

Address Delivered At Memorial Services Today By Judge Ira W. Christian

The Day We Commemorate.

This day is dedicated to our dead, but its lessons are for the living. To those who fought in our wars belong the glory of the Nations many victories. Yet, not alone to them shall be given all the reward, nor shall the day be wholly given up in recounting their deeds of valor, for in a large measure, the country and the world, has been enriched and blessed, because of their prowess and heroism displayed upon the field of battle. It is to the living that we shall appeal today, and let us hope that this day may not fail to inspire the sons and daughters of the republic with a deeper sentiment of patriotism; with a stronger and more abiding faith in the high ideals of liberty and justice, for which our soldiers fought, and for which so many gave their lives.

Today, eighty-six millions of people have put business and pleasure aside, and have gathered together, where sleep our noble dead, that they may, with gentle and with loving hands, pay tribute to the soldiers memory.

The Revolution of '76.

When the trees budded and the flowers put forth on the New England hills in the spring of 1775, there came a band of Red-coats from old Boston town going up to Concord. On their way up they met a little band of Americans at Lexington, who opposed their march, for Paul Revere had ridden through the night. You can hear Pitcairn, the British captain, say "Disperse! Disperse! you rebels down with your arms and disperse." The little band stood firm—that dreadful order "fire" was given. It was obeyed. The April grass so green at dawn was red at sun rise with the blood of men.

It was liberty and justice, which the British Parliament and the King had so long denied the Colonists that brought on the war for independence, a war in which 294,791 Americans fought, and 30,000 of these brave men either fell in battle, or perished as prisoners of war on the old British prison ships at Long Island, not to mention the suffering and privations endured at Valley Forge. But these brave men battled for seven years that on this continent a new nation might be established, to the end that freedom might unchained and untrammelled enter upon its career for the redemption of the human race.

The Civil War.

The Civil war, the most destructive war in modern times, was brought on by the South for the purpose of destroying the Union, in the interest of slavery. Though the North had expected trouble, and though the government at Washington had sat in idleness and permitted treasonable acts to be committed in every quarter of the South, yet the people still hoped for some peaceful solution of the controversy. But when South Carolina, in convention assembled, passed the following ordinance, further hope of reconciliation was in vain.

Charleston, S. C.

An Ordinance.

To destroy the Union between the State of South Carolina and other States united with her under the compact entitled, The Constitution of the United States of America.

We, the people of the State of South Carolina in convention assembled, do declare and ordain, and it is hereby declared and ordained, That the ordinance adopted by us in convention on the 23rd day of May in the year of our Lord 1788, whereby the Constitution of the United States of America was ratified, and also, all acts and parts of acts of the General Assembly of this State ratifying amendments of said Constitution, are hereby repealed, and that this Union now subsisting between South Carolina and other States, under the name of The United States of America, is hereby dissolved. The Union is dissolved. Passed unanimously at 1:15 o'clock p.m. December 20, 1860. This ordinance tells its own story.

When the South sent its cannon shot against the walls of Old Fort Sumter, on the 12th day of April, '61, the sovereignty of the nation had been assailed. That was an open declaration of war. Ah! little did they dream that the firing on the old flag, the flag bequeathed to us by Washington would arouse the nation as it did. When President Lincoln issued his proclamation calling upon the states for men, the response was not lacking in numbers, nor in patriotic zeal. On the 15th day of April, three days after Sumter had been fired upon, Governor Morton of Indiana, God bless his name and memory, sent this stirring telegram to President Lincoln: "I tender to you for the defense of the nation, and to uphold the authority of the government, ten thousand men." Men left their teams standing in the fields; their hammers cooling at the forge; brieves half completed on their desks; old men dyed their hair black and boys falsified in order to enlist in the Union army. And such an army of fighters the world had never known. Four hundred thousand of our own unreturning dead, tells the sad and awful story better than any words of mine. Some went down in the storm of battle; some in prison pens of death; some on board the ships at sea. They sleep in that South land made glorious by their valor. Some in the trenches where they fell; some on the furrowed hills of old red clay; some by the river's marge; some in the little valleys between the hills; some on the mountains' crest and some beside the sea. When their little head stones, now mossy with the gentle touch of time, have faded from the landscape and have crumbled back to dust, the old battle-fields, with their clustering memories, shall remain. They belong to the nation. Lexington, Bunker Hill, Brandywine and Yorktown, Shiloh, Stone

River, Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, Atlanta, Franklin, Vicksburg, Gettysburg and the battles of the Wilderness, like Marathon and Salamis and Plataea of Ancient Greece, they are imperishable.

"Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead, Dear as the blood they gave, No impious foot steps here shall tread The herbage of their graves. Nor shall the glory be forgot While time her record keeps, Or honor points the Hallowed spot Where valor proudly sleeps."

Nothing is Ever Settled Until it is Settled Right.

The menace to our civilization is not the race question; is not the question of foreign emigration; nor is it the question of capital and labor. It is the question of drink. It is the domination of the liquor interests in our cities. This is the burning question before the peoples of the United States. And it will continue to be the question of the hour until conditions have been changed for the better. To this condition must be ascribed most of the degradation of our time. It is an irrepressible conflict, and with undaunted vigor, the fight between the temperance and the liquor forces must go on. The old South has declared the sabbath a day of law, while we of the North are put to shame, when it is pointed out that in the city of New York, alone, there are one thousand more saloons than in the fourteen southern states. And yet, we are not laggards, for witness state after state declaring against this evil.

The Nation Takes a Hand.

On the 17th day of February last, congress incorporated into the penal code, the interstate shipping bill, which effectually does three things:

1. It prohibits C. O. D. shipments.

2. It prohibits delivery to fictitious consignees.

3. It requires that all packages of liquor for interstate shipment shall be plainly marked, and designating the contents and the consignee.

The liquor interests may tell you that this prohibition does not prohibit, and that restrictive legislation does not restrict. If this is true, why should they manifest such great activity, and why does it so happen that when a state legislature convenes, the paid lobbyists of the liquor interests are there?

And why should their papers pour out such bitter volumes of abuse upon men and women who happen not to be of their way of thinking. Out in the open field of life, where all the real battles are fought, stand two armies, two mighty forces. On one side is the liquor interests, on the other side is the interest of home and country. In which army, citizens of Richmond, are you fighting today? A city that is set upon a hill cannot be hid. Though the liquor men may boast of millions of money, grant it; though they may boast of their able lawyers, grant it, they have them. And though they are backed by 250,000 saloon keepers and a million faithful, though deluded patrons, yet over and against them all are men and women with moral courage and the cause of right and justice on their side. No one can look, with undimmed eyes, upon the dark pictures the habitudes of the modern saloon presents daily to our view. It was Lady Macbeth, when trying to wash from her hands the stains of blood of Duncan, her kinsman and benefactor, whose murder she had suggested and urged, cried out in despair: "Out damned spot! Out, I say! What will these hands ne'er be clean? Here's the smell of the blood still! All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand." I say to the saloon keeper I say, All the waters of the seven seas cannot wash from your hands the stain of the sin and misery you have caused in the world by your accursed business.

The War Governor of Indiana.

Side by side with Lincoln, stands another name dear to every Indiana man who fought in the war. A year ago, in passing Monument Place in Indianapolis, I saw a little girl pause on the sidewalk in front of a statue. She looked up into the clean, strong face, then went up to the statue, balanced her basket on her head and read half aloud "Indiana's War Governor 1861 to 1865," then traced her finger over each letter and the figures; then taking her basket on her arm, hurried away. This was a child of the people, with a great love in her heart and mystery in her soul. There were packages and flowers in her basket and something reminded me of the time when Morton, with basket on his arm, going about the same city from bank to bank and from citizen to citizen, borrowing money on his own promise to pay that Indiana's soldiers at the front might not fall. He loved the soldier boys as his own sons and they loved him as a father.

Let me read this record. Three Indiana regiments fought at Bull Run; the 34th was in the last skirmish of the war; the 21st landed Ben Butler at New Orleans; the 13th put old glory on the bloody parapet at Fort Wagner; the 79th and 86th were the first to reach the battle swept crest of Mission Ridge; and the 75th and 101st were on Snodgrass Hill at Chickamauga; 20 at Mission Ridge; 50 in the Atlanta campaign; 25 turned back with old "Pop" Thomas and everlasting whipped Hood at Nashville; and 25 marched with Sherman to the sea.

On every battle field of the South are the graves of our Hoosier sons. The simple words cut in stone on Morton's monument at Crown Hill express the feeling we all entertain for his work and memory, for they say, "He loved his country's good with a respect more tender and more holy and sublime than his own life."

In Honor of a Great Conflict



MODEL OF MEMORIAL TO BE ERECTED AT GETTYSBURG IN 1910
BY THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

"If men's memories not thy monuments be
Thou shalt have none. Warm hearts
and not cold stone
Shall mark thy graves, else thou shalt lie unknown,
Marbles keep not themselves, how then keep thee."

One of your distinguished citizens has paid Morton this splendid tribute: "As an orator he may not hold the first rank, but like Lincoln, his words were short and to the point, his imagery touched the mind and his sentiment reached the heart. His love of country, the affections he had for his wife, the devotion for Indiana soldiers, were the strong forces of his great and noble life."

The Boys of '61 to '65.

Of the 2,778,309 enlisted men, only a remnant remains. No new faces are seen among the ranks. No more come boys from the dear old fields of home, to fill the broken regiments. Your commanders are gone. The unconquerable Grant sleeps by the Hudson, where the ships of the Hudson's salute when passing his tomb.

With blue above his helmet
And rock beneath his feet
Never met defeat.

Never faltered on the fire line,
Never sought another wrong.

But with firmness pressed his column
'Gainst his foemen fierce and strong.

Was as gentle as a woman
Was as candid as a child
With a hope that outran glory
And a love that ever smiled.

The Irritable Sherman, the dashing Phil Sheridan the fierce fighters—Lyon, McPherson, Reynolds, Thomas and Hancock are gone. And in that goodly company too are most of your comrades. You who sit here today, in your faces I can see the record of your years. Traces of sad tears and bitter sorrow mark them all. Still, there's brightness in them yet, a buoyancy of that dashing youth that marched and fought and conquered. Spirits, leaping forth as from the very gales of life, dauntless, courageous, immortal spirits. I see you at the battle front, men strong in life and stronger still in death. I see you with your faces homeward turned when the war is over. I see you in the fields of peace striving with the passing years. Your faded faces tell where the winds blew and snow crowns of winter. And memory, Goddess of the mind, is always sweet and clean. She is turning the pages of the past for you today. You are looking at the old fields, the old camping grounds, the crests of the mountains, the wide expanse of the sea. You hear the bugle calls, the music of the fife and drum. Victory and the starry flag was yours.

Comrades of my father, make a spring-time of the years that shall be left to you. May you live so well that God will hear your answer when the roll is called. And let us hope When time hath numbered all our dead
And crowns are given those of worth,
The soldiers of the Civil war,
Shall stand among the Nations—first.

Patriotic Mothers.

The love of country can never perish. It is like a mother's pride in her children. And the Nation, whose sons have most distinguished themselves in battle or in civil life have been the sons of patriotic mothers. Greece has enriched the world's history, and that history is replete with sons of heroic mothers.

"Eight sons, Damniteta to battle sent
And buried all beneath one monument.
No tears she shed for sorrow, but this spake.
Sparta! I bore these children for thy sake."

And that other mother gave her son a sword, and when the boy complained that the blade was too short, said, "My son, add a step to it." And that mother who gave her son a shield, said, "My son, bring the shield back with honor or be brought back upon it." And that old Spartan mother, who, having sent her five sons out to battle, and anxiously awaited the result, when a courier came bringing news of the battle, she asked him, how goes the battle, is it well for my

fought the battle of the centuries like great sea waves, the foeman dashed against the federal wall of blue.

Then rose and fell and settled back.

Then rose again and dashed with fury wild.

And mad—twas all in vain.

"They fell who lifted up a hand,

And bade the sun in heaven to stand

They smote and fell who set the bars

Against the progress of the stars

And stayed the march of Mother land."

"They stood who saw the future come

On thru the fight delirium

They smote and stood who held the hope

Of Nations on that granite slope

Amid the cheers of christendom."

"God lives. He forged the iron will

That clutched and held the trembling hill

God lives and reigns. He built and lent

The heights for freedom's battlements,

Where floats her flag, in triumph still."

It is the morning of the 4th of July. Fifty-two thousand men in three days had fallen from the ranks of the living to join the bivouac of the dead. The wheat fields had been obliterated, the orchards shot away. We listen, and above the cry of the wounded and the dying, we hear Grant's guns at Vicksburg. Vicksburg has fallen. The mighty River gate of the Confederacy has been broken open. We look, and we see Lee's army, with its broken columns, its shattered regiments, with their faces toward the South. We see it cross the Potomac, never to return. The ever narrowing circle of doom is closing in. We are with Grant in the wilderness. Richmond is in sight. Again there's hurrying to and fro. The tragedy is at an end, for we behold the huge carcass of Secession and human slavery cast upon the banks of Appomattox, never to rise again.

"Fold up the banners, smelt the guns, Love rules, her gentle purpose runs, A mighty mother turns in tears

Lamenting all the fallen sons."

Abraham Lincoln.

Lest we forget, there's one name so

linked with yours that we must not

pass it by—your commander in chief,

the army and navy's pride, Abraham Lincoln. He was closer than a brother to each one of you. Into his sad face, the Nation, with all its people, looked and never had cause to turn away in shame. But with renewed courage took up the battle of life. Some one has said of Lincoln:

"Each year brings forth its millions, but how long.

"The tide of generations shall roll on."

"And not the whole combined and

countless throng

"Compose a mind and heart like thine."

And Maurice Thompson, who fought on the side of the South, in his immortal poem, says:

"Oh for a voice of boundless melody,

A voice to tell Heaven's hollow to the brim

With one brave burst of song,

Nobler than the tempest, mightier than the sea.

That I might lend it to a song of him

Who was the North, the South, the East, the West,

The thrill, the master, all of us in one.

There was no section that he held the best.

His love shone as impartial as the sun,

And so revenge appealed to him in vain.

He put it from him as a thing forlorn.

And rose and stood a moments space in pain,

Remembering the prairies and the corn,

And the glad voices of the field and wood.

And then, when peace set wing upon the wind,

And northward flying fanned the clouds of war away,

He passed as martyrs pass.

Who can find the cord to sound the pathos of that day.

Mid-April, blowing sweet across the land,

New bloom of freedom opening to the world,

Loud peons of the homeward looking hosts

The salutations grand from grimy guns,

The tattered flags unfurled,

And he must sleep to all the glory lost."

Oh Lincoln, mighty honest Abe,

Who watched the bristling battlements

Where warriors fought with all their strength,

That freedom's flag might float above the Capitol,</p