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A. N. V.

Dedication of the Monument of Stonewall Jackson and the Tomb of our Virginia Veterans.

(N. O. Democrat.)

The tomb and the monument to Stonewall Jackson, erected by the Association Army of Northern Virginia, Louisiana Division, in the Metairie Cemetery, was dedicated yesterday.

The weather had been threatening during the day, and even as late as 1 o'clock it was still unsettled, with strong indications and probabilities of rain, but so great and so universal was the interest in the event that between eight and ten thousand people braved the elements, and at 4:30 o'clock were gathered about the mound within which is the tomb and on which the monument rests.

The rain, however, passed off, and the clouds which still hung over the sky shrouded the sun and made the evening pleasant.

The committee in charge of the arrangements had provided what they and every one else thought would be ample accommodations, having raised at the base of the mound a semi-circle of seats capable of holding about 5000 persons; but though they were crowded, thousands of people had to stand.

THE MONUMENT

was universally admired for its chaste design and elegant and artistic execution. It is a plain marble shaft thirty-four feet three inches long from base to top, bound about in two places by sculptured wreaths, and surmounted by the statue of the immortal Jackson.

The shaft rests upon a mound which gradually rises from the level of the ground to a height of twelve feet. On the front of the dais from which the column springs are two Confederate flags with staffs crossed, and below them is carved in raised letters, "Army of Northern Virginia, Louisiana Division," and on the other is engraved the seal of the association with the inscription, "From Manassas to Appomattox."

THE STATUE

represents Jackson in cavalry uniform, with the kepi drawn well forward and down on the face, shading the eyes. The figure is standing, the right foot somewhat to the front, the left arm hanging by the side and the right slightly elevated and supported by a sword. The figure is eight feet five inches high, and with it the monument measures fifty-five feet from ground to top.

Within the mound there are fifty-seven vaults and four receptacles, each of the latter being capable of receiving 500 remains.

In front of the shaft yesterday were arranged many beautiful floral offerings conspicuous among which was a crescent and cushion sent by Mrs. M. J. Hoey and a Confederate shield from the Ladies' Memorial Association. Two small battle flags of the Fifteenth Louisiana Regiment and Coppens' Zouave Battalion, were also conspicuous.

On the monument stood THE GUARD OF HONOR, composed of disabled veterans. It was under command of Mr. Robert McLaughlin, and was made up of the following named: Messrs. Chas. Mayer, Pat. Roe, Chas. McFickey, John H. Collins, Henry Ortie, Dave Hearn, L. G. Cordes, F. M. Miller, Thos. H. McMahon, Jos. West, John Hurley, Jas. Dunlap, Jacob Sither, Henry Michel and John Gillan.

At about 4:30 o'clock the Association Army of Northern Virginia, Louisiana Division, appeared on the ground, accompanied by the Army of Tennessee Association, and a delegation from the Lee Association of Mobile. They marched through the cemetery to the sound of muffled drums, and took places on the platform which had been reserved for them.

In fifteen minutes after Mrs. T. J. Jackson, Miss Julia Jackson, widow and daughter of the illustrious man to whose memory the multitude had gathered to do honor, and Gen. Fitzhugh Lee arrived on the ground under the conduct of a committee of the Association.

Mrs. Jackson was escorted by Gov. Nicholls, Messrs. Ober and Chalor escorted Miss Jackson, and under the escort of W. R. Lyman, Esq., was Mrs. Goldwaite of Mobile, who accompanied Mrs. Jackson.

As the party appeared the immense audience arose and received them with clapping of hands, while the band played a welcome march.

The ceremonies were immediately opened by

AN INVOCATION

by Rev. D. Hubert, Chaplain, as follows:

O God, author of all good, omnipotent and eternal, most fervently we thank Thee for Thy mercies. We, who guarded by Thy right hand, unscathed have trod the field of death, and come forth from among the smoke and carnage of battle, most gratefully thank Thee, bless Thee.

Praise and glory to Thee, O God of virtues and powers, who givest that thoughtful memory should cherish and revere our brothers in arms, whom Thou didst allow to fall in the discharge of duty, whilst we did live. Verily is the gratitude of love a good and perfect gift. It is not only the cause but also the measure of the nation's greatness. Cycling years have not dimmed the recollection of common toil and suffering endured for common weal; the pall of defeat has not shrouded the names and virtues of our departed comrades; the turmoil of life and the ardor of the new avocations, other ideas and political doctrines than those for which they so bravely and rightly fought and so freely shed their blood, have not caused our illustrious dead to be forgotten, nor their endurance and devotion to be unhonored, nor their unparalleled heroism to be disparaged throughout the length and breadth of the land.

And on this auspicious celebration, the remnant of the bands of which they were, we gather to show to the youth of our beloved South, to our gallant sons and fair daughters the sign which we have erected to the valor and true manhood of days that are no more. The sign will be a wordful admonition, its every stone an exhortation, not to perpetuate sectional animosity and strife, but to keep alive the fire of patriotism and to cultivate in our warm hearts something more than sterile admiration for those who offered up their young lives by our sides in the dark hours of danger and civil commotion.

This monument by loving hands upreared, To memory by a thousand ties endeared, But faintly serves their deathless worth to tell; Whose blood bedewed the land they loved so well; A nobler record their grand lives have given; Stamped on our hearts and registered in heaven!

At what precise hour of time this shaft, though consecrated with thy approving smile, will be prostrated in the dust, thou knowest, O Lord! But thou knowest also that the name of Stonewall Jackson, and of each one his comrades, shall live forever, entwined with immortal glory. Amen.

When Father Hubert had concluded the statue was unveiled.

Miss Jackson held one of the ropes, while members of the guard of honor held the others. Several of the ropes, however, broke, and it was found necessary to send a member up to the statue to remove the enveloped cloth.

As soon as the figure was revealed a prolonged cheer went up and the band played "Hall to the Chief."

When the applause had subsided, W. B. Lyman, Esq., chairman of the tomb committee, then stepped forward and formally

PRESENTED THE MONUMENT

to the association. In tending it to the association and asking for the discharge of his committee he said that he thought the occasion was a proper one on which to say something of the character and objects of the association. In 1874 there was organized in Virginia, from the veterans of the war, an association which was intended to commemorate and keep alive the patriotism of the army of Northern Virginia. A few short months afterwards a branch or division of this association was organized in Louisiana. The organization was perfected in 1875, and since that time there has been three presidents—Major Willet, Gov. Nicholls and Major Richardson, the third and present one.

The association is benevolent, historical and strictly non-political. Every man who was in the army of Northern Virginia and retired from it with a clear record can join the association without regard to his politics. But great care is exercised in keeping out of the ranks those not eligible to be enrolled in them. The Army of Tennessee Association exists in exactly the same manner.

During the epidemic of 1875, it would be remembered, the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia cared for its members whenever found sick, provided for their families and buried the dead, but there has always been felt the want of a receptacle for the remains of departed comrades. And it has long been the purpose of the association to erect a monument to their great and grand commander and a tomb for the members. The purpose was accomplished and the result was before them.

The outward appearance did not show that beneath the monument there were receptacles for the remains of 25000 men, and the Association intended to bring from the battle-fields the bones of those dead comrades and place them within the mound. There were also vaults ample for those who at present survive when they pass away.

To the Metairie Association Mr. Lyman said the committee owed much. It gave the grounds free and assisted the committee in every way, and would improve and beautify the mound on which the monument stood.

The plan for the monument, selected from many submitted, was that of Chas. A. Orleans, of the Hillsdale Granite Company, and the statue was the work of the master, Perelli.

In conclusion, Mr. Lyman said that the name of no living man appeared upon the tomb or the monument, and he asked that it be ever kept thus free from the names of the living. The name of the Army of Northern Virginia, Louisiana Division which appeared on it, was sufficient, and if anything more was needed to tell the story, it was found in the seal and the inscription, "From Manassas to Appomattox—1861 to 1865." Nothing more was needed.

MAJ. JOHN B. RICHARDSON, president of the association, received the monument and tomb, and in accepting it said:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Tomb Committee—On behalf of the members of the Louisiana Division Army of Northern Virginia it becomes my pleasing duty to accept from your hands this handsome tomb and sculptural shaft, designed to perpetuate the memory of those who fought and fell for the Lost Cause, and, at the same time, a fitting place rest for those soon to follow.

Most of our old comrades are scattered over the battle-fields of Virginia, from Manassas, to Appomattox, sleeping quietly on its mountains and in its valleys. Some you left on the banks of James river, the Chickahominy, the Rappahannock, the Shenandoah and the Potomac, and as you passed into Maryland you laid them on the banks of the Antietam and the Monocacy, and others far into Pennsylvania, many in places long since forgotten, nothing left to mark the spot except perhaps in some lonely place in that beautiful valley of the Shenandoah, under the shadow of the Blue Ridge. Nature's kind hand plants its flowers in spring-time, and there a lily, pure and white as angels' hands, stands as a sentinel, drinking daily the dew from heaven and bowing its head in grief at night to kiss the spot, and with the first greeting of the morning sun leaves its dew-dropping tears of the unknown soldier's grave.

You have nobly performed the task assigned you by your companion in arms, and the grand mausoleum, surmounted by that life-like statue of our immortal commander, is now the mute witness of your untiring labors. When we shall have run our course in life, and our bodies lie mouldering in mother earth beneath the shadows of this noble monument, our children will here place their choicest flowers, and our children's children will revisit this sacred spot to learn a new lesson of patriotism from those who offered up their lives, a precious sacrifice, on freedom's bleeding altar.

Strangers from other lands will pause here and recall the scenes of that memorable struggle of four years, in which you bore so prominent a part.

The first rays of the morning sunlight and the last gleam of evening's gloaming will linger around you silent, solitary sentinels, and in the still quiet watches of the night, when the pale moon's beams fall upon the dreamless sleepers here, the spirit of the great Stonewall, loosened for awhile from the prison-house of the faithful departed, will wander forth to guard the noble band of martyrs who are slumbering here in peace. Yes, comrades,

The dead shall guard the dead, And the living o'er them weep, While with them o'er Lee and Stonewall led, The hearts that once together bled, Shall here together sleep.

MUSIC—Sweet Spirit Hear My Prayer.

EDWARD MARKS, ESQ., read the following poem, written for the occasion by Mrs. M. A. Townsend:

By Mary Ashley Townsend.

Dedicated to the Army of Northern Virginia, New Orleans, May 10, 1881, on the occasion of the unveiling of Stonewall Jackson's statue, which surmounts the tomb built to receive the dead who fought under him.

Comrades, halt! The field is chosen, Neath the skies of Southern May, Where the Southern roses ripen, We will bivouac to-day. Here no foe will draw our sabres In the turbulence of war, Nor will drum beat, nor will bugle Wake the old pain in a scar.

All is rest, and calm—around us Beauty's smile and manhood's prime; Scents of spring, like ships, go sailing, Balm of peace, of summer time. Flags of battle, hanging yonder, Flutter not at strife's increase; On their pulses lie the fingers Of the Great Physician—Peace.

In the marble camp before us Silence paces to and fro— Spectre of the dim of battles, Hard fought in the long ago.

While he marches, from the meadows, O'er the heights, around the curves, Come the men of many combats— Death's Grand Army of Reserves.

In the swift advancing columns Many a battle-blazoned name, While Stewart, Ewell, Hays and Ashby, Bears the honor cross of fame.

Down the spectral line it flashes— Olden's scud of reward, Won when all the world was looking Unto Lee and Beauregard.

From the war-graves of Manassas, Fredericksburg and Malvern Hill; Carrick's Ford and Massanutton, Fast the shadowy legions fill.

From the far of Rappahannock, From the red fields of Cross Keys; Gettysburg—the Wilderness— From retreats and victories.

Three troops—wary marcher— Grim and sturdy gannet— Veteran gray, and slender stripling, Hasten to encamp them here.

From the mountain and the river, From the city and the plain; Sweeping down to join their Leader— STONEWALL JACKSON once again!

There he stands; alive, in granite! By the hand of genius made Once again to rise before us, Waiting for his "Old Brigade," Chiefest—Hero—Christian—Soldier— King of men, and man of God!

Crystallized about his footsteps Greatness marks the path he trod. Soldiers! Ye who fought with Jackson Through the days and nights of strife; Bringing from the field of battle But the bitter loss of life, Ye whose lives have only tasted A when apples from the fray; Every word ye won beside him, Knights ye on the field to-day.

Army of our old Virginia! Would ye write a legend here That shall win from friend and foe, Honor's reverential tear? Trace ye then upon this granite With imperishable pen, Words that shall about their own hozonas, STONEWALL JACKSON and HIS MEN!

The poem was received with applause; and when that which followed its conclusion had subsided,

GEN. FITZHUGH LEE was introduced as the orator of the day, and spoke as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen—Upon this holy eighteenth anniversary, in the name of the people of the South, on behalf of Confederate soldiers and sailors everywhere, we extend a heartfelt welcome in the ceremonies held here today to the wife and daughter of the illustrious soldier whose memory they are designed to perpetuate, and we most cordially greet again the distinguished citizen who was our commander-in-chief.

Elevated to the chief magistracy of a people bound together in the same cause, he lifted himself to the dignity of the office and filled it with a single view to the object for which it was created. He was ever true to himself and true to the interests of his bleeding country. We rejoice to see him in our midst to-day, with form as erect and soldierly as ever, and to hear that his mind, like the tropic sun, retains all its former size and brilliancy. Thrice welcome is Jefferson Davis to the spot made sacred with a monument to Stonewall Jackson. [Applause.]

And now, Confederate comrades, though I stand for the first time in a public capacity, beneath the blue skies that bend above you, and which contain the sentinel stars that watch over the destiny of your people, and as I rise to speak to this vast concourse of people I am painfully confronted with the weakness of my powers and the magnitude of the occasion, I am not dismayed, I feel that I am in the house of my friends, because I know I stand within the walls of the Crescent City, of our own Sunny South; and when I see your eyes reflecting their friendly feelings back to mine, and fancy I hear the music of Auld Lang Syne throbbing from the sympathetic hearts of soldiers who stood defying the

"lightning that scorched the ground" beneath their feet in times that tried men's souls, I am reminded of those gorgeous scenes that Moor depicts in the "Vale of Cashmere," where music and love combined for a time to make a heaven of this dull earth—and I rejoice, with exceeding joy, that I am permitted to take part with your people here today in the honored ceremonies of this grand event. The holy chords of the memory of the past are once more vibrating and strains from distant hard fought fields came floating before me. Yes, I remember that when the red hoof of war pressed upon Virginia's bosom, men from her loving Southern sisters came rushing to her defense. Louisiana, contemplating the bloody spear upon which she was soon to lean, pointed with the gauntleted hand of her pride to the first Confederate successes at Sumter and Manassas, won by the genius of her own Beauregard! In the ebb and flow of the crimson tide that for four years afterwards surged over the Old Dominion, Louisiana braves who followed the feather of Dick Taylor, of Harry Hays, of Seymour, of Nicholls, of Starke, of Stafford, of Davidson Penn, of Old Bob Wheat, and a host of heroic leaders, rode upon the crested waves of war, and the story of their services would comprise much of that splendid Army of Northern Virginia itself. Now, when the wand of peace is waving wide through sea and land; now, when no war or battle sound is heard; now, when the shield and spear are high uphung, and the broken chariot stands unstained with the soldier's blood, survivors of a gallant band are lofty and lasting attestation to commemorate their love for the memory of their great commander.

"Yes, you granite minstrel's voiceful stone, In deathless song shall tell, When many a vanished year has flown, The story how he fell—

Not wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight, Nor time's remorseless doom shall dim one ray Of holy light that glids his glorious tomb."

It was upon the twenty-first of January, in the year 1824, that a boy was born in the town of Clarksburg, then in Virginia. Three brief years had scarcely rolled on and he was motherless; but four years more and he was fatherless, and the protecting roof of his father's house sheltered the poor orphan.

At 8 years of age, becoming satisfied that he could not agree with his lady's husband, with that resolute will that so strongly characterized his every action afterwards, he left the friendly shelter, and, walking eighteen miles, sought another home at the house of a half-brother of his father. Ever restless even at so tender an age, when nine years old he departed from his second home, and in company with a brother, only three years his senior, he venturously embarked on a flat-boat plying its trade on the Ohio river to seek his fortune, starting fate in the face and trusting all to an untiring energy and courageous heart. For a time he disappeared from the knowledge of relatives and friends; the lost boy was on an island in the Mississippi river, this son of adventure was cutting firewood, to be used in the steamers floating upon the bosom of the great Father of Waters. Engaged in such occupation, without previous acclimation, he was soon prostrated by a malarial fever his youth could not contend against, and getting better, with a discretion that did honor to his valor, made his way back to the home he had left. Thus, in the only instance within my knowledge, did chills and fever, the arch enemy of South-western courses, perform a friendly act, placing under a debt of gratitude a grateful people. Once more at the home of his half-uncle we find this perambulating boy making himself useful on a farm, interspersing such healthy occupation, the historian tells us, with often exercising his relative's horses by day and going to the dances in the neighborhood at night.

In 1842, when 18 years old, hearing that the cadet from his district at the United States Military Academy at West Point had, for some cause, given up the place, he packed his wardrobe in a pair of leather saddle-bags, and in homespun garments started to Washington to see Mr. Samuel Hays, his representative in Congress. Once there, he presented himself before the Secretary of War—a mountain boy—seeking a military education. The indomitable pluck of the youth won a deserved success. He was appointed a cadet and graduated, and was commissioned as a lieutenant in the First Regiment of Artillery, United States Army, in 1846. In his book of maxims he had written: "You may be whatever you resolve to be." He decided to be a soldier! And now what are the wild waves of the gulf of Mexico saying to this unpledged young officer, as he listens to their ceaseless roar, when entering upon his first active military service? The surging billows tell him that the ascent to the Temple of Fame for the soldier is dangerously steep, and the whole world has seen but few of them reach the very summit of the dizzy heights. Is he dismayed? Does he falter? Ah, no! he is resolved to climb it; and the rising fame of a young soldier lights up the glorious track made by the gallant heroes of Winfield Scott's army from Vera Cruz through Cerro Gordo, Churubusco, Molino del Rey, Chapultepec to the City of Mexico; and when the stars and stripes waved over the balls of the Montezumas the Muse of history had already opened one of her brightest pages and upon it recorded the deeds of his daring. The captain of his battery, in an official report, then made through the assistant adjutant general of Gen. Pillow, says of his lieutenant: "If devotion, industry, talent and gallantry, are the highest qualities of a soldier, then he is entitled to the distinction their possession confers."

The captain of that battery whose heart dictated to his pen those sentences thirty-five years ago, was knightly "Prince John" of the old United States army, the gallant Gen. John Magruder, of Confederate fame; the adjutant general was Capt. Joe Hooker, afterwards Major Gen. Hooker, who commanded the Fed-

eral army at Chancellorsville; while the orphan boy of Clarksburg, the chill and fever patient of the Mississippi the West Point cadet, the lieutenant of artillery, whose track was first blazed through the burning sands of old Mexico, was your own glorious Commander, Stonewall Jackson! To-day, my countrymen, he fills the world, and the unfettered winds that sweep over his grave bear to every part of the habitable globe the memory of his virtuous life and the universal sorrow felt for his untimely death. Upon the second of May, eighteen years ago, another report was made to Joe Hooker. This time the place was the wilderness of Spottsylvania county, Va. It told him that his comrade in Mexico was in his right rear, and with hostile "foot cavalry" too; that there was a blind panic; and a "great confusion" there. (So O. O. Howard reported, who commanded his right), that the attorney general's department, as then run by Devens, who commanded on Howard's right, was sadly telescoped into and mixed up with the interior department, which Schurz, who was next was then running with to the interior; that Schimmelfennig and Krzyanowski and Bushbecks and Steinwehrs, and Wiedrichs and the foreign allies there, composing the Eleventh Federal Corps, were also generally trying to get back to their homes, even though they lay across the ocean's vast expanse. Alas! it was the last official report of any movements of Stonewall Jackson. Friendly bullets had been mounded by friendly hands; friendly eyes glanced down the barrels of friendly muskets; friendly fingers pulled friendly triggers, and the soul of the great chieflain leaped from its earthly casement, never to return. Aye, there, right there on the gory ground of Chancellorsville, the grandest battle, so far as grand tactics and strategy had place, that was ever directed by Robert E. Lee, Thomas Jonathan Jackson furling his battle flag forever, and entered into the everlasting joy of the kingdom which has no end. You know his tattered, dusty ensigns no longer wave over victorious fields. You know, over his grave no triumphal banners rise, but above it, yea, above it, shall "unceasingly roll all the eternal glory of the heavens," and by it shall "pass forever the grandly glorious processions of the never ending seasons." Beating to the music of their march are the hearts of his Louisiana soldiers, who to-day gather around this emblematic testimonial of their love for the heroic soldier. When you, my comrades here to-day, shall have answered to your final roll-call, the eyes of generations yet unborn shall greet this good work of yours, and with inherited fire their eyes shall flash when, touched by the wand of memory, they are told they are the descendants of the men who fought under and honored the living Jackson, and who so testified to it as to leave to their posterity such an everlasting remembrance of the dead hero.

Brave men meet here to-day. The roll of musketry, the roar of cannon are exchanged for the rattling sound of the fluttering of the white wings at the angel of peace. And while I thank God for that, I can at the same time look with heartfelt emotion upon the striking scene which this picture presents, and which must bring a responsive echo in the heart of every survivor. I offer up praise for peace, while I fear to-day the death cry of Jackson as it mingles with the victorious shouts of his men, when "something down the soldier's cheek washed off the stains of powder." While before me is the re-United States of America at this hour I look behind me, and picturing the past I see the Confederate States, and I recall that, animated with a common principle imbued with the same spirit, united by one cause, inspired by identical interest, the soldiers of the Pelican State were found side by side with those of the Old Dominion, fighting in their hearts to preserve the honor of the people of the South. I shall therefore speak to you to-day as a Confederate soldier—as one who, looking back over the mighty past with its trials and triumphs, and thinking of the record made by the South for courageous devotion to principle, finds naught in memory's vase but pride, and who can truthfully exclaim, in the glowing words of the Irish patriot: "Do you ask me, my lords, if in my lifetime I have thought any treason or done any crime which should call to my cheek as I stand alone here the hot blush of shame or the paleness of fear, though I stood by my grave to receive my death blow? Before God and mankind I would answer you, No!" These feelings are re-echoed in your breasts and alone command the respect of our late antagonists. A Federal officer, bitter in war, brilliant in peace, recently said over the grave of his soldiers: "In our commemoration of our dead or in honoring our living soldiers, we are making neither reproach nor criticism on those who fought against us. We appreciate their devotion to the cause for which they warred—we honor their bravery, admire their fortitude, and claim no small part of the glory they acquired on the battle field by all their soldierly qualities, because they are Americans and bone of our bone."

The hour that marks the Northern people marching up to these sentiments will find that this great Republic is at last, what our forefathers intended it should be—the glory of America and a blessing to humanity. Then will the foundation stones at the temple of American liberty be relaid in our ancestral faith and the perpetuity of Republican institutions be fully assured. We will at last demonstrate to a wondering world that the problem of a free, constitutional and popular government has been satisfactorily worked on this sentiment, because the element of social order, justice, strength and equality have at last filled the hearts of all her people. Your participation, my fellow-soldiers, in the ceremonies attending the unveiling of this monument, should strike no discordant string in the hearts of true men, whether they fought for the Fed-

[CONCLUDED ON FOURTH PAGE.]