Historical Association X

The New Northwest.

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A NATION'S SABBATH

HOW THE DAY WAS OBSERVED IN DEER LODGE.

A Large Concourse of People Go to the Cemetery—Flowers in Profusion Lend Their Fragrance and Charm to Honor the Memory of the Dead.

Memorial Day was observed in Deer Lodge in a spirit of reverent and patriotic enthusiasm such as has been rarely witnessed even here in a city which has always been noted for its chivalric and fervent remembrance of the occasion. The day was one which, in its broad sunshine and mellow air, reflected almost the first spring glories of the season, though at one time a rather strong wind brought some temporary discomfort. Still the day was on the whole more favorable than it would have been had the weather been as hot as the day before, and the services at the cemetery took place in an interval of comparative calm, during which the large assemblage of people, seated upon the ground, were able to enjoy the music and the exercises to the fullest. Fully 500 people gathered about the resting places of the dead in our beautiful burial grounds and laid upon the grass clad mounds their tender tribute of memory for the loved and lost, and when the sacred duty was performed and the saddened host had passed beyond the gates, every grave had become a bank of incense and color, and every monument a garland of floral wealth and beauty.

At a few minutes past 10 the various parts of the procession gathered at the corner of Main street and Missouri avenue, and the parade was formed by Marshal Mills and Assistant Marshal Fox in the following order:

Deer Lodge Firemen's band, led by Drum Major Fred Wildman, followed by Chief Marcille, President Brown and Vic. Schauenburg, standard bearer; Deer Lodge Fire department, led by Assistant Chief Gordon; G. A. R., commanded by Lew Coleman; Mount Powell Lodge No. 73 A. O. U. W., and visiting members, in regalia; Cottonwood Lodge No. 2, I. O. O. F. in regalia and bearing banners; orator of the day, chaplain, choir, and citizens in carriages. There were fully 150 people on foot and at least 75 vehicles followed to the cemetery.

The exercises at the burial grounds were as follows:

1. Music—"We Come Again," by double quartette.
2. Prayer—Rev. J. G. Klene.
3. Music Pleyel's Hymn, by Firemen's Band.
4. Address—Rev. A. B. Martin.
5. Decoration of graves.
6. Music "Under the Sod and Dew," male quartette, with mixed voices in chorus.
7. Taps Joseph Cardona, leader of band.

President Martin delivered one of the most touching and eloquent addresses that has ever been heard in Deer Lodge. During its delivery many were moved to tears and it has been spoken of in terms of high praise by all who listened to the pure and lofty sentiments which found voice in its glowing and impassioned passages. The singing by the male and double quartettes was in the highest sense excellent, and the selections were appropriate and beautiful.

Among those who earned the greatest praise were the members of the Deer Lodge Firemen's band. Their playing was unquestionably the crowning feature of the day and it would be difficult to find a brass band in the state with the advantage of much greater practice that can make a better showing from all points of view. In their neat, new uniforms they made a natty appearance, and though part of the time contending with dust and wind their performance while marching was without fault. Mr. Cardona, leader of the band, rendered the bugle calls in a manner calculated to touch the hearts of the old soldiers and call back vivid memories of peaceful days of camp life under sunny, southern skies or scenes of costly but glorious victory on smoke-wreathed fields. A pleasant incident of the occasion was the response to the call to "fall in" given by R. L. Kelley from a distant part of the cemetery, which came across the field like a tremulous echo from the mountains and produced an impressive effect.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies the procession reformed and to lively march time returned to the city where the flag was saluted and all dispersed.

In the evening the band gave an open-air concert from the balcony of the court house to which a large concourse of people listened and which was greatly enjoyed. Altogether memorial day of this year will long be remembered as among the most notable ever celebrated in Deer Lodge.

President Martin's Address.

Following is the Memorial address of Dr. Martin in full:

Soldiers, survivors of the greatest war in history, comrades of a brotherhood that will continue as long as men love liberty; men who counted not their lives dear unto themselves in answer to their country's call, I salute you. I salute you reverently, in loving remembrance of your sleeping comrades; I salute you tenderly in behalf of the aged mothers and fathers and lone widowhood and orphanage whose thoughts this Memorial Day go back over the old sweet home life of those whose lives went out in blood and carnage; I salute you in gladness and triumph as the saviors of the great nation of the globe—conscious that I stand in presence of the blood-royal of the American people, and in memory of the illustrious Virginian, George H. Thomas, whose name graced your commandery and whose firmness gained for you the victory at Chickamauga; again I salute you.

More than thirty-two years have gone like shadowy visions since with depleted ranks you came back to your homes, some of you with wounds and aches and pains that hurt still, and gathered here today keeping this festival with your dead, like tempests fierce and wild, sorrow sweeps the heart of the old comrades, while fathers and mothers and broken hearted widows and orphan children come with solemn tread and blanched cheeks like the woman who came early to the sepulchre to anoint the Christ of humanity with their tribute of love and remembrance, and tenderly lay it upon the graves of the defenders of our beloved country. Silently and peacefully floats the dear old flag over all the land. In imagination our brave dead come back to us like a band of angels, and we think we see the faces of the dear ones who went away from our the storms, battles and conflicts into everlasting peace. These recollections, beautiful and expressive as they are, makes the memory of the war the saddest of all memories.

But steadfastly gazing upon the emblem of our liberty, our hopes and aspirations were never stronger. Today we plant upon the graves of our beloved dead that which typifies resurrection, and with inexpressible pain think of the many who, in the roar of the fiercest battle, went down to death and up where the stars of silvery beauty climb over the heights of heaven.

The dead are the living. They lived while they died, and after they died they lived forever. How solemn is the thought, that all this great army which have stormed across this continent and have fallen, live yet. We say they were—they have been. There are no have beens; to be, is eternal to be. In the ravines of the mountains, the swamps of the south, they had no funeral rites, no obsequies, no monument, and you can make no loving pilgrimage to their tombs. Every one of these that died are now in full possession of all their faculties, in the intensest exercise of all their capacities, standing somewhere in God's great universe, ringed with patriotic desire, feeling in every fibre of their being that he who dies for country dies, yea, lives, for humanity. The influence of your sleeping comrades upon human history is colossal. These are the truly noble who played well their part on the broad theatre of human liberty; these are they who have exerted the most pregnant influence on the destinies of nations and the progress of civilization. Their equal service in the cause of human freedom and republican and constitutional liberty make their deeds illustrious and their names immortal; and on blood-red fields it was counted to be the most sweet and glorious thing to die for that flag. "Patriotic as we are, the ideal America is not a war ideal."

We look back with no vaunting, but yet with pride on our achievements; still we do not love war, and trust we never shall. There is no more relentless enemy. It has the giant's strength and giant's cruelty. Its long fierce grip suddenly invades what it claims and will not give it up. In such a conflict there needed courage; and what courage and bravery you manifested on the many fields of battle! Knowing the hardships and dangers, with steady, unflinching bravery, you followed the stars and stripes into the hottest of the fight, baring your breast to the awful hail of bullets through all the hell of fire that passed you by and pierced the body of a brother soldier. Over at Gettysburg, when gathering up the dead, among the unknown was found one with a bible in his pocket, but no name. Between its pages there was a letter addressed, "Dear Father," and signed, "Your Tom." What a warm heart once beat in the body now lying cold in that casket. Ah, the ball that pierced the body of the dear boy pierced the heart of the dear father. May be when the ball came tearing through the quivering flesh that he had visions of the old home, the dear father and the precious mother. And now my fancy sees some dear old father, bent with age, reverently strewing flowers upon some soldier's grave in memory of our son. Oh, Heaven, look with pity! deal kindly with the fathers and mothers whose ambitions perished and whose hearts are buried in these graves; who, in the reverie of the twilight, look off over the southland where the boy fell, then off through the gathering night beyond the clouds and try to say, "It is well."

There are seventy-nine national cemeteries, containing nearly four hundred thousand dead. Imagine these inmates all alive and marshaled in battle array! What a vast army it would make. All except two of these cemeteries contain "unknown" graves, and the record of these unknown graves shows nearly two hundred thousand. That many homes unspeakably saddened; no relative, no friend knows where to weep over their remains, therefore they are ours and the nation's. Let us feel the sacredness of all these unknown graves.

Today, in these quiet cities which our comrades inhabit, brave hearts and tender hands will make their resting places fragrant with the May flower. The springtime flower was never so sacred, the rose never so beautiful, never so fragrant, never so sweet, never held so much meaning as when laid upon a comrade's grave; but, alas, me! no flower of earth or of speech is fragrant enough to do justice to our sleeping dead.

The Grand Army of the Republic is but the remnant of the mighty hosts beneath whose tread this country rocked a few years ago; it is but the rear guard of the Grand Army to whom is given the privilege of bending with sorrowful heads over the ashes of the brave companions in arms. Here we be brothers—and a beautiful brotherhood it is. Around the graves of the American soldiers a sense of personal loss is felt by every true American; but there is an aching void in the hearts of those whose circles are broken. Widows live over again their early love; young men and women think tearfully of the father who never came back; lovers live over again the happy moments when vows were made that could not be kept. I am appalled at the desolation these deaths make in our land. We stand aghast when a single home is touched by the destroyer, but today millions of homes miss the absent and feel keenly their loss. A grief wells up in each anniversary of these memorial occasions like a submerged flood, covering the whole earth. It is seen in the sorrowful faces, the falling tears and the hush of millions. Around these graves the differences of all parties and all creeds are buried in the gushing flood of a nation's love and grief. When was the nation so much a brotherhood as when it stands surrounded by the white headstones which mark the graves of its defenders?

Far away in the South, the North and the West, hearts broke when the tidings of the awful slaughter reached them. Victory came to us at last, but in the bosom of Virginia there was a weeping, sorrow for the dead. The Union soldier made us the envy of the world. The grandeur and soldiership of the American soldier thrilled the world, and across seas such as of renown watched your battles with the interest of soldiers and gave him words of praise, cheering with enthusiasm. A country with such men as the American volunteer is too precious to be divided. America must be one. The Rocky Mountains, the Alleghanies, the Mississippi river, the Atlantic and Pacific seas sit in supreme council and America must be one; and the power that created these mountains and seas declared America must be one. You gave to the nation a heroism so grand, a self-sacrifice so true, a bravery so sublime, that forever the American soldier and constitutional liberty become synonymous words; therefore we would not surrender our past, or beg pardon for our manhood, or apologize for that which we accomplished. It would there never more would be a Memorial Day. The ash is ever when you strew flowers would find a voice and cry from their long silence, "Away, ye cowards! Stand back! and touch not our resting places!" But, thank Almighty God, today the Union and Confederate soldiers march to the solemn music of the Union unbroken, and stand side by side around the graves of the American soldier with all America in their hearts, and the tears of all America falling fast and hot upon the flowers with which we pay loving tribute to the comrades of the long ago.

I think of the martyrs and call the roll; the only answer is the muffled beat of the drum. There is a lone grave upon the prairie of Illinois where the stars keep watch, where sleeps the tall form of the plain, unassuming man, who towered above all others, the living embodiment of all that for which you contended, with no feeling of resentment in his heart, too honest to be unjust, too kind to be cruel, and around the tomb of Abraham Lincoln will gather today the love and reverence of a great nation. The dear old commander has made the only surrender he ever made; the greatest military chieftain of the age sleeps in his tomb on the banks of the Hudson like a warrior taking his rest; and today the American people will place their tribute upon his tomb.

Soldiers of the North, soldiers of the South, East and West, all glad alike to honor the brave. The lily of the South will blush beside the rose of the North, the mignonette of the East will entwine itself around the geranium of the West, and the one beautiful chaplet will pronounce the final eulogy over sectionalism and hate, and these flowers from every state in the Union entwined about the tomb of General Grant, will send their fragrance into every home in America; and under this wealth of flowers the storm-tossed and encircled remains of the old commander will sleep well until the trumpet calls to the reunion in our Father's house above. General Sherman, who made his famous march to the sea, no longer marches with the "boys in blue." General McClellan has heard the summons and is gone, and where the ocean kisses the cemetery among the cypress and evergreen in New Jersey, the weary soldier awaits the awakening which will adjust all difficulties; and a whole host of others as brave and loyal as any who ever lived.

You remember that at the close of the war you came back to the national capital flushed with victory for the last grand review—how thin your ranks were. Suppose you had another grand review, whole brigades would be missing. Tens of thousands must be added to the half million of graves you left behind, for all these long years the death angel has been gathering our comrades. The solemn procession moving to the cemetery tell us our comrades who have been martyrs to disease contracted in the service, or wounds received in the conflict, are rapidly joining the silent ranks of the dead. Then let the Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, with the Women's Relief Corps and Sons and Daughters of Veterans, assemble yearly to pay this beautiful tribute of love to those who endured hardship and toil with you; but a little while when your resting places will be as tenderly remembered and when the last old soldier is gone. I give to these young men the solemn charge—be true to your fathers. Should the time ever come when a busy world will forget the valor and soldierhood of your fathers, or the time come when their heroism and love of liberty shall fail of this annual celebration, I charge you be loyal to their memories; teach your children's children to reverence the memory of the heroic dead and plant sweet-scented flowers upon their graves.

I think of the young boys dying alone in the long corridors of the hospital, wounded, homesick unto death, and how nobly did these young and thoughtless boys meet death. Their boyhood ended with their first battle and they became men and soldiers, and such soldiers the world had never seen—charging day after day for months, fighting against numbers, fighting in hunger, cold and weariness—no cowardly heart among them. We remember them today with glad pride, the years cannot dim the lustre of their deeds, they are ours to keep—aye, to keep forever. How tenderly you place the flowers on the graves that were a little shorter than the others—the dear boys sleep well. One of them in a hospital in front of Richmond with a frightful wound, said: "Chaplain, please, sir, teach me how to die?" and when the chaplain tried to comfort him he answered, "It's all right, chaplain, mother's come. Lift me up, chaplain; now let me go—mother's come!" and he went out into a larger home than earth could give. While another dying in the hospital of Philadelphia, burning with a fever which no ice draught could cool, crying in his delirium for "Mother," at last when she came and saw her poor boy, with her motherly heart breaking just for one look of recognition, placing her hand upon his forehead, instantly the boy said: "You here, mother? I knew you would come!" and with his mother's hand clasped in his, he slept on into the land where separations never come.

America will treasure as a sacred legacy the graves of these scarred and worn veterans. It is but the mortal that sleep some among the friends they loved so well—the sod green under the smile of the spring time sun lies lightly upon their breasts; others rest in the sunny South, where the Confederate soldier will place the choicest flowers upon their graves, and there, under the sun of the genial South, flowers will bloom in beauty and fragrance above their sleeping dust.

> "May silent dews descend from evening skies
> To kiss the flowers that bloom upon their graves,
> While all the stars in silent wonder gaze
> Upon the homage paid to greatness pays."

Comrades, every year the number of living veterans grows smaller and the majority on the other side increases; every year the newly made graves of our comrades are increasing, and wrapped to slumber in the dear old flag to sleep until the trumpet of the angel shall summon them to a new roll-call. The years will come and go, other feet will press the sacred sod and strew these graves with flowers, but their immortal spirits will live when the universe is no more, when time itself is a forgotten thing.

> "Our life's pursuit we count still
> To cover over with flowers
> The graves of those who nobly died."

The American soldier lives and dwells in light with God. And now, comrades, while you yet linger along the shores a grateful nation is your legacy; enshrined in millions of hearts is your deed of valor, and when the last old soldier is gathered, your children down to the latest generation will come with loving hands and weave these garments of rainbow hue, and upon brave heroes graves will leave the fragrant red, white and blue." I think of the camp fires to be built tonight, where comrade meets comrade and glad are the songs you will sing:

> "For today on this sacred Memorial Day
> Glows a love that was undying
> For the loved ones crossed over the river:
> For surely up there they cherish the love that
> was undying here."

When the two armies were encamped upon either side of the Rappahannock, one Sunday afternoon the bands of the Northern army played the national airs and all the troops cheered lustily. Then on the opposite side of the river the Confederates played "My Maryland" and "Dixie;" then the Southern troops cheered as lustily. Then one of the bands played "Home, Sweet Home," while the band on the other side took up the strain. When the tune was finished the Federal and the Confederates, as the tears came hot and fast, united in singing in one great and mighty volume, "Home, Sweet Home."

Well, comrades, Heaven comes very near today. Listen! the voices there and the voices here seem to commingle and join trumpets. All hail! the dead salute the living and the living salute the dead!

> "Sleep on and take thy rest, beloved dead,
> From earth's care and strife forever free."

Resolution of Thanks.

At a meeting of the Union veterans, held on Saturday evening, May 31, 1896, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That we hereby desire to express our high sense of appreciation and gratitude to the people of Deer Lodge and vicinity for the general and enthusiastic manner in which they joined in the ceremonies on Memorial Day, and we offer our sincere thanks to all those who so ably assisted in making the day one of the most notable ever kept in the history of Deer Lodge; and especially do we tender our thanks to Dr. A. B. Martin for the beautiful and touching tribute to our loved dead which was contained in his eloquent and masterly address; to the members of the choir, who rendered some fine vocal selections; to the Deer Lodge Firemen's band, who marched with us to the cemetery and added one of the most effective features to the occasion; to the Deer Lodge fire department, the secret societies, and all others who took part in the services.

WILL CELEBRATE.

Deer Lodge will Keep the Nation's Birthday A Fine Program.

Deer Lodge will celebrate Independence Day, and in a manner that insures a fitting and patriotic observance of the nation's anniversary; that has been settled by citizens of this place whose names when associated with any enterprise give a full guarantee of its success. First discussed in an informal way on Memorial Day by a few of our people, the matter rapidly grew in general interest until a meeting at the club rooms was the result on Sunday evening, and the preliminary steps were taken to prepare for the event, committees being selected charged with the furtherance of the various details and a program informally arranged. The remarkably creditable manner in which Memorial Day is kept in Deer Lodge each year indicates a spirit of patriotism which should also delight to find expression in an appropriate remembrance of the day upon which the nation was born.

At the Sunday night meeting the following gentlemen were present: S. E. Larabie, N. J. Bielenberg, Jas. H. Mills, H. H. Zenor, Frank Conley, Thomas McTague, C. D. Joslyn, H. B. Davis, John Gerdts, Jas. W. Fox, W. W. Goodman, Daniel Morgan, Judge Brantly, W. N. Aylesworth, L. P. Bowen, and S. J. M. Beebee. Captain Mills was chosen chairman and Daniel Morgan secretary. After a motion had been adopted to have a 4th of July celebration, a general discussion followed as to the proposed features of the event. A suggestion as to a barbecue was voted down and the details for the day were left to a committee of arrangements, though it was decided to have a parade in the morning, races and base ball in the afternoon, and fireworks in the evening. For defraying expenses the amount to be raised was fixed at $500, of which $275 was guaranteed at the meeting, the amount to be apportioned thus: Music, $150; purses for bicycle and other races, $150; fireworks, $100; miscellaneous, $100. The committee on arrangements selected is as follows: Judge Theo. Brantly, H. B. Davis, H. A. Smurr, H. S. Reed, and H. H. Zenor; that on finance, Frank Conley, C. D. Joslyn, and W. N. Aylesworth. The latter committee are empowered to sell concessions at the grounds and will report to the committee on arrangements tomorrow night.

It is understood that the arrangements for base ball are in the hands of W. W. Goodman, Daniel Morgan and S. J. M. Beebee. An invitation will be sent to a Butte or Anaconda team and it is believed that a first class game will be put up. Several trial games will be played here and a nine selected by John Clague who will captain the Deer Lodge team.

Deer Lodge offers many attractions in the summer, it is one of the most picturesque and beautiful cities in the state and there is no doubt a large number of people from our neighboring cities will be in attendance on the Fourth. A good base ball game would undoubtedly bring many here, together with the other features of the interesting program that will be offered, as well as the ever present sweet and pure fragrance of our untainted atmosphere and the grateful verdure of our inviting fields and groves.

THE YEAR'S END.

How the College will Observe the Closing of the Academic Year.

Following will be the main features of the commencement exercises of the College of Montana for next week:

President Martin will preach the baccalaureate sermon in Cottonwood hall next Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. The churches in town will have no services. The ministers, with their congregations, will unite in the baccalaureate service. The public are most cordially invited to be present. Madame Beraud will be present and sing.

The Rev. Karl Kelsey, D. D., the leading Congregationalist clergyman of the state, will deliver the annual lecture of the College of Montana in Cottonwood hall on next Monday evening, his subject being, "Wanted: Educated Citizens." Our people will be delighted to hear Mr. Kelsey. Madame Beraud will be present and add to the pleasure of the occasion, which alone would insure an enjoyable evening.

The commencement exercises take place at 10:30 a. m., Tuesday, at Cottonwood hall, and consist of the reading of the theses by the graduates and the presentation of diplomas.

Program for the annual concert of the Conservatory of Music, to be given Tuesday evening at Cottonwood hall:

PART I.

Chorus—"Mountain Land" .... Emerson
Piano solo—"Sweetheart" ...... Richard Goerdeler
Miss Beaumont.
Vocal solo—"Happy Day" .... Carl Gotze
Miss Owings.
Piano solo—"Bolero" .... R. Favarger
Miss Owsley.
Vocal solo..
Miss Beaumont.
Piano solo— { 1 "Spring Morning" ...... Godard
{ 2 Souvenir de Trye Chateau ...... "
Miss Owings.
Duet—"Night in Venice" .... L. Arditi
Mme. Beraud, Mr. McLeod.
Piano quartette "Wedding March" .. Mendelsohn
Misses Kelley, Moore, Larabie, Beaumont.

PART II.

Piano quartette—"Le Mariage de Figaro" .. Mozart
Misses McLain, Coleman, Hyde, Owings.
Vocal solo—"Hearts" .... Chas. K. Harris
Miss Cockrell.
Piano solo—"Ballade" .... Chopin
Miss Hyde.
Vocal solo—"Bohemian Girl"........................
Mrs. Conley.
Piano solo—"Faust" .... Gounod
Miss Coleman.
Vocal solo—"Tanhauser" .... Wagner
Mme. Beraud.
Piano solo—"Sonate Pathetic" .... Bethoven
Miss McLain.
Concerto .... Bethoven
Mme. Beraud, Miss Coleman.
Chorus—"Bright Crimson Morning" ...... Palmer

On Wednesday, at 8 p. m., the president's reception takes place at the college parlors. All are invited.

THE NEW NORTHWEST acknowledges the receipt of a quantity of both vegetable and flower seeds from Congressman Hartman.