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NEW ORLEANS REPUBLICAN.

SINGLE COPIES: TEN CENTS. OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY OF LOUISIANA. TERMS: $16 00 PER ANNUM.

VOLUME II—NO. 45. NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 31, 1868. WHOLE NUMBER 355.

HONORS TO THE BRAVE.

Interesting and Impressive Ceremonies.

DECORATING THE TOMBS OF UNION SOLDIERS.

A View of Monument Cemetery.

THE RESTING PLACE OF ELEVEN THOUSAND PATRIOTS.

THE SPEECHES ON THE OCCASION.

In accordance with a request of the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, General John A. Logan, yesterday was devoted to the pious duty of decorating the graves of our patriotic dead with flowers, and commemorating their deeds and glorious death in suitable speeches and other ceremonies.

Two steamers were kindly placed at the disposal of the public—the revenue cutter Wilderness by Collector W. P. Kellogg, and the Ella Morse by Colonel R. N. Batchelder. Both boats started with passengers, leaving first at twelve o'clock, noon, and returning immediately for another load. The last boat left the foot of Canal street about half past two, pretty well crowded with people. A large number of ladies went down each trip.

The number of visitors during the day was very large. On arriving at the cemeteries the people laid their offerings at the head of the tombs, and afterward inspected the grounds with feelings of deep and mournful interest. They stood within a small city of the dead; around them were the remains of twelve thousand true men who had braved the perils of the battle-field, and exposed themselves to the many dangers of a soldier's life. They now sleep in peace after having so nobly performed the highest duty they owed to their country.

Of the number buried in the cemetery only about six thousand five hundred are known by name. The rest have never been identified.

Captain Barnard, Captain Hyatt, and Captain Gray are entitled to the special thanks of the visitors for the courtesies which they extended to all. These gentlemen have charge of the cemetery, and the perfection of its arrangement is a lasting evidence of the fidelity with which they have discharged their duties.

When the task of strewing the graves with flowers was completed the people assembled upon and around a canvas-covered platform, and to listen to the speeches. Captain W. B. Armstrong was chosen chairman. He stated the objects for which they had been called together in a brief and forcible speech, after which he introduced Rev. N. L. Brakeman, who addressed a prayer to the Throne of Grace, and then read general orders No. 11 of General Logan, and commented upon it in appropriate terms.

The chairman then introduced General L. A. Sheldon, who was to speak on behalf of the Army and Navy Union. The General spoke as follows:

Speech of General L. A. Sheldon.

FELLOW CITIZENS AND FRIENDS: The profoundest sorrow is said often to be manifested by muteness. Therefore, on this occasion it is perhaps not becoming to indulge in any elaborate speech. It will be of little use to us and of no service to those who are here interred.

I can not help remarking the appropriateness of establishing a national cemetery upon this historic field. It has been the custom of all civilized nations to respect the dead; more often it arises from relationship, personal acquaintance, or other ties. From the earliest times nations have been in the habit of perpetuating the memories of their heroes in history and in song. Many who sleep here are nameless. But their virtues, and the cause in which they fought, entitle them to go down to posterity by the side of the most honored in history.

We all remember well the feelings with which we were impressed at the time of our enlistment, when we took the contract of death. When we swore fealty to our government we but recognized that principle which was instilled into the minds of the Spartan youths when they went out to war, to return only with or upon their shields. Those of us who survive returned with our shields, while those who are buried were returned *upon* their shields to mother earth. (Applause.) They were actuated by the same spirit that moved Regulus to choose imprisonment, torture, and death rather than advise his country to a disadvantageous peace. There was in them the same self-abnegation that characterized the Decii when they devoted themselves for the good of Rome. The same love of country which actuated Jasper in risking and losing his life to prevent the flag of his country from remaining in the hands of its enemies. The same absence of all venality that actuated the bosom of Colonel Morris of the Revolution, who when offered power and possessions to turn against his country, replied that he was not worth purchasing, but such as he was King George had not money enough to buy him. The same pertinacious courage which characterized the dying Lawrence when he said, "Don't give up the ship!" The same spirit which actuated that brave Philadelphia general whose name I can not now recollect, who when dying of wounds, said to his physician, "Doctor turn me over that I may die with my face to the foe." The same spirit was manifested by an officer of my command who when pierced through the body with a rebel bullet, said to his men around him, "Boys, fight on to the last. I have but one life for my country, I wish I had another to lose." The same spirit that actuated a young soldier whom I had on the twenty-seventh day of April, 1863, made a sergeant for gallantry, and who on the first day of May following fell mortally wounded, and when being carried past me desired to speak with me. Seeing the pallor of death upon his countenance, I asked: "Gray, are you wounded?" He replied: "Yes, badly, and I can not survive." Said I, "Don't despair; men sometimes die for want of the will to live." He replied, "I can not live, but I want to ask one question. Colonel, have I been a good soldier?" To which I replied: "Yes, you have been a good soldier, Gray." He then said, "That is all I desire to know. Boys, carry me on!" The same spirit that characterized another soldier of my command who, after receiving a fatal wound in battle, said: "It is as I expected when I enlisted—to die; but I have lived the life of a Christian. Tell my grandfather that I have tried to do my duty as a soldier."

It is too affecting to continue a recital of such occurrences. They may be carried so far as to become tedious. These illustrate the general feeling that pervaded all minds; and when I think of the death and suffering which have fallen under my observation it harrows up my soul that I could almost wish that treason and all its supporters had shared the fate of Satan when he was cast from the battlements of heaven. But it does not become us, victors in the late war, to indulge in feelings of vindictiveness. It will not restore the dead to life, nor will it heal the wounds that have been made. We should now labor for the peace, happiness, and welfare of our common country. We should manifest a spirit of charity, and cultivate the kindest relationships possible.

Every soldier remembers the delight with which he was filled when the flag of our country was borne onward to victory. We remembered that it was the flag which Jasper lost his life in attempting to save; that it floated over Porter on the "Essex," and over Grant at Vicksburg, Chattanooga, the Wilderness, and Spottsylvania. Two millions of men bore that flag to victory, and among them were our fellow comrades here. They fought not alone for union, not alone for nationality, but like the patriot fathers of the revolution, they contended for the rights of human nature.

White men, remember that you stand here to day in the enjoyment of the great constitutional principle of free speech undisturbed, that you are now relieved from the fear of a grasping and intolerant aristocracy.

Black men, you are redeemed and disenthralled, not alone by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation. You stand here with the hopes and privileges of men, because the soil of the country has been bounteously saturated with the blood of patriots, and because their bones whiten upon six hundred battle-fields.

Let us now and here resolve that we will stand by our country in war and in peace, and that we are the certain and eternal enemies of treason under all circumstances. We were permitted to survive to aid in achieving the victories of peace. Let us now, in the presence of these graves of our dead comrades, resolve that we will conduct ourselves in all future time, both in war and peace, in such manner as shall leave these sheeted regiments no occasion to rise up and rebuke us. (Prolonged applause.)

Captain Armstrong then reminded the audience that they had often heard of a man who had one foot in the grave, taken in a figurative sense, but he had the honor of introducing one who had literally buried one leg in his country's cause, Henry C. Dibble, Esq., who would speak on behalf of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Mr. Dibble then delivered the following address:

Speech of Henry C. Dibble, Esq.

COMRADES AND FRIENDS: It is made my duty to address you on behalf of the Grand Army of the Republic, under whose auspices this day was "designated for the purpose of strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country during the late rebellion, and whose bodies now lie in almost every city, village, and hamlet church yard in the land."

It seems eminently proper that the day should be designated, and the ceremonies conducted by the organization to which we belong. The dead were our comrades and friends. We cherish the same principles for which they died. We are united by recollections the most sacred and lasting. We are gathered together by a common impulse to cherish the memory of the dead, to cultivate those ties of friendship among ourselves which were formed in the bivouac, in the camp, or upon the battle-field, and to care for the widows and orphans of those who lie around us to-day. But there is in our organization something more than these elements of strength and unity. We are bound together for the purpose, and sworn to "see that no harm come to the State," as the Roman Senate decreed to their consuls in the hour of sedition and danger. And so it has been said that we are a political organization. In the sense of party preference for men, it is not true. But the war for the Union was a struggle for the ascendency of political ideas. Our armies were raised, our battles were fought, our comrades died, and our victory was won that the nation might live, that liberty might prevail, and that the vestiges of slavery might disappear from the face of the land. These were the political ideas for which our comrades fought, and suffered, and died. Here they lie buried around us now. Do you expect that the Grand Army will prove recreant to those principles, political though they may be called? No, comrades, our organization is looked upon by the nation with that confidence and hope which our people cherished towards their soldiers in the days of war. We will deserve that confidence, and warrant that hope, for we swerve not one step from that line of duty in which

> Four hundred thousand men,
> The brave, the good, the true;
> On battle-field, in swamp, and glen,
> Have died for me and you.

This later May day is about the only time in the year when all over our broad land the flowers are in full bloom. Upon the far borders of the North the chill of winter has but just passed away, and

> The verdure of the meadow lands
> Is creeping to the hills:
> The sweet blue-bosomed violets
> Are blooming by the rills.

An earlier day would not have found the flowers there for the graves. Here in the South the spring flowers are fast passing away, and a later day might find a stint of those emblems of affection which we bring with us.

Comrades and friends, pause one moment and think that to-day, aye! at this hour, in the ten thousand burial grounds throughout the land, more than a million men and women are strewing flowers upon the graves of fallen heroes. Fathers, brothers, and sons; mothers, widows, and daughters; friends severed; lovers heart-broken, have met, bearing sweet tokens of remembrance to the graves of those but for whose death our country would not have lived. How when we dwell upon the thought it expands; the recollections of individuals parting and suffering and death; the story of a thousand battle-fields; the history of a nation's struggle; the ransom of a race from bondage.

If we could only hear the story of each one of these graves we would know nearly all that is good in human nature. How the old man left his grandchildren and came away with his son to lie down here in a grave marked "Unknown." How the young man whose quickened mind was all aglow with thought, and whose heart was throbbing with virtuous ambition, left his wife of a month, she who dared not bid him stay for his honor's sake, to meet death with less of sorrow than hope, and with no feelings of disappointed ambition, but rather the sense of glory achieved. How the middle aged man gave up the pursuits of business, severed himself from an affectionate family, and concentrated those engergies which he had developed in an active life to his country's good; how he gave up all to perform a duty which he deemed paramount, and at at length gave his life which he could spare n such a cause without a sigh.

When among the dead we usually experience a sense of gloomy sorrow; but some how it seems to me to-day, when I remember how these heroes fell—died that a victory might be won for the right—that this is not the most gloomy place on earth, for I only think that each grave is surrounded by a halo of glory not to be likened to gloom.

"It is the purpose of the commander-in-chief to inaugurate this observance with the hope that it will be kept up from year to year while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of his departed comrades." And so we have come to-day to perform this sacred duty for the first time, but let us hope not for the last time. We meet here under circumstances differing from those which surround our friends in the distant North who are decorating the graves of those comrades who lie in the churchyards of their native villages. There every heart is alive with sympathy and there are many attendants at every tomb; here we are but a small band comparatively in one of the nation's burial places, and the graves far outnumber the hands that strew the flowers. Ah, comrades, we recollect to-day how we came away from our Northern homes, many of us marching side by side with those who lie beneath these garlands. Does it not almost seem that it is our duty to remain here in the South, if for no other purpose than to watch over this sacred spot, and come to it and bring tokens of remembrance from year to year?

In conclusion, comrades and friends, let us learn the lesson of the hour. It has been said that we come to honor the nation's dead. In one sense of the term that were impossible. Their honor and glory is transcendent. We come rather to be reminded that we must live for the cause for which they died. They gave up their lives that the Union might not perish. Let us see that they died not in vain, and in passing away ourselves let us leave as a dying wish the charge to our children. These fallen heroes fought the good battle against slavery, whose policy was to teach that ignorance is the mother of virtue and bondage the basis of strength. If we forget to struggle on and perfect the work which they began we are recreant to the cause in whose behalf they fell. We are here met in the midst of the scenes of the conflict—in the heart of the South—which was saved to the Union and regenerated by the sacrifice of these lives. Our people are kneeling to-day along the northern lakes, upon the shores of the Atlantic, and far inland at the graves of those comrades who are buried there. Let us, in unison with them, dedicate our lives anew to our country and to the work of Christian civilization.

General Hobart, of Wisconsin, one of the members of the Army of the Gulf in 1862, responded to the call of the chairman in a short and effective speech, which we regret our inability to present this morning.

At the request of the chairman Mayor Heath then read the following description of the cemetery:

Description of the Monument Cemetery.

Monument National Cemetery is situated at Chalmette, in the parish of St. Bernard, Louisiana; is six miles below the city of New Orleans, and one mile below the United States (Jackson) barracks.

It contains thirteen and a third acres, was purchased by the city of New Orleans from its original owner, Mr. Charles Resner, in 1861, and has since been ceded by the city to the United States.

It was commenced by Captain N. Constable, Assistant Quartermaster, in May, 1864, and will probably be completed by the latter end of the present summer.

It has a frontage of 250 feet on the Mississippi river, and a depth of 2317 feet.

Young cedar, arbor vitæ, and other trees and shrubbery have been obtained with some difficulty, and planted about half way on each side of the main avenue. The government made no appropriation for the purchase of shrubbery, and the only means of obtaining it was by procuring shrubs and trees from the woods, and by donation. The first plan has been carried out until the supply is about exhausted, and a large quantity is still required to beautify and decorate the cemetery.

If the loyal citizens of Louisiana who are known to have at heart the beautifying and decorating of this cemetery, where so many brave defenders of the Union from almost every State and territory therein are interred, would take into consideration the great want of shrubbery for this purpose, and furnish as much as possible, it would be one of the most acceptable offerings in the way of decoration, and it would besides be a lasting memorial of their generosity, and would permanently beautify and decorate the cemetery.

About 12,000 bodies of deceased Union soldiers are now interred in this cemetery, of which number about 6500 are "known," and the remainder "unknown." About 1000 more bodies scattered over the Teche country are yet to be removed and interred herein.

Fifteen thousand eight hundred and eight graves is the entire capacity of this cemetery. There were formerly about 7000 bodies of colored civilians interred in it, but they have all been removed to the Freedmen's cemetery adjoining.

The ground on which we now stand, on which this national cemetery is located, will ever be memorable in the annals of the country, it being the scene of General Jackson's greatest triumph, recorded in the history of the United States as the "Battle of New Orleans."

Six hundred and eleven yards northwest stands Jackson's monument, from which the cemetery derives its name, and eight hundred and eighty yards east stands a venerable live oak, under which General Packenham lay mortally wounded during a portion of that memorable engagement; this incident gained it the cognomen of the "Packenham Oak," and cannon balls are still imbedded in its trunk.

The associations and memories connected with this spot render it the best location that could have been selected in the whole of Louisiana, for the ashes of our brave dead who fell in the late rebellion probably mingles with that of the heroes of 1815. It is replete with memories of self-sacrifice and patriotism; the receptacle of the dust of two generations of heroes; and every effort has been made to render it worthy of the holy purpose to which it has been consecrated.

Captain Sheridan, one of the participators in the struggle for the Union, was then called on, and responded as follows:

Speech of Captain Sheridan.

So much has been said here to-day, and so well said, in praise of the silent battalions of the Union whose green graves spread out here before us, that to add anything of interest I feel almost a hopeless task. I hold, in common with all here, and with the loyal millions of the North, the memory of our dead sacred, and the ground where they slumber hallowed. And here, as elsewhere, my tongue refuses to keep silence when a word is asked of me in remembrance of comrades whose blood flowed freely that the flag we loved might not go down in disaster and defeat, that the nation our fathers founded, purified of its great wrong against humanity, might endure for all ages to come, and prove by its power and stability the falsity of all who say man is incapable of self government. I believe that America is the battle ground designed by God for the overthrow of all forms of wrong and oppression. A land where the broadest liberty shall exist, the only test of a man's right to citizenship, loyalty to the government, a devotion to his principles which impels him when they are assailed to stand boldly forward, and if need be, give up his life as freely as the quiet sleepers around us yielded up theirs. Standing to-day in the presence of our dead, memory is busy, and the scenes of the few years past crowd thick upon us. We live over again the stormy days of the war. By doing this we more fully realize the deep-seated love of country, the strong conviction of duty, and the lofty courage that animated the soldiers of the Union when summoned from their quiet homes by the thunder of hostile guns they took up their line of march, and never paused before the flag of rebellion went down before their advancing columns. And who to-day will say humanity did not breathe freer when the smoke of the mighty conflict passed away, and their straining eyes caught sight of freedom's flag waving over every foot of America? Thank God, we all in some capacity or other helped on the grand struggle. Thank God so many of us are permitted to come here to-day, and pay tribute to the memory of our departed ones. I come not sadly here to-day, but rather with a feeling of joy and pride. I am proud of the valor which won for us to speak and act as men wherever the flag of the republic floats; proud that under this Southern sky, within the shadow of yonder mighty city which our dead heroes helped to win, we can come and crown their graves with flowers; proud to feel that America, through the efforts of the quiet sleepers here, stands the mightiest republic in the world; proud to look upon these graves and say they are the mute but eloquent index of how well our armies fought and how lavishly they poured out their blood when called upon to stand by their God and nation. There is no soldier here to-day who can not recall some glorious recollections of the war. And as the picture flashes into view how the heart thrills. Proudly, yet with moist eye and trembling lip, we recall the forms of those who fell by our side on some battle-field of the rebellion. We hear again the stern commands, "Close up," "Steady on the right," "Guide centre," "Forward, march." "Charge bayonets" falls on our ear with the olden power. We see the glistening steel come down, guns grasped in strong hands, teeth shut close, eyes of flame, every chest heaving as the mighty line sweeps forward over ditch and parapets up to the very muzzle of the thundering guns, the solid earth reeling beneath our tread, the air throbbing with the mighty shout that burst from our victorious ranks when high over the stronghold our valor won the banner we bore flashed out its stars of glory. The picture fades only to give place to others, in each and all of which the fallen ones stand out bold and clear. There are friendships beautiful and lasting in almost every walk of life. But there are none more sincere than those formed upon the weary march and knit close in the shock of battle. When we clasp hands with one who stood side by side with us on many a field we feel toward him as we feel toward none other. And when we look upon the graves of comrades there steals over the heart a thousand recollections that make their memory dearer than that of others and invest the spot where they sleep with an interest no other in the world can have. That we come here to-day is but one evidence of how fondly we love the memory of our dead. Lying here upon the banks of the mighty river their strong arms wrested from a race of warriors are the representatives of nearly every State in the Union. Many graves are nameless. We only know that some one lies there who fell for America, and we crown his grave with our tribute of respect. Many a mother's darling lies in an unknown grave; all she knows is that somewhere her boy lies buried. When to-morrow the news flashes over the country that we have here decorated the graves of loyal soldiers many a heart will throb with joy to think that others have done for their dead what they themselves have longed to do. Many a soul will be stronger for the knowledge that we have visited the nation's dead, struck palms across their green graves, and pledged anew our fidelity to the country they laid down their lives to maintain. But not alone to our army is all the praise due. Brave men are sleeping here who maintained the honor of our flag upon the seas. Some, perhaps, who sailed through storm of shot and shell with grand old Farragut to the conquest of the empire city of the South. The army spares not in praise when the deeds of our sailors are mentioned. We remember proudly the wondrous circle of fire in which our navy sailed at Port Royal, we bless the hardy tars who manned the Monitor, our hearts swell with exultation when the Cumberland is mentioned, and we thank God that America had sons to stand by the ship, and fight her till she sunk beneath the waves of the Chesapeake, thundering her own requiem. We glory in Winslow, who near the sunny coast of France taught all Europe to respect our navy, and in presence of the continent covered our flag with glory. We remember the bay of Mobile, where, lashed to the mast, America's great admiral led his fleet to victory, and added new laurels to our navy. A thousand other recollections cluster around it, dear to the hearts of the army. The glory of the war belongs alike to each. The war is over, the old drum stands silent, the bugle has sounded its last charge and pealed its last recall. The sword hangs idly in its scabbard, the musket leans unused by the fireside, the banners that gleamed so proudly in the front of battle have folded their riven stars, and now stand mementoes of glories passed. Our armies have taken their tents and silently gone; the fields where they struggled gleam with the glory of peace, and another than death gathers the rich harvest that springs from their fruitful bosom. We are often asked, now that the war is over why not let the dead rest in the graves their valor won? I would not crush one flower that grows on the graves of the Southern dead. I only ask that the graves of our dead be sacred—free from censure and unmanly reproach. The duties we owe the living must not blind us to the duties we owe to the dead. Let us yearly crown their graves with flowers. Thus shall we show the world we never let the memory of valor perish. Thus shall we perform a duty, and feel that when we are gone we shall have a right to claim a wreath of flowers from companions left behind us.

Speech of Captain Jordan B. Noble.

Captain Noble having been introduced as the "Drummer Boy of Chalmette," said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN AND BROTHER SOLDIERS: Though last, I hope I am not the least to address you on this memorial occasion. So much has been said by the gentlemen who have preceded me, it is unnecessary for me to say anything concerning the great war and rebellion that was concluded by the surrender of General Lee to General Grant.

I hope it will not be out of place to make a few remarks respecting this sacred ground. On this spot and not far from here fifty-three years ago I had the honor to be present under our great commander, Major General Andrew Jackson. There stands the old house where he made his headquarters, and where I often served him as orderly during the encampment of American troops. Here we met and beat back one of the proudest and most daring enemies that ever invaded this continent.

Here Captain Noble gave his hearers a vivid and interesting description of the battle of the eighth of January, 1815, and proceeded:

Governor Claiborne then came to the camp in person, and was with the General almost every day until the enemy retired. Then you see that over half a century ago the poor drummer boy who this day stands before you in this honored place, surrounded by the honored dead, now stands the only living being that can be found of his regiment. There are many of the old veterans still here that belonged to the different battalions too old and feeble to be present on this occasion, among whom I will name the honored Anthony Fernandez, and a number of the colored battalion, too numerous to mention at present. The roll of the Seventh regiment was called on the eighth of January, 1867 and 1868, and there were none to answer to their names except the poor drummer boy of the regiment.

I would here remark that I hope you will not attribute to personal vanity the mention of my services to my country. Enlisted in 1813 in the Seventh regiment as drummer during the war, discharged on the eighth of May, 1816, re-enlisted the same day for five years, and honorably discharged at Baton Rouge; again re-enlisted in the First United States infantry and served as a substitute four years four months and fourteen days. I was then honorably discharged from the United States army in 1825; I came to New Orleans and made this my home till 1836. On that year, at the time Major Dade was massacred with his troops in Florida, the call was made by General Gaines for volunteers to go there. I then volunteered for that service, under command of General Persifer F. Smith, and was present at the burial of the murdered men of Major Dade. Major General Buchanan, the present commander of this department, was then adjutant of the Fourth infantry, commanded by Major Twiggs. To him was assigned the duty of collecting the dead bodies and reporting their numbers. He did this by counting the skulls of the dead soldiers.

I returned to New Orleans after three months' service in Florida, and was placed under the command of Colonel Cross in the recruiting service, where I served two years, and was honorably discharged.

The speaker then related some interesting reminiscences of the Mexican war, in which he was an active participant, and concluded as follows:

So you see, my friends, that the poor drummer boy who stands before you, did serve his country honorably and faithfully in three wars, and up to the last year was never permitted to enjoy the rights and privileges of a citizen of the United States. In conclusion, while I thank you for your patience, I can not close without paying a tribute of respect to the colored battalions that served under Major General Andrew Jackson on this very field, under command of General Lacoste and Major Savory. They do not need my feeble voice to add to their fame and glory. General Jackson in his official report to the Secretary of War spoke too highly of them for me to attempt their praise.

Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for your patience, and brother soldiers, I hope the day will soon come when in this State, and all the Union our friends, and those who have been opposed to each other in this great rebellion may forget the past, shake hands, and make friends. Then, and not until then, will our country prosper, and all of us be happy once more. This day will then be often commemorated by the strewing of flowers over the graves of the honored dead. A few years more, and I must join the ranks where now my comrades lie, and my name like many of theirs be a forgotten blank on the tombstone, and in its place written "unknown."

Let no hostile foot tread upon this sacred ground, but let the honored dead, the brave soldier rest in peace, his memory honored. Then will after ages read—yes children unborn in time to come will read of their deeds with admiration, and respect their graves. Again, Mr. President, ladies, and gentlemen, I thank you.

Remarks of Colonel Case.

The chairman then introduced Colonel Charles Case, remarking that he would read an original poem written for the occasion, and precede it by a few remarks.

Colonel Case said that in consideration of the many things which had been said, and well said, he should not detain them long. He confined his remarks to a single point: whether the immense sacrifices in valuable lives and millions of treasure we had given for the Union our country did not outweigh its real value. He had considered the matter seriously, and had no hesitation in declaring that the honor, integrity, and glory of our beloved country were beyond price, and more than worth all the sacrifices the nation had made for it. In regard to the poem he was about to read he would only remark that it had been written since twelve o'clock, and must not be considered a thoughtful production. He then read the poem as follows:

HYMN.

Tune—"Old Hundred."

> All honor to the patriot dead,
> Who fell that freedom's cause might live;
> We strew above each grassy bed
> The sweetest flowers our hands can give.
>
> And thus beside each hallowed grave
> We tell how recollection still
> Warms with those memories of the brave
> Which lapsing years shall never chill.
>
> And here above their sleeping dust
> We call their shades from spirit land
> To seal our pledges that the trust
> For which they died for aye shall stand.
>
> Dearer than aught on earth beside,
> Sacred as all our hopes of heaven—
> That for the flag, whate'er betide,
> Our lives are pledged, and shall be given.
>
> So on the field where long ago
> Brave warriors stayed invasion's tread,
> We swear afresh, come weal or woe,
> We will be faithful to the dead.

A few remarks from the chairman and a prayer by Rev. Mr. Plumb closed the interesting ceremonies.

The thanks of the participators are due to the ladies of the fourth district for their very liberal donation of flowers.

The occasion was of the most impressive and satisfactory character. Those who were present at Chalmette yesterday will long have reason to be proud of their participation in the patriotic ceremonies there witnessed.

TO STEAMBOAT MEN.—On Monday at 12 M. at the entrance of the customhouse, Old Levee street, next to the postoffice, will be sold by the United States marshal the steamboat Enterprise, now lying at Algiers, opposite New Orleans, above Canal street ferry landing, where she can be examined previous to sale.

Description.—The steamboat Enterprise was built in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1864—is 192 66-100 tons. She is a stern-wheel boat, very light draft of water, say twenty-two inches light, about four feet loaded, suitable for Red river, Ouachita, Arkansas, or bayou trade, square knuckles, good size single timbers, seven clamps on a side, all bolted made hooks in the bows, fair size single kelson and straight plank bulkhead from end to end, tie bolted; tier of stanchions on each side; oak beams, plank but bolted; three rudders. Was docked and caulked September 29, 1866, and pronounced sound, tight, and in good order by the marine inspectors of the New Orleans insurance offices on the ninth of March, 1868. She has two engines, two high pressure boilers, sixteen feet long and forty inches in diameter, and a doctor; engines, fourteen inch cylinder, four feet stroke; hoists her freight from the hold by steam; has steam capstan, twenty state rooms, forty berths, with mattresses, etc.; has metallic life boat and life preservers; has great breadth of beam, and can carry one thousand six hundred bales cotton on four feet of water; wants painting and new chimneys; is a desirable boat for making money during low water.

Terms, cash in United States treasury notes at time of adjudication.

Academy of Music.

Some men are born great, others have greatness thrust upon them. The extraordinary career of the popular Billy Carter illustrates this, Yankee to the backbone, and through that to the marrow, he is gifted with a keen sarcasm, and while he appears to be in cordial sympathy with rebel sympathizers who go to the Academy every night to get the balm of consolation and hope for the lost cause he really plays upon their credulity as though he were one of them. Let Yankees alone for their shrewd tricks. Durivage, another Yankee, and a Boston Yankee at that, is after the credulous rebels and panders to their prejudices; this time in a startling, sensational, and sublime burlesque of the "Ku-Klux Klan." The stately Miss Evers, the charming Miss Engel, and the brilliant Miss Hardy are all in it. Likewise the rest of the talent in the company. It will be presented to-morrow evening.

The "Female Privateers" proves to be a new sensation, and one of the most pleasing character. The cast is very appropriate, and the rendition of the various parts quite creditable. Cavanaugh's *Timothy Tadpole* is one of his best characters. Harry Bloodgood assumes the nautical role of *Captain Wearing* of the privateer Porpoise. Billy Carter's *Boatswain* is in character, but the most amusing part is *Linsey Squashey*, the ward-room cook, by Dick Parker. Miss Engel and Miss Howard as *Marie* and *Fanny*, fond of life on the ocean wave, embark on the career of privateersmen, and it is for them an eventful life. The closing tableaux is not less exciting than the "Ballet de Matelots" in the fourth scene. The new phase of the "Impeachment" is passable. Zanfretta's "Niagara Leap" is a daring exploit, and the ballet of the "Butterfly" shows all the fine points of the corps de ballet. Go to the Academy. It is the coolest place in the city.

The Jackson (Miss.) *Pilot* says:

The crops in the lower part of the State are said to be very promising indeed. Corn and cotton look splendidly, and are much more forward than last year. All classes of laborers are reported to be doing exceedingly well, and a bountiful harvest is looked for. Some portions of the northern part of the State have been visited by the army worm, but it is thought that its ravages have been overrated.

BY TELEGRAPH.

FROM WASHINGTON

THE PROCEEDINGS OF CONGRESS.

Proceedings of the Corruption Committee.

LATEST NEWS FROM EUROPE.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS

MARKETS, RIVER NEWS, ETC.

[Dispatches to the Associated Press.]

From Washington.

WASHINGTON, May 30—*Senate.*—After unimportant business and executive session, the admission of Arkansas was resumed.

Mr. Wilson would never consent to adjournment until the Southern States were admitted.

Mr. Frelinghuysen maintained that Congress could not impose constitutions, nor could a State withdraw its assent to the amendment; contended that the fourteenth article was adopted.

Mr. Williams took the same view.

Mr. Doolittle characterized the Arkansas Constitution as anti-Christian and anti-Republican.

Mr. Trumbull did not believe in the fundamental conditions, but would vote for them to save the bill.

Mr. Ferris's amendment striking out was lost—20 to 30.

Several motions to adjourn failed, until Mr. Drake commenced a written speech.

Mr. Edmund's amendment reported yesterday was defeated without division.

House—Butler offered a resolution forbidding written communications reaching Woolley until the Speaker opened and read them.

The Speaker declined opening sealed letters, or telegrams, even if ordered to do so by the House.

Finally, Mr. Blaine maintaining that it would be subversive to the honor of the speakership to make a jailor of the Speaker, it was ordered that Mr. Woolley's communications should reach him through the sergeant-at-arms, but finally counsel and physicians were allowed free access, and private interviews.

Indian appropriations were resumed.

Adjourned.

The executive session of the Senate to-day was unimportant.

Workmen are placing additional securities to the doors of the Capitol prison.

Internal revenue receipts for the week, $4,714,000.

The following is the telegram which led to restrictions on Mr. Woolley's correspondence:

"METROPOLITAN HOTEL, NEW YORK.

"To C. W. Woolley, Washington:

Citizen and sovereign, imprisoned by the order of tyrants and cowards in the capitol of America, stand firm. Every true man in the land with blood in his veins will stand by you. It is the last feather that breaks the camel's back.

"(Signed) GEORGE O. JONES."

Dispatches show that there was a general decoration of the graves of Union soldiers to-day throughout the North.

Messrs. Blaine and Pollard used strong terms to-day in denouncing the machinery proposed for Woolley's punishment.

The expulsion of Vinnie Ream from her studio in the capitol excites commiseration. Several partially finished models on which she has labored two years will be ruined by removal. Replying to an appeal on this account in her behalf Mr. Butler said if the statue of Lincoln was broken he would be very glad of it, for he thought it was a thing which would do honor neither to Mr. Lincoln nor to the country.

The President has nominated William L. Howard receiver of public moneys for public lands, subject to sale, at Mobile.

General Morgan, of Ohio, said that the desire of punishing Mr. Woolley was not the only object the managers had in view in reporting these resolutions. Another reason was that they might thus eject Miss Vinnie Ream, who was supposed to be the friend of Senator Ross. A member of the House, he continued, went to the studio of Miss Ream, and told her that she was charged with having used her influence in favor of the acquittal of the President. She replied that she had not.

The member again said, "You ought to use your influence in favor of his conviction." Miss Ream replied that she could not take any part one way or the other. The member then told her that if she did not it would be worse for her. And now comes the magnanimous, manly act of vengeance. (Cries of "Name him.") Mr. Morgan would if the gentleman desired it. ("Name the State.") Mr. Morgan said, "Indiana."

After several Indiana members had asked and received negative replies to "Does the member allude to me," Mr. Julian arose, when Mr. Morgan said: "I have alluded to the honorable gentlemen, Mr. Julian." I make the statement on the authority of Miss Ream, a lady than whom there is no purer in this land, nor one more entitled to respect, and I hurl defiance at him who dares say a word against her. (Laughter.)

From Southwest Pass.

SOUTHWEST PASS, May 30, 6 P. M.—Barometer 29.70. No wind.

Arrived, steamship George Washington, Gager, master, from New York, with merchandise and passengers, to A. Moulton; schooner Welcome, Blohm, master, with molasses to Thiele & Seiler.

Sailed, steamship Crescent, ships Wellington and Victoria.

From Europe.

LONDON, May 30.—Mr. Disraeli, writing to Mr. Gladstone, admits the hopelessness of and abandons further opposition to the Irish Church bill.

Weather favorable for crops.

River Intelligence.

LOUISVILLE, May 30.—River falling, with seven feet in the canal. Weather clear and warm.

Miscellaneous Telegrams.

ALBANY, May 30.—In the Presbyterian (Old School) Assembly the vote was taken on the adoption of the first or doctrinal article of the basis of union with the New School Church, and it was adopted by the following vote—yeas 185; nays 77; excused from voting 2. Various amendments to the articles were voted down.

HARRISBURG, Penn., May 30.—In the Presbyterian (New School) Assembly the basis of reunion was adopted unanimously, the members rising and singing the doxology.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, May 30.—The Supreme Court has decided the visible admixture bill passed by the last Legislature unconstitutional.

WILMINGTON, May 30.—There were Federal memorial ceremonies to-day. About 200 negroes and 25 whites formed in procession. They were addressed by General J. C. Abbott.

AUGUSTA, May 30.—The citizens arrested in Hamburg and carried to Aiken were released on the promise that they would give bail for their appearance when the trial takes place.

John J. Clayton, an old merchant, committed suicide last night by firing the contents of a shotgun into his breast.

Accounts from Southwest Georgia represent the negroes working well. There is one-third less cotton planted in that section than last year. The plant is looking vigorous and healthy. There is plenty of corn and wheat planted, and farmers anticipate a large yield.

The Charleston *News* asserts that General Canby appointed colored aldermen because the people did not pay him social respect, his object being to punish and humiliate them for their ostracism.

RICHMOND, May 30. — Seven thousand graves of Union soldiers in the National Cemetery near this city were decorated to-day. About four thousand persons were present. The blacks turned out in large numbers with flowers. Each grave was marked with a miniature United States flag. The government offices and the post-office were closed. An address was delivered by the Rev. R. M. Manly.

General Schofield will return in a few days to turn over the department to his successor.

Financial Matters in New York.

NEW YORK, May 23, Evening.—The conversion of 7-30's to-day reached nearly thirteen millions. Money easier, closing at 4. The bank statement shows an increase in loans of $796,000; of deposits $2,239,000; of legal tenders $3,407,000. Decrease in specie of $2,615,000; of circulation, $37,000. Sub-treasury balance, $94,500,000.

Domestic Markets.

NEW YORK, May 30, Evening.—Cotton remains without any decided change. Sales to-day 900 bales. Middlings 31c. Flour dull; State $7@9 25; fancy State $9 90. Wheat dull. Corn dull, 1@2c lower. Whisky dull. Pork a shade firmer $28 25@28 35. Beef steady. Lard a shade firmer. Naval stores dull. Groceries quiet. Freights unchanged. Gold firm at 139¾. Transactions in Governments to-day were enormous, and there was a general advance in prices.

CINCINNATI, May 30.—Flour [illegible] family $10@10 50. Wheat, [illegible] 35. Corn 89@90c. Oats [illegible] held at $28. Bulk meats, bacon [illegible] neglected. Butter 26@29c. Eggs [illegible] Hay $13@14. Potatoes $3 50@3 75.

Havana Markets.

HAVANA, May 29.—Sugar market active, sales No. 12 Dutch standard 7¾@8 reals. Exchange declining—on London 11@11¼ premium; on the United States for currency 29 discount: for gold ¼ ₩ cent discount; on Paris 2 ₩ cent discount.

[From Yesterday's Evening Papers.]

WASHINGTON, May 30.—The departments are closed to allow the employes to assist in decorating soldiers' graves.

Discussing the admission of the Southern States Senator Conness said he would frankly say that he wanted these States in the Union because he wanted their votes for the national candidate for President.

VICKSBURG, May 30.—Passed up: Legal Tender at 12 M. Down: Governor Allen at 12 M. River steady.

THE WAITING.

> I wait and watch; before my eyes
> Methinks the night grows thin and gray;
> I wait and watch the eastern skies
> To see the golden spears uprise
> Beneath the oriflamme of day!
>
> Like one whose limbs are bound in trance
> I hear the day-sounds swell and grow,
> And see across the twilight glance
> Troop after troop, in swift advance,
> The shining ones with plumes of snow!
>
> I know the errand of their feet,
> I know what mighty work is theirs;
> I can but lift up hands unmeet
> The threshing-floors of God to beat,
> And speed them with unworthy prayers.
>
> I will not dream in vain despair,
> The steps of progress wait for me:
> The puny leverage of a hair
> The planet's impulse well may spare,
> A drop of dew the tided sea.
>
> The loss, if loss there be, is mine,
> And yet not mine if understood;
> For one shall grasp and one resign,
> One drink life's rue, and one its wine,
> And God shall make the balance good.
>
> O power to do! O baffled will!
> O prayer and action! ye are one:
> Who may not strive, may yet fulfill
> The harder task of standing still,
> And good but wished with God is done!

ASSASSINATION OF ANOTHER UNION MAN.—Says the San Antonio *Express:*

Ever since the cold-blooded murder of Mr. Black at Uvalde, the lives of certain other Union men have been considered unsafe, particularly that of John Craft, a young German who served on the board of registrars, and was an outspoken loyal man. At last poor Craft has paid the penalty of his devotion to the government, and is in the silent grave along with Black. He was shot down one day last week by Thilbert Ford. Ford followed his victim out of the town of Uvalde and shot him in the back with a shot-gun—assassinated him. It is unnecessary for us to know the particulars. The cause and reason for this assassination was known to us months ago. It was friendship for Black and loyalty to the government.

It is thought in Washington that the bill for the admission of Arkansas will pass the Senate about as it came from the House.

The Albany *Journal* rather roughly says of Schenectady's recent vote to build new waterworks: "Schenectady can get along just as well without water. But deprive it of other thirst quenchers and it would mourn without hope."

J. Curtiss, a member of the late constitutional convention of Virginia, was nominated for Congress on Thursday at Charlottesville. Governor Wells opened the campaign by a speech at that place, on the same day.

Mr. W. D. Miller has been appointed collector of internal revenue for Natchitoches parish, vice Major W. H. Hiestand. Mr. Miller arrived on the St. Nicholas last Tuesday, and has entered upon the discharge of his duties.

Dr. J. V. C. Smith, well known in New Orleans and formerly a Bostonian, at the Farmers' Club in New York said he had no doubt the flesh of the horse was more wholesome for food than that of many of the oxen and cows slaughtered in that city.

The river has continued to rise the whole of the past week, and is still rising slowly. It is now within three feet of this spring's highest notch. The reports from above have it falling as low down as Campte.—*Alexandria Democrat.*

One of the effects of annexing the Russian possessions is the invasion of the Northwest by a grasshopper known as the "Walrussia," which is described by those who have seen it to be "as large as a bull-dog and as fierce of aspect." Farmers are advised to take in all tender things at night.

The first steamboat, the Job, has lately ascended the Trinity river as high as Dallas, Texas, an enterprising little town situated in the midst of the richest grain region of that State. The firing of cannons and a general jubilee greeted the appearance of the little steamer.

The heats, hates, and passions of the hour pass away, but its records remain. Andrew Johnson, by the votes of three-fourths of the Representatives and nearly two-thirds of the Senate, will stand on the historic page charged with high crimes and misdemeanors. No ruler was ever thus rebuked.

Rather unexpected was the reply of the urchin, who, on being arraigned for playing marbles on Sunday, and sternly asked: "Do you know where those little boys go to who play marbles on Sunday?" replied innocently: "Yes; some on 'em goes to the common, and some on 'em goes down by the side of the river."

The Savannah *News* speaks of some prisoners sent to the Dry Tortugas as "Alabamians chained like dogs." It was no uncommon occurrence for natives of Alabama to be chained like dogs in former days, but as they happened to be only niggers it was "of no consequence." The complexion makes all the difference, it would seem.

An Irishman, when asked to define an Irish bull, replied: "Whenever you see two cows lying down in a field, the one that is standing up is a bull." This is describing a thing by the thing itself, and reminds us of the sexton who, remarking upon the unusual number of deaths, said: "A great many people have died this summer that never died before."