

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.

Scatter 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
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 these 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 enmity
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.

ONCE 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 treasures, masses fair of beauteous bloom, Each a message of remembrance bearing to the lowly 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 kaleidoscope of time! Still their specter hands have stayed us, reaching upward from the grave, And they still shall 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, tho' their 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 of 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; Yours the triumph and rejoicing, and the victor's crown of bay. 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 as sweep the wind. 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-told tales 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 in dark; You whose sightless eyes behold us, and whose shadowy forms are near, Rouse your spirits from their slumbers and our heartfelt pledges hear! By the sky which arches o'er you, bright with summer's sun, By the garlands that we bring you, smiling through their tears of dew, By each fond remembrance clinging to the earthly forms you wore, By each hope that faded with you from love's shining morning joy, By each life whose joy departed when you laid you down to sleep, By the banner that you gave us, free from every spot and stain, Never, while the crimson life-blood courses swiftly through each vein, Shall the land which you enfranchised bear a tyrant's slave. While its soil supports a footstep or its depths afford a grave!

NINETTE M. LOWATER.

A National Yearly Pilgrimage.

DECORATION DAY. The inspiration for the occasion is the inspiration of flowers and peace and beauty. At a time when the glory of the land is most dominant, clad in verdure, and decorated with blooming roses, every flag that flutters above a halcyon landscape mingles its colors with those of blue and bloom, 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 dead includes Thomas, Garfield, Hancock, Grant, Logan, 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 hamlet and city, North or South, East or West, where blue and gray cross hands over the last battle-field—the grave. 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 rife 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 that Logan set apart as a national annual event become more vivid and sentient to arouse and thrill, as the slower step, the whiter head, the rarer presence 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 devotee 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 beset the traveler, and there are no footstep 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



LINCOLN STATUE, LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO.

the termination of hostilities. They were enlisted for life, and action and progress have marked their purposes, whenever a worthy companion in arms was in sickness or distress, and sweet charity has shone forth as a lustrous 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 a son," are to-day teaching lessons of beauty and love that embolden 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—the battle of Waterloo and that of Gettysburg chronicled in



"IN MEMORY OF OUR HONORED DEAD."

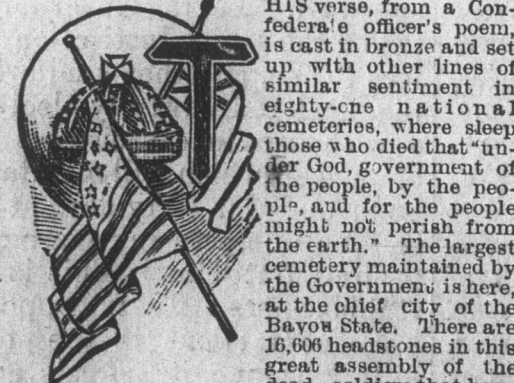
the same volume with the development of electricity and steam; for these are the military and civil revolutions which have changed the world. And yet, amid all the century of mighty deeds, the American conflict stands pre-eminent for its influence on mankind. It was not a war for boundary or power, to establish the authority of a king, to set up a new government; it was to establish a principle, to fix a doctrine of the people, to strengthen the old regime, and the strife that raged from Sumter to Appomattox was a holy cause, sacred to liberty, and consecrated to freedom by the ceremonies of Decoration Day. The plow has not filled the mists of cannon wheels, and fields of carnage have become fields of harvest. The tendency of the custom 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.

"Peace hath its victories no less renowned than war," and the three million colonists of the Revolution, merged into the sixty millions of to-day, see new stars added to the glorious banner that waves under the magnolia and the rugged pine alike. While Russia expends \$150,000,000 annually on war and \$100,000,000 on education, America, with nearly an equal population, devotes \$45,000,000 to the support of the military and \$80,000,000 to instruct the ignorant. Its 54,000 anti-war churches have grown to 72,000, its \$3,000,000,000 war debt shrunk to nearly half, and the mighty pathway of steel that scales the Rockies and intersects South, North and East, tells of the progress that has replaced the bullet with the bullet, and made of friend and foe a vast array of peace, with hatred and bloodshed unknown—merged under the lilies, the roses, the magnolias, the tears, the hopes, the tender holiness of a great national Decoration Day.

WELDON J. COBB.

Vicksburg, Miss.

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with jealous round
The bivouac of the dead."



stacked their arms and surrendered to the final conqueror. One of the principal features of Vicksburg is this vast cemetery. The rough and rugged hills which form a part of the Father of Waters have been fashioned into a place of profound beauty and impressiveness. Fifty-seven acres are inclosed, in the improvement of which the Government has expended more than \$300,000. Ten men, under charge of a Superintendent—a private soldier from Ohio—are constantly employed in keeping the grounds in order. On the most elevated point stands the monument, or what is left of it, originally erected on the spot where Grant and Pemberton arranged for the surrender after the long and terrible siege. Rifle-bullets had so defaced it by chipping off pieces that to save it from utter destruction it was removed to the cemetery and a cannon substituted. Below sweeps the majestic river, but since the siege it avoids the town and strikes the bluff a mile or so below the old landing. The former bed of the river is now a lake, and where the great gunboats lay and belched fire and destruction into the devoted city is now a bank of sand, covered with a growth of

coarse 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 cartworks and filling up the rifle pits.

In this Vicksburg city of silence, with more inhabitants than in the living city, 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 battlefields, 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 one negro grave-digger was 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 with fever, and so far away from home. Peace and pity for the soldier, but what of the mercenary who for his pieces of silver practiced 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 names, 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 12,231 graves, with 5,674 unknown occupants. The hospitals contributed a full share to the known dead of Chalmette. This cemetery covers fifteen and a half acres, 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 mere wall of earth; there the white headstones are scattered over hills high above the swelling floods; here the eyes sweep 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 1855 by Congress in honor of Jackson, which shows the effects of time, the brick foundation is mol-

lown and devoted to their cause, and the spots of earth—home—they did battle for, and the soil that drank up their blood, is where they rest.

"Scatter bright roses o'er the grave
Of every soldier, proud and brave,



GRANT MONUMENT, NEAR NEW YORK.

Who died in gray or blue;
Who fell beneath the stripes and stars,
Or died where waved Confederate bars,
To flag and country true.
On either side of freedom's line
Bring bright 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 curb the wicked, resist or quell
Rebellion or invasion,
And threw their lives into the fray
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 winners 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."

"Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of years that are fading
No braver battle was won.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Under the blossom, the blue,
Under the garlands, the gray."

"No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our ager forever,
When they lay 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, and many a terribly contested field differs little if any from its surroundings. Let the gentle work of healing the rents and wounds of the great rebellion go speedily on, and all the people learn this:

"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 strew 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 Governors 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 veterans' 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 same day, now known as Decoration Day, in nearly every State in the Union.

Coal and Sponge Gathering.

The gathering of coral and sponges is an important industry on the Florida reefs. Both are frequently found in the same locality. The sponges are found wherever the bottom is rocky, generally from ten to thirty feet beneath the surface. Two or three dozen schooners are now engaged in the work of gathering the sponges, each schooner carrying two small boats, manned by a crew of two. When the reef is reached the small boats put off, and while one sculls the other keeps an eye out for sponges. A simple contrivance enables the watchmen to see sponges on the reef twenty feet or more under the water. On the side of the small boat a long barrel sort of arrangement is built, the lower end of which is under the water and closed up by a glass head. By placing his head in this barrel the watchman can see through the clear water to the bottom of the sea with remarkable distinctness. When a good sponge is detected it is brought up with an iron hook on a long pole.

A man in Portland, Me., makes his living by selling hats. He walks about with three or four hats, one above the other, on his head, and his whole body bulging with hats. Another man in the same city is a walking rubber-store. He carries his whole stock with him, and does a thriving business whenever a threatening cloud hovers over the city.

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 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 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 and Mrs. Folsom had long been a friend of the Perrine household.

The ceremony took place at 9:20 o'clock in the evening, Rt. Rev. George D. Gillespie, of the Western Diocese of Michigan, assisted by Rev. B. 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 of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. Cadman, 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 10:50 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 socially for many 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 a 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 graciousness, 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.

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, and she is a woman 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 Scotch, N. Y., on March 30, 1837. After trying to find gold in California in 1849, he became a clerk in a grocery 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 anew. 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.

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 Ruan, 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 unopened.

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 murder must have been committed two days before. The money 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.