

Address

delivered at Salisbury.

14 May 30, 1897,

No 20, Vol 8

Subject

Memorial Day,

Address

delivered at Albany.

At Albany N. Y. 1877.

Nov 10 1878

Amesbury

Memorial copy.

Memorial Day

1897
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Ladies and Gentlemen, Comrades : - "The commemoration to-day of the bravery of the men who have fallen in defense of their country, will recall memories of many events of former years, which the country is too prone to forget, and which many denounce as things to be forever hid in oblivion. But the nation which forgets her defenders does not deserve them. Either those men fell in a noble cause, or the United States committed a crime for which it ought to be ostracised by the nations of the world."

One morning, while thinking of this day and its duties, my eye fell upon the words just repeated.

"Memories which the country at large is too prone to forget, and which many denounce as things to be forever hid in oblivion !" This expression produced on my mind a two-fold effect.

First - those memories ! I began to recall the personal friends who went bravely to the conflict, and who lost their lives during the struggle; tender recollections! Then second:- a touch of indignation.

Generalities do not usually or deeply excite the emotions of our hearts; but the specific, the concrete, the recital of individual achievements, of personal exposure to suffering, to danger, to death; these things, this portraiture, are always calculated from childhood to old age to stir the depths of the human soul. So, in common with the sympathies of humanity, as the individuals whom I loved, and whose lives paid the forfeit of patriotic devotion were passed slowly in review on the field of memory, my heart swelled and my eyes ran with tears.

H. S. HOWARD,

SOLE AGENT
SPELLERINE HOOF STUFFING.

WASHINGTON RED CEDAR SHINGLES.

BURKE PATENT FLEXIBLE STAMPS.
GENERAL AGENT

126 COLLEGE STREET.

BURLINGTON, Vt., 189

achievement, of personal exposure to suffering, to death;
our hearts; we the people, the people, the people of individual
the struggle, and the struggle, the struggle, the struggle of

friends who were brave to the end, and who lost their lives during
First - those memories! I shall never forget the personal

expression produced on my mind a two-fold effect.
and which many persons are likely to be forever and oblivion! This
"series which the country at large is too prone to forget,

one morning, while thinking of this day and its duties, as
by the nation of the world."

the United States committed a crime which it ought to be ashamed
does not deserve this. Every one who will for a single moment, or
forever and in oblivion. This is a crime which the nation

country is too prone to forget, and which we should be ashamed to be
and, with special reference to what occurred in 1894, when the

day of the bravery of the men who have fallen in defense of their coun-
lation and generation, and the

But after this ^{sympathetic} ~~sympathetic~~ review of the most familiar faces among the dead, I thought of the men in America who could denounce such sweet, precious, soul-inspiring, heart-uplifting memories as "things only fit to be forever hid in oblivion," and my emotions suddenly changed. With a scowl on my forehead, with my teeth set, my nerves braced and my hand clenched, I felt a little of the old indignation which moved myself and other men at the time of the first ^{war} tidings of 1861, tidings that a terrible blow had been dealt, a blow that was aimed at the nation's life. I hope there are not really many to denounce these memories. If there are, they may be open enemies to be fought; or secret moth-eaters, to be watched and guarded against; or men bred in that cowardly atmosphere where it was the fashion in war time to spit out the venom of contagion and treason, and twist off into other lands to avoid the blows of patriotism and valor; or they may be a weakly, milk-and-water brood, who never entertain any clear ideas of patriotism or principle, who always in tremulous watchings for troubles fend them off by the coveted oblivion of opiates or debaucheries. Such men need enlightenment, conversion, salvation !

True enough, "the nation which forgets her defenders does not deserve them." Each of us can contribute a little to prevent such forgetfulness. Do not neglect in the midst of business activities and absorbing cares, as this day yearly rolls around, amid the flattening turf and the dimming headstone record, while the object of this memorial service becomes less and less clear to your offspring, do not forget that each one must make his own contribution to the remembrance of his country's defenders.

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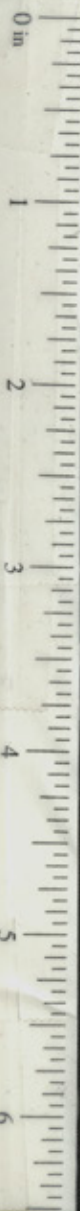
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In keeping with this thought I propose to-day to make mine, - a small contribution; to confine your attention ^{mainly} to the mention of those classmates of my own at our military school whose lives were surrendered during the Rebellion.

Here are some noticeable statistics : My class entered the Military Academy in 1850, over one hundred strong. There fell out by the way some sixty members. There was graduated in 1854 forty-six members, of whom seven died in the United States service before the war. In 1861 fourteen joined the Rebellion, while twenty-one were of Southern parentage. Seven were killed or died in consequence of wounds in the Confederate army. Five were killed in the Union army. To-day there is but one remaining on the active list of the army - General Zenas R. Bliss, commanding the Department of Texas.

The first of these regular officers killed in the war of the Rebellion was Lieutenant John T. Greble; killed June 10, 1861, in the action of Big Bethel, Virginia. His conduct was so conspicuous in gallantry that he was accorded three brevets, which only his friends were able to enjoy. The Honorable Secretary of War, immediately after his death, promptly forwarding these as a deserved recognition of honor to his father, accompanied the commissions with the following expression of his feelings:

"His (Greble's) distinguished character, his gallant conduct on the field, where he fell, and his devoted sacrifice to the cause of his country, will make his name and memory illustrious."

My own memory makes clear several choice pictures concerning Greble:

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First - A modest boy of 16 from Philadelphia, steadily winning his way to the affection and esteem of his classmates.

The second - When a little later he formed the center of a sweet family group that I was permitted to enter as a friend, where father, mother and sisters embraced him in the circle of their love and thoughtful devotion.

The third - A diligent artillery Lieutenant among the jungles and hummocks of Florida, where we occasionally met.

The fourth - While with myself instructor at West Point as the father and head of a beautiful family - the youthful father, mother and two joyous children. There can be no holier or happier grouping.

The fifth - The officer commanding his battery in desperate action; standing on the causeway looking across the bridge which leads to Big Bethel, Greble was resolutely holding his position to the last; silencing batteries, keeping back the enemy's advance, covering the awkward mistakes of new troops, and then falling and lying dead on the spot where he had fought his battery till he had but one gun, and but five of his men were left alive.

The sixth picture - When his widow, at the funeral, lifted her beloved son so that he could look upon the face of his father, then lying with a sweet and peaceful expression upon his face, the boy knew him, smiled and whispered "Papa", and then, with sudden, unexpected feeling, cried out : "Take my papa out of that box."

The seventh - the desolate Philadelphia home. An aged father bereaved, never to be comforted. A mother broken hearted, only satisfied when doing for other stricken mothers the offices of

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A vertical ruler with markings from 0 to 6 inches. The markings are in inches, with major ticks every inch and minor ticks every millimeter. The ruler is oriented vertically, with 0 at the top and 6 at the bottom.

sympathy and help; then for the wife a perpetual widowhood, often, it is true, brightened into the smile of sunshine. It is like that on yonder crests of snowy whiteness, which mingles with the clouds with Heaven behind them. For her the boy and girl which she had were a perpetual reminder of past joys and future hopes. To-day, following his father's footsteps of honor and fidelity, the young man approaches middle age and is ^{the} adjutant of an artillery regiment.

Such are a few of the glimpses into the life, character and death, and family, of the first of my five classmates who fell "in the struggle for the new birth of Freedom."

The second officer whom I will mention is Captain John R. Smead, 5th Artillery. He was killed in action August 30, 1862, at the battle of Manassas, Va., at the age of 32. This is the battle which we have been accustomed to call the "Second Bull Run;" a battle probably lost to us because of the rivalries and cross-purposes of men in power.

There is a feeling of sadness, peculiar in its nature, which comes over you when a friend is thrown beneath the crushing wheels of such a Juggernaut of apparently useless sacrifice. Smead had sterling qualities, and bears on the Register an abundant record. He was on the road to promotion, - to higher promotion, - when his earthly career was cut short on that field which twice was enriched, too abundantly, by the best blood of the Nation. That was ^{to us} the valley of the shadow of death.

The third on the list is Stephen H. Weed. He was killed on the second day of the battle of Gettysburg. It was while marshaling his brigade of the 5th Army Corps, which bore no small part in preserving to us the "Little Round Top", and the integrity of our line of battle

that he did most effective service. He supported Hazlett's battery, helping to drag the guns to the exposed crest. He fell by that "Little Round Top." Here his faithful lieutenant Hazlett was catching his last words to bear them as a meagre consolation to Weed's beloved home-circle in New York, when he, too, received a fatal shot and fell across the body of his General; thus leaving to others to carry an increase of the sad tidings, - of the surrender of two devoted lives.

Weed was a young man of much spirit. He had a large circle of friends, and he gave promise, with a steady eye and glowing cheeks, of attaining to higher and higher claims of honor and usefulness as the years went by. Already at 30 he was a brigadier-general of volunteers, when he fell at the head of his command in the great battle of Gettysburg, which gave the high-water-mark and signalled the wane of the Rebellion.

The fourth classmate is Colonel Benjamin F. Davis. Colonel Davis was one of those true men from the South who, at the cost of sacrifices more trying than the loss of life, remained, from conviction, true to the government which had educated him, and whose flag he had been taught to revere. I confessed my surprise and joy when I first met him in my camp during the ^{Antietam} campaign of 1862. I was surprised that the immense pressure had not carried him ^{off} to his state of Mississippi. Still, when I recalled the nerve of that man, as shown in those youthful struggles at West Point in which many weak characters succumb, I could understand it better. To be convinced that it was duty, was, with Davis, to induce immediate resolve; and resolve with him always signified action. His career was being marked by a record of brevets for merit and by promotions when it was ended June 9, 1863, in a small combat

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with the enemy at Beverly Ford. Colonel Davis, familiarly called "Grimes Davis," - the cadet sobriquet - was every inch a soldier. To lead a forlorn hope, to make a charge, to hold a position with the utmost tenacity, or to move men with all the inspiration and vehemence of a strong man with indomitable will, there were few officers who could equal him. He chose his appropriate command - the cavalry - the 8th New York Regiment. Probably if he had lived "Grimes Davis" would have rivalled or excelled Pleasanton, Kilpatrick and Custer as cavalry leaders.

He counted truth more precious far than life,
And valued honor more than loud acclaim;
As Douglass bold, in every manly strife,
The blow descended ere the tongue could blame.

At clank of chains his noble heart rebell'd,
Than woman's gentler at the suppliant's cry;
The name of treason in disdain he held;
In Freedom's cause he dared to live and die !

The fifth martyred classmate who fell in loyal service is Colonel Edgar O'Connor. He became the colonel of the second regiment of volunteers raised in Wisconsin. He brought his regiment into the field after the first battle of Bull Run, and had but one year of service in the rebellion when he was killed, the 28th of August, 1862, in a combat at Groveton, Virginia. O'Connor was a young man of a happy temperament. Fat, hearty, companionable, humorous, - he was of the kind that took deep root in social life. He left the army after a

service of four years on the frontiers, to occupy himself in civil life, when the sudden rebellion called him, as it called other army men who loved their country, again to join the service. ~~So~~ So, after hearing of our first terrific defeat at Bull Run, ^{O'Connor} hastened to Washington with a choice regiment raised in his own neighborhood. Self-possessed, phlegmatic, imperturbable, with sufficient disciplining power in his composition for the use of war, - these elements coupled with his jovial temper, made him a capital and successful commander of volunteers. But in the very beginning, ~~at~~ the age of twenty-nine, his pleasant spirit suddenly ascended to join out other companions in the realms of the departed, from that second field of Bull Run.

I had two classmates from this State ^(Vermont) Henry W. Closson, who was recently retired from the army as Colonel of the 4th Artillery, and Henry A. Smalley, who was a brother of Col. B.B. Smalley of Burlington. Closson and Smalley went to West Point at the same time with myself in August, 1850. We were all three September cadets, and each of us was denominated by the sobriquet of "Sep", as "Sep. Howard" and "Sep Smalley". Smalley graduated above the middle of his class, and was promoted lieutenant in the artillery arm of the service. He had a distinguished and checkered career before the war, in Florida, in the Northwest and in the far west. When the war broke out we find him first an aide-de-camp to Major-General Dix, but he had remained on Dix's staff but a short time when the colonelcy of the 5th Vermont infantry was offered him. He received his commission as colonel in July, 1861, and as soon as he had organized his regiment and caused it to be mustered into the service he joined General W.F. Smith's, usually called "Baldy

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then stationed
Smith's" division, above the chain bridge near Washington. Unhappily for him he was siezed with a camp fever from which he did not fully recover; he went to a hospital, yet as soon as he was able to move he rejoined, and accompanied the men to the peninsula, and was in the advance on Richmond under McClellan. Smalley was mentioned with special distinction after the first skirmish at Young's Mills, where he was the target for sharp shooters. Men in the ranks behind him were slain by bullets intended for him. Again at the battle of Lee's Mills, near Yorktown, he was favorably mentioned in the record; and also again at the bloody battle of Williamsburg, where, on the second day, the young Colonel narrowly escaped death. A great shell struck the log against which he was leaning, but fortunately without exploding. The Colonel was stunned but received no lasting injury. The exposure and fatigue of that trying campaign coupled with camping in the swamps and two nights being without food or shelter in rain that drenched him to the skin, caused another severer attack of sickness. Still, the ambitious young man continued with his regiment, and marched to the White House landing; but he could go no further, as a high fever set in upon him. His weakness was so great that he did not try to return to the field, but performed very important duty as assistant professor at the Military Academy; and after that tour of duty he returned to his first artillery command. As ill health naturally continued while he was stationed in the south, he finally resigned and spent the remainder of his life in important work as a civil engineer, in which profession, after a reasonable recovery he excelled + attained a good reputation.

Smalley was a fine linguist, knowing the French as well as English, and also obtained a good knowledge of the German, Spanish and

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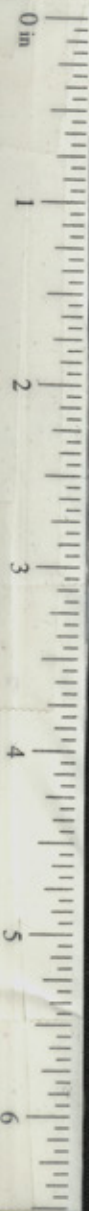
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and Italian languages. He married into a fine family in New York, and before his death was a member in good standing, of the First Baptist Church of that city.

I am glad to give this brief record of one who was so genial and comapnionable to me as a cadet, and who in my judgment, but for his early sickness in the war and subsequent exposures ^{would} have stood abreast of any of his classmates in ~~high~~ command.

Closson was a very close companion to me from our entrance to the close of our Academic course. He became also a Lieutenant in the artillery and had distinguished service in the southwest all along from Louisiana to the Pacific Coast. When the war broke out he was a captain commanding a battery at Fort Pickens, Fla. Later, in '62, at Baton Rouge, he rose to be Chief of Artillery of a division in the 19th Corps, and was in many important battles along the Mississippi. He was later brevetted Major in the regular army for gallant and meritorious service at Port Hudson, La. Again, we find him Chief ~~of~~ Artillery in the Red ^{again} River campaign; and also, in the Mobile expedition engaged in many sieges and severe combats and attaining the position of Chief of Ordnance and Artillery for the cavalry corps of a military division, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He obtained another brevet for gallantry at the battle of Fort Morgan, Alabama, and after the war, continued in service, having important garrisons, and serving on boards of ordnance and artillery which demanded the highest knowledge of his profession. Modest, retiring, always able, whether with his pen or in the performance of military duty, he completed his full course of service.

Vermont has reason to be proud of Colonel Henry W. Closson, many years a colonel in the regular army, and now living with his family

after retirement at the capital of the Nation.

The names of our Confederate classmates, - that I will not give on this occasion, - who went into the battles fourteen strong and came out ^{but} seven, I am familiar with. They were brave men. I have for these dead many precious and tender remembrances. I wish, imitating "Grimes Davis" of Mississippi, that they had not raised their hands against the Republic. But I have no hard words for them. I would probably myself have been more or less ~~to have been~~ controlled by local influences and strong friends, had I lived in a slave state, and particularly had I been educated to put implicit faith in the pernicious, disintegrating, suicidal doctrine of State supremacy. It was hard, even for a Northern man, who had been from his youth thoroughly imbued with the idea that ~~State~~ State supremacy was in our Constitution, and essential to liberty, - I say it was hard for him, so imbued with pernicious teaching, to understand the necessity of attempting to save our government against internal attack. Patriotic men who suffered the loss of property and of blood to prevent the destruction of the Government and to rid it forever of the horrible incubus of slavery, are often now-a-days confused, mortified, and chagrined when some of our brightest statesmen assure these patriots that they have been violating the American Constitution - from 1861 till to-day; that they ~~are in~~ favor ~~of~~ monarchical tendencies; that they meant to snatch from the people the liberties which are dear to them; which are more abundant in this land than in any other. In brief, they declare that the habit of war has ^{in us} overturned forever the habit of peace, and, in effect, submerged and destroyed beyond recovery, the life and power of the old Constitution. So, day by day, week by week, year by year, the struggle goes on among

Certain substantially
the political managers, to take from us all that we thought we had gained
by the war, namely: the Constitution redeemed; the laws readjusted; the
judiciary purged, and liberty become universal and secured in the
eternal anchorage of right. Every cry against the honest, patriotic
men of the land, ^{venerable statesmen or soldiers,} is a false cry. The patriots of the war did not hurt the
Constitution.

If a man's dwelling is on fire he may be obliged to step out-
side of it and submit to temporary injuries from the firemen and the
floods of water in order to preserve it.

A vessel in a storm carrying a heavy canvas must furl her
sails and render much of her moving machinery inoperative to save her-
self from utter wreck.

So, when the terrible struggle of war was upon us, and before
the winds of commotion, engendered by war, had died away, our statesmen ^{and soldiers}
were obliged to step outside of the Constitution in order to save the
Constitution itself; to render temporarily inoperative much of its
machinery, which now, it is plain, was only in rest and folded up, - but
never destroyed. The old Constitution, perfected by amendment, now
in its full force, is essential to the existence and progress of the
Republic.

With such sentiments filling our minds and hearts, let us re-
assure ourselves that in suppressing the Rebellion we accomplished a
good work; that our patriotic dead did not die in vain; that while
we are not perfect, and may improve even the Constitution as well as the
laws of our country, still let us congratulate ourselves, our children,
and the lovers of freedom throughout the world, that this AMERICAN
REPUBLIC rests on the permanent foundations of a written Constitution,
and rises into view with the strong masonry of her structure rivetted

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With such an extensive list of goods and services, let me re-
sume ourselves that in supplying the Republic we are not only
not working for our private gain but for the good of the whole
people of the Republic.

It is not only the Republic, but the whole of the Republic, that
we are working for. It is not only the Republic, but the whole of the
Republic, that we are working for. It is not only the Republic, but the
whole of the Republic, that we are working for.

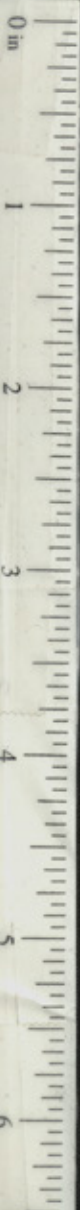
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a God-fearing a structure ^{an}electric lighted
by the will of ^{and} intelligent people, - ^{and} ^{like} ^{elevated} watch tower
carrying the lights of principle and knowledge and wisdom, which are
indeed the beacons of hope to the thinking men of every nation of the
globe.

How fitting a close to any memorial speech is Holmes' tribute
to the flag which is entitled :

"UNION AND LIBERTY."

Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,
Born through their battle-field's thunder and flame.
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame.

Chorus.

Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While thro' the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry,
Union and Liberty, one evermore !

Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation,
Pride of her children, and honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star.

Chorus.

Empire unsceptred, what foe shall assail thee,
Bearing the standard of liberty's van ?
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee
Striving with men for the birthright of men.

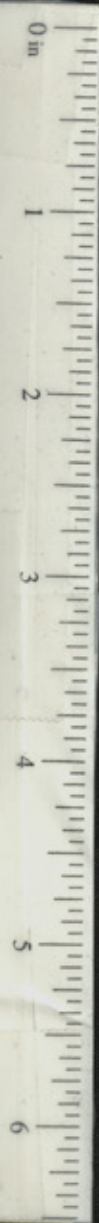
Chorus.

Yet if by madness and treachery blighted,
Dawns the dark hour when the sword thou must draw,
Then with the arms to thy millions united
Smite the bold traitors to freedom and law.

Chorus.

Lord of the universe, shield us and guide us,
Trusting thee always, through shadow and sun,
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us ?
Keep us, oh, keep us the Many in One.

Chorus.



Chorus.
The fire was kindled, when the first mass was
sung. The standard of liberty was
hoisted not far from the door of the hall.
The living altar, on the other side of the
Chorus.

Yet the words and promises of liberty
have the same power when the sword is
drawn. With the same to the millions of
the world, the same to the people of the
Chorus.

Lord of the universe, who art the
Father of the living, comfort the
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Amen, oh, keep us, O God.
Chorus.

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