MEMORIAL DAY

Imposing Procession—Confederate and Federal Soldiers Out in Force—Union and Fraternity.

The Grandest Demonstration Ever Made in Memphis—The Whole Population Hearty Participants.

Order of Procession and Line of March—Ceremonies at Elmwood—Orations and Poems.

The Graves of the Federal and Confederate Dead Alike Decorated with Wreaths and Immortelles.

Distinguished Public Men Confirm the Popular Will that the Chasm Must Remain Closed Forever.

No More Sectional Strife or Dissension—We Will Live and Labor for the Union, Its Integrity and Prosperity.

THE curtain is down, the lights are out, the play is over. But there remains to us the sweet aroma of the flowers, the memory of loving words of tribute, of the generous rivalry of victor and vanquished in affectionate revival each of the other's prowess, and the picture of unfolding loveliness, of budding promise, of matured and maturing charms and grace of womanhood—a vision of fair women and brave men, of flowers, of poetry, of rhetoric and all that made up the great pageant, the grand procession, the grander multitude who were lookers-on and witnesses, and without whom even the efforts of the survivors of a hundred well fought fields would be barren of results. The streets are hushed to stillness, night broods over all and the quiet of perfect peace prevails where but a few hours ago a host was marshalled, bearing the banners of many nations, carrying well out in the front the war-worn insignia—the guidons of the cavalry that had encountered each other on many a field, and the battle flags of the weary, worn and foot-sore infantry, who had sustained the shock of fierce encounter. The cemetery whose sylvan alleys and by-ways were so lately trodden by diligent feet searching for the graves of brave sons who had perhaps followed these flags through all the dreary marches and in all the mazes of battle—the cemetery sleeps in the moonlight, the soldier mounds covered with mementoes of love in speaking immortelles of gentle flowers. All is rest and peace. The noise and tumult of the assembly, of the march, the grandeur and glory of the pageant, has passed away; the cloud of excitement has lifted and gone, and we can see Memorial day, 1875, all the better, and realize it what it was, as we think, the most notable, the most telling and the most eventful event in our history.

Three generations of soldiers were of the long array—the men who fought with Jackson at New Orleans, those who braved the Indians in the Everglades, the later generation who followed Scott and Davis and Pillow in Mexico, and the still later who had served with Grant or Lee, with Stonewall Jackson or Sherman, with Forrest or Sheridan, with Joe Johnston or Thomas. Of the men of '12 there were those who could remember the heroes of the revolution, old soldiers who had confronted the Indians on the borders of the great lakes, and who had looked the "red-coat" in the eye from the ramparts of cotton in the southern swamp. These were the links that bound jubilee army to the past, that blending with the younger soldiers whose battles were on a grander scale, but whose contests were no fiercer, illustrated for the multitude almost the whole history of the Republic. They recalled the perilous times when the capitol was at the mercy of the British, when England boasted of her intention to re-enslave the colonies, the days of the right of search, of what has well been termed the second war of independence, and the gallant and glorious defense of a long line of coast against the aggressions of the first naval power of that day, then intoxicated with her victories over the greatest soldier that ever lived. The old heroes, recalling the past glories of the Union and the monument they had helped to build to its renown by their courage, were jubilant over the present, with its promise of peace between the States, its fraternizing and union of once contending foes. Their eyes had been blessed with more than a sight of the promised land. Their younger companions in arms of Florida and Mexico recalled, too, their labors and their grand results in the addition of States to the galaxy of the Union. Pillow, whose name has become historic, was there; and Jefferson Davis, both leaders in the Mexican war, and both prominent figures in the civil war, during which the one again proved his high capacity as a soldier, and the other established himself enduringly as one of the first statesmen of his time; a man who, with restricted means in men and money, battling with foes at home as well as abroad, confronted the enthusiastic armies and people of the Union and sustained the Confederacy many, many months after its best friends confessed it lost. In these gentlemen we had united the two later and grandest epochs in our history—the one by which we won an empire, and the other by which we sustained the shock of civil war and survived it to enjoy and perpetuate a still more perfect Union. Forrest, the "terrible fighter," and always victorious cavalry raider, marched in the same column with the Federals who had fought him, and shared a seat on the same platform with our best representatives of the Union armies. Governor Harris—"the war governor"—who had not even one man to fight against the south, but thousands for her defense, gave his presence to the occasion, and in the few words he uttered of introduction of the Confederate orator, left no doubt of his entire sympathy with the great movement that has reawakened and revitalized the patriotism of our people, and re-established the Union in their affections. Mr. Davis, our foremost statesman did not speak, but he was upon the platform, and by his presence gave indorsement to the re-cementing of the bonds of brotherhood. Tribute was paid to the dead, a loving tribute in words and flowers, but the Union was over it all—was uppermost in all minds—and the day was thus made sacred to the highest purpose, and the dead were made to serve the noblest use in a text and day on which to preach peace and love, and date the final close of the war and all its bitter dissensions and contentions. Looking back through the night into the day, and recalling the men who were the principal actors in the play, the tone and temper of the audience and the drift of what was said and sung we can reach but the conclusion impressed upon us when yet the parade was in the thought of its projectors, that it was to be as healing upon the waters, it was to be a proper supplement of our steady march toward complete restoration, the finale of all our efforts to be reconciled to our brothers of the north, and to do our part toward the consummation of that perfect peace for which all men have longed ever since that day at Appomatox, when Lee sheathed his sword and bade his troops "good-bye." It was a great popular upheaval. It was the bursting of a pent-up feeling of joy and happiness upon the condition of the country, the overflowing of gratitude for the blessings we enjoy of civil and religious liberty, and a determination to give unmistakable assurances of loyalty and fealty to the Union. There could be no mistaking the tenor and drift of it. It was as strongly apparent in the speech of Wright as in that of Pierce, or in the appropriately beautiful poem of Granger. The Federal went no farther than the Confederate, and neither sacrificed either pride or dignity, nor surrendered one jot or tittle of principle. The songs and hymns of the Mendelssohns and the Maennerchor were to the same effect, and Arnold divided his progamme equally between those who were rivals in brotherly love. The Union was apparent in and over all. The battle-flags of both armies were placed side by side or in peaceful embrace, by request, too, of General Forrest, and the same hands draped the graves of the boys in blue and gray alike. The memory we revive of the day is this, and this lesson. May it endure forever to animate us on each recurring anniversary strengthening present resolution and confirming us in our determination to labor hereafter in and for the Union, to make it more glorious and free, the first among the nations of the earth.

The Weather.

on Sunday did not inspire a hopeful outlook for the great event of yesterday, and the torrents of rain that poured down upon this locality Sunday night lessened the prospect of a possibility to proceed with the ceremonies at all, and every one thought a postponement was inevitable. Such a result, it was feared, would prove fatal to the successful carrying out of the immense programme the management had imposed upon themselves for the day, and there were a few of the superstitious class, who thought that the Great Dispenser of every good and perfect gift did not sanction the movement, and had so manifested his displeasure by shutting out the bright sun and interposing a season of storm just at the auspicious moment. Monday morning's dawning gave little encouragement to hope for the observance of the day, for, although the rain had ceased, thick, threatening clouds were driven through space, and up to ten o'clock in the day the hearts of those who had hoped for the success of the day's proceedings were filled with sadness, only to be gladdened a few moments later by the sudden breaking up of the clouds, the sun peering through the chasms, giving indubitable evidence of clearing weather. As soon as this was manifest, mounted marshals on gaily caparisoned horses were seen flying hither and thither, the multitude began assembling on the principal thoroughfares, and the bands were playing everywhere for the assembling of the different societies and organizations, civic and military, for preparation to take their places allotted in the procession.

THE PROCESSION.

Owing to the heavy rain of Sunday and Sunday night, which had caused the streets to become muddy, the hour for forming the procession was postponed until eleven o'clock. This postponement had the effect to somewhat confuse the proceedings, but finally the several bodies were assembled at Market square, where the procession was formed, the head resting on Main street. At twelve o'clock precisely the marshals took their positions and the column, headed by the Old Memphis brass band, numbering fourteen performers, moved down Main street which was thronged on either side so that there was barely space for the column to move in the perfect order in which it had been formed. Immediately after the band came

THE CHICKASAW GUARDS

under command of Captain Duncan, numbering forty-seven, rank and file. This company is elegantly equipped, and by their splendid military bearing and excellent evolution, of which we have had occasion to speak before, elicited much admiration. Next came

COMPANY A IRISH VOLUNTEERS,

officered by Captain John S. Sullivan, Lieutenant P. C. Rogers, Second Lieutenant Paul Kingston, and Orderly John Russell. This company turned out thirty-five, and made a very fine appearance. Their uniforms were of gray, with black and gold trimming, white epaulettes, after the color and style of the Eighth New York regiment, and buttons with the coat of arms of Tennessee. The company is just organized, and numbers sixty or eighty members, all of whom would have appeared on parade yesterday if all the uniforms could have been got ready. Their deportment yesterday, their first public parade, was of such character as to assure that the Irish volunteers will form one of the attractive companies of the Bluff City battalion. Next in order, headed by a band of fifers and drummers, came

THE TEMPLAR GUARDS,

numbering twenty-five, rank and file. Their uniform was of gray dress-coat and black pants. They were commanded by Captain J. P. Crews, and gave evidence of careful training in drill and deportment of soldiers. Following next was a hack drawn by two white horses, all decorated with flowers and evergreen, in which were seated

GOV. ISHAM G. HARRIS, MAJ. GIBSON AND MAJ. RHEA.

This hack formed one of the features of the day, as it contained the governor of Tennessee when the State seceded from the Union and during the war; Major Gibson, of the United States army, and Major Rhea, who was an officer in the Confederate army. Next following was a noted relic of *ante-bellum* days, the

INVINCIBLE HOSE CARRIAGE.

This carriage was built expressly for and presented to the Invincible (No. 5,) volunteer fire company, which existed previous to the organization of the present city's steam fire brigade, and from which one of the most notable companies forming the One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth senior regiment, was made up and known as the Crocket Rangers. We dare say there is not a survivor of the western department of the Confederate service who has not heard of the exploits in field and camp of the Crocket Rangers, whose achievements in battle were some of the most daring of the war. Recently the Invincible fire company has been revived as a benevolent association, who turned out yesterday to the number of forty-five, drawing the beautiful hose-carriage after the style of ante-bellum days. The carriage was beautifully decorated with flowers and evergreen, and from the top floated Union and Confederate flags, wreathed with flowers and draped in mourning. The Confederate flag was that of the Eleventh Tennessee, and bears the battle-scars that are indubitable evidence that it had been carried where the strife was greatest. It has some associations that are worthy of note here. It was presented to the Eleventh Tennessee regiment of infantry by the ladies of Nashville, while that regiment was at Camp Cheatham, in Robertson county. The Eleventh was composed of three companies from Nashville, the other seven being from counties in West Tennessee. This flag was made memorable at the battle of Murfreesboro by the circumstance of General James Rains being killed on the field with it in his hands, he having snatched it from the color-bearer, and with it waving over his head rallied his troops when the Confederate lines were so fearfully staggered by the deadly fire from Rosecranz's right wing. General Gordon of this city commanded the Eleventh Tennessee at Murfreesboro, where he received serious wounds; and afterward he commanded the brigade of which this regiment formed a part. The flag was carried yesterday by Charlie Le Clerc, who was a member of one of the companies of the Eleventh Tennessee. Next in the column were

THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS,

headed by a band of four fifers and drummers. One of these fifers, who was familiarly known among his comrades as

"OLD BILL CARROLL,"

was the drum-major of the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth regiment, entering the Confederate service with that regiment when it first went into camp at Randolph, and following its fortunes and vicissitudes up to the moment of its surrender with Johnston in North Carolina. The thrilling notes of "Old Bill's" fife yesterday were familiar sounds to the members of that glorious old regiment, the survivors of which regard him as among their most cherished relics of the war. The "Confederate soldiers" were headed by two battle-flags—one a Federal flag, and the other

THE FLAG OF THE 154TH SENIOR

(Confederate), upon each of which were inscribed the battles in which they had been borne. The latter contained the names of all the principal engagements that occurred in the western department—at Bel-mont, Shiloh, Richmond, Perryville and Murfreesboro. These flags bore evidence of the terrible conflicts to which they had led their brave followers on either side, and, carried side by side, each heavily draped in mourning, as they were, formed one of the most conspicuous evidences of the burial forever of all the antagonisms growing out of the war, and the coming together of Fed and Confed in a bond of brotherhood which we are encouraged to believe will last forever. The Federal flag was that of the Third East Tennessee United States volunteers, upon which, among others, were inscribed some of the same battles as those upon the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth (Confederate), and it was a beautiful idea that these two flags, from the same State, and which had opposed each other in the same deadly conflicts, should be carried side by side. There were near one hundred ex-Confederates following these two flags. Next came

GENERAL BEDFORD FORREST AND HIS ESCORT,

on horseback, numbering one hundred and twenty men. General Forrest headed the escort, and wore a lieutenant-general's sash, sword and belt. On either side of the general rode Colonels M. C. Galloway and J. G. Barber, and immediately following were two ensigns, each bearing cavalry colors—one of the southern and the other of the northern army. Each of the escort bore a wreath or boquet of flowers, and some carried elegantly wrought floral tributes.

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS BAND,

numbering sixteen instruments, followed here, and although they are mere lads, scholars of the Christian Brothers college of this city, and quite young in the science of music, their appearance in the procession yesterday, and the excellent manner in which they performed quite difficult arrangements of quicksteps, marches, etc., was one of the features of the day. They were followed by

THE BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES

of the city and the various national organizations, each with its banner draped in mourning, as follows: The Hibernian benevolent, numbering 30; the Irish literary, 30; Father Matthew total abstinence, 35; French mutual aid, 30; Italian brotherhood, 40. Here followed

THE LAFAYETTE BAND,

of which Wm. Warrington, of the Fifth Arkansas (Confederate) regiment, was leader. This band headed another detachment of civic societies. The German benevolent, numbering 30, each carrying wreaths or bouquets of flowers: German Casino, 25; German Bruderbund, 25; German Maennerchor, 20; Temple of Love No. 1, 40; Temple of Love No. 5, 25. Then came

THE CITY SCHOOLS,

in charge of Mr. Anderson, the only teacher who appeared in the procession, and for which he deserves the thanks of the parents of the scholars. It was understood that Superintendent Pickett, aided by his corps of assistants and teachers, would conduct the procession of the scholars; but such was not the case, and many of the scholars, particularly the little girls, returned home or went to the cemetery in company with their parents and friends. We have no right to demand that the superintendent should have given his attention to this yesterday, but we say that had he done so the city schools would have formed one of the most interesting features.

A BEAUTIFUL FEATURE

here followed, being a Confederate and Federal flag composed entirely of flowers, worked on Magnolia leaves. The red and white stripes formed of red and white flowers, with union of evergreen. They were both attached to one staff, and being draped in mourning, attracted the admiration of all who saw them. Here followed

A LONG LINE OF HACKS,

containing the mayor and city council, the survivors of the war of 1812, and a large number of Federal soldiers. In one of these hacks were seated General Gideon J. Pillow, Colonels Tomlinson, Menken and Jefferson—Federal and Confederate officers. The last—and a beautiful feature—of the procession was a small express wagon, bearing an elegantly wrought broken column, composed entirely of flowers of every color, tastefully arranged with evergreen, and supported by floral wreaths, etc. This was admired by all, and was the work of Gobels, the florist.

THE ROUTE.

The column moved down Main street to Beale, out Beale to Second, up Second to Adams, and out Adams to the Memphis and Charleston depot, where trains were in waiting to convey the immense throng to Elmwood cemetery.

AT THE DEPOT.

Upon reaching the Charleston depot, the procession turned into the great yard, and then commenced filing into the cars. The mounted men and those in carriages proceeded along Charleston avenue to Central Point, thence by way of James's park to Elmwood, where they awaited the different societies that were on the train. The scene at the Charleston depot was one of active bustle, for the great crowd pressed into the depot, every person being eager to get a seat in the cars. Many persons left their hacks for the cars, into which a long string of men, women and children kept pouring, until there was hardly standing room in any of the coaches. Although trains had been running out to the cemetery every ten minutes, yet the great number of persons in the procession who were to be transferred by rail rendered it necessary to bring into service nearly every available car in the yard. At last the military companies, civil and benevolent societies, school children, as well as others who had taken part in the magnificent procession, managed to find at least a standing place in the

TRAIN OF NINETEEN COACHES.

Owing to the large number of cars and the great load in them two locomotives were attached to the train, which soon started for its point of destination. As the train crossed Union street the carriage containing the blended Confederate and Federal floral flags was observed near the track, waiting for the cars to pass before proceeding to the cemetery. The sight of this beautiful and significant device elicited cheers from the Chickasaw Guards and others on the train, which sped up the grade to James's park and soon arrived at its stopping place, where

THE DEBARKATION

of its passengers took place. It was several minutes before the nineteen cars were emptied of their living freight, which was composed of men, women and children, numbering at a fair calculation not less than one thousand nine hundred souls. Each car was jammed, and the platforms were densely thronged. Not only this, but in the cab and upon the pilots of the engines were seen persons who considered themselves fortunate even in securing such places for the ride. As the passengers disembarked, they climbed up the railroad embankment and lost no time in wending their way to the cemetery. But not only by rail did people go to the cemetery, but every street-car leading out the Hernando line was packed and jammed with men, women and children, beautiful bouquets and baskets of flowers. Besides these means of transportation,

EVERY CARRIAGE AND BUS IN THE CITY

had its full quota of persons, and it was with difficulty that such modes of conveyance could be procured by any save those who had taken the precaution to engage vehicles the day previous. It was impossible to get a horse at any of the livery stables, as the proprietors had already been approached during the past week and their animals engaged by those who expected to participate in the procession. In fact, no previous occasion in the history of Memphis has ever made such excessive demands upon the livery stables, hacks, omnibusses and street railways. The Pigeon-roost road and other avenues leading to the cemetery were lined with vehicles of almost every known kind, from the handsomest carriage to the ordinary one-horse wagon.

AT THE CEMETERY GATES

police and committemen were stationed for the purpose of preventing vehicles entering the sacred enclosure. This resolution, though not properly understood by some of the visitors, proved indispensable for the convenience of the thousands of persons that were at the cemetery yesterday. In fact the avenues of the cemetery would have soon become a great labarynth of vehicles, had the various carriages, wagons, busses, hacks and buggies that were out there been allowed to enter the grounds. Hence it was that all around the fence there was a vast collection of vehicles, which at times caused a blockade and prevented many persons from driving up as near as they desired. However, this feature was managed quite well; far better than might have been expected upon the occasion of such general interest as that of yesterday.

ENTERING THE CEMETERY.

The military companies and other organizations reformed in the order already stated in connection with the procession through the city, and entered the cemetery by a gateway made near the northeast corner. Arnold's band was at the head of the procession, which marched slowly and solemnly through the gate and down the cleanly swept avenues that lead through the grand and beautiful city of the dead, where the brave soldier, as well as the cherished idol of the hearthstone, are resting in the cold and silent graves. Men, women and children, each with flowers for the dead, moved into the inclosure. The stream of visitors was the longest that ever flowed into Elmwood, for it seemed that the entire population of Memphis, with a large number of people from the surrounding country, had come to join in the ceremonies and pay a tribute to the memory of the gallant soldiers who are buried there. It is impossible to estimate

THE NUMBER OF VISITORS,

but we can safely say that it was the largest ever assembled at Elmwood. Six thousand would not be in excess of the number; for in every direction that one looked, whether upon the neighboring hillock, or far away in the distance of the monumental vale, were seen human beings, scattering upon the tufted mounds. Every political denomination was represented; and not only the white citizens of Memphis, but many colored persons were there; for it seems that the people here have forgotten the embittered feelings that once hostiled the two sections of the country, and have buried whatever of prejudice that may have once rankled in their bosoms. The graves of all the soldiers were thickly strewn with flowers, wreaths of evergreen, and magnolias. The few graves of the Federal soldiers in Elmwood received as many floral tributes as did those of the Confederates. The fair hands of southern women, of many who mourn the memory of a lost father, son, or other relative, that fell in the Confederate army, strewed flowers upon the grounds of the Union soldiers, and if they let fall a tear for those who were so dear to their hearts, they sighed for the other dead that fought in the Union army. It was indeed a beautiful sight to see our own women of the south in the discharge of a sad and holy duty, making no difference in the graves of the Confederate and Federal dead who rest in the magnolia grove of Tennessee. Surely this act will not be unfelt by the living, for it was in duty to the dead, the dead who are loved and who are remembered by the people of the north as well as by those of the south.

WAITING FOR THE EXERCISES.

The military companies halted about fifty yards from the stand, where ranks were broken. The arms were stacked in proper order, and then the members of the companies were at liberty to mingle with the vast throng and engage in strewing the graves with flowers. The civic societies and organizations that took part in the procession also broke ranks. The Societa di Unione e Fratellanza Italiana had in the procession the flags of the Union and of Italy, besides its own handsome banner. The Swiss Gruetli had an American flag and its own handsome banner, which bore pictures of Fursit, Stoaafacher and Malchshel, celebrated patriots in the memorable revolution of 1307. The other societies, of which we have already made mention, also bore their respective banners, and by the side of the American flag, that of their own nationality.

AROUND THE SPEAKER'S STAND,

which was located over the avenue opposite the Confederate monument, the crowd commenced grouping, and by two o'clock there was an immense throng of several thousand persons assembled. Seats had been arranged for the accommodation of the visitors, but owing to the immense outpouring, there were hundreds of persons unable to get within reach, much less to find a vacant chair or bench. The people pressed close around the stand, which was elevated eight feet above the ground, and contained sufficient space for the accommodation of the citizens who were expected to occupy it. A canopy of red, white and blue cambric, emblematic of the national colors, surrounded the platform, which was inclosed by a wooden railing. This was covered with blue cambric, while at regular intervals, similar material of white was looped up with flowers, and the center ornamented with bows and rosettes of red. The railing and the base of the stand were heavily festooned with evergreens, flowers and magnolias. The front of the stand was arched in an artistic manner. The arch was decorated with evergreen garlands, red and white roses, and nosegays. Conspicuous among the floral offerings was a large pyramidal bouquet of the rarest flowers, presented by Colonel Gilbert Moyers, an ex-Federal officer, who, appreciating and fully entering into the spirit of the occasion, gracefully contributed to its beauty in this respect, and so worthily expressed his feelings in this offering. In addition to the floral decorations, to the right of the arch rested a white silk banner, fringed with silver and bearing the following inscription in gold letters: "Soldiers of the war of 1812, Florida and Mexico." Moreover, resting under the side of the arch were

CONFEDERATE AND FEDERAL BATTLE FLAGS.

There was the flag of the Union, which, though furled in memory of the glorious dead, had floated victoriously in the storm of battle, and is now the emblem of a grand and glorious republic—a flag which all nations recognize and respect, for it is the same flag that waves "o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave." There, too, were the battle-flags that the brave General Forrest had carried triumphant through the war. It was meet and proper that these banners should be grooped together, for if the former were the victors the latter had never been trailed in the dust. Amid the fiery breathing storms of countless battles Forrest, with his dauntless less band, had dashed, had waved those same Confederate battle-flags, which yesterday were waving in memory of the noble dead. During the war Forrest never lost a single flag, and never surrendered one. Those flags which waved gloriously, grandly, in battle, when the war closed and the army of the south surrendered, were sacredly furled, and are displayed only when in commemoration of the virtues of those who had fallen. It is all the better then that the battle-flags of a brave commander should be displayed on an occasion like that of yesterday, where the dead of contending armies received the joint tributes of our people. But we will leave the stand and gaze upon

THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT,

which was decorated elaborately and most beautifully. The base was covered with evergreen garlands, floral wreaths, festoons of roses, cedar crosses, and garlands of ivy. In fact, there was a rich profusion of magnolias, flowers, roses and evergreens, which completely hid the cold, gray stone from view. Among the more noticeable features of the floral tributes lain upon the monument was an evergreen cross, garlanded with small white roses, and bearing in white letters the words "Honor Our Dead." The monument was surmounted by a large evergreen cross at least fifteen feet in hight. From each beam was suspended garlands of evergreen, interspersed with little white roses, and so arranged as to represent crape. Here and there were beautiful magnolias, the spotless white of the leaves contrasting so artistically with the green leaves and red roses that were scattered about the monument. Upon the four corners of the monument rested white vases or urns, filled with green leaves, red and white roses, and sprigs of pine. In addition to these were two earthern pots containing specimens of the cactus. All around the base of the monument were bouquets, garlands and flowers, wreaths and crosses of evergreen, as were also upon the graves of the soldiers in that enclosure. To the right of the monument was a natural size

FLORAL TOMB,

made by F. Goebel, and that, too, in a most creditable manner. The tomb was made of moss, and was surmounted by a broken shaft composed of white and red roses. The base of the tomb was ornamented with wreaths and crosses of white roses, while from the ground and enclosing it was a canopy of evergreens and white flowers. The dome of the canopy was surmounted by the crown of fame, red and white roses being artistically interwoven among the cedar and ivy leaves. Above this beautiful crown was a small white cross of spirea, tipped with red honeysuckle, while from under the crown was suspended a bunch of Lady Washington geraniums. This was an appropriate and beautiful device, and of course elicited the admiration of everyone.

THE STARS AND THE BARS—A BEAUTIFUL EMBLEM.

Perhaps the most attractive, as well as beautiful, emblems of the day was the large floral Confederate and Federal flags, eight by four feet in size. In the conception of this design as well as in its execution, Mr. Charles Lofland exhibits a rare and æsthetic taste, as well as excellent skill. From a staff draped in black crape, floated the Union flag, while that of the Confederate flag was represented as drooping. The respective shapes of the flags and the manner of their waving from the same staff were certainly appropriately significant. The fields of the respective flags were of deep blue bunting splanged with silver stars. The red and the white stripes of the Union flag were evenly delineated by roses and small magnolias, as were also the three bars of the Confederate flag, the borderings of each being neatly made of magnolia leaves, that of the latter being fringed in black crape. From the fields of the respective banners meeting upon the same staff were badges of mourning. No feature in the entire procession or among the cemetery decorations and offerings attracted as much attention as this beautiful and appropriate tribute, which Mr. Lofland made from roses and flowers donated by Mrs. Griffin and Mrs. Judge Swain, of Chelsea, and by his numerous lady friends along the Mississippi and Tennessee railroad, by whose patrons and officers this gentleman is so favorably known and esteemed. Many of the donations came from a long distance down in Mississippi, the excellent conductors, Messrs. Harry Childress and Bob Leach, having brought them here in good order. This offering was also placed upon the Confederate monument in the cemetery by Mr. Lofland, who was captain of company A of the Forty-ninth Tennessee regiment, Confederate States army, commanded by Colonel James Bailey, of Clarksville, and for awhile in General W. A. Quarles's brigade. Attached to the staff of the floral flags was a paper inscribed with the following lines by Mr. Lofland:

MEMPHIS, TENN., May 24, 1875.

We'll not forget, that side by side, soldiers brave and true
Sleep buried here, one wore the gray, the other wore the blue.
We'll wrangle not around their tombs, as fratricidal foes;
Nor reawake the bitter strife to rouse their calm repose.
Can we divide with equal hands, this heritage of graves;
Or rend in twain the starry flag which o'er them proudly waves;
Or could we part this hallowed soil, where sleep the blue and gray
Forgetful of the struggle past, on this decoration day?
Their battles o'er, their victories won, their advice to us would be
Live for the common good of all, in peace and harmony.
Then let us all sweet flowers bring, and as the graves we strew,
Place many on each bed of gray, and as many on each blue.

C. L.
Co. A., Forty-ninth Tennessee Regiment.

OCCUPANTS OF THE STAND.

The following gentlemen occupied seats upon the speaker's stand:

Ex-Pres't Jeff. Davis,	Ex-Gov. I. G. Harris,
Gen. N. B. Forrest,	Hon. Jacob Thompson,
Rev. Dr. Carmichael,	Rev. Dr. Stainback,
Mayor John Lonsgue,	K. J. B. L. Winn,
Col. A. Faulkner, Miss.,	Col. J. M. Shaw,
Col. J. W. Jefferson,	Hon. Casey Young,
Col. H. Townsend,	Capt. N. D. Menken,
Gen. A. J. Vaughn,	Master L. Meriwether,
Joseph Lenow,	Att'y-Gen. L. E. Wright,
Col. M. C. Gallaway,	A. Vaccaro,
Col. A. J. Keilar,	James T. Leath,
J. M. Keating,	Jas. S. Hatcher,
Maj. M. Meriwether,	Gen. Gideon J. Pillow,
Col. Chas. D. M'Leau,	Thos. N. Johnston,
Col. Jas. Brown, Miss.,	Judge Jas. Pierce,
Col. G. Gibson, U.S.A.,	James Brown,
Gen. J. C. Robertson,	Dr. W. W. Granger,
Col. J. C. N. Robertson,	Maj. J. B. Edgington,
Capt. J. H. Mathes,	A. E. Frankland.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S CAMP SONG.

Arnold's Memphis brass band played as an introductory piece, *Stonewall Jackson's Camp Song*. This was rendered in good style, and was very much admired by all who heard it. After this, General Forrest stepped to the front of the stand and said:

PRAYER.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I now introduce to you Rev. Dr. Stainback, who will open this occasion with prayer.

Rev. Dr. Stainback then offered up a prayer, in which he invoked the blessing of God upon those who were there assembled, and that a spirit of fraternal love and friendship would unite and keep in unison the people of the north and south. His prayer was listened to with marked attention, and every one present joined in the wish for the blessings that he invoked.

"ROCK OF AGES."

The Mendelssohn Quartette club, under the skillful direction of Prof. J. Ernest Perring, then sung the beautiful hymn, "Rock of Ages."

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood
From Thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

"THE BLUE AND THE GRAY."

General N. B. Forrest then advanced and introduced Master Lee Meriwether, who, he said, would recite "The Blue and the Gray," which he did most creditably, and to the satisfaction of all who heard him:

By the flow of our grand old river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass grieve,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one the Blue,
Under the other the Gray.

The Blue in robings of glory,
The Gray in the gloom of defeat,
But all with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel the Blue,
Under the willow the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate wanderers go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses the Blue,
Under the lilies the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold the Blue,
Mellowed with gold the Gray.

So when the summer calleth
On forest and field and grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with rain the Blue,
Wet with rain the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of years now fading
No braver battle was won.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms the Blue,
Under the garlands the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
No more the rivers run red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead.

Then let us gather the sacred dust
Of our warriors tried and true,
Who bore the flag of our nation's trust,
And fell in the cause though lost still just,
And died for me and you.

Gather the corpses strewn
Of many a battle plain;
From many a grave that lies so lone,
Without a name, without a stone,
Gather the southern slain.

We care not whence they came,
Dear is their lifeless clay;
Whether unknown or known to fame,
Their cause and country still the same;
They died, and won the Gray.

Wherever the brave have died,
They should not rest apart;
Living they struggled side by side,
Why should the hand of death divide
A single heart from heart?

Gather their scatter-red clay,
Wherever it may rest;
Just as they marched to the bloody fray,
Just as they fell on the battle-day,
Bury them, abreast.

No longer the foeman dread
This gathering of the dead;
Without sword or flag, with soundless tread,
We muster once more our deathless dead
Out of each lonely grave.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
No more the rivers run red,
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Tears and love for the Blue,
Love and tears for the Gray.

"GRABGESANG."

After Master Lee Meriwether's recitation of "The Blue and the Gray," the Memphis Maennerchor sung *Grabgesang* ("The Grave Song"), from Baer. The song was rendered in German by twenty members of the Maennerchor, under the direction of Prof. Winkler, a musician of recognized talent and culture, an evidence of which was given in the success that characterized his efforts yesterday. This piece was feelingly rendered, the sad, sweet music finding an echo in the heart of every listener. The instrumental accompaniment by Prof. Arnold and the members of his band was of the very best kind, in the blending of the voices with the tones of the instruments, there being a remarkable smoothness of expression.

ORATION OF GENERAL LUKE E. WRIGHT.

The Confederate orator was introduced by Ex-Governor Harris in the following handsome and appropriate terms:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I take pleasure in introducing Luke E. Wright, than whom there was no more gallant soldier in the hour of battle, than when there is no more patriotic citizen. General Wright then spoke as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—Your presence gives more forcible expression than words of mine to the feelings which move us in the observation of this day of commemoration. The contemplation of the poor remains of mortality, whilst it may point a moral to the pious, or furnish subject for reflection to the philosophic mind, more ordinarily is a source of aversion to the gay and thoughtless—the active and strong. Death, whose grasp is at every throat, whose summons is heard at every heartbeat, who feeds with equal appetite upon the cheek of beauty and the brow of age, is a guest too unwelcome to be met save with reserve and fear. Feeling that the present only is his, man instinctively seeks to avoid the dreadful association connected with the inevitable, by eager pursuit of the fancies or interests of the moment. Your coming, then, in such vast numbers, and from all the varied spheres of life tells of a feeling which only a solemn duty, a noble sorrow can awaken. Like the mingling of many waters, a great metropolis has poured forth her thousands to unite in the performance of a sacred rite, to give utterance to an undying affection. It is well to do honor to the ashes of those fallen braves who, through years of conflict and danger held aloft the banner of the south. In deifying the memory of those who have pitched their tents upon yonder hillside in this city of the dead—in wreathing chaplets for their humble resting place, we but acknowledge a sentiment which has found lodgment in the hearts of six million people. We come not to perform an imposing ceremonial merely, to express admiration for the lives and deeds of men who, in the assertion of principle, died upon the field of honor, but we come with wreaths of flowers—the rose and the immortelle—to strew their graves and water them with our tender tears. We come to bury our dead afresh. They are our dead, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. When they went forth to battle, strong and beautiful in their manly vigor, our gray-haired old men invoked the blessing of heaven upon them and their cause. Our women girded on their swords, and smiled upon them through their tears. When stricken with bullet or disease, it was their loving hands and gentle attentions, when opportunity afforded, which soothed their dying hours. Every missile of death that pierced their bosoms inflicted a silent wound in some other loving spirit. Ours is a personal as well as a national sorrow. For such an occasion, then, as the present, the graces of oratory or the pompous march of rhetorical periods are inappropriate. The words of sorrow are few and simple. The rising tear and heaving breast, rather than the formal phrases of the lips, give mute but eloquent utterance to the language of the soul. It is not for me to attempt the portrayal of all their glorious deeds, the fatigues and hardships they endured, the victories they won, the bloody defeats they experienced, and the equanimity with which they met them all. To one who was a participant, however humble, in the events of those sombre days, such a labor is impossible. When he attempts the work of retrospection—to marshal opposing hosts—to consider the various moves of each desperate adversary—to draw with accuracy the ebb and flow of each mighty tide along the perilous edge of battle—the pulse leaps, reflection is gone. The glories of the past, like ghosts from the dead, with thick coming fancies crowd upon him. All is resolved into a contest in which is seen the flash of musketry, heard the roar of cannon, felt the shock of contending forces, until out the din and smoke there emerges an attenuated line of men, in tattered gray, who, with wild and hasty cheer, hurl themselves upon the foe! And the mighty vision vanishes and he wakes to the present! The task of narrating the events of the late war from a southern standpoint is yet to be performed. The time, however, is fast approaching when the man will arise to accomplish a duty which the world demands. The baleful fires of hate, misrepresentation and malice, engendered by the strife, are almost burned out, and from their ashes may be sifted truths for history. Our people have no cause to regret that this time is near at hand. That many wrongs and follies have been committed by both sides is doubtless true, but the men of the south who inaugurated and conducted this internecine quarrel will be shown to have been recreant or dishonored—Never! When the truth does appear, the people of the entire north will, as her soldiers do now, concede the same patriotism, the same love of constitutional liberty, to their former opponents which they claim for themselves. Standing at this distance from the past—when time and reflection have soothed the irritations of the hour—both sections can, I think, now see that the late war was inevitable. The ingenuity and empirical remedies of the politician or the statesman could only succeed in temporarily healing over an ulcer which was still perpetually gnawing at the vitals of the country, and which would break out afresh when every patriot had hoped the disease eradicated. The right of secession, whilst not dangerous to the integrity of the Union in the abstract, became vitalized by the crusade made against the southern institution of slavery. The questions arising therefrom continually agitated, fiercely controlled on the one hand and zealously supported on the other, were continually widening a breach which no human hands could fill; and the two sections slowly but certainly drifted into a struggle for which neither was prepared, and the