

THE MASS BURIAL

Oregon's Dead Heroes Lovingly Laid to Rest.

FUNERAL PROCESSION WAS LARGE

All Portland Paid Homage to the Brave Boys Who Died for Their Flag and Country.

On the first anniversary of the engagement at Malabon, where the Second Oregon Volunteers distinguished themselves, 12 of the regiment's dead were laid to rest yesterday at Riverview Cemetery.

The funeral services were held at 10 o'clock yesterday at Riverview Cemetery. The services were held at 10 o'clock yesterday at Riverview Cemetery.

It was shortly after 10 P. M. when the services opened in the Army, and from that hour until 7 P. M. the people were busy. All available space in the Army was filled with seats, and every seat was filled.

Chaplain Gilbert Speaks. "When our comrades fell in the far-off land we bore them with a tenderly to their resting place, and always turned away with a prayer that at some time they might be brought home."

Dr. Blackburn's Prayer. Dr. Blackburn's prayer followed, and had a double meaning to all who were aware of the fact that Dr. Blackburn himself is a veteran of the Civil War.

"Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, we bow before Thee this morning to recognize that Thou art the God of Nations, the God of our lives, the God of our time, come to thee, who art from everlasting to everlasting. We who dwell in the land of shadows come to Thee, in whom there is no shadow, never a shadow of turning. O Lord, help us, thus reverentially before Thee, to unite our hearts in prayer."

"O God, we thank Thee this morning that as we render to Thee this tribute of honor, that this country has given to us something sacred, to be kept—liberty and righteousness. Bless our land, our President, and all those in authority over us, our armies and navies, the men who today are in places of danger. Keep them, O God, as in the hollow of Thy hand, and we pray Thee, O Lord, that the time may be hastened when Thy people in this country but throughout the world the toasts of war may give place to the song of peace. Grant, O God, that we may learn the great lesson, each one of us, to love our neighbors as ourselves."

The committee had asked him, as Chief Executive of the state, to speak on the occasion of the return of the state's dead. He complied, as follows:

The Governor's Speech. The speech in full of the Governor follows: The triumph of the principle involved and contended for is the only pleasant feature about war, and even this consolation is denied the vanquished party.

Even in the days when the affairs of earth were governed and directed by a theocracy, it seems there was no better way—indeed, it seems there was no other way—to suppress barbaric tendencies than to require appeals to the sword. It is true that the efforts of moral suasion have been and are a wonderful power in advancing the general status of the human race, but the cumulative wrongs precipitate a crisis that nothing but an appeal to arms can surmount.

The justice as well as the necessity of war is certified by the undoubted fact that nearly every war mentioned in history has brought victory to the side that ought to have won, as has been proven by the results that followed. Nearly, if not every war during the last 400 years, has put a strengthening spoke in the great wheel of civilization and has left the world the better for it.

Our late war with Spain was clearly in the interest of modern civilization, and, therefore, of humanity. It was loudly demanded by the conscience of the Republic, and we began it to win. Whatever will weaken the enemy in war is not only necessary, but justifiable; so, while the only object in our conflict with Spain was to bring relief to the oppressed Cubans,

we immediately started out across the globe in an opposite direction from Cuba and delivered the first great blow of the war nearly 10,000 miles away from where existed the trouble we were fighting about. This was an act of war that was unprecedented in the time by every man, woman and child in the country, and we are not nearly done rejoicing over it yet. By the terms of the treaty of peace which followed our final victory, and as a very early result of the war, the Philippines were given and the absolute title to the Philippine Islands was granted to us. This title was secured by cession and purchase and had had for hundreds of years any title whatever to bestow. The Philippines never owned those islands and never pretended to own them, and they had no more right to attack the American Army there and murder our citizens than had the original inhabitants of the territory, embraced in the "Louisiana purchase." Our rights and duties have been the same in both cases and have been in exact line with the requirements of advancing civilization.

I am not a fanatic on that line, in any sense, but I have no hesitation whatever in declaring my adherence to the belief that the only way to govern a nation and direct the destinies of nations, as well as of individuals, and that it would be utterly impossible for a great growing, ancient, intelligent, Christian nation like ours to circumvent the uplifting influences within its present boundaries—as much so as it was for the original inhabitants of this continent to limit the territory east of the Alleghany Mountains. It is undoubtedly the duty, imposed by Providence, of our great civilized nations to carry the banner of freedom and enlightenment to all countries not so signally favored, and we could not shirk this duty if we would and could not if we could.

It was in this cause and in the performance of this duty that many of our brave boys sacrificed their lives in the Philippine Islands. When the call to arms came, the citizens of the United States responded with more alacrity than did those of our own, and the famous "Second Oregon," composed, as it was, of the very flower of our state's young manhood, has passed into history as one of the finest regiments that ever defended the Stars and stripes on any battle-field. The best contribution the state has ever made to its membership, and its clearest title to the gratitude of the country and the best test of its patriotism was in its array of our state's young manhood, in the defense of the flag after the term of its enlistment had technically expired, until its place could be supplied by the regular army.

The State of Oregon will ever be proud of the achievements of this famous regiment, and it required a strong and persistent effort on the part of its authorities to secure the permission of the Secretary of War to evade technically the Federal law which requires the bodies of young soldiers to be buried in National cemeteries. So, after the lapse of nearly two years, and just as Nature is again asserting her sway by carpeting the hillsides with an array of beautiful flowers, and the returning birds are making the atmosphere glad with the melody of their choicest songs, and when all creation is again assuming the aspect of the spring, and the provisions of the law are again evaded, we give back the bodies of these dead heroes to the soil of the state they honored and loved so well, and pause, for a day, to give thanks to the God who has given us our appreciation of the sacrifice made by both the living and the dead in the interest of downtrodden humanity struggling for greater freedom and better government.

younger veterans of later conflicts, felt the force of the home-coming, and the return and funeral obsequies as depicted by the gifted speaker, while his sentiments of praise were so adapted that every man who has seen service in the field felt that Mr. Cohen appreciated their efforts to the fullest extent. The oration was as follows:

Mr. Cohen's Address. Mr. Cohen spoke as follows: The silent eloquence of these pitiless words cannot be adequately interpreted in form, nor shall I indulge in the platitudes common to public ceremony connected with death. There are voices which we listen not with the ears but with the heart; visions upon which we gaze not through the eyes but through the soul, and at this moment, in the sublime power of this stillness, there arise before us scenes and incidents more inspiring than the loftiest oratory, and within us thoughts more forceful than any that live in language only. Yielding to this influence we may see again in retrospect the sons of Oregon, the pride, the flower of a youthful nation, march forth in answer to their country's call. The brave step, the beaming eye, the cheery and cheering farewell, the martial music, the waving flags, again we may see and hear them. Again we stand as witnesses of patriotic sacrifice—the pleasant home, the tearful eye, and the shining sword, all abandoned for the horrors of war in an unknown clime, with the added terrors of disease and death lurking in its waters and stalking through its pestilential brakes. Again we see the troops return, the laurel of duty well performed on every brow; the joy of mothers as they clasp their dear ones in the arms that have so longed to thus enfold them; the pride



THE CORTEGE ON THE WAY TO RIVERVIEW CEMETERY.

of fathers; the love-light veiled in tears of happiness in the eyes of sisters, sweethearts, wives; and as the straggling ranks pass on through Jubilating crowds again our thoughts revert to darkened homes where no joy reigns and to those other longing arms that never more shall clasp the missing comrade who seeks in vain for the never-governed them and never members of the Red Cross Society and the women of Gilbert Auxiliary and Camp H Auxiliary. To the left of these the Volunteers were marching in the order of the right were the city officials and Government and brigade staff. The Grand Army of the Republic were out in strong force, and the next rows were filled with a large number of gray-haired veterans whose patriotism was as ardent as that of the youngest soldier present. Bishop Scott Academy boys were ranged behind the G. A. R. and friends of the Portland Symphony Orchestra and Professor Boyer's large choir were seated. Flags and mourning were the style of decoration, and well combined the spirit of patriotism with that of grief and sorrow.

Governor Geer announced that the program would begin with Beethoven's funeral dirge, by the Portland Symphony Orchestra. The program was filled with its wilderness of sorrow and mourning, as played by the orchestra was sufficient to move many to tears. Immediately following, the program announced that Chaplain Gilbert would briefly address the audience, which he did as follows:

It was sublime sacrifice that gave to us a country. Sublime sacrifice preserved that country to us through the purifying struggle which effaced the only stain upon our escutcheon. And this sacrifice before us now was made to gain for others what these previous sacrifices had preserved to us—the inherent liberty of manhood, the right of free government, and the extinction of slavery. Our power which could and did hold men and nations in degrading bondage. Who shall estimate the value of this sacrifice; what more vision and prove its extent? Is it we who stand and admire, or are we peace and safety and comfort of the hardships, the dangers and daring of those who took to field and camp to maintain these principles which we talked patriotically in rounded periods? In we, the paper strategists, who found it so easy in our leisure and upon the peaceful shores of our peaceful streets to criticize, to advise and to condemn? Are we, the biographers and commentators, who can see, the full extent of the sacrifice we may never know. Throughout our Valley to the south, across our mountains, and the north to the waters of our ocean boundary, and here upon our peaceful river's banks, we mark the homes upon which the Nation has set its seal, the blood of sacrifice upon the doorposts. Homes that were rendered up to death, were until man shall gain the power to turn the hand upon the face of nature's dial and say to the moment that has passed: "Henceforth, let the living be dead, and let the dead be living, and let their blood, perhaps, to listen as their comrades sound the soldiers' last farewell, no relative to see their still forms lowered into the earth where they shall rest forever. They marched beneath the flag which went out from our state because here they were when their claims, covering equally every foot of ground within the precincts of the Republic, called them, and they came back to us, to rest forever. It may be, far from home and birthplace. How came they here? Where are their homes—in busy city or on quiet country farms? What hearts are sorrowing, what eyes are turned in faltering hope toward the day of their return, awaiting footsteps which no more may be seen? We may never know. But we do know that these men, these heroes, before us now, who will open their hearts to these boys whose wanderings are over, who will find a place therein for their memory, these men whose hearts we know that Oregon, through her Chief Executive, adopts them now, forever, children of the state, their names illuminating her roll of honor, their graves the care of all her citizens. And, too, we know that no lives are lost in God; his count is faultless, and all are gathered to a common home.

But the lesson of sacrifice ends not with these who will rise and walk among us no more. They had comrades, who marched beside them, and who were happily permitted to return, in health. They shared the same dangers, and held their breath with theirs, and were in the chance of war. We may weep with sympathy with their bereaved ones—we may raise perhaps a block of granite to their memory—but we must not forget the influence of their example forceful through

triotism and appreciate sacrifice and service for the Republic by orations over the dead, by skyrocketing in honor of victory, by gifts to this or that great leader by sea or land, and then begrudge a governmental pittance to those who marched with weary limbs but stout and hopeful hearts within the ranks? No, I answer; we should "pay, pay, pay"—we, the stay-at-homes; and who, looking upon these dead, dare say that we can pay too much?

These soldiers entered upon a righteous cause, their country so proclaimed it. An oppressed neighbor, a weak, exhausted people struggled helpless, in the power of a cruel tyranny, and contemptuous disregard of human rights, the growth of ages of arrogance and traditional pride. From a tyranny—and let us not forget it—only less forceful and arrogant in degree, the fathers of our Republic had wrested our freedom to establish thereon the popular government which we enjoy. By virtue of man's claim on manhood, our country saw its duty to aid this struggling people,

our neighbors to gain that which our fathers gained from tyranny for us. Therefore the silent eloquence of these sealed lips urges upon us the incentive to prove worthy of this sacrifice more forcibly than though it were proclaimed in trumpet tongue by heralds from the house-tops. Can we, with all the will of all the people, give to others anything better than we have ourselves? Can we give pure power, achievement, or corporate aggrandizement in others unless it be deep-rooted in ourselves? Can we transfer to others an ideal, if we ourselves fail to reach it and to maintain it? These dead men lie here murdered unless we hold our country all worthy of their deaths. If the stars in the blue field of that flag whose stripes of red are now enfolded in the folds of our flag, can we, in our weakness and uncertainty, then lie here not as heroes, but as martyrs, if freed or personal gain, political advantage, lust for power, achievement, or corporate aggrandizement, should prove a motive toward those conditions under which their lives were offered up, then is their blood upon the head of all the Nation.

It is the lesson of these dumb lips in this most solemn hour—sacrifice, example, incentive. Why should I seek for words or strive to blend sweet sentiment in pleasing phrases? A country worthy of sacrifice and shown to be so by its example before the world; a pure, unfailing light, and our untrusting arms to bear

our actions toward their living comrades, all else is mockery and stale display. Do we honor the soldier who died when the Spanish bullets spared rather than beg or still lives can wander through our city streets vainly to seek a livelihood? When in our greatest, richest city, a sailor of our flag can take the life which serves, unless through the yellow fog of starvation? Aye, while one grows rich, outshining the very fame of Croesus through laws enacted to protect the brawn and muscle of the land, could boast of his power, and have it, too, to draw his check for twenty millions to fight or favor public policy, and be a Croesus still! If we give the dead a stone should we not give the living bread? Can we impress upon the world, upon the coming generations of our own people, the children of this land of boundless wealth, that we honor pa-

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It up, a hope and promise to the oppressed of all the universe. My friends, they are the prevailing power that overrules, even though our finite understanding may not be able to follow in cognizance and comprehension its direction. There are eternal laws which no man can resist, and which are unchangeable, and there are supreme elements to which, in their transcendent course, the nations are but as pawns upon a chess-board. Science may erect our signposts and philosophy be the extended hand which points the path. They are as diamonds cut by masters of art, perfect in form, radiant in beauty, but the brilliancy is dependent upon the primal gift of God to all the world—light. The diamond may fall to the ground, and, as has happened, burst, shatter, fade in worthless dust; naught remains when God's light is taken from it. Faith in ourselves, in our own selves, and in our country will glorify the lesson of this hour and preserve the land we love forever right and worthy of this

blood, which then will strengthen the root of freedom's tree, expanding its protecting foliage. There is an individual duty as well as a National one, an individual example as well as a National one. Our best service to the Nation is rendered first through our duty to the state, our best service to the state is rendered first through our duty to our city, and surely our duty to our city is closely allied with each and every one of us individually.

In olden days, when patriarchs and chiefs concluded treaties, and tribes and families entered into solemn obligations, a well was dug, and by its side a mound of stones erected as a witness. Within the soil of our state these bodies will be interred; within our city a monument will be erected bearing the names which they have honored. We can make this monument truly a glory to them by making it our witness of an inward compact, a solemn covenant, a true resolve through our individual action to maintain our city, and thus our state and country, forever worthy of all the sacrifices that have given to our flag a meaning and a purpose, which shall never be denied. Men die for country, they can do no more, and our country owes a sacred duty to its heroic dead. This our Republic can only truly discharge to those who now lie here as well as to those who have long since departed, by carrying where they lie, the blessing of true freedom, the light of fraternal acknowledgment, and the redeeming and uplifting power of the general government which lived in the minds and hopes of those who gave us liberty.

To these blessed sleepers, everlastingly peaceful! To the mothers, wives and sisters, wherever they may be, and to the children, in the words of the sweetest woman singer of our language— Heroic males the country bears, But daughters give up more than sons. Flags wave, drums beat, and unwarriors lead, Save your own souls with the gun. And take your Heaven at once! But we—we empty heart and home of life's joys, love we bear to think of others an ideal, if we ourselves fail to reach it and to maintain it? These dead men lie here murdered unless we hold our country all worthy of their deaths. If the stars in the blue field of that flag whose stripes of red are now enfolded in the folds of our flag, can we, in our weakness and uncertainty, then lie here not as heroes, but as martyrs, if freed or personal gain, political advantage, lust for power, achievement, or corporate aggrandizement, should prove a motive toward those conditions under which their lives were offered up, then is their blood upon the head of all the Nation.

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OREGON'S SOLDIER DEAD.

Yesterday's interment at Riverview returns to Oregon most of her soldier dead of the late Spanish and Filipino Wars. There are five or six soldiers' coffins that the Secretary of War has announced will not be returned to Oregon, but the remainder will be returned to their homes.

Table with columns: NAMES, Co., Died, Place of Death, Home of Nearest Relatives.

KILLED IN ACTION.

Table with columns: NAMES, Co., Died, Place of Death, Home of Nearest Relatives.

DIED OF DISEASE.

Table with columns: NAMES, Co., Died, Place of Death, Home of Nearest Relatives.

KILLED BY ACCIDENT.

Table with columns: NAMES, Co., Died, Place of Death, Home of Nearest Relatives.

THE PROCESSION.

Streets Thronged With People to See the Cortège Pass. After the morning services were finished, the Army was quickly transformed into a bustling scene of preparation.

BURIAL OF FRANK ROFENO.

Today at 2 P. M. the body of Frank E. Rofeno, Company G, Second Oregon Infantry, was buried in the National Cemetery.

BORROWED A HORSE AND CART.

Burglars broke into Tappenberg's store in Albina Saturday night and stole \$300 worth of shoes. The store was entered through a rear window. The shoes were carefully taken from their boxes and carried off in sacks.

BOER IMMIGRATION SCHEME.

An Omaha dispatch says that when the present war in South Africa is ended, as it is supposed to be, in the subjugation of the Boers the Burlington officials anticipate that thousands of the people of the Transvaal will be as desirous of getting away from English rule as they were when they went into the African wilderness.

ALL ON ACCOUNT OF AN HONEST DOLLAR.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat, Rep. E. Starns, a member of the House of Representatives, has introduced a bill to amend the laws relating to the circulation of money as it wants, and all because its credit rests on the gold standard.