

**WEEKLY GAZETTE. IN HONOR OF THE DEAD.**

**SATURDAY..... JUNE 4, 1881**

A NEW YORK telegram of May 31st says that the immigration during the month exceeded the figures for the same month last year by 21,000, and the number is larger than for any one month in the history of Castle Garden.

A SURE cure for curl-leaf in peaches, says the "Express," is said to be found in splitting the bark of the body and even the limbs of the tree longitudinally. A gentleman whose trees were affected last year served them in this way, plying the knife from the stock just below the ground to the branches as large as a finger, and in five weeks every sign of disease had disappeared.

A FEW weeks ago the GAZETTE had an item to the effect that a Mr. Mygatt of Napa had discovered that the insertion of a small quantity of quick-silver into a hole bored into the trunk of a tree would soon rid the tree of any insects which infested it, and that he had applied for a patent for his discovery. It appears that the remedy is not a new one, it being in use in Europe. It is not a specific, however, it having been tried often without good results.

PLATT, the colleague of Conkling, thought no doubt that he was doing a very heroic thing when he resigned the seat in the Senate which he had hardly had time to warm. There is no denying the fact that he has made himself famous, but it is not the kind of fame of which he ought to be very proud. His abject submission to his master has brought upon him an avalanche of ridicule and contempt. One

**DECORATION DAY IN ANAHEIM.**

*The Utility of the Custom—The Decorated Graves—Interesting and Impressive Ceremonies—The Oration, Etc.*

Memorial Day, or Decoration Day, as the 30th of May is variously called, was observed in Anaheim this year for the first time, but now that a beginning has been made, there is no doubt that each succeeding year will witness a more general interest in the day and the attendant ceremonies. The motives which prompt the custom appeal strongly to the sympathetic nature of all true men and women; and when it is thoroughly understood that a high and noble desire to do honor to the memory of men who imperiled their lives in defense of their principles, and that there are no underlying political motives in these annual gatherings, there will be a general response to the custom, and the day will be as generally observed throughout the Union as are other holidays. We hold that not only is a duty to the dead fulfilled by the observance of Decoration Day, but that the custom is of actual benefit to the country, in that it helps to weld in closer ties of brotherhood those who fought against each other in the great conflict. In proof of this, we ask our readers to look at the way Decoration Day is observed on the battlefields of the South. The Blue and the Gray again commingle, but bearing instead of the deadly bayonet, the wreath of immortelles, the violet and the myrtle. On the grave of the dead Confederate, the Northern soldier lays his floral offering; the grave of the Federal dead is strewn with flowers by those who wore the Gray. How can men who thus fraternize amid the flower-covered graves of the dead harbor in their breast the animosity which they naturally felt towards each other during and immediately after the close of the war? Most despicable indeed must be the man who would join in such a ceremony and leave the City of the Dead without having a kindlier and more brotherly feeling towards his former foes.

There are only four ex-soldiers interred in the Anaheim cemetery. J. W. Stackpole died on April 30th, 1880. He was a member of the 46th Massachusetts Volunteer Infan-

in our hearts the love in us true religion; no ness, and of Thy great same, through Jesus C

The Band played a C. W. Tarr was intr Tarr." The reverend and impressive delive words with great disti phasis is effectively p proving attention was delivered the followin

ORAT  
COMRADES AND FELL  
turn of this day, sacre memory of our brothe for the preservation ernment and the perp erty; calls us togethe our floral tributes upo who, with us, shared dured the hardships o and the battle. Thro where rest the remain where their services remembrance, the like In fair cemeteries mor are inscribed the nam fallen heroes. But u are sleeping their last river, thicket and oce perpetuate their name vices untold. For th to recount the story and hold up the st which they died; and offerings on these gr fading wreaths of gra of all who fell in def cause. But for every living or dead, there stretching from the L from ocean to ocean carved by their own h divided." And our p the granite and mar dust this monument legend undimmed an ten.

Time is working eighteen years ago w bastion and the boom but the low, overgrow heals the wounds an her own breast, so wounds in human hea nearly everything hu but from this grave

PLATT, the colleague of Conkling, thought no doubt that he was doing a very heroic thing when he resigned the seat in the Senate which he had hardly had time to warm. There is no denying the fact that he has made himself famous, but it is not the kind of fame of which he ought to be very proud. His abject submission to his master has brought upon him an avalanche of ridicule and contempt. One New York paper having alluded in sarcastic admiration to his touching fidelity, a correspondent subsequently wrote: "Your tribute to Platt's fidelity is deserved. There is no parallel case in politics, and I know of but one anywhere." That was the touching story told in the "Sun" a few months ago of the little dog that stayed out in the cold and died on his master's grave."

The following "revised version" of an old hymn is also coming into popularity: "Lord Roscoe had a little lamb, its name was Tommy Platt, and when Lord Roscoe rose to go the lamb no longer sat. It followed him from school one day, it was Lord Roscoe's rule, and why it did it all can see, it was a little fool. "What makes the lamb love Roscoe so?" the togas all would cry; "because Lord Roscoe lams the lamb," the knowing did reply. And poor little Tommy Platt doth run about and bleat; for, having loved Lord Roscoe so, it's lost the public teat.

The New York Legislature has been balloting for Senators for several days, but with no result. It is thought that the present session will expire without an election, and the matter will then go over to a new Legislature. This will bring the issue squarely before the people, where it properly belongs.

strewn with flowers by those who wore the Gray. How can men who thus fraternize amid the flower-covered graves of the dead harbor in their breast the animosity which they naturally felt towards each other during and immediately after the close of the war? Most despicable indeed must be the man who would join in such a ceremony and leave the City of the Dead without having a kindlier and more brotherly feeling towards his former foes.

There are only four ex-soldiers interred in the Anaheim cemetery. J. W. Stackpole died on April 30th, 1890. He was a member of the 46th Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, and held the rank of Sergeant when he was discharged at the expiration of his term of enlistment. His grave has been marked with a handsome marble stone, suitably inscribed, and a neat iron railing surrounds it. The other graves are those of George Williams, aged 35 years, born in Delaware, who died on April 20th, 1877; Morris Goodheim (an alias), aged 30 years, born in New York, who died on January 1st, 1877, and Alston E. Parmenter, aged 28 years, born in Massachusetts, died on May 21st, 1879. These three ex-soldiers were strangers here, and beyond the fact that they served in the army during the war, nothing is known concerning them.

Sedgewick Post No. 17, G. A. R., came over from Santa Ana at 2 o'clock on Monday afternoon and half an hour later formed in line in front of the Planters' Hotel. They are a fine, soldierly-appearing body of men, and the precision of their movements showed that they had not forgotten their military training. A few ex-soldiers living in Anaheim joined their ranks, and the column was further swelled by a delegation of the Anaheim Fire Company. Preceded by the Anaheim Brass Band (which, by the way, seemed to play even better than usual), the column marched down Center to Lemon street, along Lemon to First North street, along said street to Los Angeles street, thence to Center street again and continuing to the cemetery, minute guns being fired during the march. Having broken ranks, the soldiers' graves were strewn with flowers and wreaths. The floral offerings were not only in lavish abundance, but in beauty and arrangement were beyond description. Nearly all the graves in the cemetery had fresh flowers placed upon them by the relatives of the deceased persons, who entered into the spirit of the occasion. Upon the conclusion of this ceremony the throng, to the number of several hundred, gathered together to listen to the literary exercises. The following

carved by their own hands divided." And our pra the granite and marble dust this monument legend undimmed and ten.

Time is working i eighteen years ago we bastion and the boomir but the low, overgrown heals the wounds and her own breast, so t wounds in human heart nearly everything hun but from this grave of rescue our dead comrade get all the bitterness of see the wounds healed, none of the memories teach us wisdom for Nation cannot afford to It has been said that t as long as an annual o from its side, produc heroes. It was thus t Lucretia brought for Rome. Romans began by raising triumphal a Consuls than by the c glorious history. All preserved the names granite or marble, emb grateful songs and stor mains an honored sepul

While enjoying the tutions, we are too apt they come. The rev our recollection, was p Nation—those who fou independence, seems Already the gratitude at the close of the war for whom it was mani as the cause of every p flicts us. The growth for alarm. When pa called for, it no longer nation ceases to honor to breed them." The '62, sprang to arms in try's call and saved ou who in childhood imb from the revolutionar There will never con Nation will not need ous temple of liberty, fought and died, was anew by the blood And to-day, while we and cherish their men to emulate their virtu that flame of patrioti

