

SURVIVORS OF A FIGHT.

THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC AND ITS FAME.

Decorations Day and the Memories It Recalls of Thirty Years Ago—A Good Deal That is Overdone in the Expression of Patriotism—Reflections.

LOWELL, May 30.—An old white haired man carrying six or seven long staves with the remnants of miniature stars and stripes bleached and worn at the end of them, attracted some attention yesterday.

It was not an unusual sight at this time, but the old man was of peculiar interest. He was the last of the Mexican war veterans, in this city, and he had been placing new flags over the graves of his dead comrades. Those he carried had flattered over the graves for a year, some had been blown to pieces during the winter and nothing but the staves remained, others were torn and all were bleached almost white.

Last Sunday, little flags, bright and new fluttered over thousands of graves; every cemetery, no matter how small, had its quota, for the men who fought in the war of the rebellion came from every town and hamlet; returned when the war was over, assumed a place of more or less importance in the community, and when death came added another grave for comrades to decorate once a year.

Sunday, memorial services were held in the churches, with references to the men who went to the front in '62 and '63; and today, the survivors of that great conflict are in the cemeteries with flowers and flags, making the graves of the departed look beautiful.

Perhaps one of the most interesting ceremonies performed anywhere today, is that over the grave of the late General Benj. F. Butler, here in Lowell.

When Butler died last January the papers everywhere pronounced him a unique character in the history of the United States; thousands admired him, thousands hated him; but here in Lowell he was the idol of the people. He was Lowell's most distinguished citizen, the people knew him, they honored him, everything was "Butler."

Butler Grand Army Post, Butler School, Butler this, and Butler that; they could not do enough to perpetuate the name; but, without all this, the name of the gruff old war horse, lawyer and politician will never be forgotten.

When he died, and his remains lay in state in the banquet hall in the city, half the population walked in one door and out the other in a long and continuous procession past the casket,—all anxious for a last look at a familiar face, a face familiar to all America, but dear to the people of Lowell—for with all his peculiarities he was the friend of the people, and they were proud of him.

So today, the members of B. F. Butler, G. A. R. post 42, and the pupils of the Butler school, all carrying flowers and headed by a band marched to the grave and made it a bed of fragrance, and with music and ceremony honored the dead. It was doing special honor to a distinguished man.

Among the mounds in hundreds of other cemeteries other graves were decorated, and the number grows large and larger every year. The Grand Army of the Republic is fast dying out.

Its membership is still large enough however to keep ever before the people the stirring times of thirty years ago, for the average Grand Army man thinks the war of the rebellion was the more important event since the time of Adam, and the world was made for the special benefit of those who took part in it on the winning side.

And this is a good thing, in many ways. It disseminates patriotism, fosters a love of country which urges men to great achievements and instills in the youth of the country a desire to repeat the performances of their fathers.

But here it has been overdone. The Grand Army has been made much of, it has been pampered by the people, its members have made claims on the country to which they were not entitled, and in fact war records have been worked for all they are worth. The organization has assumed a position of influence in the country and has demanded attention, with the result that a large proportion of the people who have never had an opportunity to go "to the front," and would be as willing to do so, as the men of '62, are sick and tired of grand army gush and nonsense, but dare not give public expression to it.

The decoration day services and ceremonies are right and fitting; sentiment plays a large part in the life of the nation, and in the lives of the better class of individuals; it is well to honor the brave at all times; but it is safer to honor the brave dead than the brave living.

Few men can stand the applause and laudations of the people, without losing those qualities for which they are honored; and showing another side of their natures which the masses abhor. In men of great strength of character this danger is not so likely to arise, but among ordinary men, the rank and file of an army, for instance, one must expect that some will take advantage of the honors bestowed.

This tendency has developed in a large portion of the grand army, and where the people formerly applauded the victories of the rebellion, the men who took part in them now do it themselves.

They forget that the men of the present day are just as brave, are just as willing to fight for their country as their fathers were, but have never had the opportunity.

Perhaps it is just as well. Opportunities present themselves every day to do acts which are as brave, as noble and as praiseworthy as those performed by the soldiers of the rebellion, but how many graves are decorated on account of them?

How much braver were the men who went to battle, than the fishermen of Cuttyhunk who braved the sea to save the crew of a sinking ship? Those men were drowned, just as many of those who fought in the rebellion were killed; but along the shores of the United States are hundreds of men who have exhibited such bravery; in the fire department of every city of the country are men who have done deeds of daring, who have done their duty, but after a momentary flutter of excitement, a subscription list, perhaps, they are forgotten.

The fishermen, sit behind the stoves in ship chandlers shops willing to brave the waves again, but never think of pensions, seldom think of the applause of the masses which soon dies out, and the men themselves show no desire to keep alive.

With a large portion of the grand army it is different. Nobody objects to their organization, their comradeship, their thoughtfulness in decorating the graves of departed comrades. The sentiment is praiseworthy, but it does not stop at that. There are other duties to be performed. Active life did not end 30 years ago, and the people who were born since that time have rights to be respected. It is when the members of the grand army forget this, and force themselves on the public 365 times a year that the people grow weary, and are ready to applaud such action as that taken by a grand army post in New York a few days ago, and for which it was censured and expelled by the national organization.

These men passed resolutions expressing their disapproval of the way in which the government was imposed upon by their comrades, and demanding that pensions be given only to soldiers who during the war were so disabled as to unfit them for further work. The post was applauded by that part of the American public who did not have the opportunity to go to war, and it earned the everlasting condemnation of those who did.

They were men who realized that the duties of this life did not end with the war of the rebellion, and who awoke to the fact that thousands of their comrades were demanding pay for doing their duty.

And men who want pay for doing their duty, do not deserve applause.

R. G. LARSEN.

Life Size and Life Like Portraits.

The people of this city who pass and re-pass Oak Hall have been favored with an early and satisfactory view of the future governor general of Canada, Lord Aberdeen, who is supported, as it were, in the companion window by a natural and life like portrait of our own governor, Sir Leonard Tilley. Both these portraits are in crayon, executed by the artists of the Canadian Portrait company, which has offices in Walker's new building on Canterbury street. The portraits have attracted much attention, and have already proved a striking advertisement to the Canadian Portrait company. Sir Leonard's position is so natural, seated in an arm-chair, and his expression so true that passers by pause involuntarily to look at the well known figure. The Canadian Portrait company have not been in the city long, but they have secured a large number of orders to fill. If their work is all done with the same care and excellence as the portraits noted above, their customers should be satisfied.

Graduated and Found Work.

Thirty-four students have graduated from the Saint John Business College since the beginning of the year; and, notwithstanding the dullness in business, more than double as many students have found employment than in any previous year. The greatly increased patronage received, as well as the success of their students must be most gratifying to Messrs. Kerr & Pringle, as it is conclusive evidence that the thoroughness and comprehensiveness of their work are appreciated by the public.

A Reviving Industry.

The silk industries of England promise to revive under the encouragement of many patriotic ladies, headed by the Duchess of Teck. The districts of Leek and Congleton, and Bethnal Green, are the chosen centres of those who are engaged in the working of silk, and the hopes of the workers are very sanguine, as much is promised by those who have so kindly interested themselves in the project. It has been wisely reasoned that while the raw material can be imported into this country with cheapness and facility it is absurd to leave the trade in the hands of continental manufacturers. It is estimated that a million a month is paid for foreign-made silks imported into England.

An Old Pear Tree.

Governor Endicott, the famous ancestor of Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, planted an English pear tree on his farm in Massachusetts in 1630. It turned out one of the thriest of the English settlers' plantings. Of the orchard to which it belonged two centuries ago it is the only remaining tree, and last year it yielded over a bushel of fruit. It is the oldest pear tree in America. The fact comes out in connection with the late Mr. William Endicott's will, recently proved in London and just filed for reference at Salem, where Hawthorne wrote his "Scarlet Letter." The bequests include the old original English pear.

Healthy Summer Drinks.

For a purely temperance summer drink, pleasant and invigorating, nothing can excel, and few equal, The Wilmot Spa Ginger Ale, and The Havelock Mineral Spring Ginger Ale. The Aerated Mineral Waters for sale by from both springs, also, for table use. J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO. 32 Charlotte St.

CAPT. KENNEY WAS MAD.

HE WANTED TO BUTT THE BRIDGE WITH THE "FANCHEON."

A Funeral Furnishes an Anecdote—Town Marshal Barker of Marysville Runs into a Crowd That Threatened to Make Matters Warm For Him.

FREDERICTON, May 31.—Capt. Kenney was mad; he was an angry man. On Friday afternoon last he wished to run his tug, the Fancheon, through the draw of the highway bridge. Ran. Foster who had charge of the draw on the occasion, was a little afraid to open it on account of the high wind. Capt. Kenney sailed his craft, after wasting a large amount of steam in whistles that took no effect on Foster, right up to the draw.

"Haul open your draw 'er I'll give 'er a butt!" he exclaimed.

"Butt and be hanged!" came the response.

Again we say it, Capt. Kenney was mad,—in the words of the old song "As he paced his quarter-deck his cheeks were white with rage," and turning to that rebel (Foster) in a thundering voice he said: "Open up er I'll report you!"

"Report and be hanged, I waited on you and now you'll wait for me," came the reply.

The captain had to wait till the draw was opened, and Foster is also waiting for the severe reprimand which must follow the captain's report.

A story is going the rounds respecting a recent funeral. A gardener was undertaker, sexton, in fact the whole business combined, except, of course, the corpse. When the gardener went to the house of mourning to attend the funeral he found no one present, so he secured a horse and wagon from a neighbor, got the remains aboard and drove to the cemetery where the master of the house was waiting, who enquired:

"What kept you so long?"

"Kept us so long?" said the gardener, "well if you expected the corpse to walk to the grave you should have explained it to him before he died, he wouldn't walk for us so we had to take time to hunt up a waggon."

The excursion from St. John on the 24th May appears to have been ill-fated from the start. "Alter," as one excursionist said, "scraping all the butter off their bread to grease the machinery," they got as far as Hampstead where they were transferred to the David Weston. But the landing at Fredericton was where the fun came in.

The crowd on the wharf to greet the party had broken down the cord-wood piles, and wood, barrels, horse hoes and other agricultural implements strewed the wharf. As the visitors stumbled over the wood, or broke their shins on the machinery the crowd made such pleasant enquiries as: "Did you hear something drop?" "There goes another Musquash," etc.

St. John excursionists will not care about making another such visit.

None of the reports respecting the University sports mention the gigantic jump made by Major Street. Had the chair not slipped as it did he would have certainly broken the record or something else.

Many are wondering what Aids. McPherson and Duffy will find to engage their attention now that it has been definitely settled that Mr. Morrison has secured the contract for city coal. The business has taken a great deal of their valuable time and they have wasted a very large amount of eloquence over it, all for naught. Supt. Burchill has accepted the coal and calls it a good article.

Town marshal Barker, who occasionally wanders from his beat to the town of Marysville, almost got into a tuss at the launching of Mr. Gibson's schooner on Saturday. Tom McDonald, of Carleton, St. John, got a rap on the nose from S. Coppertight of Gibson, and when Barker interferred there was a sign of blood in the air.

The boys knew he was off his range, and it W. H. White and his big brother Moses had not put in a few words, Alt would have got a severe handling, so the boys say. Alt thinks otherwise, however.

FRED. RICKTON.

Man Eating Tigers.

As many people regard the lions and tigers as the most important part of the show, says a circus proprietor, I may here say something more about the tigers and lions that we managed to collect for the Calcutta Zoological Society. In India, as the land of tigers, there was no difficulty in procuring them; we were only obliged to limit our numbers to seven or eight, for want of room and on account of the expense of feeding them. We lost several tigers at first from overfeeding them. The public always want to see the tigers fat and fleshy, but such a condition usually conduces to fatal liver diseases.

The finest tigers that we had were a male and female that had been caught full-grown in a pithall. There was no doubt that they belonged to a family of tigers which had killed and eaten many human beings on the high-road to Hazaribagh. Other kinds of natural tiger food, such as deer and wild pigs and cattle, were scarce in that part of the world, and the tigers had found human beings an easy and agreeable prey. When the jaws of a tiger once close on the human neck, death is instantaneous, and the victim makes no struggle. The deer and cattle, with their horns and hoofs, and the wild pigs, with their sharp tusks and horny feet, may injure the tiger.

When a tiger has once found out how easy it is to spring on a defenceless man

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