

F 74

.W64 W55



RECEPTION

— OF THE —

RETURNED SOLDIERS,

— OF —

WESTON, MASS.,

— AND —

MEMORIAL SERVICE

IN HONOR OF THE FALLEN.

AUGUST 22, 1865.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SELECTMEN.

WALTHAM :
HASTINGS'S SENTINEL OFFICE.
1865.

F
.W64.W

192407

12

P R E F A C E .

TUESDAY, August 22d, was set apart by the citizens of Weston for a memorial service in honor of their gallant young men who had fallen in battle, and died in the service of the country, and at the same time to give a public reception to the returned soldiers.

The exercises commenced in the Unitarian Church at about one o'clock. The church was very appropriately trimmed for the occasion, bearing upon the walls, upon either side of the pulpit, the names and places of battle of the deceased soldiers, trimmed in evergreen and black, surmounted with the stars and stripes.

Upon the side walls were the following mottos :

“ Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.”

“ My peace I give unto you.”

“ He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.”

“The noble army of martyrs praise thee.”

“ Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear.”

“ Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.”

The exercises in the church were opened by prayer by Rev. Mr. Topliff. This was followed by an address by Rev. E. H. Sears. A closing hymn was sung by the choir, accompanied by the organ finely played by F. F. Heard, Esq., of Wayland.

At the close of the services at the church, the assembly under the charge of the Chief Marshal Alonzo S. Fiske, Esq., and Assistants, repaired to the Town Hall, escorted by Gilmore's Brass Band, of Boston. After a plentiful repast furnished by the citizens of Weston, the President of the Day, Edwin Hobbs, Esq., called upon R. F. Fuller, Esq., who read the poem given in the following pages. This was followed by short but very interesting remarks, as they were called out by the President, a slight sketch of which we have endeavored to preserve.

ADDRESS OF REV. E. H. SEARS.

FELLOW CITIZENS: — Scarcely three months have elapsed since we passed from a state of war to a state of peace. We should hardly know that we have just emerged from the most gigantic struggle recorded in history, most terrible in its experiences and most auspicious in its results, were it not for the vacant places in our darkened homes, and the heroic men who come back to us, some of them maimed and scarred in the desperate conflict. Here the frame of society has not been broken nor disturbed; the face of nature has never ceased to smile; no blackened waste or bloody trail has passed over her; and yet it is morally certain that if these men had not gone forth from among us, and met the shock afar off and rolled it back, it would have reached us and involved us, till we ceased to have a country which we could honor and love; nay, till we ceased to have homes and firesides where even a New England mother could rock her babes in safety.

You have appointed this day to welcome these defenders as they come back to you, and to offer a tribute of grateful sorrow to the memory of those who come not back but sleep on the field where they fell, or who were brought home to you shrouded in the flag which they could defend no more.

The events of these four years of suffering, triumph, and glory, will be written down as the most important chapter in

the history of human progress ; and the coming centuries will date from them as the heroic age of the republic. They will explore its records and monuments, and its names and incidents will be held in the blaze of a clearer and broader light. It is plainly the duty of every town to engrave deeply its own record and preserve it ; and to see that not a single name among the " Village Hampdens," whose breasts received the death-wound aimed at the life of the country shall be obscured or lost.

During these four years of struggle and sacrifice, of mingled disaster and victory, 126 men have represented the town of Weston in the Union army. Of these 67 enlisted here among you ; all of them, except one, residents of the town, the flower of your population—many of them the kith and kin of your own families and households. They did not wait for large bounties to be offered ; they went because the voice of country and humanity had hushed all the suggestions of selfish prudence and ease. They went under no blind impulse, but after the terrible nature of the struggle had become well understood, and mere impulse had subsided into intelligent moral earnestness, and fixed moral resolve, to do the duties of the hour.

In the summer of 1862, after the disastrous campaign which left forty thousand graves upon the Peninsula, came the call of the President for 300,000 more men to fill up the depleted ranks of the Union armies. Some of your young men, the earlier volunteers, were already in the field, and doing valiant service. This call demanded seventeen more and they immediately answered and came forth. They made part of the Thirty-fifth Regiment, whose record has been so bright, and whose sacrifices have been so great. It was the darkest period of the war : it was when the hearts of men were failing them ; when the Northern sentiment was becoming demoralized and thick with treason, and the life of the nation seemed to many to be trembling in the balance. The feeling of self-confidence and exultation had disappeared, and a settled anxiety and gloom was on the faces of men as they walked the street, under the shadow of our great calamities.

McClellan had failed, Pope was retreating within the defences of Washington on the eve of the second Bull Run disasters, the foe, insolent and exultant was on his way to the Free States, to execute the threat of Jeff Davis, and "carry the sword and the torch into Northern cities." That was the time, just three years ago this day, when the Thirty-fifth Regiment entered the service. That was the time when your quota of seventeen joined it; not under the inspiration of victory but of disaster.

They were not picked up at random, but they came from homes of religious influence and social culture, where devotion to God and love of country had been the daily lessons of childhood, and where love of freedom had been the sacred tradition of the Past. The Thirty-fifth was gathered largely from the homes of Middlesex, so rich in Revolutionary memories—"where the first blood for freedom shed has made the grass more green." Without drill, without any of that preparation which hardens the recruit into the veteran, the Thirty-fifth were plunged at once into the thickest of the fray. They were marched immediately through Washington into Maryland to meet the invaders. You had said your farewells to them on the 22d of August; September 14th they were at South Mountain, doing excellent service in that first battle which drove back Lee toward Richmond. Three days afterwards, Sept. 17th, they were at Antietam. Orders came to take and hold the bridge over Antietam creek at all hazards. The hazards fell largely upon the Thirty-fifth, for they were the second that went in and charged over the bridge and took the heights beyond under slaughtering cross-fires. One of the seventeen fell here; and the Thirty-fifth in these two battles alone lost two-thirds of its officers and nearly one-third of its men, either killed or wounded. This in less than one month after leaving New England.

Following Lee down the Rappahannock, the supply trains were attacked by a strong force, where the Thirty-fifth under Major Willard bore the brunt of the battle for four hours, under artillery fire, and drove off the enemy. In the bloody and disastrous battle of Fredericksburg, the Thirty-fifth were

again put among the most advanced troops in position, and were the last but one to leave the city. Between the city and the heights back of it held by the rebel army, was a plain one-third of a mile in width, over which they were marched under a deadly fire; and here sixty more of their number fell, killed or wounded. Another, one of the seventeen, was among the fallen; and it was on this fatal plain that the gallant Willard, who led the Thirty-fifth, gave up his priceless and beautiful life. These new recruits of the Thirty-fifth, says the Adjutant General in his report, were steady as veterans, and their service is extolled in the highest terms of eulogy.

After this they were ordered West in long marches through mud and rain; they were before Vicksburg protecting Grant's rear against Johnston when the city surrendered; they followed Johnston to Jackson, the city of Jeff Davis; they helped capture the city, and were the first regiment that marched in and hung the Stars and Stripes over the rebel capital of Mississippi. Ordered East again, they came to Knoxville, where Burnside, their old and favorite general, had command, and here they helped essentially in the defeat of Longstreet, driving his shattered columns out of the State, and redeeming East Tennessee from the tyranny under which so long she had lain groaning and bleeding. Here another of your seventeen gave up his life. Then the regiment joined Grant and helped him fight his bloody way to Richmond, where two more of your quota were sacrificed. And after all its weary marches and bloody battles the Thirty-fifth was in at the death of the rebellion, as the huzzas of victory ran through its thinned ranks at the surrender of Lee, and the tidings spread through the loyal North went up to heaven with the ringing of bells,—“The rebellion is crushed, the nation is redeemed, and the country is saved!”

You will hardly be surprised when I say that only four of the seventeen stood in the thinned ranks at that glorious finale; all the rest having been discharged by reason of wounds and sickness, or having received their final discharge into that eternal peace where the wicked cease from troubling.

The next quota from Weston was one of twenty-seven, under the call of the President for 300,000 nine-months men,

evidently supposing that nine months more would finish the rebellion. They joined the Forty-third and Forty-fourth regiments—most of them the latter—regiments which embraced in large proportions, young men of education and high moral and social culture. They were ordered to North Carolina to hold what was then deemed, and what ultimately proved, one of the most important positions. They rendered essential service in taking and holding important communications, in which they had not only rebels to meet, but the fatal influence of the climate that filled the hospitals. One of the twenty-seven fell a victim to the climate, and one was killed in the battle of Kiuston. The rest of the Weston boys who make up her contribution of sixty-seven, were distributed through different corps, some of them in the cavalry, and they have had their full share of hardship, sacrifice, and suffering. Scattered through other regiments, you read of them, here and there. Some of them enlisted a second time, went on weary marches, storming entrenchments, or fighting with the cavalry; sometimes lying disabled in hospitals, sometimes finding their graves on the battle-field. They went from no love of war and bloodshed, but because they saw clearly the tremendous issue that was forced upon us. It was no sectional conflict between North and South. It was a question whether the whole country should be ruled by the slave-despotism or by free government; whether a barbarism as black and fetid as that of Dahomey; the barbarism which has since enacted the horrid cruelties of Libby and Andersonville, should seize Washington and roll the dark waves of its power clean up to the lakes, where freedom and civilization should go down under it, or ask leave of it to be, or whether this horrible barbarism should be rolled back down to the Gulf, and into it, and the light of the nineteenth century be let in upon its dens and caverns, till the bats and the hyenas had been scared out of them, and a new Christian civilization covered our whole land with its beautiful mantle of light.

That is the great work, soldiers, to which you went forth, and now you can come home and say, it is done. I almost envy your feelings as you contemplate your work after your

days and nights of suffering and toil. No men ever returned from a mission so great and beneficent. We welcome you back to the homes you have protected, with the highest regards we can bring. The children, through a long posterity, will have thrills of patriotism as they read the story of your achievements; and the most honorable heraldry of the coming times will be that which signalizes your doings in the Union army that saved the republic. Not only so. The day will come, and is even close at hand, when the curses which now come up sullenly on the Southern breezes will be turned to blessings on your names and memory. Not only four millions of human chattels have been turned into men and women, but as many more white people have been brought to know their prerogatives for the first time. Your swords have helped hew the way for them out of the degradation of besotted ignorance to enlightenment and civilization. And for eight millions of people your mission has given the schoolhouse for the slave-pen, and a free pulpit for the auction-block.

Welcome then, soldiers, to the shades of home and peace protected by you! Welcome to the benedictions of a country you have helped to save and redeem! Welcome to the grateful honors of your fellow-townsmen; welcome to the place you have earned in history, and to the smile of that Providence which has blessed your arms and crowned you with victory!

Your work is thorough and complete.

Spenser has described the Great Red Dragon slain by the Red Cross Knight, by which he means persecuting Rome disabled by true Christianity. The monster is dragged out and his ghastly bulk lies there in the sun, and covers many a rood. The people go out and gaze in wonder, fearing to approach too near lest there be some life left in him, or lest some "hidden nest of dragonnettes" may lurk in him:

"While some, more bold, to measure him nigh stand,
To prove how many acres he did spread of land."

The slave monster lies even thus stretched out,—slain by your swords; and the country fears him even dead; not knowing how many "hidden dragonnettes" may lurk in him. But

an adorable Providence has led us and shaped our ends most wonderfully, and will bury the slain monster from the offended light of heaven and the sight of men.

Your work is thorough and complete, and will go down to the next age celebrated in heroic songs. Alas! that we miss those to-day who come not home again, or who only come home that we might weep around their wasted and stricken forms, or lay them to rest where the blessed peace which their lives earned and brought back to us only pours its light over their graves! O! that they could have seen this day, to rejoice in its large victories, and know the fruits of their sacrifice! Rather, shall we not say, they do see it, and rejoice in it, where the chimes of heaven celebrate with a more chastened joy the triumphs of justice and humanity.

Attend, while we read over their names, and call up to our memories their familiar forms and faces, that we may be reminded how dear and costly is the purchase of liberty and peace.

There are twelve of them.

RALPH JONES was the first who fell;—a good boy, of gentle manners, fresh from the teachings of the Sunday School; who had seen only seventeen summers, but who felt the urgency of an ardent patriotism. Ralph appeared before sunrise at the house of the recruiting agent. “Do give me a chance to enlist!” said he, fearing that the number was already full. He fell at Antietam; storming the heights over the bridge; giving his young life in one of the most decisive battles. He is the honored proto-martyr of Weston in the war that saved the republic.

FREDERICK HEWS went out with the Thirty-fifth; strong in his patriotic zeal, but not strong in physical frame. He died in the hospital at Washington, where sickness had arrested him and held him back. His letters home from the camp breathe the very fragrance of filial and brotherly affection, and show plainly how the atrocities and hardships of war grated upon his gentle nature, and how much he was sacrificing to a stern sense of duty. Idolized in the domestic and social circle for his unstained conscientiousness and purity

of character:—"none ever knew him but to love him, none ever named him but to praise."

WILLIAM HENZY, eighteen years of age, had been only for a twelvemonth a resident of the town, but had acquired a reputation for probity and uprightness. He was killed on picket-duty before Knoxville—shot through the head and dying within an hour after. His body was there put in a coffin, and buried by his comrades. "A good soldier, and a very fine fellow," said one of the Thirty-fifth to me, who knew him well, and dwelt lovingly upon his memory.

GEORGE T. TUCKER, about twenty years of age, one of three brothers—all in the service—one of whom has lived through the cruelties of rebel prisons. George was a young man of fair promise, and was killed by a sharpshooter in the trenches before Petersburg.

WM. CUTTER STIMPSON, JR., was wounded in the Battle of Fredericksburg, crossing the fatal plain between the city and the heights; was a year afterwards in the hospital, but rejoined the army, and was killed in the battle near Poplar Spring Church, where Grant was trying to extend his lines and capture the South Side Railroad. He fell beside Lieut. Lloyd, in whose arms he died upon the field. He was about twenty-seven years of age, and leaves a family, whose darkened home sorrows in the loss of the son, the husband, and the father. His officers, in letters to the bereaved family, praise his soldierly and manly qualities. "A brave and noble soldier," says his captain, "who knew his duty and always did it."

JOHN ROBINSON was active in organizing the drill-club, and enlisted early in the war in the Twenty-fourth Regiment. He was in fourteen battles,—never shrinking from duty in any of them. Among these were the battle of Newbern, the storming of Fort Wagner, where he helped take the rifle-pits in gallant style, and the fierce night attack upon Fort Sumter. He re-enlisted in Jan., 1864, and joined the Army of the James, under Gen. Butler, fought with it in their way up the river, and was instantly killed as they were destroying the Petersburg Railroad. He was a good son and a brave soldier, and poured out his young life in ardent love of the old flag,

under which he fought and fell. His remains recently came home, and you followed them last Sunday to an honored grave.

EDMUND L. CUTTER was one of the nine-months men of the Forty-fourth Regiment. Gentle, affectionate, disinterested, and beloved, his tastes were all peaceful, and he had no delight in battle scenes. "I don't want to go," he said, "but somebody must go, and I have no family dependant upon me—count me in when wanted." He was wanted. He made his last will, and went; and was brought back from the hospital at Newbern, where he had died, to rest amid the quiet home-scenery he had loved so well.

WILLIAM HENRY CARTER was one of the early volunteers of the Twenty-sixth Regiment. He served out his time, and came home. "But I cannot stay at home," said he, "so long as this war is in unfinished." He re-enlisted, and was plunged into the fierce conflicts of the Shenandoah Valley. He fell at Winchester, Va., September 19th, 1864, mortally wounded. He was taken by the rebels, and had full experience of their cruelties, but was retaken by his comrades and placed in the hospital, where he sent his last loving message to his mother;—"Tell her I died fighting for the glorious Stars and Stripes."

WILLIAM BANYEA was not a native of Weston, and we have no account of him, except that he fell in the Wilderness, when Grant was cutting his way to Richmond.

LUCIUS A. HILL fell also in the Wilderness; was not a native of Weston, but leaves a good name behind him where best he was known.

FULLER MORTON had been two years a resident of the town, an upright and worthy young man, who enlisted in the Forty-third Regiment. He was mortally wounded in the battle of Kinston, N. C., and died afterwards at the hospital, at Newbern, N. C.

JAMES N. FAIRFIELD had been for two years a resident of the town. He fell in the first murderous assault upon the defences of Fort Hudson, ordered by General Banks, and lies buried, doubtless, in what the soldiers there called "the slaughter field," near the Fort.

There is another name linked inseparably with those of your own martyrs, which Harvard University will claim to preserve and honor. Your quota of nineteen of the glorious Thirty-fifth went forth under Capt. Willard, and even declined going unless *he* might lead them. The letters of the boys show with what fond admiration they clung to him. He had organized and drilled them here at home, inspired them with confidence in his humane and heroic qualities, and breathed into them his own lofty and self-sacrificing patriotism. After so many officers had fallen at South Mountain and Antietam, he was called to the command of the Thirty-fifth, and was cheering them on over that fatal plain before the heights of Fredericksburg, when he received his mortal wound. They lost his inspiring presence and leadership, but the example of a manhood of such blending strength and beauty, as makes it difficult to imagine a sweet or noble quality that entered not into it, was not lost, but will live more than ever to enforce the sublime lessons of self-sacrifice.

Such, fellow-citizens of Weston, is the roll of your martyrs. No words of eulogy can honor them so much as the simple recital of their deeds, and the times and places in which they gave up their young lives as a holy offering on their country's altar. They were not mercenaries, but most of them the fruits of the best culture in your schools and churches; bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh; on some of whose cheeks the bloom of youth had scarcely gone. They loved peace and home, and they hated bloodshed and strife. But they loved, too, the glorious traditions of freedom; its institutions had nursed them and inspired their youthful dreams; the spirit of its morning hour and its golden age was upon them—"These institutions must live," said they, "though we should perish. Somebody must go, and here we are." Though only twelve in number, you see by our brief recital that their blood has baptized the soil over the whole extent of the Union, east and west, from Newbern to Port Hudson. Most of them were brought back shrouded in the flag which they loved, to rest in New England soil, that father and mother, brother and sister may sleep beside them in the last repose.

Some of them lie in graves where they fell, and consecrate the soil to freedom. The names of all of them you will chisel in enduring marble, placing their monument where the next generation may come and read, while they say:—"These are the 'village Hampdens' who withstood the Richmond tyranny, who held their country dearer than life, and died to save it."

Do not mourn over them as you mourn over common dust. Though they died in the glorious prime of manhood, yet they lived longer than most of us will live, if life is to be measured not by calendar months, but by the grand results wrought out for humanity. To live through the long future in the affections of men, to have the hearts of a coming generation for one's burial-place, there to inspire its noblest enthusiasms, help mould the character of its youth, and fire all its generous and unselfish aims; to live so, is to live the longest and most successfully;—and this is to be the life of our martyrs. The places where they sleep, or where their deeds are immortalized, we will not call "graveyards," but shrines for pilgrims. Raise their monument, and write their names upon it, not for their sakes, but for the sake of the children that are to come after and enjoy the fruits of their achievements. There, as often as the children pass the village green, let them be reminded how much it cost to have a country which they can honor and love. Let them learn there the great Christian lesson, that there is something better than this earthly life, and that this has been, and may be, given up joyfully to God's supreme and all-beautiful justice, and to hasten the coming of its reign.

"Then, in our noble dead,
 Ye give us precious dower;
 Their graves undying life shall breed!
 Sprouted in blood, the buried seed
 Shall yield the richest flower."

POEM BY R. F. FULLER, Esq.

When Treason raised a parricidal hand,
And Sumter's gun reechoed through the land
The signal of a dire, rebellious strife,
And struggle of the nation for its life,
Hosts sprang forth armed at liberty's behest,
As if by magic, in the North and West.
New England her beloved peace resigned ;
The sons of pilgrims left their homes behind ;
And Massachusetts, foremost of her peers,
Resounded with the tramp of volunteers :
Her sword, long sheathed, compelled again to draw,
And seek for peace, in sanguinary war.
Then Weston formed, among her quiet hills,
The rifle-corps,—accomplished Willard drills.
The town was filled with notes of preparation,
Waiting events in anxious expectation.

First, Lamson, from his home of affluence went,
Commissioned in the Sixteenth Regiment,
The weary hardships of the camp to bear,
And countless dangers of the battle dare,
In the Peninsular campaign,
And Pope's retreat, with many slain.
Promoted through the perils he has passed,
Lamson commands the Regiment, at last.

Now, thick reverses on the prospect lower,

And our republic sees her darkest hour ;
 With armies lost she bleeds at every pore,
 And calls for men,—three hundred thousand more.
 The foe of their advantage seize occasion
 On Northern soil to make a swift invasion.
 The capital is threatened ; all is lost
 Unless the North supply another host.
 Shall liberty forever lose her crown,
 And pilgrim-children see her sun go down ?
 “ *It shall not be!* ” shout all the loyal North.
 From dear New England homes they hurry forth.
 Weston, prompt, through the war, to furnish men,
 The flower of her youth afforded then.
 Brave Willard leads them, with devoted mind ;
 And few had more than he to leave behind.
 With Christian courage, nobly fortified,
 He leaves his brilliant prospects and his bride.
 Inspired by his example, Jones and Hews,
 And others would not duty’s call refuse.
 The list was quickly full : though hearts were riven,
 The best that Weston had was freely given.
 The mother, forcing back the drops of woe,
 Consented that her darling boy should go.
 The wife her jewel gave of highest worth,—
 The husband, she holds dearest of the earth.
 Strong love of country swayed the sister’s heart,
 Who, weeping, bade her brother to depart.
 The father gave, (what could he more ?) his son ;
 And home, the hopefullest and noblest one.
 Thus, Weston had a part in all the war,
 Its worst Aeeldamas her children saw.
 While those at home, in faithful duty, bear
 A no less useful, though a humbler, share.
 Her absent sons has Weston ne’er forgot,
 And home is busy to relieve their lot.
 The men give money, and the ladies toil
 To send home-comforts to the Southern soil.
 The well, in camp, the sick and wounded, there,
 The friend and stranger bless her constant care.
 Thus, woman’s hand unseen, and tender heart,
 Bore, in our battles, an important part ;

And victors in the field, if truth were known,
 Were nerved to courage by her tender tone.
 Man's strength, by woman fostered, conquered then ;
 And woman's hand gave victory to men.

The war is ended. And, to-day, we meet
 Our soldiers, with a welcome here to greet.
 Their battles have been fought ; their hardships o'er
 Of march and prison, they are home once more.
 Bronzed are their features, which, few years ago,
 Were mantled with a fresh and youthful glow ;
 Experiencing, in this narrow span,
 Much more than longest lives of common man.
 Their sacrifices not in vain, they come
 In triumph to their once more peaceful home.

With a proud welcome and a grateful grasp,
 The hands of these young veterans we clasp.
 Lamson, we greet, to-day, our host and guest.
 And Captain Patch is here, among the rest,—
 God bless his hand, that first our colors planted
 Where traitor Davis has so often vaunted !
 The nation, too, has given him her thanks,
 Promoted to be captain from the ranks.
 And Tucker, here, as if from death arisen,
 Or worse than death, eight months of Southern prison ;
 And Adams, too, we greet with right good-will,
 And Smith, whom traitor-bullet could not kill ;
 And others, here, known not the less to fame,
 Whom time will not allow me, now, to name.
 God bless them all with length of honored days,
 To hear America's and Weston's praise !

And there were martial forms, who went away
 And bade farewell,—but greet us not, to-day !
 And yet, the muse has not a heart to weep
 For heroes who so nobly fell on sleep.
 Weston, with tenderness, her fallen brave
 Has brought, and made, at home, their martyr-grave,
 Where bloom their laurels of immortal sheen,
 And tears shall keep the sod forever green
 With kindred care ;—and who is not akin
 With those who died, their country's cause to win ?
 That country is their mother ; all the free,

While time endures, are their posterity.
 Sleep where they may ;—in green earth's quiet breast
 Unknown, or in the churchyard here at rest ;
 Or in Mount Auburn's consecrated shade,—
 To them, through time, be grateful honor paid !
 Their fitting epitaph a poet wrote :
 " The brave,"—these are his touching words, I quote,—
 " Die never. Being deathless, they depart
 To change their country's arms for more, — their country's heart."

Thus Willard died. His Regiment he led,
 And waved his sword above his falling head ;
 And Jones, upon Antietam's bloody field ;
 And Hews, to harder sickness forced to yield,
 Yet, to the last, rejoicing he had come,
 To die for country, far away from home ;
 And all the beadroll Weston keeps for fame,
 Where lines of light inscribe the hero's name.
 Say not, they die, whose influence survives,
 More useful than a thousand common lives ;
 Nor, of their early death and few days tell,—
 For they live long—they only—who live well ;
 Since fame perpetuates their manly feats,
 And memory their worthy words repeats.

Such, too, were Cutter, at his country's call,
 To fill up Weston's quota, leaving all ;
 Stimpson, who parents, wife and children left,
 And comes no more to his loved ones bereft :
 Banyea and Hill, which make from Weston four
 Slain in the Wilderness, with many more ;
 And Robinson, a manly youth and brave,—
 Their only son his willing parents gave ;
 And Carter, with a mortal wound who lay,
 Robbed by the foe, as lapsed his life away.
 " O ! what would mother think,"—the loved son said,
 " If she knew I were on this dying-bed ?"
 But no one told her, till his struggles o'er,
 Carter had gone where sorrow comes no more.
 And such was Tucker,—one of brothers three
 Enlisted from a single family.
 Still two survive, from many fields fought well,
 But George, at Petersburg, devoted, fell.

And Weston, too, her contribution made
 Toward the price to take Port Hudson paid,
 In Fairfield's death. Thus making twelve who fall ;
 While Weston sent six score and six, in all.

May those, who have returned, live long to see
 Unbroken peace, and pure prosperity,—
 Caste and oppression swept away by war,
 And equal rights made fundamental law ;
 Our Constitution's vital truth sustained,
 And never more by slavery profaned ;
 While Christian freedom, as the right of birth,
 Extends from us to every land on earth !

REV. C. J. BOWEN, for four years Chaplain of the Camden Street Hospital, and at one time Chaplain of the Thirty-fifth Regiment, made an interesting and eloquent speech. He particularly urged upon the people the erection of a monument to the deceased soldiers of Weston, either upon the cemetery in which they are buried, or in some other locality. His remarks were to the point and were well received. We learn that Mr. Bowen has just accepted a call to become the pastor of the Mt. Pleasant Church, Roxbury.

COL. HUDSON was then introduced. He was attached to the Thirty-fifth Regiment during the whole period of its service. He gave a highly interesting and very favorable account of the soldiers from Weston. He knew them all. They were under his eye, and he would vouch for it that on no occasion had any one of them ever skulked his duty. He particularly complimented Capt. Patch, of Weston, who at his instance, was promoted to the rank of Captain.

CAPT. LATHROP was next introduced. He had, at one time, been connected with the Thirty-fifth Regiment, and said that he could confirm everything that had been said by Col. Hud-

son in commendation of the soldiers of Weston. He paid a high compliment to the ladies of the town for their valuable services in providing for the wants of the soldiers while in the field.

CAPT. PATCH, of Weston, was called upon. He was received with great enthusiasm as a Weston man and a Weston soldier. He returned his thanks to the ladies of the town for the interest they had manifested in their behalf while in the camp and upon the field. He had often had occasion to feel proud that he was from a town whose citizens showed so much zeal for the welfare of the soldier. It had nerved them for the battle, and had helped them to gain the victory.

MR. LEVI WARREN, of Salem, but a native of Weston, made a good speech. He said it was predicted that, after the wars of Cromwell, in England, the return of so many soldiers educated to battle might demoralize the community. But the prediction was not verified. He trusted it would not be verified with us. We have to regret that some of those who went out to join our armies return not to their friends. But if none had been lost, our four years of war would have been one long gala-day, of no importance in the history of the world, and lost to all of romance or of intensity of interest with us.

J. F. B. MARSHALL, the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, was called upon. He said that since he had seen Gen. Grant, who did not make speeches, he had made up his mind that he would not. But instead of that he would read a letter from the Hon. A. H. Bullock :

WORCESTER, ⁹ August 18, 1865.

MY DEAR SIR:—I greatly thank you for the kind invitation to be present at the memorial service in Weston on the 22d instant.

Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to attend, but unfortunately I must that very day go up to Royalston,—my native town,—to deliver an address on the next day on the centennial anniversary of the town.

I pray you, my dear sir, to express to the citizens of Weston, and especially the gallant survivors who have returned from the war, my sympathy with the occasion and with the exercises.

Middlesex, in the first and last war of Liberty, holds a pre-eminent place in the public annals ; and there is no part of the noble county that has been more prompt or patriotic than your own town. The memory of the Thirty-fifth Regiment is rendered doubly endeared by the fall of Major Willard and so many of his comrades in one of the bloodiest engagements of the service.

I regret that I cannot meet with you, and remain

Most Truly Yours,

ALEX. H. BULLOCK.

Col. J. F. B. Marshall.

JOSIAH RUTTER, ESQ., of Waltham, then being introduced, made the following remarks. He referred to Frederick Hews, as one of the Weston soldiers whom he knew as a high-minded, noble, patriotic young man. He went to the war from a sense of duty, and died in the service of his country. More fortunate than many of his comrades, his remains now rest beneath the sod of his native village.

He also spoke of Major Willard, with whom Weston was his adopted soldier home. He was possessed of abilities which, in a professional or literary career, might have made him conspicuous. Fortunate in his social relations, connected by marriage with a family and name which will long be remembered by the inhabitants of Weston and of our county, with a brilliant present and a still more brilliant future before him, he left all for the uncertain chances of the battle. He lost ; he *won* ; he fell ; he *rose*,—to take his place with the many times ten thousand martyrs by whose blood has been purchased the fair heritage of freedom left to us and our posterity.

ALONZO S. FISKE, Chief Marshal of the Day, was introduced and made some interesting remarks in reference to the enlisting of the soldiers on the different calls from the President. Many times the authorities of the town had desponded. But they had persevered, and, aided by the encouragement afforded them by the citizens, they had succeeded in meeting the demands of the Government.

CAPT. DRAPER, of Wayland, was called upon, but said that so many good things had been said he did not like to add to them.

At the close of the speaking, a motion was made that three rousing cheers be given for the REV. MR. TOPLIFF for his valuable services during the war. Upon this the reverend gentleman rose and begged of the audience to delay their cheers until he had completed his work; whereupon, the motion was made and carried to give him three cheers now and nine when his work was done.

Others were called upon to speak, but the hour had arrived to separate, and the Exercises were brought to a close, having enjoyed one of the most pleasant occasions that ever took place in the town, saddened, however, by the memory of the martyrs beloved and brave whom their friends and townsmen were permitted to meet no more.

PD 181

DOBBS BROS.
LIBRARY BINDING

ST. AUGUSTINE
FLA.



32084

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 079 728 5 