THE MEMORIAL OVATION.

FULL TEXT OF REV. R. C. CAVE'S ADDRESS YESTERDAY.

His Subject was the Valor and Worth of Those in Memory of Whom the Monument was Unveiled.

Below is given the full text of the address delivered by Rev. R. C. Cave:

President and Members of the Association, Comrades Who Wore the Gray, My Fellow-Countrymen: When I was honored with the invitation to speak on this occasion of the valor and worth of those in memory of whom this monument has been erected, I felt somewhat as I imagine one of old felt, when contemplating the infinite, he said: "It is high; I cannot attain unto it." I felt my inability to rise to the height of this great argument, and fitly eulogize the soldiers and and sailors of the Southern Confederacy.

And yet I felt impelled to speak some word, however weak, in honor of those tried and true men, who fearlessly fronted the foe in defence of home and country, and battled even unto death for a cause which was dear to my heart, while its banner proudly floats over victorious fields, and which I have regarded with an affection sanctified and strengthened by sorrow, since its banner was furled in the gloom of defeat.

As death paints our loved ones in softer and fairer colors, and brings us to see as we did not see before,

"Their likeness to the wise below,
Their kindred with the great of old";

so the overthrow of the cause we struggled to maintain gave me a still higher appreciation of it, and brought me to realize its oneness with the cause of human freedom in every age and land.

I am not one of those who, clinging to the old superstition that the will of heaven is revealed in the immediate results of "trial by combat," fancy that right must always be on the side of might, and speak of Appomatox as a judgment of God. I do not forget that a Suwaroff triumphed, and a Kosciusko fell; that a Nero wielded the sceptre of empire, and a Paul was beheaded; that a Herod was crowned and a Christ was crucified; and, instead of accepting the defeat of the South as a Divine verdict against her, I regard it as but another instance of "truth on the scaffold, and wrong on the throne."

APPOMATOX.

Appomattox was a triumph of the physically stronger in a conflict between the representatives of two essentially different civilizations, and antagonistic ideas of government. On one side in that conflict was the South, led by the descendants of the Cavaliers, who, with all their faults, had inherited from a long line of ancestors, a manly contempt for moral littleness, a high sense of honor, a lofty regard for plighted faith, a strong tendency to conservatism, a profound respect for law and order, and an unfaltering loyalty to constitutional government. Against the South was arrayed the power of the North, dominated by the spirit of Puritanism, which, with all its virtues, has ever been characterized by the Pharisaism that worships itself, and is unable to perceive any goodness apart from itself; which has ever arrogantly held its ideas, its interests, and its will to be higher than fundamental law and covenanted obligations; which has always "lived and moved, and had its being" in rebellion against constituted authority; which, with the cry of Freedom on its lips, has been one of the most cruel and pitiless tyrants that ever cursed the world; which, while beheading an English king in the name of liberty, brought England under a reign of oppression whose little finger was heavier than the mailed hand of the Stuarts; and which, from the time of Oliver Cromwell to the time of Abraham Lincoln, has never hesitated to trample upon the rights of others in order to effect its own ends.

At Appomattox, Puritanism, backed by overwhelming numbers and unlimited resources, prevailed. But brute force cannot settle questions of right and wrong. Thinking men do not judge the merits of a cause by the measure of its success; and I believe

"The world shall yet decide,
In truth's clear, far off light,"

that the South was in the right; that her cause was just; that the men who took up arms in her defence were patriots who had even better reason for what they did than had the men who fought at Concord, Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and that her coercion, whatever good may have resulted or may hereafter result from it, was an outrage on liberty.

I cannot here discuss, at length, the merits of the Southern cause; but, in justice to the memory of those who died in the struggle to maintain it, I wish to protest against the aspersion that they fought to uphold and perpetuate the institution of slavery. Slavery was a heritage handed down to the South from a time when the moral consciousness of mankind regarded it as right—a time when even the pious sons of New England were slave owners and deterred by no conscientious scruples from plying the slave trade with proverbial Yankee enterprise. It became a peculiarly Southern institution, not because the rights of others were dearer to the Northern than to the Southern heart, but because conditions of soil and climate made negro labor unprofitable in the Northern States, and led the Northern slave-owner to sell his slaves "down South."

BY FORCE OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

With slavery thus fastened upon them by the force of circumstances, the Southern people sought to deal with it in the wisest and most humane way. They believed that the immediate and wholesale emancipation of the slaves would be ruinous to the whites and blacks alike; and that, under the then existing conditions, the highest interests of both themselves and the colored wards committed to their keeping demanded that the relation of master and servant should continue.

But it was not to perpetuate slavery that they fought. The impartial student of the events leading up to the Civil War cannot fail to perceive that, in the words of Mr. Davis, "to whatever extent the question of slavery may have served as an occasion, it was far from being the cause of the conflict." That conflict was the bloody culmination of a controversy which had been raging for more than a generation, and the true issue in which, as far as it pertained to slavery, was sharply stated by the Hon. Samuel A. Foot, of Connecticut, when, referring to the debate on the admission of Missouri to the Sisterhood of States, he said: "The Missouri question did not involve the question of freedom or slavery, but merely whether slaves now in the country might be permitted to reside in the proposed new State, and whether Congress or Missouri possessed the power to decide." And from that day down to 1861, when the war-cloud burst in fury upon our land, the real question in regard to slavery was not whether it should continue in the South, but whether the Southern man should be permitted to take his slaves, originally purchased almost exclusively from Northern slave-traders, into the territory which was the common property of the country, and there, without interference from the General Government, have an equal voice with his Northern brother in determining the domestic policy of the new State. The question was not whether the negro should be freed or held in servitude, but whether the white man of the South should have the same privileges enjoyed by the white man of the North. It was not the desire to hold others in bondage, but the desire to maintain their own rights that actuated the Southern people throughout the conflict; and it behooves us to insist on this, that the memory of those who "wore the gray" may be handed down to posterity freed from the slanderous accusation that they were the enemies of liberty and champions of slavery, who plunged the country into a bloody war that they might the more firmly fasten fetters on human limbs.

And it also behooves us, in justice to the men who served under the banner of the Confederacy, to insist that they were not rebels, fighting against lawful authority and seeking to destroy the Union formed by the fathers of American Independence. That Union was dear to the hearts of the Southern people. They regarded it as a fraternal federation,

and in no case were they disloyal to the obligations which it imposed upon them.

AMONG THE FOREMOST.

The impartial student of American history will find that the sons of the South

the battles of the Union against foreign foes, and that they were ever readiest to make sacrifices in the interest of harmony between the sections. For the sake of maintaining the Union, the South made concession after concession; surrender right after rights submitted to unjust taxation, consented to combinations, every one of which tended to weaken herself and strengthen the North, and for more than forty years, clung to the national compact, in spite of flagrant violations of its spirit and letter by Northern men. If history affords an instance of loyalty to an ess[illegible] more unswerving and self-sacrificing than that of the Southern people to the Union, I fail to recall it. Mr. Davis voiced the feeling of the South when he said in the Senate chamber: "If envy and jealousy and sectional strife are eating like rust into the bonds our fathers expected to bind us, they come from causes which our Southern atmosphere has never furnished. As we have shared in the toils, so have we gloried in the triumphs [illegible] our hearts, asin [illegible] of Concord, and Camden, and Saratoga, and Lexington, and Plattsburg, and [illegible] New Orleans, and Yorktown, and Bunker Hill." Had the South loved the Union less and clung to it less tenaciously; had she refused to make concessions and sacrifices for its preservation; had she, instead of weakening herself by compromises for its sake, withdrawn from it when first her rights were assailed, the pen of the historian would never have recorded the story of Appomattox. It was her attachment to the Union—her unselfish loyalty and patriotism—which caused her to so long endure Northern aggression, yield again and again to Northern demands, and place herself in a position in which her defeat was possible.

But the Union which the men of the South loved and which they were willing to make concessions and sacrifices to perpetuate, was that formed by the fathers, "to establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty." It was a fraternal federation of sovereign States, guaranteeing equal rights to all and leaving each free to regulate its domestic affairs in its own way. It was a Union in which, in reference to questions of foreign policy, every citizen would echo the sentiment expressed by Patrick Henry, when, after Concord and Lexington, in a message to Massachusetts, he said: "I am not a Virginian, I am an American," and yet it was a Union in which, in reference to questions of domestic policy, every citizen, like that same great orator and patriot, would recognize the right of his own State to his highest allegiance. It was a Union in which the people of each State would enjoy the blessings of local self-government and find in home rule a safeguard against any possible attempt of the Federal power to interfere with their peculiar interests.

ABUSING THE SOUTH.

When it became evident that this Union was to exist in name only, when its essential principles had been overthrown and trampled in the dust, when the spirit of fraternity had given place to a bitter feeling of sectional hostility, when New England speakers and writers were heaping abuse and slander upon the South, and teaching the people that they "would be poor children of seven years' disobedience of laws," if they supposed that they were obliged to obey the law of the land which protected the Southern people in the peaceful possession of their institutions; when the men of the North, instead of permitting the South to enjoy that domestic peace and tranquility which the Union was intended to secure to every section of the country, were persistently striving to stir up insurrection in the Southern States and glorifying those who attempted to carry outrage and massacre into Southern homes; when the tendency to centralization was threatening to destroy State independence and build on its ruins a despotism akin to that which enslaved France; when it was said, that "the government was sent down to the subject provinces by mail from Paris and the mail was followed by the army, if the provinces did not acquiesce"; when the reins of government had passed into the hands of a purely sectional party avowedly hostile to Southern interests and declaring the Constitution to be "a covenant with hell and a league with the devil," which ought to be supplanted by a so-called "Higher Law"; in a word, when it became evident that Northern power was to sit on the throne in Washington and make the Yankee conscience, rather than the Constitution, the fundamental law of the land, the Southern people felt that the preservation of community, independence and liberty, won at Yorktown and bequeathed to them by their fathers as an inalienable birthright, demanded the resumption of the powers intrusted by them to the Federal Government.

Not as a passion-swept mob rising in mad rebellion against constituted authority, but as an intelligent and orderly people, acting in accordance with due forms of law and within the limit of what they believed to be their constitutional right, the men of the South withdrew from the Union in which they had lived for three-fourths of a century, and the welfare and glory of which they had ever been foremost in promoting.

They did not desire war; nor did they commence the war. It is true that they fired the first gun; but every one who is familiar with the history of those stormy days knows that the North committed the first overt act of war, which justified and necessitated the firing of that gun. They made every effort consistent with their safety, self-respect, and manhood to avert war. They parted from their Northern brethren in the spirit in which old Abram said to Lot: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee."

WANTED NO PEACE.

But the North would not have it so. Every proposal looking to peace was rejected by those in power at Washington. Says an English historian of the time: "Twice the Republicans were asked simply to execute the existing law, and sustain in the future that exclusive constitutional right of the States over their internal affairs and that equality in the common territories which scarcely admitted of rational dispute; and twice the party pronounced against the least that the South could safely or honorably accept."

At length, on April 15, 1861, the newly inaugurated President, transcending the authority vested in him by the Constitution which he had just sworn to support, issued a proclamation, calling for 75,000 men to coerce the States which had withdrawn from the Union.

This call for troops destroyed the last lingering hope of peace. It left no doubt as to the purpose of the party in power. It meant a war of invasion and subjugation. It left the South no choice but between cowardly surrender of rights held sacred and manly resistance to the invading foe. Between these alternatives she was not slow to choose. States which had been hesitating on the ground of expediency, and hoping for a peaceable adjustment of issues, wheeled into line with the States which had already seceded.

VIRGINIA'S PORTION.

Virginia, Mother of States and statesmen and warriors, who had given away an empire for the public good, whose pen had written the Declaration of Independence, whose sword had flashed in front of the American army in the war for independence, and whose wisdom and patriotism had been chiefly instrumental in giving the country the Constitution of the Union—Virginia, foreseeing that her bosom would become the theatre of war with its attendant horrors, nobly chose to suffer rather than become an accomplice in the proposed outrage upon constitutional liberty. With a generosity and magnanimity of soul rarely equaled and never surpassed in the history of nations, she placed herself in the path of the invader, practically saying: Before you can touch the rights of my Southern sisters you must cut your way to them through my heart.

From the Potomac to the Gulf, from the Atlantic to the Rio Grande, the sons of the South sprang to arms. From stately mansion and humble cottage, from the workshop, and from the farm, from the store-room and from the study, from every neighborhood and from every vocation of life, with unanimity almost unparalleled, they rallied for the defence of the land they loved, and of what, in their inmost souls, they felt to be their sacred and inalienable birthright.

Traitors and rebels, verily they were not. They were true-hearted patriots, worthy to rank with the noblest souls that ever battled for freedom. They fought for home and country, and to maintain the fundamental principle of all free government—that the right to govern arises from and is coexistent with the consent of the governed.

And, if patient, self-denial, and cheerful self-sacrifice, and unquailing fortitude, and unfaltering devotion to country, and unwavering loyalty to duty, and dauntless courage in defence of the right make heroism, the men whom we honor to-day, and whom we would not have our children forget, were sublime heroes. History has no more illustrious page than that which tells of their achievements. Poorly equipped, poorly clad, poorly fed, and virtually without pay, they confronted at least three times their number of as well equipped, well-clothed, well-fed, and well-paid soldiers as ever marched to battle; wrested from them a series of victories unsurpassed in brilliancy; and for four years, stormy with the red blasts of war, successfully resisted all their power. In dangers and hardships that "tried men's souls," the defenders of the South were tried, and always found "true as tempered steel." Laboring under disadvantages which even their friends can never fully appreciate; supplementing their scanty rations with weeds and grasses; their bare feet oftentimes pressing the frozen ground or blistered on the burning highway; their garments as tattered as the battle-torn banners that they bore, they bravely fought on for the cause they loved and sealed their devotion to it with their blood.

SOLDIERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

I need not name the many glorious fields on which the soldiers of the Confederacy by their splendid courage hurled back army after army, each one greatly outnumbering them, and supposed by the North to be strong enough to crush them. I need not recount the battles in which the sailors of the Confederacy made up in skill and daring for lack of equipment, and fought with a valor unsurpassed in naval warfare. On the land and on the sea they made a record to which their country may point with a just and noble pride. History bears witness to their unrivalled martial qualities. By their deeds they "set with pearls the bracelet of the world," and won for themselves a place in the foremost rank of Mankind's Legion of Honor. And, although worn out by ceaseless conflict, half-famished, and, overwhelmed by numbers, they were at last forced to yield. Those to whom they surrendered might well envy the glory of their defeat.

And the glory of that great struggle for constitutional liberty and home rule belongs not alone to those who wore the officer's uniform, and buckled on the sword, but as well to those who wore the coarser gray of the private, and shouldered the musket. We do well to honor those who served in the ranks, and faithfully and fearlessly performed the duties of the common soldier or sailor. It was their valor and worth, no less than the courage and genius of the officers who led them, that won for the battleflag of the South a fame which

"—on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages."

In intelligence and thought, they were from training and associations, far above the average soldiery of the world. Notwithstanding all that has been said about the illiteracy of the South, I believe that no country ever had a larger percentage of intelligent and thinking men in the ranks of its army. Thousands of them were highly educated, cultured, refined, and in every way qualified to command. Sitting on the brow of the mountain, overlooking the winding Shenandoah, and the little town of Strasburg, and the beautiful valley stretching away towards Winchester, and at that time dark with the blue columns of Federal soldiery, a Louisiana private idly talking of what he would do were he in command, gave me almost every detail of the plan, which afterwards perceived and executed by the commanding officer, carried confusion and defeat to the Federals. Had the need arisen, as in the case of the Theban army at Thessaly, more than one Epaminondas might have been found serving as a private in the Confederate ranks.

MORAL PRINCIPLE.

And I believe that no army was ever composed of men more thoroughly imbued with moral principle. As a rule they were men who recognized the obligations to be just, and honest, and merciful, and to respect the rights of others, even in the time of war. Never flinching from conflict with armed foemen, their moral training and disposition forbade them to make war upon the weak and defenceless. To their everlasting honor stands the fact that in their march through the enemy's country, they left behind them no fields wantonly laid waste, no families cruelly robbed of subsistence, no homes ruthlessly violated. "In no case," says an English writer, "had the Pennsylvanians to complain of personal injury, or even discourtesy, at the hands of those whose homes they had burned, whose families they had insulted, robbed, and tormented. Even the tardy destruction of Chambersburg was an act of regular, limited, and righteous reprisal." The Pennsylvania farmer, whose words were reported by a Northern correspondent, paid to the Southern troops no more than a merited tribute when he said of them: "I must say they acted like gentlemen, and, their cause aside, I would rather have forty thousand rebels quartered on my premises than one thousand Union troops."

And they acted like gentlemen not merely because the order of their commanding General required them so to act, but because the spirit within themselves was in harmony with, and responded to that order. In the ranks of the Southern army, uncomplainingly and cheerfully performing the duties of the humble soldier, with little hope of promotion where intelligence, ability, and daring were so common, were men

"True as the knights of story,
Sir Launcelot and his peers."

And these humble privates, no less than their leaders, deserve to be honored. It was Jackson's line of Virginians, rather than Jackson himself, that resembled a stone wall standing on the plains of Manassas, while the storm of battle hissed, and hurtled, and thundered around them; and if I mention the name of Jackson rather than that of the ruddy-faced boy who fell, pierced through the brain, and who was buried on one of Virginia's hills, in a lonely grave, over which to-day the tangled wild weeds are growing, it is not because one was more heroic than the other, but because Jackson, by his greater prominence, more fully embodies before the eyes of the world, the patriotism, and courage, and heroism, that glowed no less brightly and steadily in the heart of the beardless boy. These noble qualities, possessed by both, and displayed by each as his ability and position permitted, bind them together in my thought, not as officer and private, but as fellow-soldiers and brother patriots. Exalted virtue, like deepest shame, ever obliterates rank, and brings men into a common brotherhood.

THE SOUTHERN CHIEF.

As my mind recalls the persons and events of those years in which the Confederacy struggled for life, there rises before me the majestic figure of the great Southern Chief—the peerless soldier and the stainless gentleman; the soldier who was cool, calm, and self-possessed in the presence of every danger, and who, with marvelous foresight and skill, planned masterly campaigns, directed the march of war, ruled the storm of battle, and guided his men to victory on many a well fought field, the gentleman who was as pure as a falling snow-flake, as gentle as an evening zephyr, as tender as the smile of a flower, and as patient as the rock-ribbed mountains. I need not name him, for his name is written in ever-enduring letters on the heart of the South, and honored throughout the civilized world. Around him I see a company of intrepid leaders whose achievements have surrounded their names with a glory which outshines the luster of coronets and crowns. I would not pluck one leaf from the laurel with which they are garlanded. I would, if I could, lift to a still higher note and sing in still loftier strains the paeans that are chanted in their praise. But I see also the men whom these noble captains led—men unswerving in their devotion to a noble purpose, self-forgetful in their fidelity to what they saw to be right, and sublimely self-denying and self-sacrificing in their adherence to the cause they espoused; men who loved their country with a love stronger than the love of life, and, with no thought of compensation beyond that country's freedom, and honor, and safety, bravely toiled, and suffered, and endured, and gave their bodies to be torn by shot and shell, and poured out their blood like water to the thirsty ground—I see the private soldiers and sailors of the Confederacy, and, with uncovered head and profoundest reverence, I bow before those dauntless heroes, feeling that, if the greatest suffering with the least hope of reward is worthy of the highest honor, they deserve to stand shoulder to shoulder with Lee and his lieutenants in the brotherhood of glory.

WHY THEY ARE HONORED.

They are honored by all the true and brave who have heard the story of their valiant struggle. Courageous self-sacrifice resulting from honest conviction of duty, touches an answering chord in all manly hearts. The heroic soul greets all heroes as kindred spirits, whether they are found fighting by its side or leveling lance against it. It is the narrow, ungenerous, and selfish soul that can find nothing to admire in the courage, devotion, and heroism of its enemies. Hence, the Northern writers who have disparaged and ridiculed the valor and devotion of the Southern troops, have shown themselves to be wanting in true nobility. In vain have they sought to dim the fame of the Confederate warriors. That fame will emblaze the pages of history when they and all that they have written shall have perished from the memory of man.

"Though the earth
Forgets her empires with a just decay,
The enslavers and the enslaved, their
death and birth;
The high, the mountain majesty of worth
Should be, and shall, survivor of its woe,
And from its immortality look forth
Into the sun's face, like yonder Alpine
snow,
Imperishably pure above all things below."

Yes, the high, majestic worth of the Confederate soldiers and sailors shall be "survivors of its woe," and, surviving, shall help to lift the world into higher life. Although they were defeated, their struggle was not in vain. In the world's life, wrong has often triumphed for a season. There have been many times of oppression, when human rights were trampled in the dust by despotic power and the hopes of men seemed dead. But the student of history will find that every chaos has been followed by a cosmos. The agony and sweat and tears and blood of every age have brought forth a new and better era.

"Step by step, since time began
We see the steady gain of man."

And reasoning from what has been to what shall be, I believe that not in vain were the battles and not in vain was the fall of those who battled and fell under the banner of the Confederacy. Having by their glorious deeds woven a crown of laurel for the brow of the South that drew to her the admiring mind of the world, by their fall they entwined in that crown the cypress leaves that draw to her the sympathizing heart of the world. The land in which we live is dearer to our hearts since it has been hallowed by their sacrifices, and watered with their blood. Though dead, they speak, admonishing us to prove ourselves worthy of kinship with them, by being heroes in peace as they were heroes in war.

NO CALL TO ARMS.

In our country, "the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle flags are furled." The quiet stars that, thirty years ago, looked down on sentineled camps of armed men, resting for the morrow's conflict,

"—— midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death shots falling thick and fast,"

now look down, night after night, on quiet homes where the sleepers, disturbed by no call to arms, peacefully slumber until singing birds wake them to the bloodless labors of a new-born day. Fields that, thirty years ago, were clouded by the smoke of battles, and trampled by charging thousands, and torn by the hoof-beats of the war horse, and ploughed by the shot of cannon, and drenched with the blood of dead and mangled men, are now enriched by tillage and contributing their fruits to nourish the life and increase the prosperity of the people. "Peace folds her wings o'er hill and valley." But peace, as well as war, demands of us high devotion and unswerving loyalty. If, with peace, we have decay of patriotism, and loss of virtue, and the triumph of private over public interests, and the sacrifice of law and justice to secure partisan ends—if, with peace, we have the accumulation of wealth at the cost of the country's welfare and the honest manhood of its citizens, our peace must prove but the downward path to the ruin in which so many nations, once great and prosperous, have been swallowed up. Better far the desolations and horrors of war than such peace.

From such peace—peace joined with corruption and enjoyed at the expense of true and noble manhood—the soldiers and sailors of the Confederacy, speaking through this monument of their self-sacrificing and heroic devotion, shall help to save our land. Their spirits, glory crowned, hover over us and beckon us on in the paths of patriotism and honor. Their example bids us nobly live for the principles for which they bravely fought and died—the principles of State sovereignty and home rule, on which this government was wisely founded by our fathers, without which no vast territory like ours can possibly remain Democratic, departure from which is rapidly hurrying the country to a choice between anarchy and imperialism, and return to which is essential to the preservation of the life of the Republic.

MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY.

In the fourteenth century, when the sturdy sons of Switzerland confronted their Austrian oppressors at Sempach, Arnold Von Winkelried, commending his family to the care of his countrymen and crying, "Make way for liberty," rushed forward with outstretched hands and, gathering an armful of spears into his own breast, made an opening in the seemingly impenetrable line of the enemy, through which his comrades forced their way to victory. Thus falling in the cause of liberty, he won imperishable fame, and his deed, immortalized in song, has awakened noble and generous emotions and nurtured the love of freedom in the hearts of millions. So shall the story of the men who battled for the Confederacy go down through the ages, kindling the fires of patriotism and devotion to the principles of free government in the hearts of generations to come.

"Thinking of the mighty dead,
The young from slothful couch will start,
And vow with lifted hands outspread,
Like them to act a noble part."

And so,

"—the graves of the dead with the grass overgrown,
May yet prove the footstool of Liberty's throne."

THE MEMORIAL POEM.

Written for the Unveiling Occasion and Dedicated to the Rank and File.

In memory of the private soldiers and sailors of the Confederacy, Richmond, Va., May 30, 1894.

"Gladly we should rest ever, had we won
Freedom; we have lost, and very gladly
rest."

"Weigh not their worth by the balance of battle. These have glorified their cause by the record of noble sacrifice, the simple manhood of their lives, the patient endurance of suffering, and the heroism of death. May such fidelity and patriotism endure forever."

I

Since that spring morning when the first
dread gun
Boomed o'er the harbor of the seaport
town,
Fired by Virginia's lion-hearted son
Who would not live to see his flag go
down,
Long years have passed away,—
Youth's gold hath turned to gray;
The old men fade and die; the young age
day by day.

2

But ere pale Death shall stand with equal
feet
Hard by each door—the door of old or
young,—
That glory can be wrested from defeat
Let an "Io Triumphe!" here be sung,
Yielding the meed of praise,—
Of laurels and green bays,—
To young and old alike who fought in
those lost days.

3

Brighter than any born of time or fate—
More beautiful than e'er beheld of men—
Fronting the nations stood the fair young
State;
And "Rebel" was the splendid badge
again
Worn by the sons of those
Whom Freedom's feudal foes
Had learned to bow before when Washington arose.

4

They gathered round her beautiful bright
form
With glittering bayonets fixed to ready
guns,
Stirred by that passion Liberty keeps
warm
In every pulse of all her patriot sons,
Offering upon her shrine
The sacrifice divine
Of Love; and each man swore "Her holy
cause is mine!"

5

Her cause was their's and Freedom's
For such cause
Men have died gladly since that ancient day
When the Three Hundred gave a Myriad
pause
For Grecian freedom at Thermopylae.
These drew the Spartan sword;
These knew the Spartan word:
"With it, or on it!" These the Spartan
spirit stirred.

6

On the most glowing page of human
story
Are writ in lines of light their deathless names.
Our heritage is their eternal glory;
Their record of undying deeds is Fame's;
The immemorial roll
Of her resplendent scroll
Their honor and their valor shall extol.

7

O'er that first field, made red with their
first blood,
Rang through the tumult as a bugle-call
His kingly voice, who royally bestowed
On Jackson's soldiers "standing like a
wall"
The battle-accolade,
Knighting the great brigade
And him who at its head had drawn his
sword and prayed.

8

Booted and spurred, his troopers riding
ever
Ready for the fierce fray, entwined
around
His brow the laurel leaves that made
forever
Thenceforth the name of Stuart glory-crowned:
They followed where he led:
They conquered where he bled;
Gladly had each one died in the lost leader's stead.

9

Can you not hear booming across the
years
The thunderous echoes of young Pelham's guns?
There went to war than her red cannoneers
None higher-hearted of the South's
true sons;
Whatever else betide,
Down the dim years they ride
Who joyous rode to death as bridegroom
to his bride.

10

Beyond the vast of time we can descry
In memory the white foam and the
sweep
Of the great Ram, Virginia; and on high
The Southern pennant fluttering o'er
the deep:
And hear the sullen roar
Of the grim guns she bore
Proclaiming Freedom's fight from listening shore to shore.

11

In many a battle on the wandering wave
The sailors whom this shaft commemorates,
Wrote high on Glory's record that the
brave
Who fall for Freedom sleep at Freedom's gates;
That after life lived free,
Life lost for Liberty
Is God's most gracious gift that hath
been or shall be.

12

For Freedom! aye! for Freedom! 'Twas
this hope
That sent the steady, steel-tipped line
of gray
Fringed with hell's fires up the steep
slippery slope
Of Gettysburg, on that most fateful
day
That found our pathway crossed
By an outnumbering host;—
That witnessed high hopes flown; that
saw the dear Cause lost.

13

Unfaltering in their grave fidelity—
Steadfast in purpose to the bitter end,
They closed thin ranks, and set brave
eyes to see
And dauntless hearts to bear what
Fate should send;
Not looking vainly back
Along the traversed track,—
But facing War's last blast, its hurricane and wrack.

14

When came the bitter end, the bugle
blew
Its last sad note, that brought the
blinding tears
Down wasted cheeks from eyes that only
knew
Honor and Death through all the
weary years.
The long hard fight was done;
Silenced was every gun;
And what we lost, e'en now they do not
dream, who won.

15

Let not the worth of any such be
weighed
By battle's balance. They who glorified
Their righteous cause and lived, and
they who made
The sacrifice supreme, in that they
died
To keep their country free,
Alike gave men to see
What hero-hearts were their's who thus
loved Liberty!

16

They did their duty in the leal fearless
fashion
Of antique knighthood's flower, each
man a knight,
Careless if Death, dividing peace from
passion,
Whispering should greet them in the
rear of fight,
Or Life to ceaseless pain
Should lead them forth again;
Knowing that duty done is never done
in vain.

17

Time shall not dim their memory. The
web
The spider weaves may hang across
the mouth
Of the dismantled cannon, and the ebb
And flow of erstwhile battle in the
South
Be but the shadowy gleam
Of a long vanished dream;
But ever over all this shaft shall loom
supreme,

18

Silently telling in majestic beauty
Through all the years the story of
their faith,
Their love of Truth, of Freedom and of
Duty—
Transcendent Love, triumphant over
Death!
Harm now can reach them never:
Their fame is sure forever
While stands the sacred Hill, or flows
the shining River.

Wedded at St. Peter's.

St. Peter's cathedral was the scene of a pretty wedding yesterday morning, when Miss Bridget M. Reilly was married to Mr. Michael F. Moore. The ceremony was performed at Nuptial Mass by Bishop Van de Vyver as celebrant, assisted by Rev. Fathers McKeefrey, Ahern, Donahoe, and Tiernan, of St. Patrick's.

The ushers were Messrs. James Moore (best man), W. H. Moore, M. Johnson, P. Griffin, T. Brennan, and J. Brennan, of Norfolk.

The bride, who is a very popular and lovable young lady, was becomingly attired in a pretty traveling suit. She carried in her hand a beautiful bouquet of bride's roses. The groom is a very popular citizen of Manchester.

At the offertory Miss Annie B. Kirk very beautifully sang "O, Salutaris."

Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Moore left for New York and other points North.

The Plot Failed.

Monday night last was the time set for the escape of five criminals from the penitentiary. That afternoon Oldfield, one of the five, complained of being sick. He attracted the attention of the guard and was taken to the hospital.

It was there that he gave information of the plot. Between 8 and 9 o'clock the attempt was made, but the guards were prepared, and it resulted in the capture of the leader, the notorious Jim Hailey, John Gray, John Smith, and William Parks.

June a Month of Ill Health.

At this time of year, and during this month in particular, the doctors have their hands full—not that there is necessarily more sickness during June than in any other month, but our systems are not yet quite used to the frequent changes of temperature and weather which prevail. We feel out of sorts, nervous, low-spirited. The appetite is poor; the blood out of order. Sometimes a first-class tonic, such as Brown's Iron Bitters, will remedy the evil by purifying and strengthening the system. Many of the best physicians prescribe this well-known remedy, which has been in use for nearly twenty years. Particularly is its action most favorable in cases of weak and debilitated persons, children, and aged persons. For such it is highly recommended by the profession. Persons opposed to taking patent medicines are reminded that Brown's Iron Bitters is an old, reliable medicine, and is always beneficial in its action. The nature of its ingredients insures its being perfectly harmless. After taking one bottle the patient is generally very much relieved.

Crutches, Trusses, and Braces.

All styles and prices at
OWENS & MINOR DRUG CO.'S,
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Best Groceries cut to unveiling prices at Vashon & Rose's, Sixth and Clay sts.

Why Drink the Muddy Water of the James?

You can have the PUREST WATER IN THE STATE delivered to you fresh from the spring every day.

SWINEFORD'S ARSENIC LITHIA WATER

is shown by analysis to be THE FINEST WATER EVER PUT ON THE MARKET. It is especially recommended for the Kidneys, Dyspepsia, and for the complexion. Price, Fourteen half-gallon bottles for $1.

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[my 30-2t]

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DR. FRANKLIN'S
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"I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Franklin's Great Blood Purifier, as I have used it for several years in my family and it has proven entirely satisfactory."
(Signed) R. W. TRAYLOR, Lustre Mica Company,
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PRICE. 25 Cents per Bottle. ✱ For Sale by all Druggists. For testimonials, address FRANKLIN DRUG COMPANY, Box 482 RICHMOND, VA.

VETERANS MARCH AWAY

BUT NOT TO WAR, ONLY ACROSS THE BRIDGE TO JOIN THE PARADE.

Rev. W. H. Trainum Tenders His Resignation as Pastor of Cowardin-Avenue Church—Business Suspended.

MANCHESTER BUREAU RICHMOND TIMES,
1101 HULL STREET, BEATTIE BLOCK.

Manchester was deserted yesteday. Everybody who could do so went over to Richmond to witness the unveiling ceremonies. The old veterans, with their sons and daughters, met upon the court-house green in large numbers, where, to the music furnished by the Pickett Camp Drum Corps, they marched across the James to participate with the other old veterans in the parade.

It was remarked by several old vets, when the corps played "The Girl I Left Behind Me," that it reminded them of the day when they left their home and fireside at the call to duty. It was very interesting to hear the old boys talk of days gone by and the many hardships which they had to endure during the late unpleasantness.

At a meeting of the Executive Board of Cowardin-avenue Christian church Tuesday night the pastor, Rev. W. H. Trainum, tendered his resignation as pastor, to take place 1st of August. Mr. Trainum has been pastor of this church for fourteen months, and in that time he has added about 100 members to the church. The congregation increased from a small one until the house is not large enough to seat his night congregations. He has also, through his own personal efforts, added a reading-room to the church, which is proving a great help to the young men of the city.

It is said that there is some opposition to removing the post-office from its present position, as it is in a central location and convenient to the court-house, bank, and business men generally.

The little son of Mr. Wesley Thomas died at the residence of his parents, on Fourth street between Hull and Decatur, Tuesday evening at 6 o'clock.

W. H. Haycock and wife, of Washington, and Mr. Joel T. Cawthorne, of Appomattox, are visiting Rev. L. R. Thornhill, on Porter street. Messrs. Cawthorne and Haycock were both wounded twice in the late strife, and are here to participate in the unveiling of the statue of their fallen comrades.

Mr. A. B. Thornhill, of Kansas City, Mo., is visiting his brother, Rev. L. R. Thornhill.

Miss Maggie V. Cobb, of Buckingham, is visiting Mrs. W. T. Lithgow.

The stable of Mr. W. C. Bragg, at Forest Hill, was broken into Tuesday night and a set of harness stolen.

Mr. Chesley Wilbur, of Norfolk, an old Manchester boy, is in the city visiting relatives and friends.

Business generally has closed up, in order that both clerks and employers might go over to Richmond.

Mr. Robert O'Brien, of Rocky Mount, N. C., formerly of this city, was in attendance upon the unveiling ceremonies yesterday.

Mr. Mack Petzold, formerly of this city, but now a resident of Lynchburg, was in the city yesterday.

Do You Want a Piano?

Do you want the Best Piano at a great bargain? Do you want anything in the Music Line at prices lower than elsewhere? Call at HUME-MINOR COMPANY'S, 609 Broad street, between Sixth and Seventh. They are sellers of High-Grade Pianos, Organs, and everything in the music line, at prices that cannot be duplicated North or South.

Ashland Park,

on the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac railroad, eighteen miles from Richmond, offers unusual attractions for Excursion and Picnic parties. Trains chartered at low rates upon application to C. A. Taylor, Traffic Manager, Byrd-street station.

At Last a Cure

for Sick Headache is found that is pleasant, harmless, and efficient. We refer to Dr. David's Pills, that thousands of our people have successfully used. Price, 25 cents a box; five boxes for a $1.
OWENS & MINOR DRUG CO.,
Richmond, Va.

For quality and low prices we cannot be beat. Vashon & Rose, 6th and Clay sts.

Can You Stereotype?

If you can't, and want to have work done in first-class manner, send your orders to The Times office.

Your Duty.

It should be your pleasure to provide your daughter's room with one of those dainty suits from Sydnor & Hundley.

Come Early.

See our variety of souvenir spoons of all of the historical monuments and buildings in the city.
D. BUCHANAN, Jeweller,
111 E. Broad street.

Sunday schools can find no better place for their annual outing than Ashland Park, only eighteen miles from Richmond. Trains chartered at low rates upon application to C. A. Taylor, Traffic Manager Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac railroad.

Stop That! Stop That!!

terrible cough with Dr. David's Cough Syrup of Pine Tar, Horehound, and Wild Cherry.

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THE PEER FOR FIVE CENTS.
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SOLICITING AGENT.
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[my 27-7t]

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WHAT $1 WILL DO.

It will furnish a parlor with SUIT, Carpet, or Matting, and Rug included, or you can have your bed-room fitted up complete with a CHAMBER SUIT—Mattress, Springs, Pillows, Bolster, and a covering for the floor as well. It will buy a nice Dining-Table, fancy legs; large Oak Sideboard, High-Back Chairs, and Dinner or Tea-Sets, or anything you may want for the furnishing of these rooms.

Do you want a nice Rug-Seat Couch, with spring edges and long fringes entirely hiding the wood? We have them.

REFRIGERATORS are not in great demand