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Our Soldier-Dead.

AN ADDRESS

ON

DECORATION DAY

Northville, May 30th, 1884,

BY

GEORGE DUFFIELD, A. M.

"All time is the millennium of their glory." —EVERETT.

[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

A. A.



EVER welcome Spring ! Both young men and maidens,
old men and children bid thee, All hail !

This 'renewing of the face of the earth,' is something to which the most stolid of mortals can never become wholly accustomed. It breaks up the monotony of life like nothing else. Instead of naked and unsightly skeletons, all the trees of the field, and the forest, are dressed in the full magnificence of leaf and flower ; and in this there is an intimation of something higher than earth !

The rod that budded, was a sign,
To all who saw, of power divine ;
But now the 'anointed eye' may see,
An Aaron's rod in every tree!

Between this season and youth, there is the strongest possible sympathy, and youth enjoy it; ~~to~~ the very utmost! No worm as yet on the leaf, no blossom faded and fallen from the bough, not a single winged seed wafted into air from its parent flower, not a solitary note silenced in the chorus of universal song ; — the longest day is not too long to gratify the eye, and feast the ear ; and night with envious veil comes all too soon.

With those, however, who have had a deeper experience of life, it is quite otherwise. In the glad chorus we can not fail to recognize a minor strain. We feel a shadow creeping over the landscape, that was once as bright to us, as to others. The beautiful season does not come altogether as it formerly did : a glory has passed away, that we would gladly have retained.

"It is not now, as it hath been of yore!"

Many things it returns with the birds, but there are many more it does *not* return. It gives a new and fresh existence to the leaf, as if it had been just created in Paradise; but once there were hopes, precious hopes—and where are they? It gives back the bud and blossom, as fragrant and as fair as ever; but once there were *affections*, warm and dear as life itself;—does the spring ever renew them? The incense-breathing south blows softly and opens the earth, and makes it soft with showers; but it opens not the grave; it does not restore the precious dust that we have there treasured, out of our sight. It is as cold, and dark, and cheerless as winter itself, and still more silent.

It seems strange that the earth *can* be so beautiful, when those are absent who were once so dear; and who can no longer share with us, in its exuberant beauty; and whose companionship made life itself. In very deed it makes us sad to our inmost soul to see the earth so gay; when our loss has been to us nothing less than that of the spring out of the year.—we almost wish that her next flowers may bloom above ourselves.

Thus it is, that to those who have lost friends in war, or by disease at home, the season naturally becomes one of mournful remembrance; and as there is no fellowship so deep as that of suffering, the observance of such a custom as this, and at such a time, is equally natural and appropriate. I see in it nothing of superstition, but much of gratitude; nothing of ostentation, but much of patriotism: and in the tender sympathy it manifests for the widow and the fatherless, not a little of pure and undefiled religion.

Even death is no exception to the universal rule of cost and compensation—for while it separates us from some whom we love, it brings so much the nearer, and makes the dearer, others who are left to mourn a bereavement that belongs to all.

Tho' I have never before been in these streets, or seen these faces, I cannot but think well of a place, and of a people, to whom such sentiments are welcome and familiar. My only regret is that so brief a time for preparation—permits me to do so great a theme—but imperfect justice.

Perhaps the feeling that underlies this beautiful custom first found expression on the 19th of April, 1861, when the memorable despatch was sent from Boston to the Mayor of Baltimore by Governor Andrew—"I pray you cause the bodies of our Massachusetts soldiers, *dead in battle*, to be immediately laid out, preserved in ice and tenderly sent forward by express to me. All expenses will be paid by this Commonwealth."

But when and where this *day* had its original observance is somewhat uncertain. The first notice your speaker had of it was at New Orleans, and as Pere La Chaise is the parent of modern cemeteries, so the custom of decorating the grave, and thus divesting it in some degree of that indefinable terror with which it is so apt to be regarded, may be borrowed from the French.

The next notice was in a dirge, by HENRY TIMROD, sung on the occasion of decorating the graves of the Confederate dead at Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, South Carolina; where the victims of a fallen cause are apostrophized in strains more worthy of other and better martyrs!

"In seeds of laurel on the earth,
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone."

Gradually the custom found its way along the Atlantic coast to Richmond, where to this very hour so many of her daughters dress in the deepest mourning, which to the end of their lives they will never consent to lay aside. Well may these Rachels continue to weep for their children,

and refuse to be comforted, if they have no better prayer than this;

"Stoop angels hither from the skies,
 "There is no holier spot of ground,
 "Than where defeated valor lies,
 "By mourning beauty crowned.

Even the First Napoleon could understand that "It was the cause, and not the death, that makes the martyr," and that he himself was only a victim of pride and ambition, and not a martyr at all.

"Who falls for love of God shall rise a star!"

But no such resurrection of national fame, can await those who have lifted a parricidal hand against the life of the Nation ;* "who would have robbed their country of its Nationality ! The people of the prerogatives of man!" For them the shaft that is in the stone, will never come out of it!

The universal indignation occasioned by firing on the flag at Sumpter, has long since passed away, with the flags that then waved defiance from every loyal house-top; the deeper and more abiding resentment by which it was followed at the outbreak of a rebellion, so unnecessary and indefensible,† has itself been followed by the calm and irreversible judgment of history; and there is no further occasion for crimination or recrimination. That day has gone by; but there is still need of such a day as this, in which for every patriot heart to bear their annual testimony on the point at issue; it is a privilege they will not be denied.

Willingly do I accord to the men and women of the South, the right of a common humanity to mourn their dead, when and wheresoever they choose.‡ I give the men of

* App. B. † App. C. ‡ App. D.

Stonewall Jackson's division and others, full credit for valor, desperate as was ever seen in all the annals of war : I freely award to those in the opposmg armies the name of SOLDIER, they so deservedly possess in common. Heroes all ! to deprecate their valor would in the same ratio diminish ours also. Within certain limits as defined by themselves, I do not deny them a sectional rather than American patriotism, that is peculiarly their own. I can even see how under the erroneous instruction of their orators, civil and religious, the decisive test that bound their conscience, was loyalty to the individual State, as ours to the country at large ; and therefore in the due exercise of christian charity, I would in nowise impeach the sincerity of their religion. "With malice toward none," like the martyred Lincoln, I certainly cherish toward them no unforgiving spirit. In the South the prevailing sentiment was hatred of the North ; in the North not hatred of the South, but love of the Union as a whole ; then as ever, love more powerful than hate, and light than darkness !

My own personal testimony may have some interest here. As a member of the Christian Commission, even within sight of our loyal dead and dying, and fully aware of the horrors then passing in Libby, Andersonville, and other prison pens; at different times and places, in the Rebel Wards of the Washington Hospitals, on the bloody field of Gettysburg, and at Bermuda Hundred and City Point, after the battles of the Wilderness, these hands have ministered to their necessities ; when hungry and thirsty given them their first bread to eat and water to drink; at their own entreaties —washed and cleansed their wounds from something worse than blood—services, for which, if I may take their own word for it, at the time, they were not altogether ungrateful! Even more than this, at the Yorktown Centennial, I was willing to meet and did meet them, and cordially extend the right hand of American citizenship, to which they were

entitled, by a national amnesty as generous as unparalleled ! God forbid we should ever have occasion to regret it!

Beyond this, charity no longer rejoices in the truth. The record of the past is forever unalterable. Their "cause" was not our cause, our enemies themselves being judges—for it was "lost." In that mortal strife it was not the color of the uniform that made the difference. There was a difference in fundamental principles of civilization and government. We went into the war for the Union ; we fought it through against treason and rebellion. Living or dead, their soldiers must remain what they were, and ours what they were, to the end of time. In the charm of brilliant valor we may forget the injustice of the occasion that called it forth, but it will be only for a moment. The sober second thought of the people will never allow it to be permanent. *Their dead are not our dead, nor our dead theirs.* By a beautiful courtesy we may observe the same day for the expression of our grief; we may put the rose or the lily on the graves of the departed, or combine them both; but never can we mark them with the same flag. Nor if I understand Southern character aright, would they thank us, or even allow us so to do.

About the same time that Richmond began to decorate her graves, Washington, at the National Cemetery at Arlington, and elsewhere, began to decorate ours. The first time I saw the day observed was at Harrisburg, on the banks of my native Susquehanna—in 1868—and never while memory lasts will I forget the weeping eyes of mothers, wives, and daughters in that sorrowful procession;—the feelings with which I joined them and followed to the cemetery—nor the scene that then ensued, when they threw themselves on the graves of their dead, and gave utterance to their grief.

Only once before had I witnessed anything just like it, and of all other days, on the morning that brought the news that Richmond was taken. At the request of two of the Boys in Blue, I had gone nine miles into the country

to attend a soldier's funeral. The day was cold and raw, but the road on either side was lined with wagons, and the large school house completely filled. The two soldiers who came as a committee, met me at the door, and gave a word of explanation! "This poor woman has lost a father, and a husband, and a son; but none of them have been brought home! She thought if she could only get her friends together, and have a funeral, it would do her good! We beg pardon for bringing you so far on a sort of false pretense, but we thought *you* would understand it!"

Taking my place in the desk, I said, how many of you in this 'cruel' war (as we were then accustomed to call it), like this poor woman, have lost *fathers*? The number of hands that went up were not a few! How many of you like her, have lost *husbands*? More hands went up than before! How many, *brothers*? The show of hands was still greater. How many of you like her, have lost *sons*? And then there were more hands than ever, amid such weeping as stopped all further inquiry, and made the place a complete Bochim!

When at length I found myself able to speak, and the people to hear, I dared to say among other things for their comfort—that the war in which we were then engaged was a just one, unjustly forced upon us; that our cause was not only that of constitutional liberty, but of humanity itself;—that as such it was well worth all that it would cost;—in the Union preserved and the country saved. Now and then it would so happen, that the calamities of the war would be unusually heavy in particular localities, and so it was here. I did not dare to tell all I knew about the regiment, that went from that vicinity, and in whose history we had a fair sample of too many others.

In the summer of 1861 I saw them take up their line of march, 1,100 strong. After the battle of Gettysburg, so many of them had been killed, wounded, and taken prisoners, and detailed for other duty, that when the roll was called, one

of the soldiers whom I met on my way to the White Meeting-house informed me, they only numbered that morning "forty-eight muskets!" All the rest killed, wounded, prisoners, or in the hospital. During its term of service, the losses of that regiment were eight officers, one hundred and sixteen men, killed in action; four officers and 56 men died of wounds; one officer and two hundred and thirty-six men died of disease; total, 408. Besides the triple battle of Gettysburg, Fair Oaks, Malvern Hill, the Wilderness and Petersburg, they participated in fifty of the seven hundred other battles in that gigantic war. And thus it was, that in the eleven regiments of cavalry, the thirty regiments of infantry, etc., amounting in all to ninety thousand seven hundred and forty-seven, Michigan's Roll of Honor stands: Commissioned officers 358, enlisted men 14,855; total, 14,885.

These were the heroes and martyrs who, with others of the 270,000 on the National Roll of Honor, stood by the Republic in the dark hours of Treason, of Suspense, of National Defeat, of Invasion, of Foreign Intervention, of Military Crisis, of Political Crisis, and proved that we still were a Nation; that we still had a Government; that it could no longer be considered an experiment; and who gave due notice that all the boastings of Rebellion would end, in ignominious failure and bitter disappointment!

Occupying a position midway between the East and the West, and close upon an almost hostile frontier, the soldiers of Michigan had the double duty of sustaining the centre and being on the advanced guard. Brave men and true were they as ever shouldered a musket or drew a sword!—men of the mighty heart! men who had souls—"public souls,"—men who could take *in* and feel *up* to their share in the noble cause in which they were engaged! Well worthy they to bear the uplifted shield, and on their colors the symbolic motto of the State, "I will defend!"

Perhaps, instead of mere general terms of eulogy, the peculiar nature of this occasion will permit them to speak for themselves.

Going on the steamer "J. W. Brooks" from City Point to the relief of Washington, I found by my side on the crowded upper deck an artilleryman, to whom the day had been a hard one. Pouring his cold coffee from his canteen, soaking his hard-tack in it, and picking a rind of bacon so clean that he could not find a scrap more, he shut up his knife with the cheerful exclamation, "Many a better dinner have I eaten at home, but never one that I enjoyed more than this!" Before such men the "big skirmish line" of the rebels soon disappeared.

Late one evening, visiting the post hospital at Bermuda Hundred, and finding nearly all asleep but one, I inquired for the man a contraband had that day brought through the lines, who had thirteen rebel buckshot in him. "No," said he, "he has only seven," and suiting the action to the word, he said, "Here are the other six; I am good for the Johnnies yet!"

Just after a battle I found a young man of remarkably intelligent countenance. "Well, my boy, what can I do for you?" "O! nothing; I'm all right!" said he; but perceiving from his tone there *was* something wanting, I repeated my inquiry. "You will think me foolish," he replied, "but in the last skirmish I was left wounded on the field, and my testament was so soaked with blood and rain that it fell to pieces." "That want is easily supplied," I said. "No," said he, "not so easy as you think, for it was a *Greek* testament!" What was his delight when, taking out of my pocket this very copy that I now hold in my hand, he had the pleasure of reading a chapter in the original!

After the battle of Gettysburg, I went into a church that had been converted into a hospital, and inquired if there were any men from Michigan. "Here's one," said a feeble

voice of a boy of eighteen: "are you from Michigan?" "Yes." "Well, what do they think at home of the Army of the Potomac *now?*" I told him "Just what we always thought: that it would be all right with the men, when they got the right leaders." "That's so," said he: "I tell you Mr. Duffield, there was not a man who went into this last fight, but had *a heart as big as a meetin' house!*" In the eye of that boy I first saw the strange, unearthly light that convinced me of a divine afflatus, and of the truth of the Cromwellian doctrine, that "Great courages are the gift of the Almighty!"

Not long after I found another soldier, braver still! Having conquered in one battle, he was now preparing for another, and as I looked over his shoulder, I found him deep in Ephesians vi., and putting on the whole armor of God, that he might come off more than conqueror in the last great conflict with the King of Terrors—like many another whom I met—"Every inch a soldier, and every inch a Christian!"

Call the roll of all the heroes of Greek or Roman fame, and I will venture to find their parallels in the heroes of our own Republic, and exhaust the list! With all that has been said in honor of our heroes—either in the State or Nation at large—we can never say too much. LINCOLN stands alone. And where will you find *manhood*, if not in such a king of men, as GARFIELD? Where thunderbolts of war, if not in such leaders as GRANT, and SHERMAN, and SHERIDAN, and CUSTER? Where citizen soldiers, whose every "bayonet thinks," if not in the rank and file of as brave an army as ever trod the crimson field! But pardon me that I thus speak to those who know those men so well already. I only venture on such testimony, that they may confirm it, for the sake of the generation that has risen since.

They are not dead, but rather we seem to be dead who still survive! They live in song, which has no sweeter elegies

than those which lament their loss ! They live in eloquence—in the impassioned eulogy of the orator, who, since the day of Pericles, can find no theme more grateful to himself, nor more acceptable to his hearer. They live in history, that has no brighter page, than that which records their deeds. They live in our *hearts*, and to live in the hearts of others is the best place for any man to live. They live in their descendants, the sons and grandsons of their noble sires. They live in the life of the country they have rescued, from the mightiest rebellion, since Lucifer attempted to ascend the sappire steps of the eternal throne.

Glory to God, and honor to their sacred names.

“They live—they live—in blest eternity!”

Those who fell on the Eurymedon, at Marathon, Thermopylæ and Salamis, were honored among the Greeks as equally worthy of remembrance by gods and men. It was not a dirge they sang, but a pæan appropriate to their fallen heroes, its tone not mournful, but triumphant. And how wonderfully significant their inscriptions:

“When on a razor’s edge all Hellas stood,
We who lie here preserved her with our blood.”

And again—

“Go tell the Spartans, thou that passest by,
That here obedient to her laws we lie.”

“ ‘Tis but two lines, and all Greece for centuries had them by heart. *She forgot them!* and Greece was living Greece no more.”

—It is good for each State to have its Roll of Honor, in which to record the immortal names—

“That were not born to die.”

It is good for our universities and colleges to institute Memorial Halls for those of their number, who have graduated with higher than academic honors on “the high places

of the field." It is good for counties and townships to build enduring monuments to friends and kindred, at the expense of whose lives we had "victory at last!" It is good to erect memorial pillars on the field of battle, where stood the unconquerable battery, or where the cavalry made their desperate charge! It is good to lay out national cemeteries—of which there are now eighty-one larger, and several hundred smaller, scattered all over the land. But best of all is it, as each successive year the faithful earth provides the flowers, to decorate their graves!

Go forth, then, fair maidens, to your appointed task, and as ye scatter with grateful hands the vernal flowers above these precious mounds of green, remember, that while honoring others you put no little honor on yourselves.

Remember, since the untimely death of Adonis by the tusk of the cruel boar, it has been the tender custom of the virgins in every age, in some form or other, to walk in procession and lament the fate of those who came to an untimely death by the hand of lawless violence. Remember, as you represent the eight and thirty States, that in all countries there has never been just such another Union as our own—the union of single States, and of the representatives of the people at large—woven together into the truest and strongest government on earth!

As the dew gems the grass of the morning, ye need not be ashamed to drop a kindly tear, for these martyrs are your own.

Of the total number of these who enlisted, the average age was *twenty-two*, and their last word, more frequently than any other, was MOTHER!

Patriotism is only another name for the love of home—and they fought as truly for their altars and their fires—on the other side of the Potomac—as though they fought and fell at their own door.

"Above the dear, brave hearts that cease to beat,
Let loving hands strew flowers on every mound,
Within the lines of the still camping ground,
Where there is no assault, and no retreat,
And victory is not followed by defeat.
Unbroken rest and peace at last are found;
No clash of swords, no trumpet's thrilling sound
Nor roar of guns disturb their slumbers sweet.
Their deeds are writ on memory's sacred scroll;
And patriot love shall touch these hearts of ours,
When, at their graves, Fame comes to call the roll,
And hope, and love, and honor scatter flowers.
Brave souls survive the storms of shot and flame;
Their furlough blossoms in eternal fame."

There is a beautiful German legend that "At the return of every Spring, the Emperor Charlemagne comes back from his grave, to bless the land over which he once held sway; that up and down the Rhine he walks, flinging his blessing on gardens, and vineyards, and fields, to multiply the vintage and the harvest." So with our soldier-dead, who fell under the flag in defense of the Union.

"The spirit of their example is still here. It fills the air. It fills our hearts, and long as time shall last, it will hover in the skies," and rest upon the land for which they died!



Northville Roll of Honor.

Soldiers in the Revolutionary War,

RICHARD LEWIS.

Soldiers in the War of 1812.

ASA SHAW.
WILLIAM SICKLES.
WILLIAM DUNLAP
OLIVER WHITAKER.
CAPT. CALEB HARRINGTON.
ISRAEL NASH.
PAUL HAZEN.
GEO. B. DENNIS.
THOS. WATTS.
JOS. WOODMAN, A. M., M. D.

HENRY POMEROY.
AVERY DOWNER, M. D.
ASA SLOAN.
JOSEPH ALLEN.
REV. ANSON SHAW.
DEA. E. C. WILLIS.
SAMUEL WHITE.
ABRAM VRADENBURGH.
JOHN BALL.

Soldiers in the Mexican War.

AMOS B. GOOCH, killed, Pueblo,
1847.

DANIEL BROWN.
JOHN BLOYEE.

Soldiers who were Killed or Died in the War for the Union.

CHAUNCEY D. RATHBURN, Co. D., 5th M. Cav.,	killed,	Littletown, Pa.
NELSON A. ALLEN,	"	Gettysburg, Pa.
ALFRED C. ANDERSON,	"	Boonesboro, Md.
JOHN D. GUDITH,	"	Winchester, Va.
CHAS. W. HIGGINS,	"	Cedar Cr., Va.
ALLEN HARMON, 2d Lt.,	"	Chantilly, Va.
JULIUS JOHNSON,	"	Leestown, Va.
NORTON MARSHALL, 1st Sgt.,	"	died of wnds., Fortress Monroe
STEPHEN RYDER,	"	Washington, D.C.
JAS. M. GREER,	"	Hosp., Philadelphia.
JOS. LOUNT,	"	Fairfax, C. H., Va.
LEWIS K. VAN GEISON,	"	Andersonville Prison.
DANIEL H. PALMER,	"	"
PHILANDER LEWIS,	"	"
CHAS. H. W. MILLER,	"	"
WALLACE W. SMITH,	"	"
NODIAH C. WARD,	"	Florencee Prison.
HENRY VRADENBURGH, Co. I., 22d Inf't.,	"	Libby Prison.
OLIVER S. LEDYARD,	"	Millen Prison.
GEO. SMITH, Co. II., 5th M. Cav.,	"	Hspt., Washington, D.C.
ALFRED WILLIS, Co. C., 24th M. Inf't.,	"	Florencee Prison, S. C.
HENRY SCRIBNER, Co. II., 9th Cav.,	"	Hspt., Cumberland, Tenn.
DAVID PALMER, Co. E., 2d Inf't.,	"	Knoxville, Tenn.
ALBERT CLARK, Co. B., 2d Inf't.,	"	Washington, D.C.
GEO. FRANKISCH, Co. I., 6th Inf't.,	"	Ft Gaines, Ala.
JOSEPH DEZELA, Co. H., 2d Inf't.,	killed,	2d Battle Bull Runn.
DELOS ANDREWS, Co. H., 2d Inf't.,	"	Campbell Hspt., Tenn.
WM. HAWKINS, Co. II., 2d Inf't.,	died, unknown.	
TRUMAN BARKER, Co. H., 2d Inf't.,	died of wounds,	Hospit., Washington.
FRANKLIN EMORY, 2d Lt. Co. C., 7th Inf't.,	killed,	Frederickburg, Va.
WM. M. WATERMAN, 2d Lt. Co. C., 1st Cav.,	killed,	Louisa C. H., Va.
ALEXANDER HAMILTON, Co. M., 1st U. S. Cav.,	killed,	Littletown, Pa.
CHAS. PINKERTON, Co. C., 24th Inf't.,	killed,	Wilderness, Va.
DAVID VAN HOUTEN, Co. F., 16th Inf't.,	killed,	Chicahominy, Va.
CHAS. D. BOVEE, Co. K., 9th Cav.,	killed,	Blue Springs, Tenn.
JOSEPH REEVES, Co. F., 1st Cav.,	killed,	Gettysburgh, Pa.
ROBT. ANDERSON, Co. H., 1st Cav.,	killed,	Brentsville, Va.
GEO. SMITH, Co. I., 6th Cav.,	killed,	Morganzie's Bend, Miss. River.
WM. KELLOGG, Co. D., 6th Inf't.		
JAS. BURR, Co. C., 1st Cav.,	died in hospital,	Philadelphia, Pa.
CLARK STEWART, Co. G., 14th Inf't.,	died in hospital,	Nashville, Tenn.
JOSEPH PUTNAM, Co. F., 16th Inf't.,	killed,	Wilderness, Va.
LEANDER YERKES, Co. E., 23d Inf't.,	died in hospital,	Bowling Green, Ky.
JOHN S. RYDER, Co. B., 24th Inf't.,	killed,	Gettysburgh, Pa.
LUCIUS LIGNIAN, Co. D., Eng. and Mechs.,	died in hospital,	Hilton Head.
CHAS. L. GOOCH, 14th Union, W. V.,	killed,	Winchester, Va.
HORACE GOOCH, Co. B., 6th Cav.,	killed,	Falling Water, Va.
JNO. H. JANES, Co. C., 24th Inf't.,	died in hospital,	Washington, D. C.
WM. HERRINGDEEN, Co. C., 24th Inf't.,	died in hospital,	Baltimore, Md.
JOSIAH CRONKITE, Co. F., 16th Inf't.,	killed,	R chmond, Va.
GEO. CRANDALL, Co. H., 22d Inf't.,	killed	Chicamanga, Tenn.
DAVID DAVISON, Co. B., 20th Inf't.,	Hospit.,	Crab Orchard, Ky.
M. O. WALKER, Co. --, 6th Inf't.,	killed	Fort Donelson.
JOHN HUGHESTON, Co. I., 22d Inf't.,	Hospit.,	Stevenson, Ala.
HENRY PARMENTER, Co. C., 30th Inf't.,	Hospit.,	Jackson, Mich.

Northville Soldiers who Survived the War for the Union.

GEO. WELCH, Co. C., 24th Inf.
 A. B. MARKHAM, " "
 J. W. BABBITT, " "
 W. U. THAYER, " "
 JARED TURRIL, " "
 A. POMEROY, 2d Lt. "
 F. T. STEWART, " "
 CALVIN MAXFIELD, " "
 CHAS. DOBBINS, " "
 NORMAN COLLINS, " "
 WM. H. BRIGHAM, " "
 B. F. BRIGHAM, " "
 W. F. HUGHES, " "
 GEO. HOISINGTON, " "
 JAS. C. BRUCE, Co. F., " "
 A. W. HOSNER, " "
 C. T. RODGERS, Capt. Co. C., " "
 GEO. CALKINS, Co. H., 8 Inf.
 W. HARRINGTON, Co. G., 14th Inf.
 W. E. SPRINGSTEEN, " "
 C. E. CLARKSON, " "
 L. CHARTER, " "
 *PERRIN WIGHT, " "
 *L. B. WILKINSON, Co. I., 16th Inf.
 W. CRONKITE, Co. F., " "
 J. S. GOOCH, Co. —, Eng. & Mich.
 J. GUTHRIE, Co. I., Eng. & Mechs
 S. F. HUGHES, Co. D., " "
 W. E. DOWNER, Co. L, " "
 N. B. HUGHES, Co. F., " "
 E. S. MOULTON, Co. E., " "
 O. W. MOULTON, Co. E., " "
 J. F. ANDERSON, Co. F., " "
 T. ROGERS, Co. I., " "
 *W. SLATER, Co. F., " "
 M. PALMER, Co. H., 22d Inf.
 D. PHILLIPS, " "
 H. BARNUM, Co. I., " "
 J. H. WOODMAN, Capt., " "
 *S. WYMAN, " "
 E. VRADENBURGH, " "
 SETH NOBLE, " "
 *H. B. GOODALL, " "
 J. C. BOUGHTON, Co. K., 2d Inf.
 JAS. ANDERSON, Co. I., " "
 *ALBERT E. CLARK, Co. B., 4th Cav.
 ALFRED N. REED, Co. K., " "
 *A. PARMENTER, Co. G., 2d Inf.

JOHN CRONKITE, Co. F., 16th Inf.
 C. STEWART, Co. I., 5th Inf.
 JAS. HAMILTON, " "
 GEO. W. DIBBLE, " "
 DANIEL DAKE, Co. D., " "
 B. F. GOOCH, Corp. Co. F., 3d Inf.
 *LOTHROP FULLER, Co. L, 1st Cav.
 J. C. BLAUVELT, Co. C., " "
 9 mos. Andersonville Prison.
 G. L. HOLMES, 2d Lt. Co. I., " "
 JAS. LEYDARD, Co. C., " "
 H. M. BULLARD, Co. L., " "
 E. H. BRUCE, " "
 9 mos. Andersonville Prison.
 J. N. ELLIOTT, " "
 WALLACE NICHOLS, " "
 HENRY L. REEVES, " 4th Cav.
 JAS. PUTNAM, Co. D., " "
 JER. HAWKINS, Co. C., 1st Cav.
 *STEPHEN FULLER, 6th Kentucky.
 D. SEVERANCE, Co. D., 28th Inf.
 B. G. WEBSTER, Co. F., 20th "
 *LESTER WITHEE, Co. K., 23d "
 W. A. COPELAND, Capt. Co. B., 10 "
 M. G. B. SWIFT, Co. E., 4th Inf.
 *A. BRADLEY, Co. —, 4th Cav.
 *WM. HASTINGS, 1st U. S. Inf.
 A. FULLER, 2d Lt. 9th Cav.
 *WM. MARSH, Co. C., 24th Inf.
 *OSCAR LOUD, " "
 *JAS. M. LOUD, " "
 CHAS. H. HOUK, Co. I., " "
 *W. J. CLARK, 2d Lt. Co. C., 30th Inf.
 JNO. L. FULLER, " "
 GEO. ALLEN, " "
 JOSIAH EMORY, Co. C., 30th Inf.
 JNO. B. NORTHROP, " "
 FRK. PUTNAM, " "
 A. L. VAN DYN, " "
 C. L. BRIGHAM, " "
 E. N. HUGHES, " "
 WM. H. YERKES, " "
 W. J. LITTLEF, " "
 LESTER LIKE, " "
 DUANE COOK, " "
 ROBT. F. ALLEN, 2d Lt. " "
 C. PHILLIPS, musician, " 24th Inf.
 E. K. SIMONDS, Co. D., 5th Cav.,

*Died since the war.

HIRAM LOUNT,	Co. D., 5th Cav.	*S. J. LOCKWOOD,	Co. D., 5th Cav.
G. S. WHEELER,	1st Lt. " "	*GEO. S. JEFFERDS,	" "
AZEL C. BLAIR,	" "	*W. L. STEWART,	" "
Andersonville, prisoner 17 months.		Andersonville prisoner 6 mos.	
WM. WOODBURN,	Co. D., 5th Cav.	*ACMED LAWSON,	" "
Andersonville, prisoner 17 months.		S. C. WHEELER,	" "
JNO. GARDNER,	Co. D., 5th Cav.	C. O'DONNEL, 2d Lt.	" "
Andersonville, prisoner 17 months.		JOHN A. TUBBS,	" "
H. M. WHITE,	2d Lt. Co. D., 5th Cav.	GEO. KINGSLY,	" "
ANDREW HOUK,	" "	JOHN LEDYARD,	" "
M. S. ROOT,	" "	E. K. STARKWEATHER,	" "
JAS. K. LOWDON,	" "	GEO. W. NEWMAN,	" "
Andersonville, prisoner 6 months.		Andersonville prisoner 6 mos.	
GEO. COX,	Co. D., 5th Cav.	MAJOR M. BAILEY,	" "
Andersonville, prisoner 6 months.		JAS. ARMSTRONG,	" "
NELSON LLOYD,	Co. D., 5th Cav.	ED. S. HASTINGS,	" "
*L. W. FERGUSON, Cpt.	" "	JACOB E. BULLOCK,	" "
C. B. VAN DUYN,	" "	*A. B. DOWNER, Co. C, 8th N.Y.H.Ar.	
G. L. VAN DUYN,	" "	*B. PARMENTER, Miss. Flotilla.	
H. FORCE,	" "	P. MCCOY, Co. K., 102 U. S. Col. Inft.	
B. MILLER,	" "	WM. HARRIS, " " "	
A. BUTTERFIELD,	" "	*CASS. ELIOTT, —, 69th N. Y. Inft.	
C. B. COSTELLO,	" "	*SYL. BALCOCK, Co. I, 30th Inft.	
17 mos. Andersonville.		L. L. GOOCH, Co. —, 12th U. S. R Inft	
*WEL. FORCE,	Co. I., 22d Inft.	*H. YERKES, Co. B., 3rd N. Y. Cav.	
*JER. LIKE,	Co. C., 30th "	J. M. DOIG, Co. C., 24th Inft	
E. S. HORTON,	Co. D., 5th Cav.	H. C. DENNIS, " "	
*ALF. BEAL,	Co. K., 2d Inft.	GEO. DENNIS, Co. L., 1st Cav.	
G. SMITHERMAN,	Co. G. 3rd Cav.	R. E. MANNING, Co. B., 20th Inft.	
R. SMITHERMAN,	Co. C., 30th Inft.	D. R. WILSON, " "	
J. L. CAMPBELL, 2d Lt. Eng. & Mehs.		C. DOBBINS, Co. —, — N. Y. Inft.	

*Died since the war.



Appendix.

(A)

NORTHVILLE, Mich., June 23, 1884.

Rev. George Duffield, DD.:

DEAR SIR—Believing that the tribute offered by you to the memory of our fallen comrades is worthy of preservation and should be accessible to every soldier, we, the undersigned, soldiers of Northville and vicinity would respectfully request you to publish the same.

J. H. WOODMAN, 22d Mich. V. Infantry.
MORRIS L. NICHOLS, 6d M. V. " "
A. E. ROCKWELL, 1st Wisconsin H. A. V.
GEORGE H. CALKINS, 8th Mich. V. Infantry.
WILLIAM H. BRIGHAM, 24th Mich. V. Inf.
MYRON P. WHITE, 146th N. Y. Vol.
J. W. DOLPH, 22d N. Y. Cav.
H. YERKES, 30th Mich. Vol. Infantry.
W. E. DOWNER, 1st Mich. Engineers.
ALVIN L. VAN DYNE, 30th Mich. V. Infantry.
E. K. SIMONDS, 5th M. Vol. Cav.
E. K. STARKWEATHER, 5th M. V. Cav.
GEO. L. VAN DUYNE, Co. D., 5th Mich. Cav.
B. GLUETSTER, 20th Mich. Inf.
JOHN GUTHRIE, 1st Mich. Engineers Mechs.
H. O. WAID, 108th N. Y. Vol. Inf.
E. VRADENBURG, 22d Mich. V. Inf.
A. W. CARPENTER, 13th N. Y. Inf
JAMES ARMSTRONG, 5th Mich. Cav., Co. D.
A. POMEROY, 24th Mich. Inf., Co. C.
E. S. HORTON, 5th Mich. Cav., Co. D.
EDWARD S. HASTINGS, 5th Mich. Cav.
JOHN SMURDOCK, 151st N. Y. Inf.
H. S. NICHOLS, 1st M. Eng. and Mech., Co. M.
FREEMAN RENSHAW, 1st N. Y. Vet. Com.
M. S. ROOT, 5th Mich. Cav.
A. C. BLAIR, 5th Mich. Cav.
ANDREW HOUK, 5th Mich. Cav.
HIRAM LOUNT, 5th Mich. Cav.
LEONARD CHARTER, 14th Mich. Vet. V. Int.
JAMES HAMILTON, 6th Mich. Inf.
A. N. HARRISON, 9th Iowa Inf., Co. B.
HENRY M. WHITE, 5th Mich. Cav., Co. D.

NORTHVILLE, Mich., May 31st, 1884.

Rev. George Duffield, DD., Detroit, Mich.:

DEAR SIR—The undersigned, citizens of Northville and vicinity, having listened with great interest and profit to the oration delivered by you in this place, yesterday, on the occasion of decorating the

graves of our fallen soldiers, hereby respectfully request a copy of the same for publication.

J. M. SWIFT.	G. S. VAN ZILE.
J. A. DUBUAR.	A. M. RANDOLPH.
J. M. BURGESS.	T. G. RICHARDSON.
W. H. AMBLER.	H. W. NEY.
JAMES HUESTON.	W. P. YERKES.
GEORGE E. BRADLEY.	H. W. GEELSTON.
B. A. WHEELER.	ANSON L. CADY.
HARRISON YERKES.	WINFIELD SCOTT.
JOHN G. LAPHAM.	J. O. KNAPP.
J. PERKINS.	REV. JAMES DUBUAR.
H. D. CLARK.	GEORGE C. HUESTON.
J. H. JUNKIN.	C. M. JOSLYN.
W. H. CHEEVER.	E. S. WOODMAN.
J. G. SMITH.	M. A. PORTER.
CHARLES R. STEVENS.	E. K. SIMONDS.
F. S. HARRISON.	D. B. NORTHRUP.
A. E. ROCKWELL.	C. B. HUNGERFORD.

DETROIT, Mich., Dec. 6th, 1884.

Messrs. J. M. Swift, M. D., W. E. Downer, Sec. of N. S. U. and others:

GENTLEMEN—Thanks for the joint request of soldier and citizen to publish the address. With such an endorsement, the sentiments therein contained become your own, and increase their value a hundred fold.

“Decoration Day” always reminds me of All Saints Day as observed in many of our churches in commemoration of the “Blessed Dead.” There is much that these days have in common. But for the precious lives so generously sacrificed on the altar of Liberty, by our noble volunteers and veterans, the fire of the altar had gone out, and the temple had this day been a heap of ruins.

As we have learned from past ages that the deterioration of every government begins in the decay of the principles on which it is founded, so let posterity learn from our own age, and be wise enough to take warning. All honor to “the Advance Guard!”

“In the dream of the Northern poets
The brave who in battle die
Fight on in shadowy phalanx,
In the field of the Upper Sky!”

With the permission of the Committee I would like to give with the address the Northville Roll of Honor, to add the letters of Soldiers and Citizens, and possibly an occasional note in the Appendix.

Very respectfully,

Your friend and fellow citizen,

GEORGE DUFFIELD.

(B) "I call the war against the Union, a "Rebellion," because it is one, and in grave matters it is best to call things by their right names. I speak of it as a crime, because the Constitution of the United States so regards it and puts "Rebellion" on a par with "invasion."—*Everett's Gettysburg Oration.*

"I thank God for abolishing slavery as the origin and agent of a treason that is without justification and without parallel."—*Seward at Gettysburg.*

(C) "Gen. Thomas drew his sword to put down a rebellion, which even by Gen. Lee's confession was both unnecessary and indefensible."—*Garfield's Oration, p. 23 and p. 43.*

"As a military question, it was in no sense 'a civil war.'"—*Beauregard.*

Let us never forget this—least of all on "Decoration Day!"

(D) The Greek tragedians teach the duty of burial as a universal custom"—the only limitation, that which forbade interment within the borders of their native land, of sacrilegious persons, and *of traitors who had borne arms against their fellow citizens.*" (Vischer as quoted by Professor Dooge, in his Antigone) a most significant exception indeed! (The italics mine).

(E) "It has been estimated that at least one-fifth of all who fell on the field of battle are now lying in unknown graves."—*Soldier's Monument Dedication, Evergreen Cemetery, Brighton, Mass., 1866.*

HOW DECORATION DAY WAS OBSERVED.

" Northville people probably never had a finer or more satisfactory celebration of the day, set apart for the commemoration of those who gave their lives for the salvation of their country, than that of last Friday. All the forenoon a crowd of busy workers were engaged in building a platform in the school house yard, and a large number of ladies were no less busy preparing floral gifts. On the arrival of the one o'clock train, strains of music were heard, and in a few minutes the Plymouth Cornet Band in new uniforms, were seen marching up Main street, discoursing excellent music. The band was followed by Eddy Post, G. A. R., of Plymouth, escorted by the Soldiers' Union of Northville.

Owing to the probability of rain, it was deemed expedient to have the Decoration exercises first, and the procession accordingly marched to the cemetery, where thirty-eight young ladies, each wearing a badge, inscribed with the name of a State, and carrying a basket of flowers, to scatter on the graves of the fallen heroes, each of which was marked by a small flag.

When all the graves had been thus decorated, the procession marched to the main entrance of the cemetery, where a cenotaph inscribed with the names of the soldiers buried elsewhere had been placed. The procession formed a circle round it, and after the flowers had been strewed about it, a brief address was delivered by A. M. Randolph. The procession and citizens then assembled at the stand.

The exercises were begun with a piece of music by the band. The prayer was offered by Rev. H. W. Gelston. A solo was then sung by M. H. Withee in an excellent manner, and the writer takes pleasure in saying that he never heard that stirring National hymn sound any better.

Dr. Swift as the President of the day, then introduced Rev. George Dusfield, DD., of Detroit, who proceeded to deliver an address that stirred the hearts of every ex-soldier present. * * *

The exercises closed with the following

DECORATION HYMN,

BY DR. SWIFT.

We give to memory's sway
All that our hearts can pay,
And all our powers:
These sacred aisles we tread
Beneath which sleep our dead--
With rarest flowers we spread--
Unsullied flowers.

There undisturbed they lie
 While hurrying feet go by
 And the swift years.
 In honored graves they rest
 And we at loves behest
 Enshrine their memory blest
 With flowers and tears.

This land our Fathers gave
 This land they died to save,
 From traitor's hand
 Our flag whose fold of blue
 Decked with the stars anew,
 In Union firm and true,
 Waves o'er the land.

Then rest, brave soldier, rest,
 Enshrined in every breast
 A sacred trust,
 With rarest flowers of May,
 As spring yields up her sway,
 We'll ever and for aye
 Hallow thy dust.

LADIES REPRESENTING STATES.

MINNIE SMITH, N. Carolina.	BIRDIE POWER, Rhode Island.
LIDA STARKWEATHER, Oregon.	HATTIE LOUDEN, Connecticut.
GRACE LAPHAM, Maryland.	LILIAN LAKE, New York.
VENA HAUK, Arkansas.	ANNA BRIGHAM, New Jersey.
CARRIE GUTHRIE, Iowa.	—, Louisiana.
GEORGIA PALMER, Massachusetts.	MARY ROBINSON, Pennsylvania.
GRACE BLACKWOOD, Nevada.	MARY SIMMONS, Wisconsin.
GEORGIA SIMMONS, Nebraska.	JENNIE BABBITT, S. Carolina.
MYRTIE KNAPP, California.	HATTIE CLARK, Delaware.
JOSIE GILLESPIE, Maine.	CORA GREER, Florida.
NELLIE GILLETT, Tennessee.	LEAFA GREER, Mississippi.
NELLIE WAID, Ohio.	MAY JOHNSON, Alabama.
MAUD STARKWEATHER, W. Va.	FLORA WAID, Texas.
HATTIE THORNTON, Kansas.	EMMA SIMONDS, Ill.
EMELINE GAGE, Michigan.	CORA WELSH, Missouri.
MYRTIE BLAIR, Georgia.	LIZZIE STARKWEATHER, Ind.
NORA REED, Minnesota.	IDA GAGE, Colorado.
MAY BOVEE, New Hampshire.	ALICE CHARTER, Kentucky.
MAY GREER, Vermont.	EVA BEAL, Virginia.

At the adjournment of the public exercises the Soldier's Union met at the Council Room and elected as officers for the ensuing year—

President—H. O. WAID.

Secretary—Wm. E. DOWNER.

—*Northville Record.*

P. S.—The publication of this Address was unavoidably delayed to get a complete list of names.

