

## GATHER THE FLOWERS,

AND SCATTER THEM UPON THE GRAVES OF OUR DEAD HEROES.

Memorial Day and Its Significance—An Annual Event Hallowed by Sacred Memories—The Tendency of the Custom Is in the Line of Peace and National Brotherhood.

### Scatter the Flowers.

CATTER the flowers, my child, to-day;  
Scatter the flowers where the soldiers lie;  
Scatter the flowers on blue and gray;  
Scatter the flowers.

Over the graves of the heroes who fell  
When the tide of the battle was hot and high,  
And the breath of the cannon like blasts from hell,  
Scatter the flowers.

What matters it now what colors they wore?  
They shall meet their Judge in the court on high—  
Pity the pain and the grief they bore—  
Scatter the flowers.

Thank God that you know not the terrible strife  
We knew in those awful years gone by;  
Thank God for the boon of a peaceful life.  
Scatter the flowers.

Scatter the flowers. O, why should we  
Cherish the hate of the years gone by!  
Over the grave of their enemy  
Scatter the flowers.

Scatter the flowers, my child, to-day;  
Scatter the flowers where the soldiers lie;  
Scatter the flowers on blue and gray;  
Scatter the flowers.

R. E. PRETLOW.

### Memorial Day.

NCE again the changing seasons bring the nation's sacred day, When our gifts of tears and garlands on our heroes' graves we lay; Field and garden yield their treasure, masses fair of beauteous bloom, Each a message of remembrance bearing to the lovely tomb. Emblems are they of the fallen, whom the springing grasses hide, Of their hopes, so fair and glowing, stricken in their noon-day pride; Long their sleep and deep their slumber through the years of manhood's prime.

Glorious years, whose splendor brightens the shadowed land! Still their sacred hands have swayed us, reaching upward from the grave, And they still guide the nation which they gave their lives to save, For they did the deeds of Titans, and from shining sea to sea Left our starry banner floating o'er a land redeemed and free; And where'er their bones are resting, th'ir name no mortal knows, Liberty a shrine is keeping where the fire of freedom glows. But, alas! the mounds grow thicker with each swift returning year, And they sleep who stood beside us when the last sweet May was here.

Soldiers of the great Grand Army! You who once stood side by side With the comrades who are sleeping 'neath the flag for which they died, You who marched through hailing bullets and stood face to face with death, Yet escaped from his embraces, though you felt his fiery breath, By the love you bore the comrade who fell by your side that day, Who had shared with you the marches and the foray or the fray, Guard the memory of the fallen—keep it free from every stain! Let no envious tongue defame them, and no traitorous heart arraign 'em; Yours the triumph and rejoicing, and the victory's crown of glory, Theirs the suffering and the silence, and the low-arched roof of clay; Yours the joys of use and labor, but beneath your marching feet Lie their manhood's pride and valor, and their hopes as fair and sweet; Hearts that beat with love and daring, hands that held a sacred trust And fulfilled it nobly, grandly, now are only heaps of dust. Since you marched with them to battle, shared their danger and their pain, You are heirs of all their glory—let them not have died in vain!

Soldiers of the Silent Army! You whose half-folded days shall shine On the calendar of ages with a radiance divine; You whose memory is the anchor of our country's storm-tossed bark, Binding her to truth and freedom when the skies are veiled and dark; You whose sightless eyes behold us, and whose shadowed form are near, Rouse your spirits from their slumbers and our heartful pledges hear! By the sky which arches o'er you, bright with summer's loveliest blue, By the garlands that we bring you, smiling through their tears of dew, By each fond remembrance clinging to the earthy forms you wore, By each heart that broke with anguish when you fell to rise no more, By each hope that faded with you from love's shining morning sky, By each life whose joy departed when you laid you down to die, By the banner that you gave us, free from every spot of stain, Never, while the crimson life-blood courses swiftly through each vein, Shall the land which you enfranchised bear a tyrant or a slave above it affords a grave!

NINETTE M. LOWATER.

### A National Yearly Pilgrimage.

DECORATION Day! The inspiration of the occasion is the inspiration of lovers and peace and beauty. At a time when the glory of the land is most dominant, clad in verdure, and decorated with blooming flowers, every eye that looks above the hollow grave mingles its colors with those of buds and blossoms, and is a monument of God's past goodness and a prophecy of His continued mercy.

On the twenty-first Decoration Day of history the roll of the famous deal includes Thomas, Garfield, Hancock, Grant, Loring, and Sheridan. But one of the great leaders, Sherman, survives, and, however sadly his thoughts may go back over the fields that trembled with the tread of marching millions, the glory and pride of peace accomplished must thrill his heart, coming from every battle-field—the great West.

The occasion of a great national centennial has prepared the public to commemorate this year's Decoration Day in a more marked and intelligent manner than ever before. The two occasions are ripe with historic and pathetic reminiscence, and the 30th of April and the 30th of May, 1889, will be long-remembered days in the memory of those who may live to see the last of the veterans of the great war follow their leaders to the silent camping-ground. The spirit and genius of the commemoration become more vividly sent to arouse and thrill, as the slower and the white head, the muffled voices of those who followed the flag to victory tell that soon they, too, will slumber under garlands of tear-jeweled flowers.

Decoration Day has become a national yearly

pilgrimage, but, unlike that of the devotees of Mahomet, or the knight of the cross, the journey is a peaceful one, and lies through a beautiful land. No blood-stained ruins border it—no weapons and armor bedeck the traveler, and there are no footsore penitents or jaded knights at arms among the throng. This pilgrimage is not one of strife or fanaticism, but of love and peace, while at its end stands the immortal shrine of liberty.

Every succeeding Decoration Day has evidenced the fact that the survivors of the war have not considered their work at an end, with

cosy grasses and underbrush. All around the city are signs of combat.

Such war, such waste, such fiery tracks of death.

Nature, however, is busy repairing the ravages of man. With the magic use of sunshine and rain she is smoothing the cartwheels and roads.

In this Vickery city of living death there are twelve thousand seven hundred and ten graves marked with headstones which bear numbers only, the occupants being unknown. The bones of these unidentified sleepers were gathered from battle-fields, near and remote, and brought in by contract. A price was given for each, and negroes scoured the country for skeletons. It is claimed that old negro graveyards were robbed and their contents brought to this place of beauty, and laid side by side with the brave boys of the northland who died in the heat and dust in the cold and rain, with wounds and splinters, and far away from home. Price and pit for the soldiers, but little for the necessary what for his pieces of silver maledict such a wicked imposition? Of the stones standing at the head of each grave, only three thousand eight hundred and ninety-six contain inscriptions, which include name, company and regiment, and in case of officers the rank. The headstones here, and in most of the cemeteries, were furnished by a Keokuk (Iowa) firm, the inscriptions being made by the sand-blast process.

At Chalmette Cemetery, just below New Orleans, there are 12,251 graves, with 5,674 unknown occupants. The hospitals contributed a full share to the known dead of the battle. This cemetery is on a fifteen-acre half acre, and is a part of the site of the battle-field on which Jackson repulsed Pakenham's men and saved New Orleans during the war of 1812-14, which event is duly commemorated on the 8th of January every year by the people of the Crescent City. The cemetery wall crosses the line of earthworks thrown up by the Americans, and on which the cotton bales were placed to give additional protection from the bullets of the invaders. The location is greatly unlike that at Vicksburg. Here the ground is as level as a floor, with the surface of the river above, the water kept from submerging it and the surrounding country and city only by a meadow of earth, torn by highroads and paths scattered over hills high above the swelling floods; here the eye sweeps up and down long rows, twenty-four in number, each a half mile in length, in all twelve miles of graves; in both shell roads and walks, and flower beds and evergreens artistically arranged. The roses and trees are fragrant and the heavy foliage droops as if in everlasting sorrow; the thick-leaved ambrosial live oaks, the heavy trailing creepers of the vines, the magnolias and myrtles, the light swaying banners of the moss, all bending low as if in funeral mourning. Near by the Chalmette cemetery is the tall shaft built in 1885 by Congress in honor of Jackson's victory. It shows the effects of time, the brick foundation is mol-

the termination of hostilities. They were enlisted for life, and action, and were soon marked their purposes, whenever a worthy companion in arms was in sickness or distress, and sweet charity has shone forth as a lustreous beacon-light of beneficence. Those angels of mercy, too, the ladies of the Relief Corps, who tenderly bound up the wounds of a bleeding brave without caring for the color of his jacket, because he was "somebody's son," are to-day teaching lessons of beauty and love that ennoble the rising generation, who perpetuate the valor of their predecessors as sons of veterans.

The nineteenth century, so nearly at its end, will go into history memorable for great deeds of war and peace alike—with the battle of Waterloo and that of Gettysburg chronicled in

the same volume with the development of electricity and steam; for these are the military and civil revolutions which have changed the world. And yet, amid all this century of mighty deeds, the American conflict stands pre-eminent for its influence on mankind. It was not a war for boundary or power, to establish the authority of a king, to set up a new government, to fix a line of demarcation, to fix a doctrine of the people, to strengthen the old regime, and the strife that raged from Summer to Appomattox was a holy cause, sacred to liberty, and consecrated to freedom by the ceremonies of Decoration Day. The plowshare now fills the ruts of cannon wheels and fields of carnage have become fields of harvest. The tendency of the customs of Decoration Day is wholly in the line of peace and national brotherhood. The people of the country are fraternized. The originator of the ceremony of Decoration Day was a Confederate, it is said, and this fact should promote national unity and good-feeling in the yearly pilgrimage of the blue and gray to the shrine of those who were once deadly enemies.

"Sady, but not without upbraiding,  
The grave's deed was done;  
In the stormy day of battle are they fading  
No braver battle was won;

Who died in gray or blue,  
Who fell beneath the stars and stars,  
Or died where waved Confederate bars,  
To flog and country true.

On either side of freedom's line  
Bring brightest flowers to deck each shrine.  
We ask not now what flag they bore—  
Scan not the uniform they wore.

On each supreme occasion,  
We know they bravely fought and fell  
To crush, withstand, resist or quell  
Rebellion or invasion.

In rock of blue or blouse of gray."

Nature decorates the graves of the undiscovered dead, scattering wild flowers with gentle hand alike upon the resting places of both the victors and the vanquished.

In 1867 the women of Columbus, Miss., inaugurated the custom of decorating the graves of their own, as well as those of the Northern soldier dead, an event which called forth the poem of "The Blue and the Gray."

"Sady, but not without upbraiding,  
The grave's deed was done;  
In the stormy day of battle are they fading  
No braver battle was won;

Under the sod and the dew,  
Wai ing the judgment day;  
Under the blossoms, the Blue,  
Under the garlands, the Gray.

"No more shall the wavy cry sever,  
Or the winding rivers be red;  
They banish aiger forever,  
When they leave the graves of our dead.

Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day.

Love and tears for the Blue,  
Tears and love for the Gray."

Time has obliterated many of the scars of war—the lines of battle are covered with grass and flowers, splintered tree trunks are wrapped with vines. This is a terribly contested field differs little if any from its surroundings. Let the gentle work of healing the ruts and wounds of the great rebellion go speedily on, and all the people learn that

"Peace hath her victories,  
No less renowned than war."

MOSES FOLSOM.

### Origin of Decoration Day.

HE practice of setting aside a day to visit the graves of their fallen soldiers, recall the memory of their noble deeds, and to deck their tombs with flowers, took its rise early in the late war; first in particular places, here a city, there a village, or, it might be, a county. In some places it was on one day, in others on another day. After a time the practice became more general. In some cases the government recommended the observance of a particular day, but there was no wide extended agreement. In time, partly through the influence of the leading members of the Christian Commission, which had done so much for soldiers during the war, partly through the influence of the pulpit and press, and finally through the systematic efforts of the Grand Army of the Republic and various veteran soldier associations, many State Legislatures were induced to make a given day a legal holiday for this purpose, and the President and Governors were led to unite in recommending the observance of the day, now known as Decoration Day, in nearly every State in the Union.

"Peace hath her victories,  
No less renowned than war."

MOSES FOLSOM.

Henry E. Perrine, the groom in the Perrine-Folsom nuptials, is a prominent citizen of Buffalo and is over sixty-two years of age. His family are distantly related to the Folsoms, and the two families have been intimately associated socially for many years. Mr. Perrine lives at 39 North Pearl street in a substantial brick dwelling, where he and his bride will be at home after a short wedding tour. Mr. Perrine has been a widower for several years, and has three children. The eldest is the wife of G. Barrett Rich, of the Bank of Attica. Carlton R. Perrine and Harry H. Perrine are the sons. The marriage was kept quiet, one of the sons said, because Mrs. Folsom disliked newspaper notoriety. Mr. Perrine is a well-made man of medium height, dark complexion, with a full beard. He is a scientific student, a good writer, and has led an eventful life. His ancestors were Huguenots in France and settled in 1665 on Staten Island, N. Y. Puritan blood mingled with the French. His father, Dr. Henry Perrine, married Miss Annie F. Townsend in 1822, the present bridegroom being born in Sodus, N. Y., on March 20, 1847. After trying to find gold in California and afterward started for himself. Mr. Perrine returned to New York, and married Miss Cornelia S. Hall. Their bridal trip was back to California, which Mr. Perrine quit in 1857 for good with a capital of \$11,000, which he invested in the ship chandlery business in Buffalo and suffered financially in the panic of 1873, his failure resulting three years later. Mr. Perrine had to begin life once again. With his two sons and some friends he established a settlement at Perrine, Dale County, Fla. Financial aid that was expected but did not arrive prevented his plans from being carried out. He is now Secretary of the Buffalo Cemetery Association, which is located on Delaware avenue.

## MATRIMONIAL SURPRISE

### MRS. FOLSOM MARRIED TO A BUFFALO MAN.

Mrs. Cleveland's Mother a Bride—The Ex-President's Wife Attends the Ceremony at Jackson, Mich.—A Buffalo Merchant the Happy Groom.

[Jackson (Mich.) telegram.]

Mrs. Oscar Folsom, the mother of Mrs. Grover Cleveland, was married here to Henry E. Perrine, of Buffalo, N. Y. Mrs. Folsom has been living in Jackson for some time, coming here shortly after Mr. Cleveland retired from the White House. Mr. Perrine had been a widower for two years, and Mrs. Folsom had long been a friend of the Perrine household. Mrs. Cleveland arrived on the afternoon train from the East, and so quiet had the matter been kept that not thirty people knew of her coming. She stepped from the train wearing a blue Henrietta, with a black cloth slashed overskirt, a brown sun hat surmounted by a wreath of flowers. Mrs. Cleveland kissed her aunt, Mrs. J. W. Cadman, and smiled her sweetest as she stepped into the station. She was at once taken in a carriage with her aunt and driven to Mrs. Cadman's residence. H. E. Perrine, the bridegroom, accompanied Mrs. Cleveland, as did Mr. Perrine's son-in-law, Rev. B. Rich, the later's wife and two sons, George B., Jr., and H. P. Rich. Mr. Cadman, uncle of Mrs. Cleveland, is a train dispatcher in this city, and about three years ago married Mrs. Hudleston, who was a widow and sister of Mrs. Folsom and aunt of Mrs. Cleveland.

The ceremony took place at 9:30 o'clock in the evening. Rt. Rev. George D. Giles, of the Western Diocese of Michigan, assisted by Rev. R. B. Balcomb, of this city, officiating. The groom wore the regulation suit of black evening dress. Mrs. Folsom wore a gray traveling dress and had her hair, which is silvery, fancifully propped at the front. Colonel Harman, uncle of Mrs. Cleveland and brother-in-law and sister of the bride; Mr. and Mrs. George B. Rich, son-in-law and daughter of the groom, and the children of the different families were present. The marriage service was that of the Episcopal Church, and was short. After the ceremony there was no reception, only a general hand-shaking and a kissing of the bride by Mrs. Cleveland and the ladies of the household. At 10:30 o'clock the newly married pair took the west bound night express over the Michigan Central, but they declined to say where the bridal trip would end, as they did not wish to be annoyed. While the ceremony was being performed hundreds of the residents about the Cadman House filled the streets and the yard, wishing to secure a look at Mrs. Cleveland. The latter at the ceremony wore white silk with black star and a beautiful bouquet of red roses at her throat. Her hair was done a la pompadour at the front, with a knot at the back. She was all smiles and gracefulness, had a good word for all, and the ladies fell in love with her at sight, while the gentlemen lost their breath when she addressed them. The wedding was a jolly one. The room where the ceremony took place was beautifully decorated with flowers.

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## A HORRIBLE TRAGEDY.

An American Divine and His Family Murdered in Honduras.

[New York telegram.]

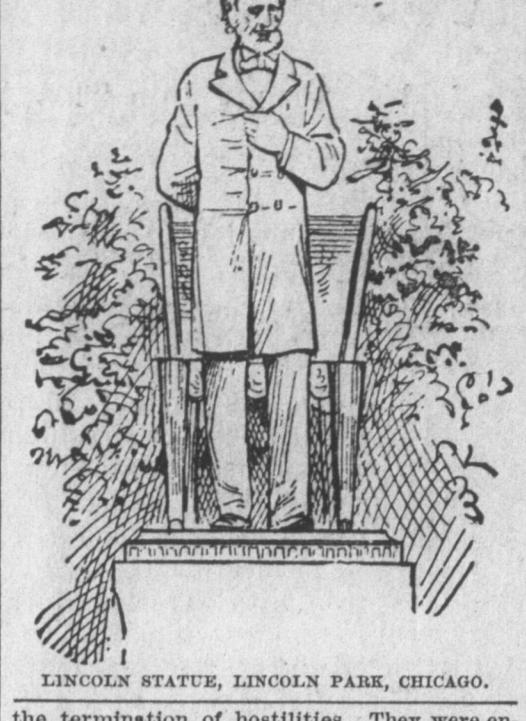
News has been received from Costa Rica of a terrible tragedy which occurred on the island of Rustan, which is off the north coast of Honduras.

The Rev. Mr. Hobbs, a Baptist minister from the United States, had been living at Florus bay with his wife and his little daughter. He was preparing to leave the island and had sold his property, receiving for it \$500 in gold. Shortly before his intended departure a neighbor called to bid him farewell. He knocked at the door, and receiving no answer entered the house, the door being uncocked.

Finding no one in the hall or parlor he called again. There was no response. Alarmed, he searched the house, and, opening the bedroom door, a sickening spectacle met his eyes. Mr. Hobbs, his wife, and child were dead, with their skulls smashed, their heads being nearly severed, and their bodies covered with wounds. They had evidently been murdered in their sleep. The bodies were cold, the blood which was spattered about the room was dry and clotted. The murderer must have been committed two days before. The man had disappeared.

A shipwrecked sailor, a Jamaican named Burrell, who had been taken in out of charity and cared for by the family, also disappeared about the same time and was arrested just as he was about leaving the island on a fishing smack three days after the discovery of the murder. He obstinately declared his innocence, but a portion of the missing coin was found upon his person, and he has been committed for trial.

The fifteenth annual convention of the National Journeymen Horseshoers' Association met at St. Paul, Minn., forty of the sixty-four subordinate organizations being represented.



LINCOLN STATUE, LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO.



GRANT MONUMENT NEAR NEW YORK.

