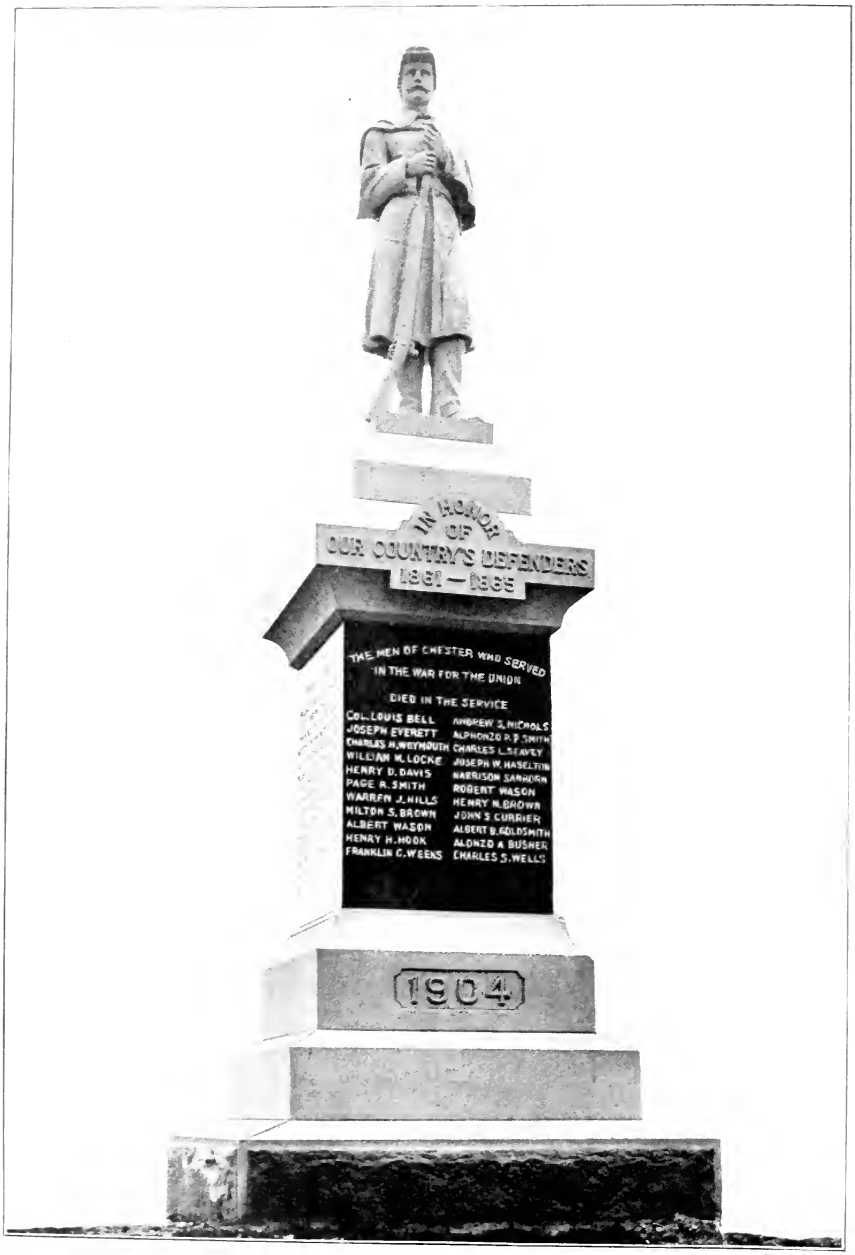

IN HONOR
OF
OUR COUNTRY'S DEFENDERS
1861 — 1865
THE MEN OF CHESTER WHO SERVED
IN THE WAR FOR THE UNION
DIED IN THE SERVICE
COL. LOUIS BELL
JOSEPH EVERETT
CHARLES H. WEYMOUTH
WILLIAM H. LOCKE
HENRY D. DAVIS
PAGE A. SMITH
WARREN J. HILLS
MILTON S. BROWN
ALBERT WASON
HENRY H. HOOK
FRANKLIN C. WEEKS
ANDREW S. NICHOLS
ALPHONZO P. P. SMITH
CHARLES L. SEAVEY
JOSEPH W. HASELTON
HARRISON SANBORN
ROBERT WASON
HENRY N. BROWN
JOHN S. CURRIER
ALBERT B. GOLDSMITH
ALONZO A. BUSNER
CHARLES S. WELLS
1904

THE

DEDICATORY PROCEEDINGS

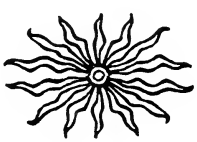
OF THE

Soldiers' Monument

AT

CHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

AUGUST 22, 1904



COMPILED AND EDITED BY

GEORGE C. HAZELTON

MCMV

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GEORGE C. HAZELTON

The Trow Press, New York

This volume
is cordially dedicated to the
Town of Chester

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INTRODUCTION

THE object of this little volume would not be realized without some reference to the spirit of patriotism and local pride which prompted the citizens and natives of Chester to take steps to secure the monument, which was so happily dedicated on the 22d of August, 1904.

Such monuments do not build themselves.

It required forty years to raise the funds to erect the Washington Monument at the Nation's capital. It was not until fifty years after the battle was fought that the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument was laid, and it was not until eighteen years later that they laid the capstone and dedicated to the heroes of the American Revolution the massive shaft itself.

All such enterprises, no matter how praiseworthy, have to be taken in hand in the first instance by a few public-spirited citizens, and frequently it happens that those who, at first, question the possibility of success become, later on, the most enthusiastic champions of the enterprise, willing and anxious to aid in its consummation.

The Grand Army organizations, which sprang into being at the close of the War of 1861, have influenced the erection of soldiers' monuments in many of the cities and towns of the Northern States —have been and still are engaged in marking with enduring memorials the battle-fields where they fought for the maintenance of the Union, and in aiding the pen of History in preserving a record of deeds of valor and sublime heroism that would otherwise be lost in oblivion.

It was a fitting sequel, therefore, that the conception of the Chester Monument should originate in the councils of the Grand Army Post located in that town.

The story is a simple one, but it shows how well the project was managed from beginning to end, and the character of the promoters.

"Although a soldiers' monument in old Chester," says Cyrus F. Marston in a letter to the editor, "had been thought of and talked about more or less, nothing definite was done about it until in the summer of 1901, when, at the meeting of Bell Post, No. 74, Department of New Hampshire, Grand Army of the Republic, George A. Hosley, a member of Abraham Lincoln Post G. A. R., of Charlestown, Mass.,—but then and now a resident of Chester,—being present as a visitor, suggested that there ought to be a soldiers' monument in Chester and,

further, said that he, personally, would contribute $100 toward a fund for that purpose."

This was on the 15th day of June, 1901.

The question of ways and means came up immediately for discussion and serious doubts were expressed by some of the members of the Post as to the chances of raising sufficient money among the people of the town to accomplish the desired object. Then and there, Mr. Marston, one of their members, was authorized to prepare and send a printed circular on the subject to the natives of Chester residing outside of the State, soliciting contributions in aid of the enterprise. The responses, as may generally be expected in such cases, were, with a few worthy exceptions, too meagre to merit further mention here.

Happily, at this juncture, another organization then existed in Chester of a spirit kindred to that of the veterans who composed the Grand Army Post, whose mission was a holy one—the Woman's Relief Corps, an auxiliary of that of the State.

This Corps took up at once the work of co-operation in the cause, and stood by it with unflinching purpose and devotion to the end.

Of this Corps, Colonel Hosley writes: "You cannot say too much in praise of them in your book. If it had not been for them we would never have had the monument, at least no such a one as we have.

It was not only the money they raised, but the influence their enthusiasm and zeal had on the rest of the community."

The first plan adopted was of a plain, modest granite shaft, to cost about $675, with the hope that the town would make an appropriation at its next annual town meeting of $400, in addition to what had been already raised and promised by subscription and otherwise, to make up the sum.

So the matter awaited the hoped-for action of the town; but, when election-day came and the question was reached in its order for consideration, instead of an appropriation of money, as expected, a committee, upon motion of Nathan Morse, since deceased, consisting of Mr. Marston and Edward J. Robie, was appointed, with instructions to ascertain for what the monument could be purchased and to report the result of their inquiries to the town meeting for the next ensuing year.

During this year, on behalf of the committee, Mr. Marston obtained the designs of four different monuments, consulted contractors and dealers as to the cost of the same and obtained all other data and information required to make up an intelligent report on the subject.

The town election for 1903 was held on the 10th day of March.

The proposed monument was the most important

question that came up for consideration before the meeting on that day. Mr. Marston reviewed the work of the committee and stated the case in a simple and convincing manner to the assembled voters, and then Colonel Hosley followed with a stirring appeal to the judgment and patriotism of the town, paying a tribute to the usual liberality of its citizens in the support of all good causes; and the result was that, on motion of Nelson Gillingham, an appropriation of $800 was unanimously voted as a fund to aid in building the monument, which appropriation was supplemented, the following year, by an additional one of $200.

This motion included also the designation of Colonel Hosley, as agent of the town, to purchase the monument; but, at his suggestion, others were elected to be associated with him upon the committee, namely: John M. Webster, Nathan W. Goldsmith, Mr. Marston and Walter I. Martin, making a committee of five in all, of which Colonel Hosley was recognized as the natural chairman.

For the consideration of this committee, Mr. Marston then, without making a decided departure from the original design, but proportioned on a somewhat larger scale, sketched out a rough plan of a plain shaft, surmounting a cap and die, the whole resting on three foundation- or base-stones.

This met with the substantial favor of the com-

mittee, but was not acceptable to the members of the Woman's Relief Corps, who desired that the base be surmounted by a statue in place of the shaft, promising to raise the extra money that this change would cost, which promise they liberally redeemed.

They were building better than they knew.

The new proposition, of course, would put an end to the plans already considered, because the dimensions determined upon for the shaft would not be suitable for the statue.

In deference to the request of the Woman's Relief Corps, the change was determined upon, and, on the 25th day of July, 1903, the committee of five convened and adopted a resolution empowering Mr. Marston, its secretary and treasurer, to make a contract for such a monument as in his judgment and discretion would be most suitable and practicable, having regard to the amount of funds available.

Mr. Marston fully realized the responsibility of the trust thus imposed upon him by the committee. He at once sought suggestions from the personal inspection of monuments that he had not seen before, and investigated the question of values and prices; and, although he had never been a student in any of the schools or academies of design in the land or under any of the masters of the art, he had

a natural eye, wonderful in power and accuracy, for form, color and symmetrical proportion, which enabled him to work out by exceeding care and diligence the beautiful and artistic design which the sculptor and workers in stone have reproduced in granite from the quarries of Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Rhode Island.

On the 9th day of February, 1904, he completed a contract with Messrs. Parmer & Garmon, of Manchester, N. H., for the making and erection of a soldiers' monument in Chester in accordance with the plans and specifications made by him and of which the committee had knowledge.

The monument was finished according to the terms of the contract, and placed in position on the 19th day of July, 1904.

How skilfully the work was done by the contractors, and how considerate they were in the price agreed upon, is not unworthy of mention in this connection.

And now, as we reach the end of the first part of our Introduction and call up in review the facts as therein narrated, the conclusion, ever worthy of remembrance, comes to us that the Soldiers' Monument in Chester, as it stands at the crossing of the old highways, owes its existence to the united efforts and generous co-operation of the Grand Army Post, the Woman's Relief Corps, and the citizen-voters of

the town at the annual elections of 1903 and 1904, to the artistic genius of Cyrus F. Marston and to the liberal contributions of time and money made by Colonel George A. Hosley, who was its inspiration and guiding spirit from the beginning to the end.

The 22d day of August, 1904, is destined to be memorable in the life-history of Chester as "Dedication Day."

It was the more conspicuous because its festivities were happily blended with "Old Home Day."

The coming event had been quite well advertised through the columns of the press and by the near-by Grand Army Posts, the Woman's Relief Corps of the State, and the Grand Army of the Republic, at its annual reunion held in Boston the previous week.

The Derry News, enjoying a wide and well-merited circulation in the community and voicing the kindly sentiment of all the press, had given it their inspiration in language which turned out to be prophetic:

"The Old Home Day in Chester this year will be marked with a ceremony of dedication which will prove a memorable epoch in the history of the old town. The dedication of the Soldiers' Monument will prove an event of special interest to all who may be so fortunate as to witness it."

The conditions in every way were most favorable.

All day long, the Saturday before, rain had poured in torrents from out the heavens, which served to purify the atmosphere and to moisten the dry and dusty earth. The intervening Sabbath was fair, and Monday, the day selected for the exercises, was most propitious—one of those choice days not uncommon in New Hampshire when the rays of the Summer sun are gratefully tempered with delicious breezes from the distant mountains.

The flag was in evidence at all the appropriate points and the village homes were handsomely decorated with the emblems of patriotism.

The dedicatory exercises, which had been looked forward to with great interest, called out a large concourse of people and were attended with every indication of joyous satisfaction—a concourse estimated by conservative judges to be not less than six thousand people.

There came from all points of the compass veterans of the Loyal Legion and of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Almost the entire population of Chester, prompted by a genuine spirit of patriotism and sincere local pride, eager to manifest a natural interest in an event which meant so much for the town,

gathered about the monument long before the hour appointed.

There were present also many from the surrounding towns, and delegations from Concord, Manchester, Nashua, Exeter, Portsmouth and other cities in New Hampshire, and from Boston, Lowell, Haverhill, Lawrence and other towns in Massachusetts; and some "Old Home Day" comers were there from States in the Mississippi Valley and as far west as the Dakotas.

The presence of such an audience, embracing many persons of distinction in civil, military and social circles, was not only highly gratifying to the members of the committee who had labored so earnestly and faithfully to make the occasion a complete success, but a most decided and delightful inspiration to the speakers.

A little after ten o'clock in the morning, the procession was formed, as previously planned by the committee, at a rendezvous in front of the hotel, whence it marched to the grandstand, its objective point, where the dedicatory exercises were to be held.

At the appointed time, 10.30 o'clock, the exercises opened at the grandstand.

The order of the ceremonies as arranged by the committee under Colonel Hosley, President of the Day, was exceedingly appropriate.

The formal ceremonies of dedication, conducted by Colonel Kent, according to the ritual of the Grand Army, followed in course at the close of the opening oration of the day, but we deem it not out of place to make reference to them here.

These proceedings, which occupied, perhaps, three-quarters of an hour in their development, were both picturesque and pathetic.

They were received by the assemblage with like effect as if they were witnessing the introduction of a picture of striking import amid the passing scenes of some great drama of historic events upon a theatrical stage.

First in order, George Sherman West, chairman of the Selectmen of the town, on behalf of the town, in appropriate language, gave the monument into the keeping of the New Hampshire Department of the Grand Army of the Republic, of which Colonel Kent was in command.

Next, a detail of the Guard of Honor, consisting of Comrades Emery, Edwards, Brown, True, Noyes and Edwin Plummer, were posted about the base of the monument as sentinels for its protection during the ceremonies, as required by the ritual.

At the proper time, the Guard of Honor "set up" against one side of the monument-base an anchor, crossed with a boarding-pike—the symbol of the Navy—and stationed Gilman E. Brown,

dressed in the uniform of the Union sailor, in the attitude of a sentinel for its protection, with his cutlass at salute; and, as emblematical of the Army service, they placed against the opposite side in proper combination the musket with fixed bayonet, canteen, haversack and knapsack, and in charge of this symbol they stationed Charles F. True, in the uniform of the volunteer Union soldier, with his arms at present, thus exhibiting to the eye a living tableau of attractiveness and artistic beauty.

When Colonel Kent had finished reading from the pages of his ritual, which embraced passages from the Scriptures appropriate to the occasion, and a prayer had been said by the Chaplain, the flag hitherto held in reserve was unfurled for the first time; and, as it floated out upon the breeze, the Kingston Band welcomed its appearance with the stirring strains of the " Star Spangled Banner," and the vast audience rose to it, and uncovered in its glorious and inspiring presence.

Acknowledgments are due from the people of Chester to the press, and to their able correspondents who were in attendance, for the interesting and instructive reports of the proceedings and exercises which they published in their newspapers on the following day and during the remainder of " Old Home Day " week, notably to the *Manchester Union,* the *Mirror and American, The Derry News* and *The*

Boston Globe, which last was conspicuous among the press outside of the State for the generous prominence which it gave in its columns to a faithful account of the proceedings.

It was a subject of congratulation that Mr. Burnham, the junior United States Senator from New Hampshire, and Mr. Sulloway, the Representative in Congress from the District, were able to be present and participate as they did in the proceedings, and one of regret that Governor Bachelder and Mr. Gallinger, the senior Senator from the State, and Mr. Currier, Representative in Congress from the Second District, were unavoidably absent. The absence also of General John C. Black, on account of severe illness, was a source of disappointment, especially to the old veterans, on account of his relation to the Grand Army of the Republic as its late Commander-in-Chief and of his fame as a public speaker.

It is to us a matter of regret that, while we have the disposition, we have not the space here to mention the names of the many distinguished people, and of the many dear personal friends, from far and near, who honored the occasion with their presence; but this omission is fortunately supplied by the list of names gathered at the time by Miss Fitz, the Librarian of the town, and also is of less moment because of the fact that a liberal mention of those present

may be found in the various reports published in the newspapers of the time.

It remains to be said that nothing in connection with the notable occasion was more heartily appreciated than the generous act of Mr. Thayer in placing the use and control of his hotel (then temporarily withdrawn from the public service) in the hands of the Committee of Arrangements, who opened wide its doors and made it available for the comfort and enjoyment of the public and for the hospitalities so bounteously provided.

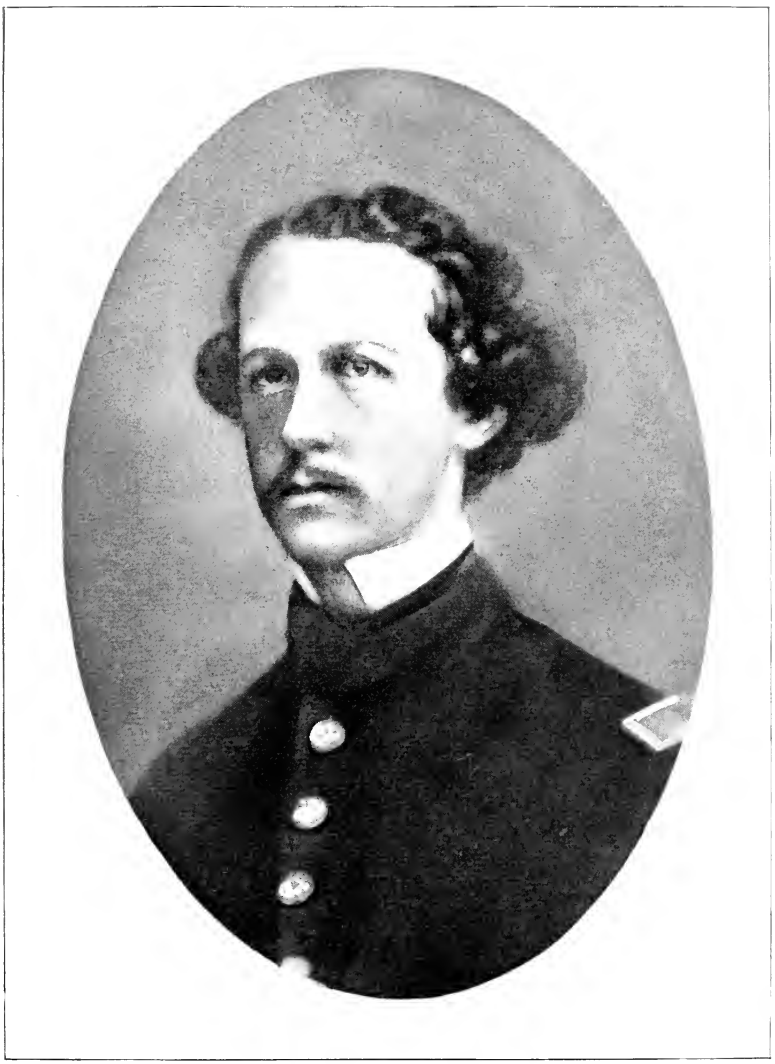
This old hostelry, which has a most interesting history and which has long been recognized as one of the ancient landmarks of the town, has in its time played many parts, but none more opportune than that which it took in the festivities of "Dedication Day."

To its well-arranged tables, when the regular exercises at the grandstand had closed, came the invited guests, members of the press and others to partake of and enjoy the bountiful dinner prepared and served, on the unsurpassed New England plan, by the Woman's Relief Corps.

This was followed in due time by the witnessing on the part of some of the people of the near-by field sports that had been advertised as a part of the programme, and by speeches, recitations, songs and the usual camp-fire exercises on the part of the veterans

and others upon and around the hotel veranda, under the leadership of the Grand Army Club of Massachusetts, while across the way, upon the beautiful lawn that lies within the residence-grounds of the late lamented Dr. Emerson, love-makers walked arm in arm, old friendships were renewed and new ones formed, greetings were given and farewells said; and still later on, and into the shadows of the evening, the Kingston Band discoursed sweet music on the village green, and wellnigh on to midnight the voices of merriment could be heard, gradually dying away, until at length the last loiterer of the day's vast multitude of six thousand people had vanished from the streets, leaving the Soldiers' Monument, still carrying the emblems of its dedication, standing in its place, under the mild light of the eternal stars, imposing, silent and alone—a fitting symbol of the Nation's love for its loyal and brave defenders.

WASHINGTON, D. C. G. C. H.



Bell Post No. 74, Department of New Hampshire, G. A. R. (1904)

Officers

Isaac N. A. McKay.....Commander.
James Buchanan.....S. V. C.
Charles F. True.....J. V. C.
Albert F. B. Edwards.....Adj't.
Edward J. Robie.....Q. M.
Samuel G. Healy.....Surg.
Samuel S. Parker.....Chap.
James H. Hardy.....O. D.
James Gerah.....O. G.
George W. Davis.....S. M.
Henry C. Cobb.....Q. M. S.

17
16
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11
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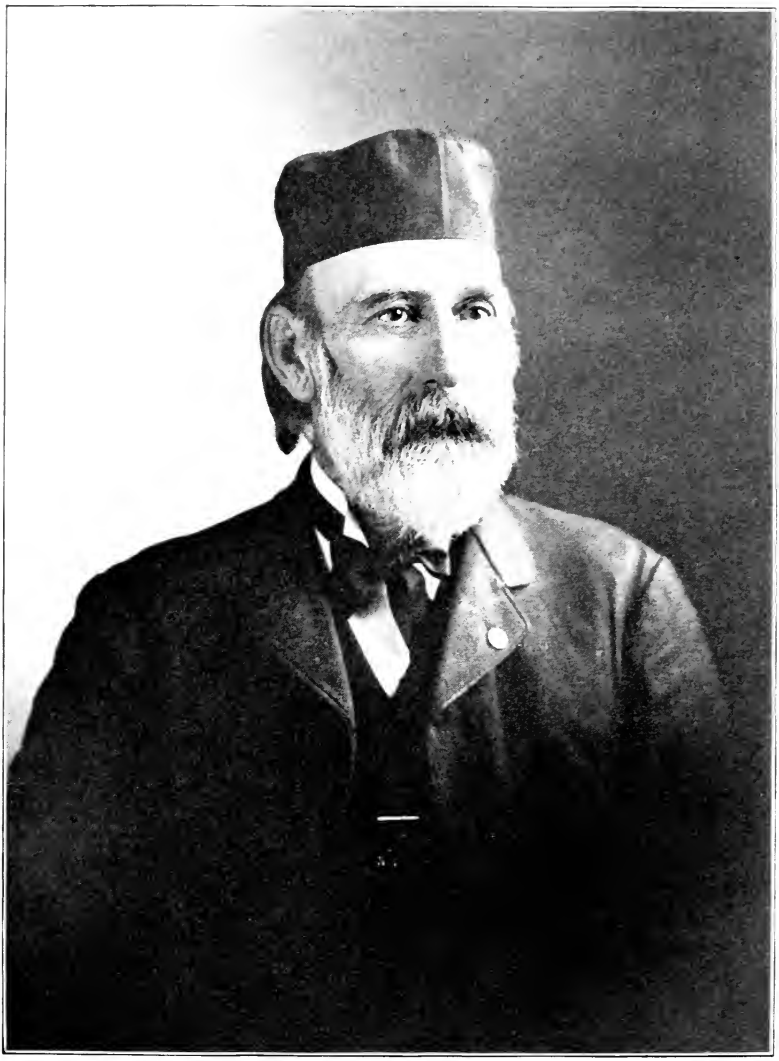
7
6

Officers of Bell Woman's Relief Corps No. 78, Chester, N. H., Auxiliary to G. A. R. (1904)

Sarah A. Buzzell	President.
Emma B. Marston	S. V. P.
Anna E. Edwards	Jr. V. P.
Sarah J. True	Secretary.
Orissa A. Sargent	Treasurer.
Mabel M. Green	Chaplain.
Helen A. Shackford	Conductor.
Abbie S. Hardy	Ass't Conductor.
Cynthia J. Brown	Guard.
Eliza J. Brown	Ass't Guard.
Jennie P. Hazelton	Patriotic Instructor.
Lavinia J. Wason	Press Correspondent.
Emeline F. Robie	1st Color Bearer.
Mary E. Merrill	2d Color Bearer.
Josie S. Whittemore	3d Color Bearer.
Lurana McKay	4th Color Bearer.
Julia A. Lawrence	Musician.

Members

Bean, M. L.
Brown, Cynthia J.
Brown, Eliza J.
Brown, Lizzie
Brown, Nellie M.
Buswell, Mary E.
Buzzell, Sarah A.
Chase, Linda B.
Edwards, Anna E.
Ellis, Abbie L.
Gerah, Sarah A.
Greene, Mabel M.
Hardy, Abbie S.
Hazelton, Jennie P.
Healey, Melissa
Heath, Jennie A.
Jack, Jessie A.
Jones, Mary A.
Lawrence, Julia A.
Mackintosh, Marilla
Marston, Emma B.
Merrill, Mary E.
McDuffie, Vena V.
McKay, Lorana
Noyes, Carrie P.
Parker, Ellen A.
Preston, Emily A. D.
Robie, Emeline F.
Robie Emma A.
Robie, Sarah J.
Rowell, Emma
Sargent, Orissa A.
Shackford, Helen A.
Smith, Ida L.
Smith, May L.
Smith, Ruth A.
Stevens, Sarah A.
Southwick, Rose
Tenny, Harriette D.
Thayer, Addie W.
True, Sarah J.
Wason, Lavinia J.
Wells, Luna Moore
West, Mary J.
Whittemore, Josie S.



DESCRIPTION OF MONUMENT

The pedestal, except the die, is of Concord granite, all hammered except the first or bottom base, which is "rock face" with margin lines.

The die is of medium-dark Quincy granite, polished.

The statue is of blue Westerly granite.

DIMENSIONS: First, or bottom base, 6 ft. 10 x 6 ft. 10 x 1 ft. 8 in.; second base, 5 ft. 2 x 5 ft. 2 x 1 ft. 3 in.; third base (or plinth), 4 ft. 2 x 4 ft. 2 x 1 ft. 9 in.; die, 3 ft. 3 x 3 ft. 3 x 4 ft. 1½ in.; cap, 4 ft. 2 x 4 ft. 2 x 1 ft. 9 in; plinth, 2 ft. 8 x 2 ft. 8 x 1 ft. 2 in.; statue, 6 ft. 6 in., including its base, making the figure itself about 6 ft. 2 in.

The dimensions of the base are on the finished margin lines. If the measurements were made on the projecting rock face, it would be full 7 feet square.

The foundation contains upward of 250 cubic feet of solid stone and best Portland cement, the whole resting on solid rock or ledge.

The total height above the foundation is 18 ft. 2 in.

(North Side, or Front)

DIED IN THE SERVICE

Louis Bell, Capt. Co. A, 1st N. H. Vols.; Lieut. Col. 4th N. H. Vols., when organized; promoted to Col., March 11, 1862; Ins. Gen. and Chief-of-Staff under Gen. Thomas W. Sherman; in January, 1865, commanded a brigade in the successful assault upon Fort Fisher, where, on January 15th, he received a mortal wound, and died on the 16th, near the scene of the battle; and, by command of President Lincoln, given, by Secretary Stanton, the brevet rank of Brig. Gen., bearing date, January 15, 1865, the day he received his wound.

Andrew S. Nichols, Co. C, 2d N. H. Vols.

Joseph Everett, Co. E, 2d N. H. Vols., and Co. F, 8th N. H. Vols.

Alphonzo P. R. Smith, Co. K, 3d N. H. Vols.

Charles H. Weymouth, Co. B, 3d N. H. Vols.

Charles L. Seavey, Co. C, 4th N. H. Vols.

William M. Locke, Co. C, 6th N. H. Vols.

Joseph W. Haselton, Co. I, 5th N. H. Vols.

Henry D. Davis, Co. A, 7th N. H. Vols.

Harrison Sanborn, Co. D, 7th N. H. Vols.

Page R. Smith, Co. D, 7th N. H. Vols.

Robert Wason, Co. D, 7th N. H. Vols.

Warren J. Hills, Co. I, 11th N. H. Vols.

Henry N. Brown, Co. K, 15th N. H. Vols.

Milton S. Brown, Co. K, 15th N. H. Vols.
John S. Currier, Co. K, 15th N. H. Vols.
Albert Wason, Co. D, 18th N. H. Vols.
Albert B. Goldsmith, Co. H, 18th N. H. Vols.
Henry H. Hook, Co. H, 18th N. H. Vols.
Alonzo A. Busher, Co. D, 7th N. H. Vols.
Franklin C. Weeks, Cos. F and C, 14th N. H. Vols.
Charles S. Wells, Co. I, 11th N. H. Vols.

(East Side)

HONORABLY DISCHARGED

Wallace T. Larkin, Co. K, 15th N. H. Vols., appointed Lieut. and promoted to Capt. in 83d Inf. (old), and 73d and 117th Inf., U. S. C. T.
John A. Hazelton, Co. K, 15th N. H. Vols.
D. La Roy Sanborn, Co. K, 15th N. H. Vols.
Samuel V. Osgood, Co. K, 15th N. H. Vols., and Co. D, 18th N. H. Vols.
John W. West, 2d, Co. K, 15th N. H. Vols., and Co. K, 1st N. H. H. A. Vols.
Luther C. Stevens, Co. K, 15th N. H. H. A. Vols., and Co. L, 1st N. H. H. A. Vols.
Marston L. Brown, Co. K, 15th N. H. Vols.
Matthew Forsaith, Co. K, 15th N. H. Vols.
Benjamin F. Spofford, Co. K, 15th N. H. Vols.
Samuel S. Adams, Co. H, 18th N. H. Vols.
Willard E. Colburn, Co. H, 18th N. H. Vols.
Richard H. Currier, Co. D, 18th N. H. Vols.

Malcomb W. Tewksbury, Co. C, 104th Ill., appointed Capt.
Stephen D. Underhill, Co. I, 11th N. H. Vols.
William S. Greenough, Co. D, 18th N. H. Vols., appointed Capt. and promoted to Major by brevet for gallant service.
Augustus P. Greenough, Co. H, 18th N. H. Vols.
Richard C. Lawrence, Jr., Co. H, 18th N. H. Vols.
Perley C. Ingalls, Co. D, 18th N. H. Vols.
Silas F. Learnard, Co. H, 18th N. H. Vols., appointed Capt.
John T. Lovett, Co. H, 18th N. H. Vols.
Ephraim Nichols, Co. H, 18th N. H. Vols.
Fred D. Morse, Co. H, 18th N. H. Vols.
George S. Smith, Co. D, 18th N. H. Vols.
William B. Robie, Co. H, 18th N. H. Vols.
Benjamin F. Underhill, Co. H, 18th N. H. Vols.
Charles B. Robie, Co. H, 18th N. H. Vols.
William H. Underhill, Co. H, 18th N. H. Vols.
Cyrus S. Dolloff, Co. H, 18th N. H. Vols.
Isaac F. Underhill, Co. D, 18th N. H. Vols.
Frederick Spollett, 1st N. H. Battery.

(South Side)

HONORABLY DISCHARGED

Cyrus F. Marston, Co. K, 1st N. H. H. A. Vols.
Jacob J. Elliott, Co. K, 1st N. H. H. A. Vols., and Navy, served on U. S. S. Ohio, Penguin, Seminole and Jacob Bell; discharged as Paymaster's Steward, July 27, 1864.

Joseph W. Chase, Co. C, 1st N. H. H. A. Vols.
George F. Tebbetts, Co. K, 1st N. H. H. A. Vols.
John W. Haselton, Co. K, 1st N. H. H. A. Vols.
Clement A. West, Co. K, 1st N. H. H. A. Vols.
George H. McDuffee, Co. K, 1st N. H. H. A. Vols.
Charles H. West, Co. K, 1st N. H. H. A. Vols.
George W. Wilcomb, Co. K, 1st N. H. H. A. Vols.
Charles F. True, Co. K, 1st N. H. H. A. Vols.
Elbridge Wason, Co. K, 1st N. H. H. A. Vols.
Charles P. Abbott, Co. K, 1st N. H. H. A. Vols.
Edward J. Robie, Co. G, 1st N. H. Cav. Vols.
Mark Carr, Co. A, 1st N. H. Cav. Vols.
John L. Blaisdell, Co. B, 3d N. H. Vols.
Silas W. Tenney, Co. F, 2d U. S. V., Sharpshooters.
Nelson Gillingham, Co. A, 11th N. H. Vols.
John Robinson, Co. F, 8th N. H. Vols.
William A. Brown, Co. B, 61st Mass. Inf.
Samuel S. Parker, Co. B, 61st Mass. Inf.
Franklin A. Morse, Navy, served on U. S. S. Ohio, Benton, St. Clair and Ouachita.
Oliver Dunaven, Navy, served on U. S. S. Ohio, South Carolina and Niagara.
Daniel Osgood, Co. F, 14th Mass. Inf.
Francis Savoie, Co. D, 18th N. H. Vols.

(West Side)

Honorably Discharged

Aaron Everett, Co. E, 2d N. H. Vols.
George L. Brown, Co. E, 2d N. H. Vols.
Joseph R. Morse, Co. E, 2d N. H. Vols., and Co. H, 18th N. H. Vols.
Josiah D. Morse, Co. E, 2d N. H. Vols., and Co. F, 8th N. H. Vols.
James Buchanan, Co. K, 2d N. H. Vols., and Co. B, 11th N. H. Vols.
Arthur T. Learnard, Co. E, 2d N. H. Vols.
Joseph Dane, Co. K, 2d N. H. Vols.
Charles J. Rand, Co. C, 2d N. H. Vols., and N. H. Battery.
Charles A. Dearborn, Co. B, 3d N. H. Vols.
Lloyd G. Gale, Co. K, 3d N. H. Vols.
James Gerah, Co. B, 3d N. H. Vols., and Co. B, Vet. R. C.
Stickney S. Gale, Co. K, 4th N. H. Vols.
Converse L. Weymouth, Co. B, 3d N. H. Vols.
Edwin Jones, Co. B, 3d N. H. Vols., and Co. B, Vet. R. C.
David J. Dearborn, Co. A, 5th N. H. Vols., and Co. B, 12th N. Y. Inf.
James M. M. Elliott, Co. A, 8th N. H. Vols., and Co. I, 11th N. H. Vols.
Franklin A. Brown, Co. I, 4th N. H. Vols.
Samuel C. McDuffee, Co. F, 8th N. H. Vols.
Charles H. Kent, Co. F, 8th N. H. Vols.

Dudley J. Marston, Co. I, 11th N. H. Vols.
Cyrus E. Roberts, Co. I, 11th N. H. Vols., and Co. D, 7th N. H. Vols.
Sewell W. Tenney, Co. I, 11th N. H. Vols.
Daniel S. West, Co. I, 11th N. H. Vols.
William E. C. Coolidge, Co. I, 11th N. H. Vols.
John Underhill, Co. I, 11th N. H. Vols., and Lieut. in Co. D, 18th N. H. Vols.
Nathaniel West, Jr., Co. I, 11th N. H. Vols.
David F. Clay, Co. K., 15th N. H. Vols.
Emerson H. Childs, Co. K, 15th N. H. Vols.
Albert F. B. Edwards, Co. K. 15th N. H. Vols., and Co. D, 18th N. H. Vols.
David C. French, Co. K, 15th N. H. Vols.

LINE OF MARCH

Battalion of Police;
Chief Marshal, Judge Alfred D. Emery;
Kingston Cornet Band;
Bell Post No. 74 G. A. R. and delegates from Derry Post, Louis Bell Post, of Manchester, and Joseph Hooker Post, of Raymond, acting as escort to the Department officers of New Hampshire G. A. R., Colonel Henry O. Kent, Commander, and Frank Battles, Assistant Adjutant General.

State colors of Massachusetts, under guard of Abraham Lincoln Camp No. 106 S. of V. from Boston, Mass., William D. Barber, Commander, and A. W. Mechan, Color Sergeant.

Grand Army Club of Massachusetts, acting as escort to the Department and Post Department officers of Massachusetts and National officers G. A. R., Colonel Joseph W. Thayer commanding.

Hon. George C. Hazelton,
Orator of the Day.

Selectmen of Chester:
George Sherman West, Leroy D. Morse and William T. Owen.

Monument Committee:
Colonel George A. Hosley, John M. Webster, Nathan Goldsmith, Cyrus F. Marston and Walter I. Martin.

"Old Home Day" Association, with invited guests and speakers.

Officers of Chester's "Old Home Day":
President, Colonel George A. Hosley; First Vice-President, W. B. Underhill; Secretary, F. E. Robie; Treasurer, George S. West; and Executive Committee, William Jones, A. F. B. Edwards and Edward Jones.

COLONEL GEORGE A. HOSLEY, PRESIDENT OF THE DAY:

Fellow-Citizens, Comrades of the Grand Army, Members of the Woman's Relief Corps and Visitors:

We welcome you here to-day for a double purpose, that of celebrating "Old Home Day" and to dedicate our beautiful monument.

I wish right here to thank the citizens of Chester for the liberal manner in which they came forward and contributed toward this monument, and also to say that it is owing to the exertions and work of Cyrus F. Marston that we have been able to get so good a monument for the money.

But you are not here to hear me talk, so we will commence the exercises by prayer.

I take great pleasure in introducing the Rev. Chester J. Wilcomb, a native of Chester.

REV. CHESTER J. WILCOMB:

Great God, our Father in Heaven, Author of life, Giver of every blessing, we humbly bow before Thee in gratitude for the blessings of the past—to our country, to our town, to our homes and to ourselves.

As we are met here to-day, O God, we pray that Thy blessing may rest upon us and upon the exercises of this occasion. Wilt Thou bless those who have survived the great conflicts of the past. Bless, we pray, the homes here represented and this people, and grant that the exercises of this day and this week may be an inspiration to us all to love and serve Thee, so that, when our life's course shall have been run, and the last battle fought, when the last call shall be given, it may be our pleasure to receive the reward of those who have been faithful even unto death. And to Thy name we will give all praise for ever and ever. Amen.

COLONEL HOSLEY:

I now take great pleasure in introducing one who is a native of this town, in fact, needs no introduction to citizens of Chester. He was born here and roamed over these hills when a boy. I now introduce to you the Hon. George C. Hazelton, of Washington, D. C., for three terms a Representative in Congress from Wisconsin.

HON. GEORGE C. HAZELTON, ORATOR OF THE DAY:

Mr. President, Officers and Veterans of the Grand Army, Fellow-Citizens, Kindred and Friends:

The strength of a free government like ours may be fairly measured by the love it bears to those of its citizens who offer up their lives in the hour of its imminent peril, either in the defence or in the assertion of its just rights, on land or sea.

Reversing the rule of the monarchies, we make the military power subordinate to the civil, and we place our main reliance upon the volunteer armies and navies who come, at the Nation's call, from the reserve power of the people, to protect its honor and to fight its battles.

This power has never failed us or been summoned in vain.

By the achievements of two great volunteer armies, the army of the American Revolution and the Union forces of 1861, we have established our free, representative Government and our enlightened civilization.

The seven long years which ended at Yorktown

and the five longer years which ended at Appomattox constitute the two great heroic periods of our history, and I think of the history of the world.

They are linked together by a golden chain of patriotic memories and by the dramatic unities of kindred events in the evolution of free government. They are beacon-fires that will burn on and on forever more.

It was by the achievements of the first army that the way was opened and the Republic made possible in the new world.

It was by the achievements of the Union forces that the Government was preserved in its integrity and given a new birth of freedom.

The new-born Republic in an early day paid off the expenses of the first war, a mere pittance of one hundred and forty million dollars; and the last soldier on the first pension-roll of honor in our history has been paid and his account with the Government closed by the hand of death.

But the places where their camp-fires gleamed and where they fought the battles for American independence are still well known; new monuments arise to their memories within the thirteen original States; History and Romance are writing of their deeds and valor new pages for our literature; and the Daughters of the Revolution, and the Sons of the Revolution, and other lovers of liberty are, day by

day, and year by year, gleaning up "the scattered ashes into History's golden urn."

The redeemed Republic has not been unmindful either of the responsibilities that rested anew upon the Nation by reason of the heroic services of her armies and navies in the War of 1861. Already the pension-roll of honor has reached proportions far exceeding in munificence that of any other nation, either of ancient or of modern times.

If a man shall give his life to save mine, how shall I estimate the value of such service? If, in saving my life, he shall become totally or partially disabled for the performance of manual duty, shall I not give him out of my bounty at least food, raiment and shelter?

And what is this in comparison to the obligation to the soldiers and sailors of the War of the Rebellion that rests upon this mighty Nation, whose life they saved—an obligation that no pension-roll can meet, as priceless as the inalienable rights of man, as the air we breathe—an obligation that no line or rule known to science or mathematics can measure?

If all the sands of all the seas "were pearl, the water nectar, and the rocks pure gold," and they were ours to give, they would not compass the magnitude, the heights, the depths of the debt we owe to these men for this, our free representative Govern-

ment, resting in the will of the people and carrying to all alike the guarantees of " life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Since Appomattox, the Nation has gratefully expended out of the treasury of the people twelve million dollars, in round numbers, to purchase, set aside and adorn eighty-four national cemeteries, in which sleep forever its immortal dead. These cemeteries are located generally hard by the battle-fields where these dead fought and fell.

Within these sacred reservations, an army of three hundred and thirty-seven thousand Union soldiers lie buried; and of this number one hundred and forty-eight thousand are nameless, resting in graves that are marked " Unknown."

At each of these sacred reservations, the Government has placed a guard that never sleeps. Every morning, at the rising of the sun, the starry emblem of our national authority is unfurled; and, when it shall cease to float over these consecrated grounds, there will be naught of this Government but the bare walls to tell the reason why.

Every year, when the Spring-time comes, with new leaf and bloom, the Nation repairs to these holy shrines, and, in the solemn presence of the monuments and headstones that commemorate brave deeds, with reverent step and bowed head, upon the green graves that cover sacred ashes, lays lovingly

and tenderly her wreaths of laurel and garlands of flowers, ever votive and beautiful,

> Roses that love, and pansies that deplore them,
> And lilies, weeping from their hearts of snow!

In the same pathetic spirit, we gather here to-day to dedicate this monument—so far as we can dedicate it—to the honor and the memory of the one hundred and six sons of Chester who left their loving homes to join the army and navy of the Union in the defence of their Government, in the great crisis of 1861.

It has risen to its place here partly by the aid of the township which it honors, and partly by the voluntary contributions of men and women who love the cause it represents, while its fair proportions and its successful completion are largely due to the untiring zeal and faithful supervision of Cyrus F. Marston, whose name, with his comrade-soldiers, is enrolled upon its heroic scrolls.

In this connection permit me to say a word as to myself.

The soil whereon I stand is mine by birthright; my family name and lineage run back to the earliest settlement of the township. Here is the homestead; here was the school-house and the play-ground; here sleep many generations of my fathers; and here are the graves of the early loved and lost, whose "mem-

ories were the same as mine and who launched life's bark with me."

Many of the men whose names are enrolled upon the tablets of this monument were once my comrades, school-mates and friends.

I therefore share naturally in all the pride and glory which this occasion brings to the people of my native town; and I pause here to speak an historic word in her behalf.

The town of Chester has now passed the line of the first and is well advanced into the second century of its life.

It was here fifty years before our flag was unfurled or known; it was here when the three great monarchies of Europe, with the native tribes, held in their grasp all the eastern Canadas and all the territory now embraced within the boundaries of the Republic; it was here when the first king of the House of Hanover put on his crown.

It was in his name that its grant of titles was given.

You can trace, at a glance, on the arch that spans the line of its development, the transformation from the solitude of a primeval wilderness, where the infant colony was cradled, to the cultivated fields and fruited orchards that now open to our view—from the tepees of the red men, for they were here, to these temples of worship, seats of learning and

homes of comfort and refinement that have taken their places.

The permanency of the settlement was assured from the beginning. It was assured by the character of its pioneer settlers and by the great purposes for which they sought new homes in the new world.

Its population was made up from the three leading races of the earth—the English, Scotch and Irish races.

The English were of the flower of the English people, and of those who had planted the forerunners of civil and religious liberty in the old world, which took root in the soil of the new. The Scotch were of the Highland Scotch, who sang the songs of Burns. The Irish—from the Emerald Isle, "where the shamrock grows green from the cliffs to the shore,"—were fired with the splendid sentiment which Grattan voiced on the floor of the Irish Parliament: "I wish for nothing but to breathe in this, our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags. He may be naked—he shall not be in irons."

From time to time, men and women came from the colony of the Pilgrims, from the early settlements at Portsmouth, at Haverhill, at Hampton and at Exeter, and from the community of Scotch Pres-

byterians from the north of Ireland, the best equipped of all, who, after many wanderings, finally rested their moving tents, and organized their new township, upon adjoining territory, in the name of Londonderry.

It was a marvellous combination of human contrarieties in disposition and temperament, marked by strong individual characteristics, by independence of thought and action, furnishing a character for every act in every play on every stage of life, but speaking a common language and on all the main lines of human progress a unit.

They were so true to governmental authority that they maintained their loyalty to the English crown until that allegiance was absolved by the Declaration of Independence and by a successful revolution. They were Protestant in their religious faith, as were all the colonies, except that which was planted by the Calverts in Maryland. They believed in the principles of civil and religious liberty, as did all the colonists of New England, as defined in the compact made by the Pilgrim Fathers in the cabin of the Mayflower, upon which the liberties of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts now rest, and which were carried into the formation of this and all other township governments in the colony of New Hampshire.

These provincial townships, as a matter of neces-

sity, consolidated their interests on one line, of advancing civilization. They made common cause with one another. They endured alike the hardships and privations of frontier life. They were imbued with the same spirit and sentiment in public affairs. They were equally resolute and brave in the hour of danger.

It would have made no difference if the English redcoats had opened the war at Portsmouth or Hampton, at Londonderry or Chester; they would have been met by the same splendid resistance that was made at Lexington and Concord, when "the embattled farmers stood, and fired the shot heard round the world."

It was to ascertain as accurately as possible to what extent this spirit prevailed among the people that the Continental Congress instituted the test of loyalty to the cause of the colonies by their resolution of March 14, 1776.

The war had actually begun, and this resolution was to draw the line between the loyal and disloyal —to sift the wheat from the chaff.

It was a wise precaution.

A Committee of Safety came here, as well as to all the other provincial towns in New England, to find out who were for and who were against the cause.

The sentiment of this town is written in the

pledge that was submitted by the Continental Congress: "We the *Subscribers* do hereby solemnly engage and promise, that we will, to the utmost in our Power, at the Risque of our Lives and Fortunes, with ARMS, oppose the Hostile Proceedings of the British Fleets and Armies *against the* United American Colonies."

This pledge was of the spirit of the Declaration of Independence, that soon followed.

Two hundred and twenty men,* indicating a population in the township then of about one thousand people, signed their names to this pledge,—signed it in the frowning presence of a government of overwhelming power, signed it in the very teeth of the English law of treason, knowing full well that each and all of them, in the event of failure, would be subject to the forfeiture of their lives and their property.

Twenty per cent. and more of these signers made good the pledge on the battle-fields of the Revolution.

I find along the line of this town's history three prominent characters, whose ability and heroism would add lustre to any age or generation of men.

Colonel David Webster was born here in 1738 and was identified with the township and its people for twenty-five years.

He was a man of heroic mould. In his boyhood,

he was the master of all the manly sports. At the age of nineteen years, Stark and Rogers came here and chose him, from out a military organization, to meet the dangers of the ranger service, on account of his superior manliness and personal bravery.

He was a born soldier and was promoted through all the grades from private to colonel for gallantry in the service. He held an important command under Stark in the early Crown Point expedition. He held an important command under Stark in the battle of Bennington. He evinced the tact and bravery of Sheridan in hurling back upon the main column for surrender a fleeing detachment of Burgoyne's army.

I judge from the annals of his life that he had the beauty of Apollo and the strength of Spartacus; that he would not surrender a principle for the sake of peace; that he was as brave as he was strong, and as good as he was brave.

He was inured to all the hardships and privations of frontier life; there was no mountain here he could not scale, no river he could not cross, no forest through which he could not find a way and no ambuscade he could not penetrate.

He was the kind of man, of all men, to carry "a message to Garcia."

He was one of the founders of the town of

Plymouth, in this State, and died there, rich in years and rich in honor.

His name and deeds are a sacred heritage to the town of Chester.

The second of these illustrious characters came here from the Highlands of Scotland, straightway through the gates of the sea, and, within a year from the time he settled here, like John Burns to the army at Gettysburg, went to the American army at Bunker Hill, the eventful night before the battle, and helped to construct the flanking defences to Prescott's redoubt, fought valiantly for his country with Warren and Putnam, Stark and Prescott, Pomeroy and Gridley on the following day, saw Warren fall, " the first great martyr in this great cause," returned to his home and later appeared in the front ranks of Stark's army on the battle-field of Bennington.

I know that no Highland chief that ever broke a lance in the battles of the Scottish clans was braver than this man, David Currier.

His heroic blood reasserted itself in the veins of his two grandsons, bearing his family name, one of whom received a wound at Chantilly, that will never heal, and the other promotion for gallant service under Grant and Hancock, in the fierce battles of the Wilderness.

This is a second heritage for the town of Chester.

The third name, which adorns its civic history,

is that of Joseph Blanchard, who settled here in 1772 and whose grandfather had been a judicial officer in the provincial courts.

He was a man of agreeable personality and endowed by nature in a marked degree with the well-balanced brain, the even temperament, the marvellous self-control, which enable men to command the will of others and to shape the destiny of public affairs. He was possessed of the power of common sense, which neither learning nor colleges can give. In all the public and private trusts of life, he bore himself with integrity and honor. In his day and generation, he was the administrator of estates and the guardian of orphans. He was the earliest at the bedside of his sick or dying neighbors and among the warmest sympathizers at the burials of their dead. His countenance was open and free and his smile as sweet as summer: He

> Loved the angle and the gun,
> The story and the song.

He had a distinguished public career as the chosen representative of this town for a term of five years in the House of Representatives and of two years in the Senate of the State; he was of the Advisory Council of the Governor; and, in the Constitutional Convention of 1792, as a prominent dele-

gate from Chester, he helped to enact into the organic law of the State the "New Hampshire Bill of Rights," which, in the clearness of its diction and in the wide range it takes in the definition of human rights, civil and religious, as the basic principles of free, representative government, surpasses, in my judgment, the one that came from the brain and pen of George Mason, in the early days of Virginia, or any other that I have read in the political history of the world.

The supreme event of his public service came when he was chosen to represent this town in the convention of this State of 1787 that ratified the American Constitution. This convention convened first at Exeter, in the Fall, and consummated its work at Concord, in the coming Spring.

The approval of nine States was required to secure the ratification of the Constitution. New York and Virginia had not yet voted upon the important question, and it was of supreme importance that New Hampshire should cast the vote—as the ninth State—that would give it life.

Blanchard caught at once the splendid perspective of the incoming Republic. He knew the weakness of the Articles of Confederation, and he comprehended fully the provisions of the proposed Constitution and the strength and power that its adoption would give to the American States.

The people of his own town, under his influence, stood as a unit for its ratification; and, all winter long, he had labored with the chosen delegates of the adjoining towns to co-operate with him in the convention.

Against Atherton and his followers, who combined to defeat its adoption, he stood like a rock in its favor with the elder and the younger Langdon, with John Sullivan, with Jonathan Chase, with Ebenezer Webster and with other distinguished men, who together secured its ratification in the end, by a vote of fifty-seven to forty-six.

This majority vote was, perhaps, the most important ever cast in the history of governments. Whether or not it hastened the approval which soon took place in the New York convention under the influence and leadership of Hamilton, and in the Virginia convention under the guiding wisdom of Washington, Madison and others, it of itself made certain the Republic.

That the merit of New Hampshire being the ninth State might be assured for all time, they caused to be entered upon the records of the convention the very hour, as well as the day and year, that the final vote was given which ushered in the new Nation.

He was the personal friend of John Langdon and Nicholas Gilman, and he was the contemporary of

the other wise statesmen who framed this Constitution; he knew that he could rely upon their statesmanship and their patriotism; and so he was at the launching of the ship: and his hand helped to send her down the ways, with the flag at her masthead, into the great political ocean of the world, the best and the stanchest ship of state that ever sailed its waves.

He knew better than any of us

> What master laid her keel,
> What workmen wrought her ribs of steel,
> Who made each mast and sail and rope,
> What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
> In what a forge and what a heat
> Were shaped the anchors of . . . [her] hope.

All hail, then, to the memory of Joseph Blanchard! From now on make him a household god in every home in Chester.

It was his good fortune during his public career to represent the old town at a time when it embraced within its boundaries the crystal waters of the Massabesic, upon the shores of which he lived and died.

He sleeps in the old burial-ground, by the long meadows, where they laid him down in sorrow seventy-one years ago, in a grave now shaded by solemn pines and marked only by a simple slate-slab inscribed with the dates of birth and death and with

the name, which is inseparably connected with the consummation of the best and most illustrious system of government in mankind's history.

How young this Nation is when we count its life by centuries; and yet it has passed through so many wars that it stands out to the eye of the world like some old, battle-scarred warrior.

Leaving out of consideration the Spanish War, which gave to Cuba independence and to us the unending problem of the Philippines, we have had wars innumerable with the Indian tribes, the War for the Independence of the Colonies, the War of 1812, to establish the freedom of the seas, the Mexican War, waged primarily and essentially for the conquest of new territory out of which to carve additional slave States for the American Union, and the War of 1861, the greatest of all the wars, within whose fields of military operation, at the supreme moment, one million two hundred thousand Union soldiers stood in arms, grappling in deadly conflict the power of eleven States of the Union, consolidated in an armed rebellion, the best equipped, the fiercest and most determined, the bravest in action, and the wickedest in its declared purposes that was ever organized and set in motion on this earth against the authority of law or government, freedom or civilization.

The opening scenes of this eventful drama and

the marshalling of the Union armies are called to mind by the present occasion.

We are with them again to-day; and, in the matchless language of Ingersoll's "Vision of War," "We see them all march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the grand, wild music of war, marching down the streets of the great cities, through the towns and across the prairies, down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right."

The heroes whose names grace this "Roll of Honor" attested their devotion to the cause of human liberty by the greatest sacrifice known to mankind.

One, rich in the inheritance of family eminence and gifted in the arts of war and peace, rose from the command of a company to the command of a brigade.

Of the "Honorably Discharged," thirteen gave proof of their valor by wounds received on the fields of battle; sixteen were discharged for disability incurred in the service. One,† bearing a Captain's commission, was promoted by brevet to the rank of Major for wounds received and daring deeds performed in the face of the enemy at the siege of Petersburg.

Three whose names add lustre to these rolls were of a band of seven brothers—sons of a patriot father,

of Chester, all of whom in the flower of life, forsaking the loves of home for the higher love of country, among the earliest took their places in the ranks of the Union army.

The military service of these seven volunteers —these seven brothers—is recorded on the historic army-rolls of the Government, where it will remain forever.

It stands there unrivalled for family devotion to the Nation's cause.

It stands conspicuous for exceptional merit, in that they bore far more than their proportionate share of the burdens of the war; conspicuous again, because of the intrinsic heroism with which they bore these burdens, as if it were one heart that beat and one arm that struck the blow; and not less so, because of the irreparable loss of life and manly strength which they incurred and the bodily anguish endured.

One was killed outright while leading his company in the fatal assault upon the ramparts of Fort Wagner, and one on the battle-line at Cedar Mountain; one was discharged at the expiration of his term of service, bearing wounds inflicted by the enemy at the the battle of Petersburg still fresh upon him; two surrendered up lives of pain and suffering in hospitals, at Port Hudson and Morris Island, more dreaded by the soldier than death on the battle-

field—leaving the surviving remnant of the noble band broken and war-worn for life.

In a word, they dedicated their lives to the public service on fields of war, that the Nation they loved and honored might be preserved and free.

Who shall weave a laurel wreath worthy to crown the brow of such a brotherhood? ‡

Of the men whose names appear upon these tablets, many were freeholders and the heads of families; some were of the learned professions; some were engaged in trades and the mechanic arts; all were enlisted in some honorable industry of the land. Best of all, they thoroughly understood the principles of the Government and the full meaning of the cause for which they fought, and with that abiding faith which springs from the love of home and country each one carried out to the letter his contract with the Government.

What an honor to the town they represented, with its population of less than twelve hundred people, is this array of Union volunteers, exceeding in number a full one-third of its voting power!

No war ever taxed the valor and the fibre of men like this war.

Some one of these heroes was identified with a regiment of New Hampshire on every battle-field from the first Bull Run to the final surrender

at Appomattox. Two of them, one for a short term and the other throughout the war, served on battleships that were a part of the Atlantic Squadron, engaged in maintaining the blockade of Southern ports, from the mouth of the Potomac to the Rio Grande.

I shall not do injustice to the memory of the beloved and gallant Colonel who fell at Fort Fisher or to any other of these heroes if I call up for special mention from the "Roll of Honor" the name of Arthur S. Nichols.

He was not known to me and he was not known to fame; he was a private soldier in the Second New Hampshire; but I can measure the intensity of his patriotism by his enlistment in response to the first call made by Lincoln for volunteers to serve three years and by the peculiarly tender ties that bound him to his home.

I can judge of his valor by the glorious record of the regiment whose badge he wore and in whose ranks he served.

He was the only one of these heroes whom the fortunes of war brought to the battle-field of Gettysburg, where, throughout those three Summer days of deadly conflict, in 1863, forty thousand men, friend and foe, were killed or wounded, and where the Rebellion received its death-blow and the American Union was made one and inseparable—a decisive

victory that thrilled the great heart of the North with joy and gratitude and that rung the bells in every tower of human liberty throughout the world.

It was on the evening of the second day, during the encounter of Longstreet's veteran forces with our Third Army Corps under Sickles, at the peach-orchard, that this brave man, somewhere within the envelopment of this terrible conflict in which the officers and men of the Second New Hampshire did the work of demigods, sacrificing then and there in their country's cause more than one-half their number in dead and wounded, was overpowered, with other Union soldiers, and made a prisoner of war.

The precious offerings of human life that this State gave that afternoon on the gory fields where her Second and Fifth Regiments fought in defence of the Union, and the agonies and privations he endured for twelve long months in the prison-dens of Andersonville and his pathetic death there amidst hostile strangers, typify to us to-day what it cost to save this Nation's life and make it free.

The proudest monument that Europe boasts is the Bavarian Lion which surmounts the summit on the field of Waterloo. It was placed there by the mailed hand of kings and royalty, to symbolize their cause and the victory won by their allied armies.

Our heroic monuments rise into the heavens as

symbols of the sovereignty and the victories of the American people. We build them to the honor of the private soldier as well as to the honor of the commanding officer. They are all Freedom's monuments.

The one we dedicate to-day follows in its place in our immortal line of heroic commemoration.

And, as I stand here and gaze upon this ideal soldier of the Union army, chiselled in native granite, it seems to quicken into life and to breathe the spirit of the great national anthems of human liberty. It seems to point with confidence to the future. It seems to speak to us and to tell the story of the war, and what these heroes did to give the Government of the fathers the victory.

Let it remain here, then, in the faithful keeping of the loving hearts and strong arms of the people of this staid, old New England town; and in each of the coming years let them repair to this hallowed spot and deck its manly form with the emblem of our nationality, and around the firm base upon which it stands let them place the sweetest flowers that the Spring-time brings.

Spirit that made these heroes dare
  To die, or leave their children free,
Bid time and nature gently spare
  The shaft we raise to them and thee.

NOTES

* John Crawford, James Rankin, William Lock, Anth^{y} Somb. Stickney, Samuel Blunt, Edmund Stickney, William Tolford, David Wetherspoon, Daniel Greenough, Peter Aiken, Robert M^{c}Kinley, John Grimes, Matthew Forsaith, Jr., Matthew Templeton, Edward Robie, William Underhill, Edward Robie, Joseph Dearborn, Archibald MaKafee, David Crage, John Webster, John Underhill, Nathan Morse, James Pearce, Sam^{l}. Emerson, William White, Henry Moore, Nathan Fitts, Stephen Morse, James Dunlap, Joseph Linn, Nathan Webster, Jr., Daniel Webster, John Hasseltine, Moses Hills, Peter Dearborn, Stephen Dearborn, Peter Hasseltine, Jonathan Hall, Nathaniel Blasdall, Adam Wilson, Ebenezer Basford, Stephen Lufkin, Benjamin True, Robert Calfe, Samu^{el} Hasseltine, Jasiel Harriman, Simon Bayley, Ebenezer Townsend, Moses Underhill, Junior, Nathaniel Glidden, Stephen Hills, Wilks West, Richard Haseltine, Caleb Hall, Jonathan Dearborn, Wells Chase, David Foss, Moody Chase, Isaac Blasdel, Stephen Merril, Josiah Hall, Alex. Weatherspoon, Pearson Richardson, Robert Craige, Samuel Kinsmand, James Aiken, Sam^{l} Wilson, Bracket Towl, John Knowles, Anthony Towl, John Knowles, Jun^{r}., Benjamin Melvin, Nathan Knowles, Parker Carr, Joshua Prescott, Ezekiel Morse, Joseph Long, David Currier, James Wilson, Robert Rowe, Nathan Webster, John Dearborn, James Waddell, Jethro Colby, Amos Merril, William M^{c}Master, Josiah Bradley, Benj^{n} Hills, Francis Towle, Samuel Hills, Jacob Hills, Ezekiel Worthen, Thomas Haseltine, John Shackford, Jun., Benjamin Haseltine, Aaron Townsend, Jabez Hoit, Theod^{r} Shackford, Benjamin Fuller, Daniel Richardson, Samuel Jones, Moses Richardson, John Tolford, Isaac Forse, Hugh Tolford, Isaac Forse, Jr., John Robie, Jonathan Forsaith, Gideon Rowell, Thomas Wason, John Coulby, Rob^{t} Wilson, Samuel Rowel, Will^{m} Wilson, Samuel Forster, James Wason, Henry Hall, Charles Moore, Peter Hall, Samuel Moore, Sam^{l} Jacks, David Fuller, Simon Berry, Benjamin Hoyt, Thomas Berry, John Hoyt, John Willson, Joseph McClellan, James Shirlee, Stephen Marden, Hugh Shirley, John Pain, William Shirlee, Joseph Knowles, Sam^{l} Robie, Amos Pain, James Richardson, Nathan Norton, Ebenezer Dearborn, Samuel Brown, John Gross, William Brown, Mark Carr, William Gilchrist, Thomas Fowler, Junior, Abram Sargent, James Wetherspoon, Wintrup Sargent, Daniel Wether-

spoon, John Karr, Mansfield McAfee, William Mills, Samuel Aiken, Robert Grahams, Robert Patten, John Grimes, Samuel Crombey, John Mills, William Miller, Nath[l] Sweetzer, Hugh Miller, Samuel M[c]Ferson, Thomas M[c]Master, Robert Dickey, William Gilchrist, Parker Morse, David Dickey, Josiah Morse, Robert Dinsmore, Edmund Sleeper, Benjamin Pierce, Joseph Morse, Samuel Pierce, Joseph Blanchard, Barnard Bricket, Abner Hills, Joseph Hills, Jabez French, David Underhill, Isaac Hills, Jonathan Emery, James Randall, Hezekiah Underhill, John Lain, Jonathan Underhill, Daniel Dolbeer, Isaac Towle, John Butterfield, John Orr, John Lane, Jr., John Burley, Jonathan Norton, Joseph Hall, Joseph Norton, Joseph Clark, Jonathan Berry, Edward Presson, Joseph Smith, Cornelius Morgan, John Sevi, Samuel Worthen, Ellet Berry, Edmund Elliot, Benja. Hills, Paul Healey, David Richardson, Moses Underhill, Bradbury Carr, Jacob Perley, Joseph Carr, James Hidden, Charles Moore, Junior, Samuel Davis, Benj. Currier, William Brown, John Quimby, Francis Carr, Robert Gordon and Timothy Carr.

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† In Livermore's *History of the Eighteenth New Hampshire Volunteers* may be found an interesting account, furnished by Major William S. Greenough, of a visit of President Lincoln, in the closing days of the Civil War, to the hospital at Cedar Point, then crowded with disabled heroes fresh from the battles before Petersburg, of whom the thrice wounded Captain Charles H. Houghton, of the 14th New York Heavy Artillery, among the bravest of the brave, was the central figure. It says:

"On the night of the 6th of April, there came a serious crisis in Houghton's case through a secondary hemorrhage of an artery of the amputated limb. Surgeons and nurses worked until daylight to assuage the flowing life-blood. All in the ward were deeply interested, and there was many a sigh of relief from his companions when, in the early morning, word went down the line of cots that the artery had been 'taken up,' and there was yet ground for hope. About nine o'clock of the following forenoon the door—which I lay facing—opened, and from the surgeon in charge of the corps hospital—Dr. McDonald—came the command, 'Attention: the President of the United States.' To myself, and probably to most of us, this was unexpected, for we had not known that President Lincoln had been visiting the army.

"Raising my eyes to the doorway, I had my first sight of the Presi-

dent, and it was not an impressive one! His clothes were travel-stained, ill fitting, and very dusty; his hat was an immensely exaggerated type of the 'stove-pipe' variety; his neckwear was awry, and his face showed pressing need of the services of a barber. In short, his whole appearance seemed to justify the caricaturists of those days in their worst cartoons.

"Unescorted, except by the surgeon, the President, bowing his tall form to enter the low doorway, stepped in, turned a step or two to the right and, tenderly placing his hand on Houghton's forehead, stood for an instant looking into his face; then, bending down to the low cot,—as a mother would to her child,—he kissed Houghton's white cheek.

"In voice so tender and so low that only my near proximity enabled me to hear, he began to talk to him, telling him how he had heard from Dr. McDonald all the story of his bravery in battle, his heroic fight for life and quiet cheerfulness in hospital, and of the sad happening of the night.

"Poor Houghton could only reply with faint smiles and whispers that were too low to reach my ears, but Mr. Lincoln heard, and a smile came to his grave face. Turning to the surgeon the President asked to be shown the major's wounds, especially the amputated limb. Dr. McDonald tried to dissuade him by saying the sight, especially after what had just taken place, would be too shocking. But the President insisted, turned down the light coverings, and took a hasty look. Straightening up, with a deep groan of pain, and throwing up both his long arms, he cried out, 'Oh, this awful, awful war!' Then bending again to Houghton with the tears cutting wide furrows down his dust-stained cheeks, and with great sobs shaking him, he exclaimed, 'Poor boy! Poor boy! You must live! You must!' This time the major's whispered answer, 'I intend to, sir,' was just audible. (And here let me say in parenthesis—he did live, many long and useful years.) With a tender parting hand-stroke and a 'God bless you, my boy,' the President moved to the next cot in line, and to the next, and soon down the right and back on the left side of the ward, with a warm handclasp and a simple, kind, fatherly word for each one. Then he passed out the same door he had entered perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes before.

"But for us it was a different place—we had seen there the soul of our chief."

‡ WAR DEPARTMENT,
THE MILITARY SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
Washington, May 23, 1905.

MR. GEORGE C. HAZELTON,
WASHINGTON LOAN AND TRUST BUILDING,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir: In response to your personal inquiry of yesterday relative to the seven sons of Eliphalet Brown of Chester, New Hampshire, who were in service during the Civil War, it being your desire to learn, for memorial purposes, who of them were killed or wounded during service, I have the honor to advise you that the official records show as follows:

Otis D. Brown, Company K, 1st Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, was wounded at the battle of Petersburg, Virginia, June 16, 1864.

Warren E. F. Brown, Company K, 7th New Hampshire Infantry, was killed in action in the charge on Fort Wagner, South Carolina, July 18, 1863.

Walter G. Brown, Company I, 4th New Hampshire Infantry, died in hospital at Morris Island, South Carolina, September 16, 1863, of dysentery.

Franklin A. Brown, Company I, 4th New Hampshire Infantry, was discharged from service on surgeon's certificate of disability, July 6, 1862, on account of chronic rheumatism.

Frederick H. Brown, Company C, 2d Massachusetts Infantry, was killed in action at Cedar Mountain, Virginia, August 9, 1862.

Marston L. Brown, Company K, 15th New Hampshire Infantry, was mustered out of service with his company August 13, 1863.

Martin S. Brown, Company K, 15th New Hampshire Infantry, died July 5, 1863, at Port Hudson, Louisiana, of fever.

Except as before stated, no record has been found of any of these men having been wounded while in service.

Very respectfully,
F. C. AINSWORTH,
The Military Secretary.

Copy of resolution of Committee of Safety of New Hampshire of April 12, 1776, transmitting copy of resolution of the Continental Congress of March 14, 1776, and proposed declaration, sent to the Selectmen of Chester, with the signatures thereto.

(Reproduced in *facsimile* for the first time. The original is at Concord, N. H.)

COLONY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

In COMMITTEE of SAFETY,

April 12th, 1776.

IN Order to carry the underwritten RESOLVE of the Hon'ble Continental CONGRESS into Execution, You are requeſted to deſire all Males above Twenty One Years of Age (Lunaticks, Idiots, and Negroes excepted) to ſign to the DECLARATION on this Paper; and when ſo done, to make Return hereof, together with the Name or Names of all who ſhall refuſe to ſign the ſame, to the GENERAL-ASSEMBLY, or Committee of Safety of this Colony.

M. Weare, Chairman.

In CONGRESS, March 14th, 1776.

Reſolved, THAT it be recommended to the ſeveral Aſſemblies, Conventions, and Councils, or Committees of Safety of the United Colonies, *immediately* to cauſe all Perſons to be *diſarmed*, within their Reſpective Colonies, who are *notoriouſly* diſaffected to the Cauſe of AMERICA, Or who have not aſſociated, and refuſe to aſſociate, to defend by *ARMS*, the United Colonies, againſt the Hoſtile Attempts of the Britiſh Fleets and Armies.

(COPY) *Extract from the Minutes.*

Charles Thompſon, Sec'ry.

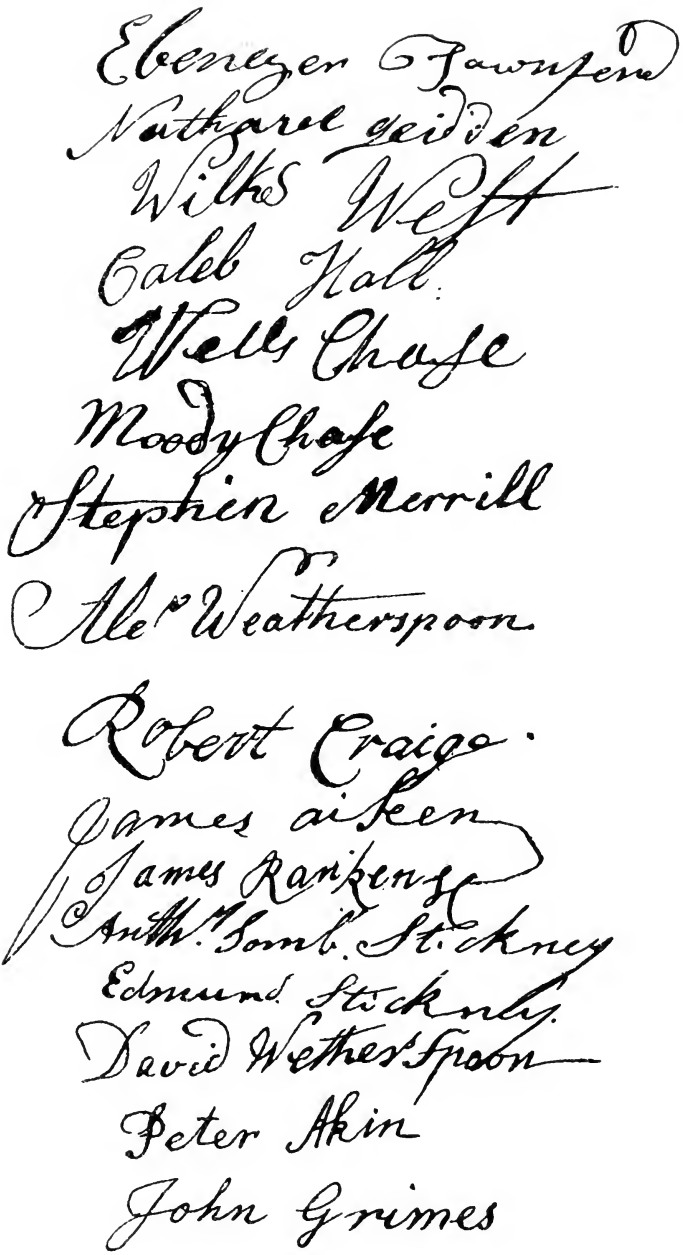
IN Conſequence of the above Reſolution, of the Hon. Continental *CONGRESS*, and to ſhew our Determination in joining our American Brethren, in defending the Lives, Liberties, and Properties of the Inhabitants of the *UNITED COLONIES*:

WE the *Subſcribers*, do hereby ſolemnly engage, and promiſe, that we will, to the utmoſt of our Power, at the Riſque of our Lives and Fortunes, with *ARMS*, oppoſe the Hoſtile Proceedings of the Britiſh Fleets, and Armies, *againſt the United American COLONIES.*

John Crafford
William Lock
Samuel Blunt
William Elford
Daniel Greenough
Robert McKinley
Matthew Forfith Junr
Edward Robie
Edward Robie
Archibald McKafee

John Webſter
Sandl Emerſon
Stephan Morſe
Daniel Webſter
Stephen Dearborn
Adam Willſon
Robt Elf
Eaſel Hoppinſon

Nathan Morſe
Henry Mor
Joſeph Linn
Moſes Hills
Jonathan Hall
Stephen Lee
24


Ebenezer Dawnpen
Nathaniel Weidden
Wilks Wefft
Caleb Hall
Wells Chase
Moody Chase
Stephen Merrill
Alex Weatherspoon
Robert Craige.
James Aiken
James Rankenge
Anth. Somb. Stickney
Edmund Stickney
David Wetherspoon
Peter Akin
John Grimes

Mathew Templeton.
William Underhill
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Will O Craige
John Underhill
James Pearce
William White
Nathan Tittz
James Dunlaps
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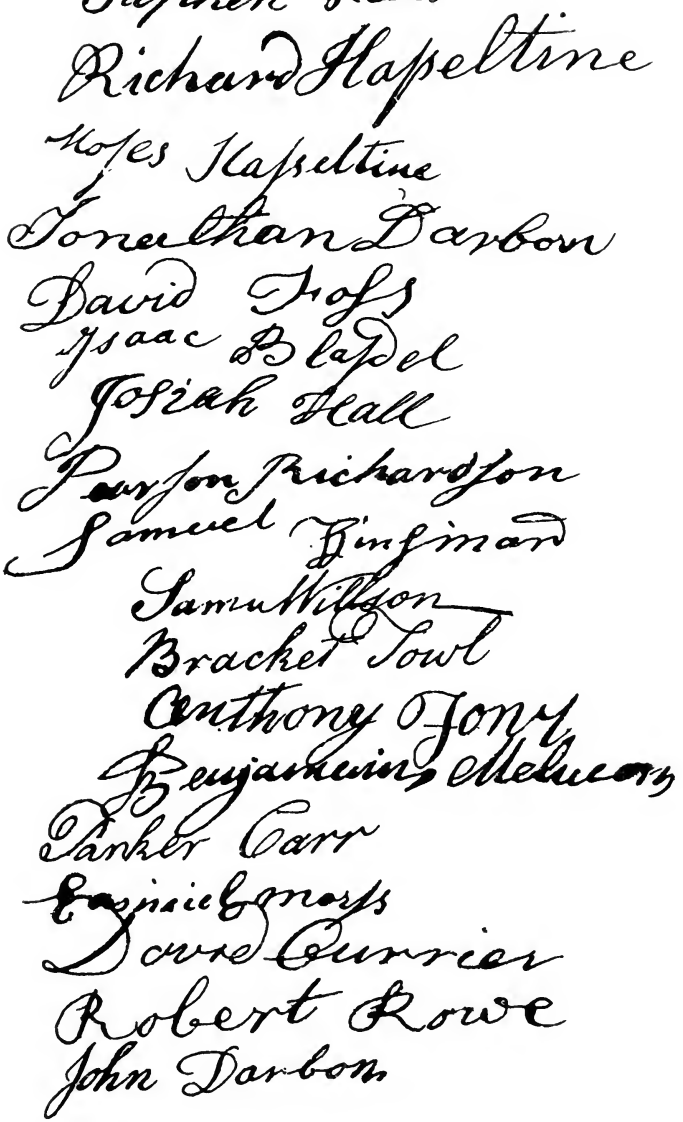
Simon Bayley
Moses Underhill Junr
John Underhill June



Jethro Colby
Wiellem mc masten
Benjn Hill
Samuel Hill
Ezekiel Worthan
John Shackford junr
Aaron Townsend
Theodr Shackford
Daniel Richardson
Moses Richardson
Isaac Force
Isaac Force junr
Thomas Wason
Jonathan Horsaith
Robt Wilson
Willm Wilson
James Wason
Charles moore
Samuel moore

David Fuller
Benjamin Hoyt
John Hoyt
Joseph McClellan
Stephen Marden
John Pain
Joseph Knowles
Ames Pain
Nathan Norton
Samuel Brown
John Knowles
John Knowles junr.
Nathan Knowles
Joshua Prescot
Joseph Long
James Wilson

Nathan Webster
James Waddell
Aonos merrill
Josiah Bradley
Daniels Jewel
Jacob Hills

Thomas Haseltine
Benjamin Haseltine
Jabez Hoit
Benjiri Sutton
Samuel Jones
John Tolford
Hugh Tolford

John Robie
Gideon Rowel
John Coulby
Samuel Rowel

Samuel Lowther 59
John Wilson
Henry Hall
Peter Hall
Saml Jacky
Simon Barry
Thos Tuttle
James Shirla
William Shirla
Hugh Shirley
Samr Robie
James Richardson
Ebenezer Seat Coar
John Gross
William Brown
William Gilcrest
Abraham Sargent

Winthrop Sargent
John Kerr
William Mills
Robert Grahames
John Grimes
John Mills
Nath.l Sweetser
Samuel McPherson
Robert Dickey
Parker Morss
Josiah Morss
Edmund Sleeper
Joseph Morss
Joseph Blanchard
Abner Hill

Jabez French
Isaac Hills
James Randall
John Lain.
Daniel Dolbeer
John Butterfield
John Lane Junr
Jonathan Norton
Joseph Norton,
Jonthan Berry
Joseph Smith
John Seavy
Caleb Berry
Beyr Hiles
David Richardson
Brad
Bradbury Cram
Joseph Carr
Charles Morrison junor

Benj- Carrier

Mark Carr

Thomas Fowler Junr

James Wetherspoons

Daniel Wetherspoon

Mary field M Affee

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Samuel Akin

Robert. Patten

Isa Samuel Cromsbey

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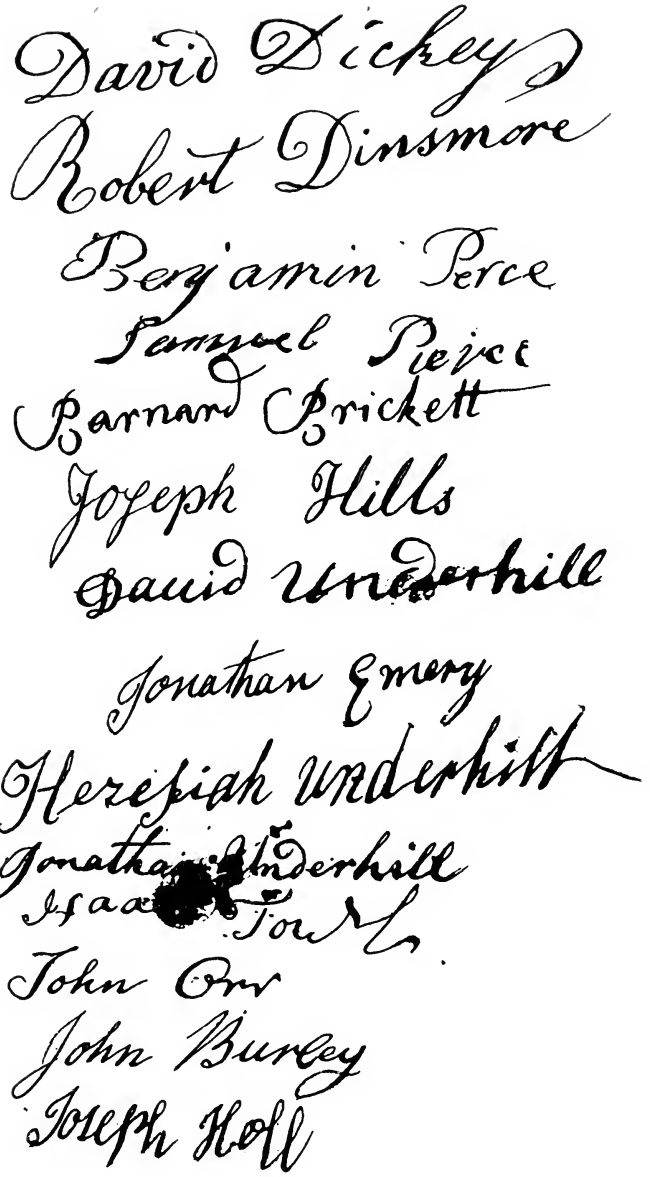
Hugh miller

Thomos McMaster

William Gilcriest.


David Dickey
Robert Dinsmore
Benjamin Perce
Samuel Pierce
Barnard Prickett
Joseph Hills
David Underhill
Jonathan Emery
Hezekiah Underhill
Jonathan Underhill
Isaac Tourl
John Orr
John Burley
Joseph Hall

Joseph Clark
Edward Prissen
Cornelius Morgan
Samuel Worthen
Edward Eliot
Paul Peele
Moses Underhill
Jacob Perley
James Hudson
Samuel Davis
John Quimby
Robert Gordon
William Brown
Francis Carr
Timothy Carr

COLONEL HOSLEY:

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I now take pleasure in presenting George Sherman West, chairman of the Board of Selectmen, who will present the monument to the members of the Grand Army for dedication.

GEORGE SHERMAN WEST:

Members of the Grand Army:

I have been authorized at this time to accept this memorial and to request you to dedicate it to the noble purpose for which it has been erected.

COLONEL HENRY O. KENT:

Mr. Chairman of the Board of Selectmen:

In the name of my comrades of the Department of New Hampshire, I thank you and those you represent for this memorial.

Dedication of the monument by Henry O. Kent.
(See " Introduction," p. 11.)

COLONEL HOSLEY:

We have not the Governor with us to-day, but he has sent a representative, and I now take pleasure in introducing the Hon. John C. Linehan, of Concord, N. H.

HON. JOHN C. LINEHAN:

Mr. Chairman, Comrades and Friends:

As announced by your President, I am here to-day as the representative of one whom you all honor and respect, His Excellency, Governor Bachelder, of New Hampshire.

In his behalf, I desire to tender to you, the sons and daughters of the historic town of Chester, to the comrades of the Departments of New Hampshire and Massachusetts Grand Army of the Republic, to the honored President of the Day, Comrade Hosley, who has done so much to make this occasion a success, to the gallant veteran of the Civil War, Comrade James Tanner, and his wife, and to all others a most cordial and hearty welcome to the old Granite State.

With you, I have enjoyed the address of the speaker of the day, Mr. Hazelton, and feel that I can say truthfully that, from my stand-point, it is one of the best, as well as one of the broadest, I have thus far heard on any similar occasion. When he said that we in New Hampshire are descended from three great races, the English, the Irish and the Scotch, he made a concession to the Irish race not

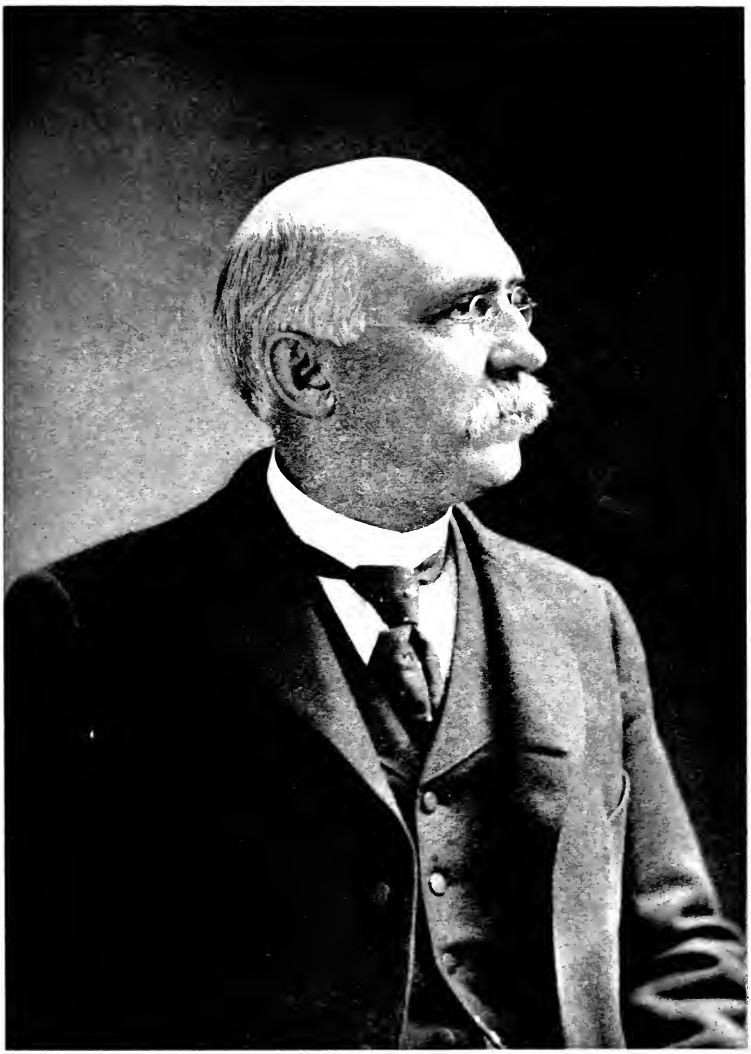
found elsewhere outside of the provincial papers of New Hampshire; and, as a native of Ireland, I assure him his words will be appreciated by those of that race who are versed in the early history of the Province and the State.

In the dedication of this monument as a memorial to the men and boys from Chester who fought and who died in the war to preserve the Union, you have done a work that will live long after the most of us are forgotten. A pleasing feature about it is that from base to apex it is constructed of our own New Hampshire granite, so emblematic of the State.

Again I give you all a cordial welcome, and trust when you leave for your homes you will take with you none but pleasing memories of Chester's "Old Home Day" for 1904.

COLONEL HOSLEY:

We have the United States Government represented here to-day. I take pleasure in introducing Senator Henry E. Burnham, of Manchester, N. H.



HON. HENRY E. BURNHAM:

Veterans of the Grand Army, Fellow Citizens and Friends:

To-day a grateful and honored town, assisted by the Grand Army of the Republic, dedicates with impressive ceremonies an enduring monument to the memory of her heroic sons, the brave one hundred and six who went forth to save their imperilled country in the gloomy night of civil war.

Happily the day so wisely chosen for this service is associated with the home-coming of the sons and daughters of this favored town.

From far and near they have come, each anxious to join with those who have remained at the old homestead in paying tribute to the men whose patriotism and valorous deeds have crowned with deathless honor their much-loved native town.

Who were these men whose names are now upon the lips of all? They were born here, young men with hopes that kindled in their hearts the love of life and kindred, with ambitions that would lead them on and up to success and honor in the paths of peace. They left their homes and exchanged the

warm grasp they gave to loved ones for the cold clutch of steel, the sword, the gun, the awful enginery of war.

They went out from the embrace of love, some into the embrace of death, all into the dark unknown, into the blackest gloom that ever yet had enshrouded this fair land; they marched in Summer's heat and Winter's cold, and in the angry storm; they slept with only the stars or the threatening clouds above them; they suffered in hospital and prison-pen with cruel pain and anguish; they climbed the crimson ridge of battle and fought on gory fields where Death was king; they triumphed at last and they laid anew the foundations of the Republic, with no stone stained or black, but all as pure and spotless as the morning light, binding together each and every part with bands that no storm can rend asunder nor the ravages of Time destroy.

Nothing can add to or detract from the undying glory and honor of the Union soldiers. Their past is secure. No statue, however reared or crowned, no monument, however broad its base or however far it may tower above the clouds, can make more glorious or enduring the memory of their deeds. But the living, impressed by a heaven-born sense of gratitude, would pay them tribute and in town and city would rear the sculptured marble, the chiselled granite and the lettered bronze. Imperishable

fame! When material things fashioned by man have lost their form and crumbled into dust, yet will the achievements of these heroic men live on through the unbounded reach of time.

> For the good deed through the ages,
> Living in historic pages,
> Brighter grows and gleams immortal.

Here, as to some sacred shrine, the living of to-day, their children and their children's children will come and gaze with rapt and impassioned look upon this noble monument, from whose statue will breathe forth, as from a thing of life, the mystic spell that kindles into being a lofty and self-sacrificing patriotism, the noblest sentiment of mankind.

Here, too, will come those who inherit the patriotic blood of the men whose names are written upon these tablets of bronze, and in their loving hearts will be cherished a grateful appreciation of what this town and her citizens have done in honor of her patriots, living and dead.

It needed only such deeds, and the men whose names are inscribed upon this "Roll of Honor," to make complete the record of Chester's great services to the State and Nation. Here has been found from her earliest history a nobility of character and worth seldom equalled and nowhere surpassed. From her families of wide renown have gone forth men who

have honored the loftiest stations in the service of our Government.

The spirit and patriotism of the great North in the Civil War were nowhere better illustrated than in this historic town. Among her brave soldiers, all native-born, all bearing names that are precious in your hearts to-day, one may be mentioned first. He was a type of the young manhood that was sacrificed upon our country's altar during the war—brave, noble, patriotic son of Chester. He responded to the first call to arms. Wounded again and again in battle, he fell at last upon the crimson ramparts of Fort Fisher; and, when his life-blood was fast ebbing away, he prayed that he might live to see the colors of his gallant Fourth New Hampshire float in triumph over the captured fort. His dying wish was gratified, and then, his last sacrifice made, his life-work done, General Louis Bell joined his comrades on the farther shore.

Lives like this have reflected priceless honor upon town and State and Nation, and have enriched and glorified the annals of mankind.

How best can we respond to the lessons of this hour? How best can we obey the voices that seem to come to us to-day from the soldiers' graves at home and in the far Southland? How best perform our duty in the presence of the still-surviving maimed and suffering veterans of that great war?

They gave to us, and to generations yet to come, the glorious heritage of a restored Union. They placed again upon our unconquered flag the stars whose quenchless light will grow brighter with the lapse of years. They removed forever from our land the curse of human thraldom and made possible that mighty progress of the Republic which has continued until its homes are upon the hillsides, the valleys, the prairies and the mountains from the Atlantic to the golden shores of the Pacific, and until our flag, now respected and honored everywhere at home and abroad, floats over the tropical islands of distant seas.

Let us, as we would honor the memory of our dead and pay tribute to our living heroes, keep inviolate and undiminished the heritage their valor gave us! Let us preserve in all its force and vigor the old Constitution and those Amendments that were written by the blood of martyrs in the cause of Liberty and Union! Let us make our country still greater and grander in all that most conduces to her permanency, her strength and her progress; and let us preserve our institutions and our form of government as a blessing to all our people and an example for all the nations of the earth!

Thus will we do our part in serving the cause and the Republic for which so much precious blood was shed and so much treasure freely given in the

War of 1861–65; and thus will we profit by the lessons that come to us from this occasion and from that silent, yet eloquent monument which has to-day been dedicated to the memory of the Union soldiers of the town of Chester.

COLONEL HOSLEY:

We have with us another New Hampshire boy, one whose parents and grandparents were natives of Chester and whose father was a member of a New Hampshire regiment. I now introduce the Hon. Henry F. Hollis, of Concord, N. H.

HON. HENRY F. HOLLIS:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen and Friends:

It is not a matter of great consequence, perhaps, but I wish to make one correction in regard to the introduction by your chairman. My father is not a native of Chester. If he were, I should find it difficult to explain why his name is not in the roll of honor upon this monument. As a matter of fact, he was not a member of a New Hampshire regiment, but he was enrolled in the 45th and 56th Massachusetts regiments, and served honorably throughout the Civil War.

Referring now to the exercises of the day, we find it difficult to realize that a century has grown old and died, a new century has been born, forty years have well-nigh passed since the close of the conflict which proved the bonds of American union to be free from flaw and forged for all eternity. In twoscore years, old men have died, young men have aged, children have become grandfathers and new-born babes have grown to full maturity. The progress of mankind has kept pace with the progress of the years.

We have reared upon this spot a monument to our honored dead. It can raise no thrill of grati-

tude in the breasts of those whose names adorn its shaft. It can testify no more to those surviving heroes who honor us by their presence here to-day than we can testify by spoken word. It is not intended as a reward for past services, or an inducement for future patriotism. It pays no debt, it meets no obligation to others. If there be a debt which it discharges, it is a debt which we owe ourselves.

And that debt is a debt of sentiment. Disguise it as we may, we build monuments to our dead soldiers to testify to ourselves and to our children our own appreciation of the finer qualities of human nature—a matter of pure sentiment.

It is indeed a luxury to indulge a fancy for sentiment, to make occasionally something superfluous, something that is not strictly required, something actually foolish in the eyes of many, like a beautiful library, a memorial church, or even an "Old Home Day" celebration. But sentiment has its part, and a very important part in the human breast.

There is, for example, close by our State House in Concord a magnificent building of granite and marble, more sumptuous and ostentatious perhaps than is required by a State Library. But to every citizen of New Hampshire who enters it, there comes a sense of pride and decency and self-respect which repays a hundredfold his particular share of the taxes that building has cost.

And so of "Old Home Day." If some can find a material recompense in the dollars to be earned by selling land for homes to returning sons and daughters, or by keeping summer boarders, well and good. But if "Old Home Day" brings no greater return than a cluster of fragrant memories, a hearty hand-shake, or a cordial welcome to the old farm-house, we are well repaid.

And so with memorials like this. Children who play about a soldiers' monument will never forget that shaft. They may not know the names of those who lie beneath, nor the battles in which they fell, but the rough granite, the dusky bronze, or the grass about its base will furnish through life a permanent spot to revisit in person or in memory.

But let us not forget that we owe one debt to our dead soldiers and to those living soldiers who are happily spared to us—a debt that cannot be paid by erecting monuments, or expressing thanks and gratitude—a debt that can only be discharged by preserving the traditions of our fathers in all their ancient purity and strength. No matter how strong and perfect the bonds of union may be, or how high the sentiments expressed in our statutes and Constitution, eternal vigilance is required to preserve our rights and our liberties.

No war was ever fought which could not have been avoided by wise and patriotic statesmen, and

I have heard it said that there would never be a war if those who brought it on were obliged to carry the muskets. It is always possible that a trivial act by President, Governor, Congress or Legislature may incite or avert a mighty conflict.

How then can we better discharge our debt to those who have helped preserve the Union in the past than by taking an earnest, honest, active and personal interest in our duties as citizens? Shame to the man who is too busy to take an interest in the politics of his town, State and Nation, and more shame to him who feels that politics is a dirty business, beneath his dignity and unworthy of his notice. Politics is now, and ever will be, just as good or just as bad as the men who dominate it.

And so long as any man feels himself too good or too fastidious to engage in politics, and waits for the character of politicians to improve before he does his part to preserve the liberties of the Constitution and transmit them untarnished to future generations, so long has he failed to discharge his duty to his country, and pay his debt to those soldiers, who died that their country might live.

COLONEL HOSLEY:

I now introduce the Judge Advocate General of the Grand Army of the Republic, Comrade James Tanner, of Washington, D. C.

JAMES TANNER:

Mr. Chairman, Veterans, Ladies of the Relief Corps, One and All:

These have been great days of late for the surviving veterans of the Union army. We have been almost swallowed up by the kindness of the great Commonwealth of Massachusetts. To our own amazement, where we had expected that with advancing years there would come a great diminution in our ranks in point of attendance, we found twenty-seven thousand of the old comrades marching through the streets of Boston. The people turned out, it seemed, no less than a million, and from their eyes, and by the expression that found voice at their hands and through their throats, there came to us the welcome assurance that the day had not yet come for us to be forgotten.

Now, in addition to all that, I and a few others are privileged to take part in this ceremony of to-day, and to bow with you in reverence before this beautiful monument erected in memory of the citizen-soldiery of Chester, who have served our Nation so well, so many of whom have gone to their last resting-place. This is the first time in my life

that I have been privileged to be within the confines of your town, but already my mind is made up on one point, and I desire to say to you that if my parents had consulted with me on that important matter, I too would have been born in Chester.

In the few moments which time will permit me to occupy, I want to say to you that, though I come from the old Empire State, I did not have to wait to come to New Hampshire to form an acquaintance with your sons.

On every battle-field I trod, I saw your boys somewhere down the line, and we never felt alarm about the representatives of the old Granite State, for they stood as firm as their native hills. One thought I would put out to you to-day with great earnestness. The dead whose names are commemorated on this shaft have made their record, and what we may say or do here is of no moment to them. We are not so much honoring them as we are honoring ourselves, and while we are performing no service material to them, we are performing a service material to the present and future generations.

We are too much apt when we come to consider the greatness of our country to get out our mental telescope and look half-way or clear across the continent before we discern its heroes. You citizens of Chester do not have to go across the continent to look for your heroes, for right here there have gone in

and out among you for years men who stood as brave and as true when cannon roared and rifles volleyed as are found anywhere in this great Nation. So I bow in reverence to the statue before us, commemorating the heroes gone before, and I bow also to the living comrades of this little Post, and greet them as equally exalted heroes as the world has seen. I take a great deal of stock in what a friend of mine, the Rev. Dr. Deems, of New York, once said: " If I have ever done anything that pleased you, tell me of it, if you will, while I am alive to hear it. Do not wait until my ears are deaf and my eyes closed, but tell me while I am alive, while my pulse throbs. I would give more for an ounce of taffy than for a pound of epitaphy."

We can but epitomize that which is in our hearts to-day, for the day, the month, nor yet the year would be long enough to tell what the boys did in those grand old times. It would be no more of a shock to you to-day to have the news come that our country had been attacked and needed our sons in defence, than it was to us in 1861 when the storm broke. Life looked as peaceful and promising to us in those days as it does to the young men of the present time. Hope welled as high in the hearts of us who were the young men of 1861, ambition fired our brains as thoroughly, business prospects looked as promising as they do to the young men of 1904. Aye! and you

may take my word for it, woman's eye beamed upon us as kindly, her cheeks looked as rosy and her lips tasted as sweet in 1861 as they do to the young men of to-day. Then the blow fell, and the shotted guns that belched the wrath of secession at Sumter's walls rocked the Republic from centre to circumference.

Then the cry of the stricken Nation was heard, voiced by the greatest American of all time, bar none, Abraham Lincoln.

How magnificently her sons answered. From mountain-side and prairie, from valley and cañon, from hamlet and city, from home, shop, counting-room and student's closet, they came. Their iron-shod heels rang in musical rhythm on the paved streets of our great cities as they pressed forward, making the air ring with their anthem,

> We are coming, Father Abraham,
> By the hundred thousand more,

till at last they stood on the borderland, a belted line of blue, their fearless hearts a breastwork against which vainly beat the baffled hosts of the Southland. They trod two thousand fields of battle and skirmish, and four hundred thousand on battle-field, in hospital and in prison-pen went down to death among the Nation's defenders.

In this epitome, we bear in tender remembrance

the great host of the maimed and diseased, the almost countless throng of widowed and fatherless.

I may not under the circumstances surrounding us go very much into particulars to-day, but one thing I wish to say of these veterans who are here to-day with the badge and the button on—I can say for them as I can say for a particular class of our disabled. Circumstances and my own condition have naturally brought me largely in contact with men all over the Nation who have had the knife and the saw sever limbs from their bodies, but never have I met one who has voiced a single regret for what he did for the salvation of the Nation, fearful though the price was which they paid.

For long years we were prone to find our illustrations of great, heroic deeds in the annals of other nations. But ere the close of the national travail of 1861–65, we found we could in our time match the great deeds of history.

In our boyhood days, we had our blood stirred by the story of the charge of the Six Hundred at Balaklava. You recall the incident, which occurred in the war between Great Britain, France and Turkey joined against Russia. In the course of the contest, an order was delivered commanding a charge by the Six Hundred. Somebody had blundered—we shall never know who, as the officer who delivered the order was killed a few minutes later.

At the head of the Six Hundred rode Lord Cardigan, the only scion of one of England's lordly lines. He knew that someone had blundered, but he was a soldier and he knew that a soldier's first duty is to obey orders.

> Theirs not to reason why,
> Theirs but to do or die.

It is said that, as he finished reading the order, he drew his sword-belt one buckle-hole tighter and with a muttered, " Here goes the last of the Cardigans," gave the order to charge, and the Six Hundred rode to destruction and immortality.

We can match it. Come with me, if you please, to Chancellorsville on that May day in 1863 when the line broke. On the far side of the break, there sat in their saddles a detachment of the 8th Pennsylvania Cavalry, Major Peter Keenan in command. On the near side, a mass of artillery, unaligned. Yonder came the eagle of the Confederacy, Stonewall Jackson. His quick eye grasped at once the vital importance of throwing his force into that gap. Had he succeeded in so doing, the results would have been disastrous to the Union cause to the last degree. Fortunately at this moment down our line came galloping that splendid soldier, General Alfred Pleasonton. His eye was as quick as Jackson's. With-

out halting, he cried out to the officer in command of the artillery: "Align those guns, double-shotted grape and canister, three-second fuses!" Then dashing along the break, he cried out, "Major Keenan, you must charge that column and hold it in check ten minutes or this field is lost!" Major Keenan was a cultured Irish gentleman. There awaited him in his distant home a fair young wife and loving children. In his dreams at night, as he lay in his tent or on the bosom of Mother Earth, "with his martial cloak around him," his soul had leaped forward to the sweet bye-and-bye when peace should have come and he would once more enfold them in loving embrace, but when Pleasonton gave him that order he knew that their reunion was for heaven only.

Saluting, he responded, "General, we'll do it, and we'll die!" He gave the word to charge, and led the way in the teeth of Jackson's ten thousand. Jackson thought it impossible that such a small body of cavalry would make such a charge unless they were to be strongly supported, and halting, threw his men into line of battle. His rifles volleyed, and Keenan's saddles were emptied. When we got our dead, Keenan's body had received nine bullets; his adjutant who rode by his side had received fifteen.

But the field was saved by the sacrifice, for when Jackson pressed forward he was met by crushing

volleys of grape and canister, and the Third Corps closed the gap.

One more comparison. Take Napoleon at the bridge of Lodi. It was an absolute necessity to his cause to possess that bridge. Three times, the forces of France were repulsed. Napoleon realized that it were better for his fame in history that he should die there than to concede the battle lost and retire. So, seizing the standard of France, he cried out, "*En avant, mes braves!*" and under his leadership they captured the bridge, and the battle was won.

There came another day, the 17th of September, 1862, when for the Union cause a bridge was to be held. I refer to Antietam, where Burnside held the bridge though pressed to the last extremity. Aide after aide had galloped to McClellan, asking for support. McClellan turned to Fitz-John Porter, who sat in his saddle near him in command of the Sixth Corps, in reserve. Porter understood the unspoken question and with a shake of his head answered, "It won't do, General. If we meet with disaster on this field, my corps is our only hope." So McClellan sent answer to Burnside as follows: "Tell General Burnside that I cannot send him a brigade, a regiment nor a man, but I charge him to hold the bridge to the last man, for with it he holds our success this day."

That knightly New England soldier held the

bridge and saved the day, and I fear no contradiction from you when I assert that Burnside holding the bridge of Antietam, with no dream of dynasty or personal aggrandizement before him, but simply as a corner-stone of our great ark of liberty for all, was a grander character than Napoleon forcing the bridge of Lodi in pursuance of his own ambitions only.

The fortunes of war sent me home early, but I went in early, September, 1861, a lad of seventeen, and I frankly say to you that I did not put down the Rebellion. I was privileged to be in at Yorktown, Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, seven days in front of Richmond, Malvern Hill, and then came the second battle of Bull Run, where Stonewall Jackson mustered me out with a piece of shell. Then after a while back to the old farm, where I lay gathering strength for the unusually strenuous battle of life which lay before me, and as time ran away, I had to hear much adverse criticism of our boys from lips that were hostile to our cause. That adverse criticism came from those who were with us, but not of us; men who were too cowardly to fight under any flag; who made themselves hoarse crying, "Why don't the army move?" and "On to Richmond," but who, when Father Abraham called through the channels of the draft, were to be found with the draft-list in one hand and a time-table of the

nearest route to Canada in the other, ready to skip across the border, if they were among the chosen.

For a long time, they constantly predicted the ultimate defeat of our cause, but finally, when it was evident that we were going to win, then they said, "Yes, you are wearing them out, but at what an awful price will victory be purchased." The tenderest sentiment these people had to express regarding our veteran comrades was that, under the influences of camp and march, bivouac and battle-field, it would prove that they had lost all memories of the sweet, pure teachings instilled in their youthful hearts as they had stood by mother's side, or gathered in the Sabbath-school and in the house of general worship. In short, they predicted that the army when it came home would come a rampant, disorganized mob of men, above all law and all restraint. No woman's honor was to be safe in all the land "when Johnny came marching home again." Oh, the infamy of it!

Sir, inexpressibly proud as I am of the history which my comrades wrote with their bayonets' points, punctuated with their leaden periods during those four awful years, I am no less proud of the splendid manner in which they bore themselves

> When the battle-flags were furled
> And the war-drums ceased to beat.

Many of you have stood on the sea-shore, when the waves came rolling in, almost mountainous in their height, seeming as if they would sweep everything to destruction before them. You have seen them at the dividing line break and sink back into the bosom of Mother Ocean. So our victorious legions came in the Spring days of 1865, dashed over the mountain wall of war, kissed the shores of peace and quietly assimilated themselves to all the ways of peaceful life.

In an hour, so to speak, this Nation lost an army of over a million of men, but I assert that thereby and to an immeasurable degree, the forces of civilization and Christianity were enlarged. What course then was pursued by these heroes of a thousand fields? They returned to their old homes; they greeted again the parents who in the years of anxiety and woe had had their brows wrinkled and their eyes dimmed by the sorrow of their hearts. They went in great numbers each to the "girl he left behind him," and in loving embrace poured into her ear the old, old story, telling her that at her hands and before the altar of God alone could he receive the reward he demanded for his patriotic self-sacrifice.

Then, to a tremendous extent, they spread themselves out over the mighty West. They swept away the mirage which had obscured our vision and created the impression of a great American desert.

Out of those Western vastnesses, they carved great States. They erected their modest homes, lighted the cheerful fires on hundreds of thousands of domestic hearthstones, builded new altars innumerable to the God above us and strengthened the Republic in countless ways.

Young people of to-day, turn your thoughts in on your own hearts. Are you not inexpressibly proud of the great riches of this great Nation of ours to-day?—proud of its wealth and purity, proud of its standing among the nations of the world? Then remember that all you have you take as the heirs of the men in whose honor we are met to-day, heirs of them and their comrades.

Let us be just. We had help, glorious help. There were innumerable men left behind who did just as patriotic service, service just as necessary as we did, without putting on a uniform. Besides this, joined to the favor of God, we had the sweetest and purest influences all our land contains—the prayers and the efforts of the womanhood of our land. For every tear they shed, for every word of encouragement they penned, for every effort they made, we thank and bless them to-day.

You, right here in Chester, know full well what women can do, what they have done for this monument. All honor to the women of the Relief Corps all the land over, and particularly the glorious Corps that has its habitation here in Chester.

We have lived to see great things, my comrades. I have said many times in the years that lie behind us that, if ever the tocsin of war sounded again, and sons of ours were called to battle, we would find that they would go as bravely as their fathers went, and it has been proven in our time. We have been permitted to see our sons raise our flag higher than we ever were permitted to raise it and to carry it in honor ten thousand miles farther than we were privileged to do.

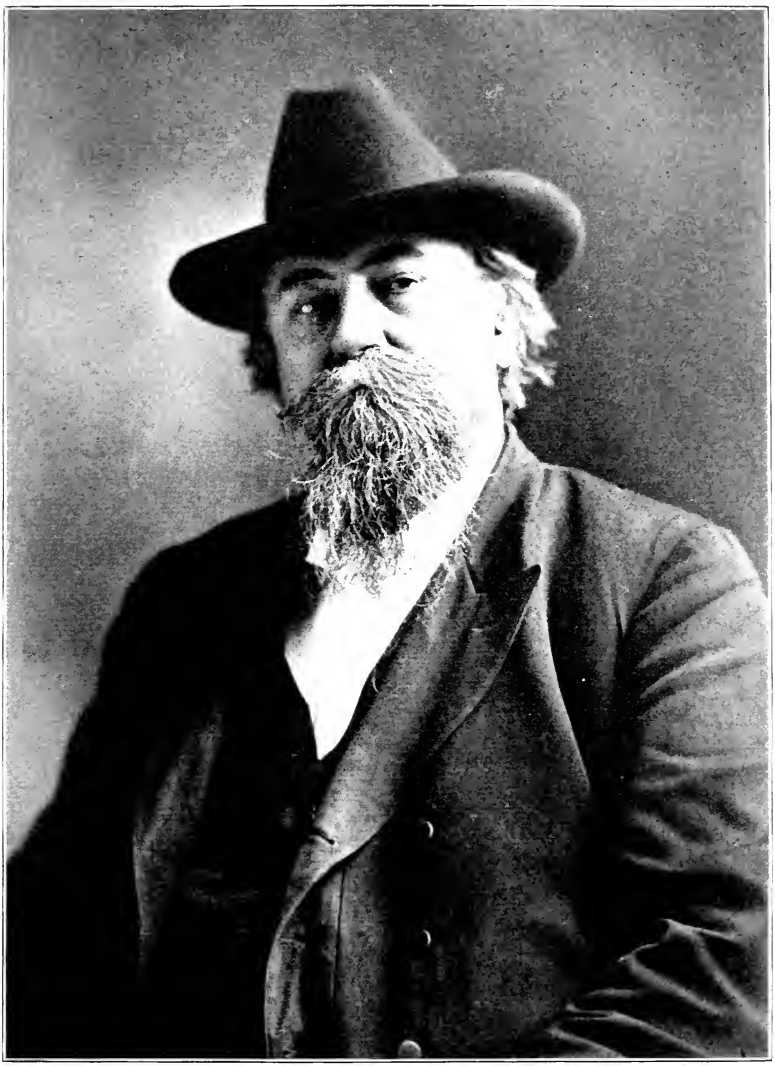
It is a wonderful record yonder shaft commemorates, and which it will carry down to other generations. Out of a total population of one thousand and a voting population of one hundred and ninety-four, one hundred and six of the citizens of this community bade good-by to loved ones, put behind them the peace, serenity and joy of life amid these beautiful surroundings and went out to battle in behalf of our imperilled Nation.

As we stand in the presence of this mute memorial to-day, it incites us to higher thoughts and nobler deeds and irresistibly draws us to larger and better views of life.

Such will be the effect of this scene to-day as the story shall be passed along the corridors of time to the generations yet to come. And the manifold blessings shall rest with all.

COLONEL HOSLEY:

We have with us another representative of the United States Government, one whose name is a household word. I now introduce to you the Hon. Cyrus A. Sulloway, the Member of Congress from this District.



HON. CYRUS A. SULLOWAY:

Mr. Commander, Ladies, Soldiers and Friends:

I am not here to-day to make a speech. I had an arrangement with Colonel Hosley that I was to come here to-day, but was not to talk. He said that you had plenty of orators; and I know you have. He said, " Cy, we want one ornament, and you must come." It was on these conditions that I am here to-day; and how could I resist so affecting an appeal? And, to tell the truth, I wanted to come.

Now this beautiful monument and the eloquent and patriotic words we have listened to remind us of those terrible days when they who are dead, and you, their surviving comrades, left their homes—homes so dear that nothing but patriotic love of liberty could have torn them and you away. My God, what days those were: when mothers kissed their beardless boys good-bye; when husbands and fathers kissed the babe in the cradle farewell, and looked with tearful eyes into the eyes of the wife and mother and read the agony her heart contained as they parted—she to guard the home and care for the children—he to protect the flag and it may be to die struggling for liberty beneath its folds!

To-day, you dedicate this monument, consecrated to their memory, their valor and their sacrifices. It will be a monument inspiring patriotism, to be proud of for all time to come. I wish the names of the mothers and wives who gave their sons and their husbands might have been inscribed thereon also; but, unfortunately, such is not the custom. My friends, as long as letters last, as granite endures, years after mankind shall have forgotten where the most of us who participate in the ceremonies to-day are buried, they who live after us with loving hands will plant flowers around this beautiful monument that you to-day dedicate, and their fragrant blossoms will be moistened with tears of patriotic gratitude, and they will give thanks to God that old Chester had so many sons and daughters ready to sacrifice all for country and liberty.

I am a believer in an army and navy. No nation has a moral right to be without such. There are those who talk of disarmament and arbitration. I want to say to you that there is nothing in Holy Writ, nothing in the life or history of nations, to lead a thoughtful mind to any such conclusions. The advocates of disarmament forget that Christ said, speaking of war, pestilence and famine. "These things must needs be." They ever have and always will be until humanity is annihilated. Nations were born on fields where armed men met, where

sabres clashed, bayonets glittered, rifles cracked and cannons thundered, and where heroes died on fields red with blood; and they passed out of existence in the same way.

A nation that would disarm would be a nation of cowards inviting its own destruction. Sneak-thieves rob unlocked houses; only the boldest and most desperate burglars attack bank vaults. I believe we should increase our navy as rapidly as our revenue and our ship-yards will permit, and our army to at least one hundred thousand men. To do so, in my belief, is economy and an assurance of peace. One hundred well-equipped battle-ships will do more toward preserving peaceful relations with the nations of the earth than all the peace congresses could do if constantly in session until the end of time, and I would rather submit to such an armament to determine our rights than to all the crowned heads of the world. We should feel that as a Nation we were to have a fair trial and be very confident of the result.

We have grown since the days of the Rebellion. To-day, it has been said here that we own possessions in all quarters of the globe. If you station one battle-ship at the Philippines, one at Cuba, one at Porto Rico, one at each end of the canal we are about to build, or, I ought to say, really are building, and one for every thousand miles of our sea-coast, we haven't battle-ships enough to go round.

It is an insurance. It is a safety. There are no arbitrators that are equal to an army of a million men.

When we are asked to arbitrate, I hope the men at the head of the Government will point to the army and navy and say, " There are my arbitrators; reason with them." In that way, there will be no doubt about the result. We cannot afford as a Nation to be without a nucleus of an army. To-day, we have only about fifty-six thousand men.

Now, my friends, I know that you are weary. You have been stimulated by noble and patriotic sentiments that have sent the blood tingling in your veins. I know it has tingled down to my fingers, and sometimes I felt it down to my toes, as I have sat here and listened to the inspiring speakers of to-day; but, at the same time, I know that you weary. I want to thank you in closing for the invitation and for the opportunity to be here, and I congratulate you on the occasion that enables you to dedicate this beautiful monument to-day.

COLONEL HOSLEY:

I take pleasure in introducing, at this time, Mrs. Maria E. Densmore, President of the Woman's Relief Corps of the Department of New Hampshire.

MRS. MARIA E. DENSMORE:

A Nation like ours will not soon forget the soldiers who fought, suffered and died for their country, and what more fitting memorial can we erect to them than such a monument as you dedicate here to-day, and each Memorial Day you will place the evergreen and floral tribute on this mound made sacred to their memory.

It was my pleasure two years ago to visit Gettysburg; it was an exceedingly interesting and enjoyable, as well as a sad, visit. There, every few rods for miles, was a monument erected in memory of some noble officer. We saw monuments that marked the spots made historic by some notable event of the battle. The cemetery had its row after row of small stones that marked the resting places of unknown heroes. It was a good history-lesson, but one day was too short a time for its study.

While we do honor to those who have fallen, let us not forget the living, but try and strew their pathway with as much sunshine as possible.

COLONEL HOSLEY:

I now take pleasure in introducing Mrs. Louise S. Johnson, of Manchester, N. H., the past President of the Woman's Relief Corps, Department of New Hampshire.

MRS. LOUISE S. JOHNSON:

From the North and the South was heard the bugle call to arms. Chester's noble sons responded and went forth to battle for the right. We will not dwell upon those harrowing scenes from '61 to '65. Those years in all their wretchedness are known only to the defenders of the flag. We know that the battles were fought and the victories won.

It was then that these veterans reared for themselves a monument that shall last for all time, viz., a Republic, the Government of which is of the people, by the people and for the people—a Government, the key-note of which is " One country, one language and one flag, with liberty and justice for all."

It remains for us and for future generations to keep untarnished this monument.

The auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic, the Woman's Relief Corps, is an important factor in educating the future citizens of our country.

It is not the Corps' only task to carry cheer to some saddened home, to lighten the burden of the heavily laden, to perpetuate the memory of our heroic dead, but to keep the fires of patriotism

brightly burning. Through its efforts, patriotic teaching has been introduced in our public schools and flags float over our school houses.

It is woman's hand that twines the wreath with which to crown the victorious heroes, thus teaching, by her example, the young to reverence those men who left to us so great a heritage.

Such women are found in our Corps. Bell Corps, here in your midst, tells the story of what is being done by the patriotic women of our land. To-day this Corps unites with you, Veterans, in dedicating this beautiful monument to the memory of Chester's heroes.

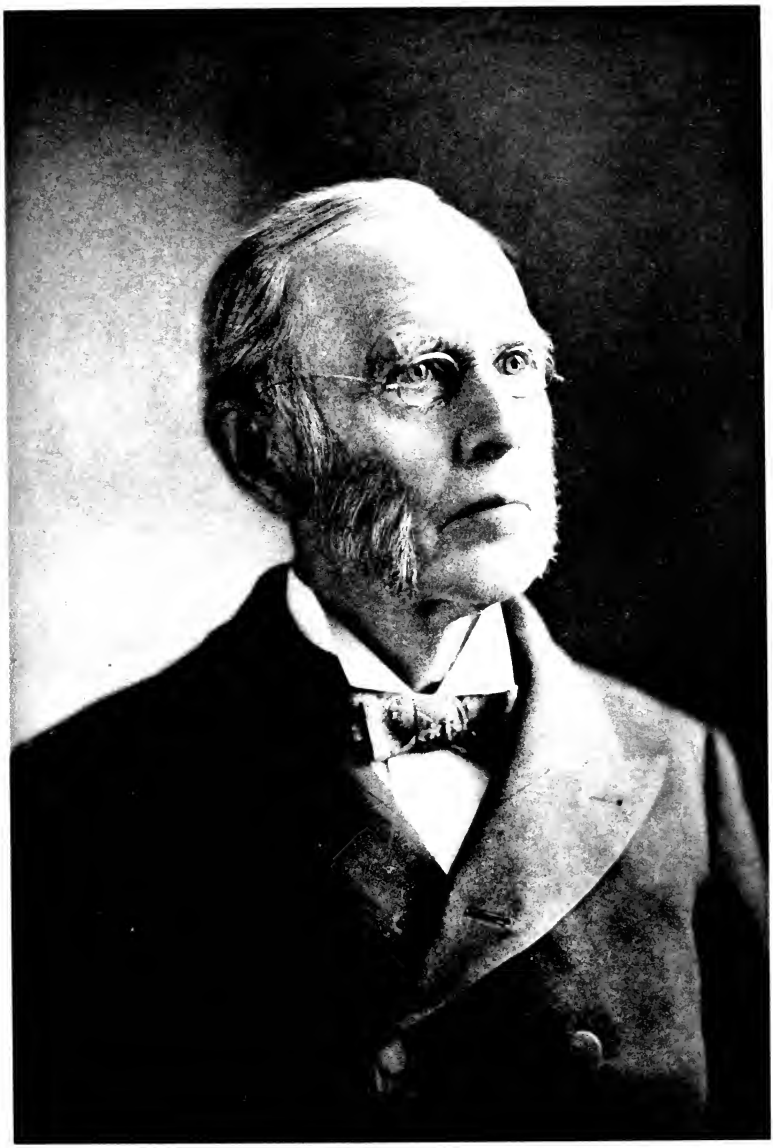
This shaft shall stand for ages, speaking to future generations of Chester's share in that great struggle for liberty. And, as we pass it by, let us pause for a moment and reflect upon our duty to those whose names are inscribed thereon—a duty we owe to our country, and to ourselves, that we may be worthy sons and daughters of the defenders of the Union, worthy of the sacred trust they have left us.

COLONEL HOSLEY:

I wish to take this opportunity right now of thanking the Department of Massachusetts and its officers, who have come up here and joined hands with the comrades of New Hampshire to assist in the dedication of this monument. I thank you from the bottom of my heart. We have with them Abraham Lincoln Camp of Sons of Veterans of Charlestown. They are in command of Joseph Thayer.

COLONEL HOSLEY:

Now, we have with us one more, a native of this town, born here, raised as a boy, and is a boy still, and younger than any of us. He will make the closing remarks to-day. I take great pleasure in introducing the Hon. Gerry W. Hazelton, of Milwaukee, Wis., formerly a Representative in Congress from the Capital District of that State.



Hon. Gerry W. Hazelton

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, Friends:

At this late hour, realizing that you are all weary, I should be very presumptuous to detain you with any extended remarks, and it is not my purpose to do so.

This is a great and glorious day for Chester. There have been other days since the settlement of the town in 1719 of great local importance but no day which in its historical significance, in its relation to great events, can be compared to this. It reaches back to the most momentous civil war in history, and projects itself on indefinitely into the unseen and untried future.

It is a great pleasure to be present and to witness the exercises and to listen to the addresses which have been delivered here in our hearing. These addresses have been most felicitous and delightful, and this occasion, I am sure, will linger in our memories through all the years that are reserved to us.

It will linger in the traditions of this community

when the youngest person present here shall have passed away, and then it will be gathered into the golden urn of history to be treasured forevermore.

I would like to supplement what has been said about the town of Chester by another statement, that it may become part of the record of these services. Here is a rural township never containing more than eight hundred or one thousand people, never boasting of a manufactory of more importance than a saw-mill, never boasting of an institution of learning above the grade of a common school, and yet this town has furnished two Chief Justices of the Supreme Court, three Governors and one Attorney-General of the State, three United States Senators, two Members of Congress, a consul for many years at Genoa, a clerk of the National House of Representatives for ten years, a First Assistant Secretary of the Treasury during three national administrations and ministers and doctors of divinity galore. I know of no town in New England or outside of it with such a record.

It was a happy thought which led the Governor of the State to set aside a week during the Summer season and to define it as "Old Home Week"; to invite those who were natives of the State to return and spend a few days in the haunts with which their early life was familiar. It was not necessary, however, for the Governor to invite me. I have been in the

habit of coming back to my native town for an annual vacation for many years, and I never come without pleasure, and never go away without pain.

I love to go back on the old farm where I grew up to early manhood. Every rod on that farm is familiar, and associated with memories that are sacred and imperishable. It is true, life was not so crowded with exciting events at that time as now. Telegraphs and telephones were unknown. Not a daily newspaper was ever seen in any of the rural communities, and in the cities their circulation was limited and the range of their information restricted within narrow limits. But there is much reason for claiming that the life of that period was just as enjoyable, homes just as happy and conceptions of duty just as high, as to-day; and I may add, with pardonable pride and with the loyalty of a native of the town, that the fathers and mothers of those early days have never been excelled and never can be.

But I must not detain you. God grant that the great Republic founded by the fathers and rescued from deadly peril by the sons—the Republic under whose proud flag we are assembled to-day—may endure through all the coming generations to illustrate the beneficence of free institutions; to teach by example as well as precept the value of civic righteousness, and to inspire the nations of the earth

with more exalted ideas of the true aims and objects of human government.

So shall glory without end
Scatter the clouds away,
And on her name attend
The hopes and benedictions of mankind.

GEORGE C. HAZELTON
LATE M... WISCONSIN
LATE ATTORNEY FOR THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Practice in all Courts and before the Departments and Congress

Law Offices
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JOHN H. HAZELTON
...T PAUL BUILDING, 220 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Cable address "Gold"

Washington, D. C., August 12 1905

Newyork Public Library (Lenox)
Newyork

Gentlemen:

I take the liberty of sending, as it gives me pleasure to send, you a copy of "Chester Monument" just published, which may perhaps be of some interest sometime to a student of local history.

Yours truly

George C. Hazelton