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CEREMONIES
IN AUGUSTA, GEORGIA,
LAYING THE CORNER STONE
OF THE
CONFEDERATE MONUMENT :

WITH ORATION
BY GEN. CLEMENT A. EVANS,
APRIL 26, 1875,

AND THE
UNVEILING AND DEDICATION
OF THE MONUMENT,

WITH ORATION
BY COL. CHARLES C. JONES, JR.,
OCTOBER 31, 1878.

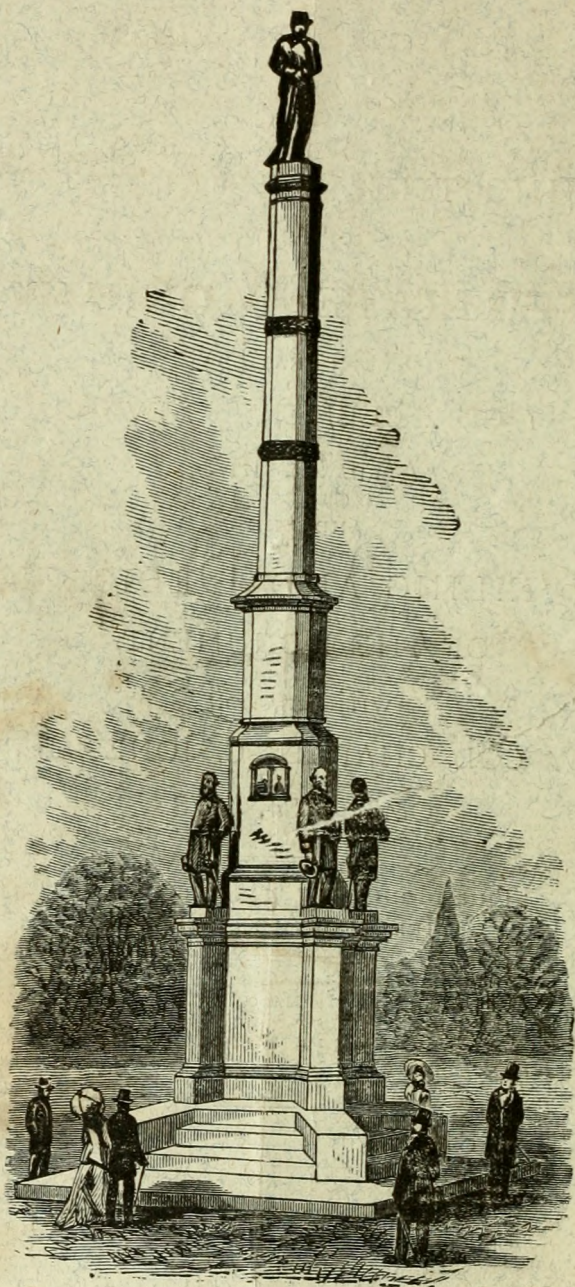
THIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTED BY
THE LADIES' MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION OF AUGUSTA.

**"Their glory shall not be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps."**

PRICE, FIFTEEN CENTS.

AUGUSTA, GA.:
CHRONICLE AND CONSTITUTIONALIST JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,
1878.

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CEREMONIES.

[From Constitutionalist, April 15, 1875.]

THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT—THE LADIES LAY THE FIRST BRICKS OF THE FOUNDATION.

Yesterday Mr. John M. Parker, the contractor, commenced the work of laying the foundation for the proposed Confederate Monument, on Broad street, midway between Jackson and McIntosh streets.

The first bricks of the foundation were laid by the officers of the Ladies' Memorial Association. About half-past three o'clock the ladies met at the site of the proposed monument, and going down into the excavation made for the foundation—where the ground was prepared, with brick and mortar at hand—took off their gloves and prepared themselves for work.

Mrs. M. E. Walton, President of the Memorial Association, was the first to go to work, and taking the trowel in hand dipped the mortar and properly spreading it, in the northeast corner, placed the first brick of the foundation of the monument in position. Mrs. John T. Miller, then with ungloved hands takes up a brick with one end then with the other spreads the mortar and places the brick in its proper position. The following ladies—officers of the Association, then each in turn laid the bricks on a line with those first laid—Mrs. A. G. Whitehead, Mrs. Edward F. Campbell, Mrs. DeS. Ford, Mrs. M. B. Moore, and Mrs. John M. Clark, who laid the last brick. It was indeed a novel sight to the large number of spectators to see the ladies, with delicate, ungloved hands, laying brick and handling the trowel, but it was a holy duty they performed—one most appropriate to the occasion and the object—that of rearing a shaft of marble in memory of the brave men who fought and died for a cause they considered just.

In after years, these ladies and their posterity will look with pride upon the efforts they have unselfishly made to erect a monument to the brave Confederate soldiers, but their greatest pride will be in knowing that they laid the first brick of the foundation.

Mr. John M. Parker, the contractor, expects to have the foundation ready by Monday, in time for the construction of the platform around it, preparatory to laying the corner stone on Memorial Day.

LAYING OF CORNER STONE—MEMORIAL DAY.

The following Programme of Ceremonies was observed on the occasion of the laying of the Corner Stone of the Confederate Monument on April 26th, 1875 (Memorial Day):

PRAYER—By Rev. Dr. Irvine.

MUSIC—By U. S. Band.

MASONIC CEREMONIES.

ORATION—By Gen. Clement A. Evans.

MUSIC—By Cornet Band of Bremond Speciality Combination.

PRAYER—By Rev. Mr. Wharton.

BENEDICTION—By Rev. Mr. Sweeny.

The seats on the Platform was occupied by Disabled Ex-Confederate Soldiers, Marshal and Assistants, Officers of the Different Organizations in the Pro-

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cession, Orator of the Day and Escort of Officers, Masonic Fraternity, Mayor, City Council and Clerk of Council, Representatives in Legislature from Richmond County, Clergy, Judges and Officials of City and County Courts, Members of City Press, Committees and Special Aids of Ladies' Memorial Association.

J. V. H. ALLEN, Marshal of the Day.

[Constitutionalist April 27, 1875.]

MEMORIAL DAY—AUGUSTA'S TRIBUTE TO HER PATRIOT DEAD—THE LARGEST PROCESSION EVER SEEN IN THE CITY—THE BAND OF THE 18TH U. S. INFANTRY IN LINE—THE LINE OF MARCH AND WHO WERE IN IT—LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE MONUMENT—ELOQUENT SPEECH OF GEN. C. A. EVANS, AND PRAYER OF DR. IRVINE—DECORATING THE GRAVES.

“Glory Guards with Solemn Round,
The Bivouac of the Dead.”

Yesterday was a day of double interest in Augusta—the laying of the Corner Stone of the Confederate Monument, and the decoration of the graves of the dead. Never, in the history of the city, was such a vast concourse of people seen gathered together, whilst the procession and the music eclipsed anything ever witnessed in Georgia since the dawn of civilization upon its soil! It was a tribute of the living to the dead, a tear dropped upon the grave of the patriot who fell in defense of his principles, his country, and of liberty.

Ten years have elapsed since the sound of the last gun and the last bugle note, fired from the ranks or rallying squadrons to victory, died along the wave and along the shore, yet the memories of those who yielded up their lives in the Lost Cause are as fresh and green as if it was only yesterday they met their foemen.

IN THE MORNING.

It only required a walk along any street in the city, from 9 to noon, to see that elaborate preparations were making for some grand event. Persons were here and there met with faces only familiar whilst they were decked in the uniform of their organizations. The weather was fine, a few white clouds aloft, friendly, in that they shut off the sun and kept earth's atmosphere pleasant.

FORMING THE PROCESSION.

At two o'clock, the various civic and military organizations invited to take part in the ceremony, began to arrive on Greene street, and as each debouched, it was assigned position into line by Marshal J. V. H. Allen, through his aids. Not the least confusion was perceptible, but everything moved with the precision of veterans on parade. The right of the line rested upon the Bell Tower, and extended down Greene street to a great length.

When the hour of 2:30 o'clock arrived, Marshal Allen gave the order to forward, which was repeated in the clear ringing voice of Lieutenant-Colonel Barrett, in command of the volunteer battalion. The following was the order of the procession:

First Division—Richmond Hussars; United States Post Band; Augusta Independent Volunteer Battalion; Police force of Augusta; Deutscher Schuetzen Club.

Second Division—Different Societies of the city and county—National, Benevolent and Religious; the Cornet Band of the Bremond Specialty Combination; Augusta Fire Department and Independent Fire Companies of Augusta.

Third Division—Soldiers of the late Confederate armies; The Survivors' Association; Citizens generally; Medical Faculty and Society; Judges and officials of City and County Courts; Clergy of city and county; the Masonic Fraternity.

Fourth Division—Representatives from Richmond county in the General Assembly; Mayor, City Council and Clerk of Council; Orator of the Day, escorted by committee of ex-Confederate officers; Officers of the Ladies' Memorial Association, and ladies generally.

First Division—On the northeast corner of Greene and Jackson streets, to Colonel Wilson.

Second Division—On the north side of Greene, midway between McIntosh and Jackson streets, to Captain Eve.

Third Division—On the south side of Greene street, in front of the Augusta Free School, to Colonel Snead.

Fourth Division—On the south side of Greene street, in front of the Baptist Church, to Major Craig.

ROUTE OF THE PROCESSION.

It moved up Greene to Cumming, through Cumming to Broad, and down Broad to the front of the Central Hotel, where it halted for the purpose of laying the corner stone of the Confederate Monument, to be raised there by the Ladies' Memorial Association.

THE 18TH UNITED STATES INFANTRY BAND.

One of the most striking features of the day was the appearance of the splendid band of the 18th United States Infantry, in full regulation uniform numbering eighteen pieces, and led by Professor Joseph Burcher. The band arrived yesterday morning from Columbia and were quartered at the Augusta Hotel. On the route it played Radezky Quickstep, Louise March, Not for Joe Quickstep, and upon the stand Romanza, by Mozart. It was as novel as it was beautiful to see a portion of the regular army paying tribute to the dead of armies they had fought. It was but another token of that era of sincere peace and friendship upon which the whole country is now rapidly entering, when the animosities engendered by the strife are to be indeed forgotten, and the heroism, devotion and patriotism of all only remembered.

THE BREMOND BAND.

Midway of the procession marched the fine band of the Bremond Specialty Troupe, regaling the occasion with excellent music. *En route* they played the Montana Quickstep, and various other selections, and on the stand the American Eagle Quickstep. The troupe waived their right to the theatre to-night, and joined heart and soul with our citizens in the ceremonies of the day.

THE VOLUNTEER BATTALION.

The Augusta Volunteer Battalion mustered 199 men, rank and file, who appeared in their gayest uniforms, their brightest armor, and *en route* marched with automatic precision. Never since their organization did the companies present a more martial appearance or a larger number of men in ranks. Many of the men had followed the flag of the Confederacy through fire and blood, from Manasses to Appomattox, from Shiloh to Greenvboro, and therefore, felt most truly the force of the occasion, the tribute, and the decoration of the graves of their fallen comrades.

MECHANIC FIRE COMPANY.

The only fire company which turned out as a body was the Mechanic, which was on hand in full uniform, mustering 35 men, and with their reel gaily festooned with flowers. Other companies would have turned out, but their ranks were too much thinned by the members belonging to other organizations.

THE SCHUETZEN CLUB.

Not the least attractive feature was the Schuetzen Club, composed of our worthy German citizens. They turned out 77 men in full uniform of grey jackets, black pants, and felt hats trimmed with green plumes.

THE POLICE FORCE.

Nor did the Augusta Police Force, in full and beautiful grey uniform, commanded by Lieutenant Prather, at all fall behind other organizations in line, in appearance or in martial bearing. They were armed with muskets, with fixed bayonets, and were upon every hand complimented.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT

THE SURVIVORS.

This organization appeared on horse back, under command of Captain George W. Conway, and in citizens' dress, unless we count the scars, the crutches and the empty sleeves many of them wore as evidences of baptisms of fire.

SOCIETE FRANCAIS DE BIENFAISANCE.

The French Benevolent Society, under the leadership of Vice-President Rival, and numbering 14 members, was in line.

THE ORATOR OF THE DAY.

General C. A. Evans was assigned the finest carriage in the city, drawn by four splendid and richly caparisoned and plumed horses.

THE LADIES' MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The officers of the Ladies' Memorial Association, headed by Mrs. M. E. Walton, their President, were seated in carriages in the procession. When it arrived at the Monument, Mrs. Walton, with several of her officers, took a position upon the front verandah of the residence of Mrs. Tubman, where they, no doubt, looked upon the vast panorama before them with joyful hearts. They there saw a satisfactory progression of their labor and their toil, and saw too, ten thousand people who, with one voice, blessed their work, and said it was good. If the Confederates who have passed from earth to eternity were permitted to look down upon Augusta yesterday, to hear the cannon roar, the martial music, and the sweet anthems of the choir, as they swelled through the air, they no doubt blessed Mrs. Walton and her noble band of co-laborers for thus doing honor to them. Is it not a glorious death to be thus remembered, thus embalmed in the hearts of all that is beautiful, virtuous, noble, true and Christian?

NOTES OF THE PROCESSION.

Judge Wm. Gibson, Colonel of the 48th Georgia, wore the coat in which he fell at the head of his regiment at Gettysburg. N. K. Butler also appeared in his old Confederate uniform. So did private Moran, who not only charged in the Light Brigade at Balaklava, but saw service in the army of the Confederacy.

THE SALUTE.

Whilst the procession was moving, a salute of thirteen guns was fired by Captain E. E. Pritchard and Lieutenants Robert Wallace and Richard Summerall. Surmounting the gun, waved the battle flag of the Washington Artillery, around which that company had rallied on the bloody plains of Shiloh and conquered the flower of the Western army under Grant, fresh from their victory at Fort Donaldson. The writer remembers as vividly as if it was yesterday the roar of the guns of that company, as they sent death into the ranks of the enemy who stood in front. It was the only artillery company present from Georgia on that bloody day, and nobly did it illustrate the State which sent it to the field.

THE SPECTACLE.

The spectacle presented on Broad street near the Monument defies description. The street was packed and jammed, whilst every window and housetop, from pavement to roof, contained as many as it could hold. It was not only a sea of upturned faces, but a wall of faces on either side. Youth and age, male and female, the child and the old, in a word, the population of Augusta, and the surrounding country were there.

AT THE MONUMENT

When the procession arrived at the Monument, or rather the foundation of it, Colonel Barrett marched the Volunteer Battalion to the east front, and faced it by column closed in mass, where it stacked arms and broke ranks. The other organizations halted on the south front and rested in position until after the ceremony.

On the stand where the Grand Officers of the Masonic Fraternity, the Marshal of the Day, the clergy, the bands, the choir lead by George O. Robinson, who had a fine organ which he played in person during the singing, and a large list of distinguished citizens of this and other places. When all was ready, the gavel was rapped three times for order, when the Rev. Dr. Irvine offered the first prayer. In his preface he referred to the altar erected by Moses to commemorate

the conquest of the Amalekites in the wilderness. To the twelve stones from the bed of the Jordan, pitched by Joshua on the plains of Gilgal, and to the altar erected by Gideon to commemorate the conquest by his three hundred warriors, "faint, yet pursuing," who vanquished the 135,000 Midonites at the hill of Moreh. He then invoked the Divine Blessing on the founders of this pillar.

On the widows and orphans, fathers and brothers and sisters of the brave men, whose valour this pillar is designed to commemorate.

On the city of Augusta in all its interests, civil, municipal, commercial, educational and ecclesiastical, in which the Monument is to stand.

On the Supreme Magistrate of the United States, and all the Governors of the sundry States, of which this great Republic is composed.

And concluded by praying that Jehovah Shalom may be the covenant God of the nation, and that the land may soon become Immanuel's Land; closing his extensive and fervent supplications with the Lord's prayer. After which, the choir sang an anthem, commencing—

When Earth's foundation first was laid

By the Almighty Artist's hand,

'Twas then our perfect laws were made,

Established by His strict command.

Hail mysterious, hail glorious Masonry,

That makes us ever great and free!

At the conclusion of which the United States band played Mozart's "Romanza."

LAYING THE CORNER STONE.

The corner stone was then lowered slowly to its resting place, placed in position, measured and dedicated by pouring wheat, wine and oil upon it by Grand Master C. F. Lewis, assisted by the grand dignitaries and members of the Masonic Order. We deem it unnecessary to copy all the words spoken, as the service is too well known to many of our readers to be interesting here.

The following Grand Lodge Officers were present: C. F. Lewis, Acting Grand Master; S. D. Heard, Deputy Grand Master; John S. Davidson, Senior Grand Warden; John D. Butt, Junior Grand Warden; Dr. F. J. Moses, Grand Treasurer; W. H. Crane, Grand Secretary; S. F. Webb, Senior Deacon; H. Brandt, Junior Deacon; Rev. C. W. Key, Grand Chaplain and Bearer of Sacred Writings; W. H. Rich, H. T. Doniphan, Grand Tylers; Wm. Muller, Dr. C. H. Greene, Grand Stewards; Bearers of Elements—Dr. I. P. Garvin, corn; B. B. Russell, oil; T. J. Stafford, wine; Light Bearers—S. H. Shepard, John T. Miller and H. Edmondston; Geo. O. Robinson, Organist. The Choir was made up of different choirs.

Judge W. T. Gould was first appointed by the Grand Master to act for him, but at the last moment was prevented by illness from officiating.

THE CONTENTS OF THE CORNER STONE.

Senior Grand Warden John S. Davidson read the following list of articles and mementoes placed in the stone;

Religious—Holy writings; St. Paul's Church, established in 1750; St. John's M. E. Church, established 1797; First Presbyterian Church, established 1808; First Baptist Church, established 1818; Christian Church, established 1845; Church of the Atonement, established 1851; Congregation Children of Israel, established 1854; St. James M. E. Church, established 1855; Asbury M. E. Church, established 1857; German Lutheran Church, established 1859; Second Baptist Church, established 1859; Church of the Good Shepherd, established 1869; Church of the Sacred Heart, established 1875; St. Luke's Mission, established 1875.

Officers of County and City—Roll of county officers; roll of city officers.

Societies—Hebrew Benevolent Society; Deutscher Schuetzen Club, established 1873; Officers Ladies' Memorial Association; Officers and Members of French Benevolent Society, established 1873; Roll of Washington Lodge, No 7, I. O. O. F., established 1844; Roll of Miller Lodge, No. 10, I. O. O. F.; Roll of Augusta Encampment, No. 5, I. O. O. F., established 1845; Roll of Good Templars; Roll of St. Andrew's Society, organized 1826; Roll of Obadiah Lodge, No. 119, I. O. B. B., organized 1867; Roll of Catholic Young Men's Society; Roll of Vigilant Lodge, K. of P., No. 2; Roll of the Hibernian Benevolent Society, organized in 1867; Georgia Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, organized in 1873; Officers of Widows' Home, organized in 1868.

Educational—Roll of Medical College of Georgia, 1832; Roll of Richmond Academy, 1783; Report of Commissioner of Public Schools, Richmond county; Report of Commissioner of State Schools for 1875; Catalogue of Sigma Alpha Epsilon Society; Managers Augusta Free School; Roll of B. Neely's School; Roll of J. A. Pelot's School; Roll of Houghton Institute, 1852.

Miscellaneous—Roll of Augusta Fire Department and independent companies; roll of Southern Express Company; Confederate postage stamps, bonds and bills, by numerous parties; small confederate flag, by Mrs. I. P. Garvin; issue of the *Chronicle and Sentinel*, April 25th, 1875; issue of *Constitutionalist*, April 25th, 1875; various coins, thirty-seven in all, by R. W. Potter; French coin, 1748, by Dr. J. S. Coleman, found in front of Cornwallis cave, Yorktown, Virginia; coins from various parties; Egyptian gold coin, contributed by General Janifer, of Egyptian army; £10 South Carolina Continental money, by Mrs. Moore. Revolutionary money by Mrs. Burt O. Miller; silver coin 1724, by Amos Clark; proprietors and employees of *Constitutionalist* Publishing Company, 1875

Military—Confederate dead from the Monument of St. James Church; Muster Roll of Montgomery Guards, Co. K, 20th Georgia Regiment, by Major Wm. Craig; Roll of Walker Light Infantry, Co's. D and F, 12th Georgia Battalion; Roll of Walker Light Infantry, Co. I, 1st Georgia Regiment; Roll of Co. A, 7th Georgia Cavalry; Roll of Clinch Rifles, Co. A, 5th, Georgia Regiment; Roll of Oglethorpe Infantry, 1861, Captain J. O. Clark; Roll of Oglethorpe Artillery, 1862, by G. W. Bouchillon; Roll of Washington Artillery, with list of killed and wounded; Captain C. W. Hersey's Company; Roll of Richmond Hussars, Co. A, 1861; Roll of Schley Riflemen, Co. A, 22d Georgia Regiment; Roll of Baker Volunteers, Oct. 1st, 1861; Roll of Independent Blues, Co. D, 10th Georgia Regiment; Roll of Confederate Light Guards, Capt. E. J. Walker; Roll of Richmond Hussars, Co. B; Roll of Georgia Light Guards, H. S. Dortic, Captain; surviving members of Clinch Riflemen, organized 1836, Captain E. Starnes; Roll of Richmond Hussars, 1875; Roll of Augusta Volunteer Battalion, T. G. Barrett, Lieutenant-Colonel.

Masonic—Roll of Augusta Chapter No. 2, R. A. M., 1796; Roll of Social Lodge No. 1, F. A. M., 1799; Roll of Webb Lodge No. 166, F. A. M., 1819; Roll of Adoniram Council No. 1, R. M. & S. M. of 27, 1822; Roll of Georgia Commandery No. 1, K. T. 1823; Roll of Grand Consistory, S. P. R. S. 328; Roll of Harmony Lodge No. 67, F. A. M., Hamburg, S. C., 1840; Roll of Trustees Masonic Hall, 1827; Roll of Present Trustees Masonic Hall, 1875; Sealed package by a Freemason, contents unknown.

ORATION OF GEN. C. A. EVANS.

Marshal J. V. H. Allen then stepped forward and introduced the Orator of the Day, the Rev. Gen. C. A. Evans, who spoke as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen—The first decade since the Confederate cause expired by the exhaustion of Confederate strength is past. If time and the occasion suited such a task, a profitable review might be made of this period, beginning with the surrender of our armies by the incomparable Lee, and by the magnificent soldier, Joseph E. Johnston. Such a review would, indeed, awaken many painful reflections and revive the memory of many distressing humiliations which we have suffered. But as it progressed through the ten painful years, to the present brightening beginning of another decade, it would also bring us to the happy conclusion that in the mind of the people of all these United States there is a national reverence for popular rights, a deeply seated faith in the old maxims of our Government, and withal a respect for valor and virtue which are not extinguished, and cannot be much longer repressed. The long dispute between the Northern and Southern sections as such, which began in earnest fifty years ago, which had its four years reaping on fields of fraternal carnage, and its ten years aftermath of crimination, distrust and misrule, is, I fervently hope, practically drawing to a close. We at least are here to-day from all parts of the Nation—Confederates and Federals—native and foreign born, with our sons and daughters, to say with united voice, "let sectional strife cease!" We assemble at woman's call—a call that men may gladly obey—to lay the corner stone of a monument which the Ladies' Memorial Association will build in memory of the Confederate Cause and the Confederate Dead. Down beneath the surface, in the soil of the State of Georgia for which those soldiers bled, the same fair hands that waved them to the field of battle have laid the first seven solid bricks of that Memorial Monument

which shall rise in granite and marble to say that thus the memory of those heroic men is rooted deeply in the hearts of their survivors.

It is not man's privilege, but woman's to raise these memorials throughout the land. The fitness of things commands us to yield to her the foremost place in this pleasing duty. Her smile encouraged our ardent youth to put on the armor of war. Her voice cheered them into the thick of battle. Her sympathies followed them like angels through the dreary toils of camp and march and seige; her hands bound up their wounds, and her tears fell upon their cold, pale, bloody corpses. And before the smoke of battle had fairly cleared away, she stood up in Georgia, first of all, and said, "We will build memorials to our fallen men." It is her voice again calls us together now. And the response by this great multitude, composed of various civil orders and societies and military organizations, with citizens and matrons, young men and maidens, displays the depth and breadth of that popular sentiment which is in sympathy with the womanly pathos which prosecutes the memorial enterprise. I desire to say something concerning this public sentiment. It demands and deserves consideration.

Augusta has its various institutions of practical charity. The orphan is comforted and cared for in an ample asylum. Home is to be had and enjoyed by the venerable and desolate widow. Hospitals are open to the sick. For every color and race benevolence has made provision. And thus this good Samaritan city dispenses its aims in practical good-will to men. But something is due to that sentiment of the people which will not be satisfied with any institution of charity however public and efficient it might be. There is a popular sentiment concerning the Confederate Cause which seeks expression. It must have a language in which to make itself understood. A kindred feeling, existing in its crudest state even among the Red men who once tented on this spot, found a tongue in the mounds of rock and earth which they built above the graves of their chieftains. Other people better cultured and skilled have raised the arch of triumph and uplifted the monumental obelisk in order to utter the common emotion. At great cost the Vendome Column, in Paris—twice built, twice destroyed—spoke the feeling of France. So, too, the Bunker Hill Monument is the voice of patriotism which the recent Centennial ceremonies in Concord and Lexington have echoed. Adjacent to this spot another stately column also rises that tells the story of public devotion to "the Declaration of Independence" and to the men who ventured life to become its signers. Lower down another graceful monument stands to witness the heartfelt reverence of the people for the valor that evoked its voice. And now when this shaft shall ascend from its spacious plinth it will be a lasting token of the public spirit of reverence and affection with which the living honor the brave men who died in their behalf. That sentiment will take form in sculptured and lettered marble shaft. It will concrete in granite base. It will be crystallized into visible and beautiful form through the patriotic work of this Memorial Association. Is not this feeling that seeks expression by columns, or arches, or garlands most natural? Is not the sentiment that demands this monument most noble? Is not the monument itself the just due of those who asked no reward in dying for their country but to be remembered with affection? It was all they asked—to be remembered.

Shall we not grant them that boon? Can we forget those men? Can we ever dismiss from our minds the recollection of the buoyant and brave boys in gray who went gallantly to die for our State? Can any monument other than that invisible national reverence for patriotism, whose base spreads from ocean to ocean, and whose pinnacle reaches the stars, that keep watch over their honored graves, satisfy the claims which those fallen men have upon us?

I have no doubt of the public utility of all these monuments which gentle women are building everywhere. It is worthy this occasion to say that while the shaft which shall spring from this spot will be the tongue of popular sentiment it will also be a conservator of the popular patriotism. Such things make men love their country, because they teach that the country honors patriotic devotion. They will keep the popular heart drawn to the original principles and policies of this Government. For they are declarations of faith in those early maxims. They are not spears set against the common nation, but beacons to guide the young Southern statesmen who shall hereafter man the ship of the State. In common with others of like character which shall adorn every city of the South, this monument will mould and preserve Southern opinion. For the popular recollections of the brave and virtuous which it shall constantly awaken, and the recalling of

the principles and actions of those who have borne noble parts in this life are the great conservators of popular character. Thus these monuments will serve the highest patriotic uses in their influences on the opinions and actions of the people, and by indirection at least will benefit not the South alone, but the whole country also. For I do not hesitate to affirm, in the presence of this great multitude of intelligent people that this country cannot go to ruin, that it cannot drift into despotism, that it cannot lose its distinctive character as a Republic of republics without the consent and assistance of the Southern people. Ambition may aspire to single handed rule; party may plot to perpetuate its power by prostration of popular liberty; majorities may conspire against the Constitution, but the foundations in which free government was laid in this quarter of the world cannot be subverted until the *sentiment, the ideas* of the States which formed the Confederacy are totally changed. I mean no boast, I only affirm that Southern ideas are still rooted in the old maxims of the first revolution, and they were not surrendered when the Confederate flag was furled and Lee gave his sword to Grant. I am glad, indeed, that it was not the general opinion of the Federal side in that surrender that such opinions were overthrown. If the fall of the South meant the surrender of its convictions, the recanting its faith in popular rule, the obliteration of State sovereignty, if this was understood North and South as the great result of the war, then it is impossible to understand the history of the past ten years of struggle over those principles. It is also impossible to understand the present significant movement throughout the nation toward what is better than all reconstruction, to-wit—the *recognition* of the honorable terms of the treaty of surrender, and *recognition* of the *just relation* of the Southern people to the General Government.

You have noted the unsuccessful surges of many measures that have rolled against this rock of sound unrelinquished opinion during the decade just closed. Measures designed to destroy the country by washing away the foundations of these States, have broken in impotent billows about the base of the country's solid patriotism, and now in the recoil are bearing their authors to ruin. Fellow-countrymen, the plotters against the general welfare of this great country have had just power enough to bruise the heel of the public virtue, but we shall no, have to wait another decade to witness with what vigor the outraged popular patriotism of the whole land shall rise in its indignation and bruise their head. To such a hope this monument will point us. It is the voice of our tender feelings; it conserves our patriotism; it rallies our courage, and it gilds our sky with this hope.

But let us do nothing, follow-citizens, to keep alive the passions of war. To study its lessons is prudence; to profit by its teachings is wisdom; but to stir up the old animosities is madness. The voice of this monument will not be for war, but peace. You, yourselves, would justly rebuke me to-day were I to abuse this occasion by an effort to arouse your resentment. One theme of two indissoluble thoughts—our Confederacy, our Dead—alone fills our mind, and this theme must be dwelt upon without the indulgence of revengeful feelings. The monument itself will say to us that the Confederacy has expired. Its great life went out on the purple tide of blood that flowed from the hearts of its sons. It had a brief and brilliant course. It stepped out on the field where history is made in majesty of bearing like a queen girded with power and cinctured with grace. The States panoplied themselves in principle, and going forth to battle, wrested their first arms from an antagonist of five-fold superior strength. The nations of the world, refusing timely recognition, stood still to admire the splendor of their achievements and the wonder of their endurance. Succumbed at last in exhaustion of all save devotion to the original question at issue, they yielded all except their faith in the true principles and policy of the common nation. Now, conceding to all the perfect liberty of honest opinion, I say for myself that I believe the States were right in making the original issue. It was right to repel aggression by resistance. It was right to set up a separate government for that purpose. It was right to hold out to the bitter end. Right! Right! from first to last, from beginning to end. I have only one poor shattered life, but I hold that in too light esteem to save it by recanting my faith in the truth of our struggle, or by denying my love for the Confederate cause. But the Confederacy itself has expired. We have buried it. We do not intend to exhume its remains. We were utterly defeated, and we dismiss our resentments. Sadly we furled the dear old cross of stars which we followed through many storms of shot and shell, but we take with the true hand of Southern honor the staff that holds the flag of stars and stripes. I respond with truest feeling to-day to the fraternal words of General Bartlett, of

Massachusetts, spoken on the 19th of this April, at the Centennial celebration of the first battle of the old revolution. Referring to the Southern soldiers, he said: "As an American, I am proud of the men who charged so bravely with Pickett's Division, on our lines at Gettysburg, as I am of the men who bravely met and repulsed them here. Men cannot always choose the right cause, but when, having chosen that which their conscience dictated, they are ready to die for it, if they justify not their cause, they at least ennoble themselves, and the men who for conscience sake fought against their Government at Gettysburg, ought easily to be forgiven by the sons of the men who for conscience sake fought against their Government at Lexington and Bunker Hill."

But let us remember, also, that although the Confederate States, as a government, is no more, there are many things which have survived the fall of the cause. We have yet "The Land we Love." The South is still our own.

'Tis the shrine of the sun,

'Tis the home of the heart,

No sky like its own

Can deep passion impart

The Swiss may sing his patriotic carol to his lofty hills, and the German tell with pride the glory of his Fatherland; Ireland, in emerald beauty, may still entrance the imagination of its warm-hearted sons; but for me there is no land like this. No clime so rare, no place so dear. I think that we have not yet learned to appreciate our South. It has been thus far almost a hidden land. Our own eyes have not yet beheld its greater glory, and strangers have been slow to recognize its worth. But there is a waking in the world to the charms of this chosen realm that is already moving explorers to traverse its scope even to the lower verge of our sister Floral State. No prophet need arise to tell us that this central part of the Western world, that stands related by climate and position to the greatest modern progress, as ancient Egypt and old Phoenicia stood to the former times, will, ere long, take rich tribute in people, wealth, culture and virtue from all lands. There is hope of greater and better days. On a certain royal escutcheon is inscribed the motto: "I bide my time." We have but to be true, and work, and wait. Our South is no Niobe of nations, as the brilliant poet wrote of one subjugated people. She will not weep in unsolaced grief over her children's graves, nor yield herself to the apathy of despair because of her defeat; but rising, like the sun from the tomb of night, will ascend the steep of progress, knowledge and virtue. But I cannot dismiss your attention yet, nor complete my part of this memorable ceremony until I have said another word. This day and this scene recall not only the Confederate cause, but most vividly our "Confederate dead." We are reminded of the brave and courtly cavaliers who bled in our behalf. Yet we assemble neither to rejoice nor to vainly mourn. We breathe no vain signs, utter no useless regrets, and make no empty vaults. But we unite together, whether from North or South, whether native born or adopted citizen—we join in paying the tribute that is due to honest and chivalrous patriotism. This corner stone shall receive the chrisin of our united blessing. Flowers shall fall from the hands of all to deck the graves of those who repose within our city, and memory shall wreath her chain of gentlest garlands for those who sleep in distant States and unknown graves. Our dead are reposing in ranks by regiments. Ours was a bloody war. In the record of Grecian struggles there is one conflict called the "tearless battle," because no blood was shed. But no such battle was fought on Southern soil. Wherever the Grey and the Blue met, courage met courage, and blood flowed like water. When the battle was over the news of mortal casualties sped over the country, bearing sadness to hundreds and thousands of homes. You shudder as you recall those days. Your eyes fill with the uprising tear that presses its way from the deep of the heart where the living spring of the old love still lives. Thus we honor to-day with recollections, tears and other tributes, those men of whom it does not become us to speak save with uncovered head and unsandalled feet. You will suffer me to say without reserve that my heart is to-day in the graves of my fellow-comrades. This is the time of my trist, when I give myself to them in tender recollection. While I live this will be to me a sacred day. Forty years hence, if by reason of strength, I shall attain my fourscore years, I will stand uncovered, and reverent by the graves of our honored dead. Four years with them in the thick and heat of their hardest encounters, with them to suffer thirst and hunger, fatigue and darger, battles and wounds, victory and defeat, hope and

despair, have woven my heart's affections with the woof of their lives. God gave me no brother, but my sacrificed country has given me thousands. If they needed further vindication than has been already made for their fealty to the States that gave them birth, or adopted them as sons, I could not be content until the full argument was held before the forum of the world's judgment. But vindication has already come. What the sword lost reason will win. A decade of experience has accumulated proof and strengthened the voice of reason. A few years of fury did indeed sweep clouds of passion across the country, and stir up the dust of prejudice to blind its better judgment. For a time it seemed that power was in the hand of madness, and, reckless of results, would write "treason" on the front of the Confederate cause, and "traitor" on the brow of President Davis and General Lee. But the world cried out, "For Shame." Federal soldiers, who had crossed bayonets and exchanged shots with us on many battle fields, cried out, "For Shame!" And thus madness was checked by the justice of mankind, and cowered before the indignation of courage. Our soldiers need no further vindication. Their valor, their patriotism, their worth are acknowledged. They sleep in graves that are honored wherever the story of their devotion is told. From all quarters come tributes to their worth. An intelligent soldier, who knew well the truth of what he wrote has recorded his belief that: "The world has never produced a body of men superior in courage, patriotism and endurance to the private soldiers of the Confederate armies." He says: "I have seen them perform deeds, which, if done in days of yore by mailed warriors, would have inspired the harp of minstrel and the pen of poet." A Federal officer of high rank exclaimed in a public address before an appreciative Northern audience: "That army of Northern Virginia! Who can help looking back upon them now with feelings half fraternal! Reduced to dire extremity at times, yet always ready to fight, and knowing well how to make a field illustrious! Main force against main force! When valor like their's was exhausted the sun went down on thousands dead but not one *vanguished*." Men distinguished as statesmen, and as military men on the other Atlantic shore have taken up the pen to record their high estimate of Confederate valor, fortitude and skill. Yes, in every sense and from every quarter the welcome vindication comes. We have not asked the Federal soldier or citizen to say that our secession was right. Fair difference of opinion may be indulged on that question. But we hear with fraternal gladness the tributes which they pay to the honesty of our motives and the valor of our troops.

And now, what I have said in a general view of our Southern cause, country and soldiery, has special force in regard to the devotion of this city and county, from first to last to the fortunes of the Confederate States. Augusta was among the first cities to act—among the last to yield! Richmond county sent the flower of its youth immediately to the field. Its distinguished Wright, whose manly form we miss to-day, was thundering along the shores of North Carolina with fragments of his regiment before the country at large knew that war had really begun. Many of its sons became chieftains in the great struggle, and with their no less valorous comrades in the ranks, made their city and their county, their State and country, illustrious. It was my own good fortune to have had command of some of those men whom Richmond and Augusta sent to the field. Your artillery and infantry have both been with me often in the deadly encounters of the war, and I can testify how truly and bravely they bore themselves under the fiercest fire. I, too, have seen some of your sons fall, and will go with you to-day to mourn their loss.

This city and county sent to the field two companies of artillery, six of cavalry and fourteen of infantry, besides Jackson's battalion. The ranks of these companies were sadly thinned by the oft recurring battles, but they were from time to time filled up until scarcely any remained in the city or county but the aged, the disabled and the children. How many fell has not yet been exactly ascertained. But we miss to-day many, many noble forms. Some of them sleep in yonder cemetery. Some fill graves in other parts of the State. Some lie buried in the cemeteries of other States. Others rest in the "*unknown*" graves on the fields where they fell, and no man knows their tomb.

" But had they no high honor—
The heavens for their pall—
To lie in state, while angels wait
With stars for tapers, tall

And the dark old pines, with tossing plumes,
O'er their biers to wave,
And God's own hand in the distant land,
To lay them in their grave."

Let them all sleep in their warrior tombs! Let them all rest in the love of their countrymen. Let them be honored by this Monument, and be held in reverence for their unselfish patriotism and unsurpassed valor by the ages to come.

Their glory shall not be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.

The Benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Mr. Sweeny, when

THE PROCESSION WAS REFORMED

In the order in which it first marched, and proceeded to the Cemetery.

AT THE CEMETERY.

As the procession entered the Cemetery at the middle gate, the leading band played a beautiful dead march, to which the military organizations kept time in stepping. Moving down the main drive it filed to the right, when the soldiers' section was reached, and the head of the column marched around the East side of the Confederate section, the organizations in the rear halting on the South side and facing North. Arms were stacked and ranks broken to allow the members of the several participating organizations to move about as suited them best and see the decorations.

SALUTES.

As the procession was moving down Greene street, after coming through Monument street, Oglethorpe Infantry, Co. B, saluted the Monument in front of the City Hall erected to the memory of the Georgia signers of the Declaration of Independence. When the procession reached the Monument erected in front of St. James' Church to the memory of the Confederate dead of Augusta and Richmond county, the Battalion halted and gave a general salute.

AT THE CEMETERY.

There was an immense crowd present during the afternoon. Long before the procession started from Broad street there was a large number of people who went in advance to the Cemetery to view the decorations made during the day. The number of ladies present, with young people and children, was probably larger than on any previous Decoration Day since the war. The graves were

BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED.

Many of them attracted marked attention. The late Spring season created a fear that there would be a scarcity of flowers, but there was a generous outpouring on the part of all who had flower gardens, and a full supply was furnished for the decorations. Among the more notable decorations we would mention were those of the graves marked "Unknown," of which there are several. On two of them two Confederate flags were constructed of flowers, with a full flower basket, cross and bouquet. The "Unknown" to the right of these was decorated with bouquets and flowers spread over the grave. Next to the right of these graves was another "Unknown," which had flowers spread over it, and in the centre a miniature flag staff, to which was attached a Confederate national flag, with two small flags at the bottom. Another grave of an "Unknown" received marked attention — a piece of poetry was placed on the headstone of this grave. On others, wreaths and crosses were placed by the hands of our lovely and devoted women.

On the grave of A. M. Drake, a tall pyramid was constructed of moss, and encircled with evergreens and white flowers, with an evergreen cross at the bottom.

On the opposite side of the section a large stump of a tree was utilized for the same purpose, being enveloped in moss and encircled by evergreen, making a neat pyramid.

On the grave of A. J. Newman, Georgia, were the words, "A Martyr for a

Noble Cause," in green, gold frosted. Another grave had a high arch over it, with hanging baskets of flowers.

The grave of S. L. Bridges had over it hanging baskets with mosses and evergreens, with flowers. On this grave were large letters in arbor vitæ making the words:

"FOR HIS MOTHER."

This was done by a lady of this city, who not long since received a letter from the deceased, living in Alabama, who requested that a few flowers should be placed upon her son's grave.

THE BEAUTIFUL FOUNTAIN

In the centre of the soldiers' section, was a remarkable point of attraction. The spray from the jet in the centre made the large bouquets of flowers on either side of it glisten with beauty. On the upper or west bank of the fountain, the tattered battle flag of the 48th Georgia Regiment was placed, with the standard supported in the earth. Just at its base was a large circle of flowers, in the centre of which was the name of R. E. Lee, in green. This attracted marked attention, a large crowd being around the fountain all the afternoon.

THE GRAVES OF FEDERALS,

In the lower part of the cemetery, were also handsomely decorated. There are we learn, fifty-two Federal soldiers buried in our cemetery, and on each grave flowers were placed yesterday afternoon. The valor of the Federal soldier is appreciated by the brave Southern soldier, even as they respect the bravery of all honorable foes.

SALUTES IN THE CEMETERY.

After the companies stacked arms at the Soldiers' section, Oglethorpe Infantry, Company B, was re-formed by Captain J. O. Clarke, and proceeded to the grave of Hon. A. J. Miller, former Captain of the Oglethorpes, where they saluted in honor of his memory, thence proceeded to the grave of Gen. John K. Jackson, when another salute was offered. Afterward they saluted at the grave of Sergt. Samuel Holmes.

The Irish Volunteers also marched to their section in the cemetery, and made a salute in honor of the memory of their dead buried there.

At a late hour in the afternoon the Battalion was reformed and marched up town, and were dismissed on Broad street.

WASHINGTON ARTILLEERY.

The following are the names of the officers and men composing the detachment of veteran members of the Washington Artillery who fired the salute on Broad street: Lieut. Robert Wallace, Lieut. R. Summerall, Sergt. E. E. Pritchard, Sergt. Wm. Pickering, Sergt. James Hughes, Charles R. Rowland, Eugene O'Connor, P. Sharkey, Frank Redfern, Isaac Johnson, T. J. Apel, Jas. W. Bohler, Capt. I. P. Girardey and Lieut. George T. Barnes.

THE STREET RAILROAD COMPANY,

With commendable enterprise, during the day yesterday, ran two cars on each trip—one following the other—to accommodate the large number of people going to and coming from the cemetery. While the ceremonies attendant upon the laying of the corner stone were in progress, the cars on the upper line only ran to Jackson street, while those on the lower line ran to McIntosh street, so as not to interfere with the crowd about the foundation of the monument. Transfer tickets were used for those desiring to go beyond the points where the cars stopped.

THE MONUMENT IS BUILT.

CEREMONY OF UNVEILING THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

The following Programme of Ceremonies was observed on the occasion of Unveiling the Confederate Monument in Augusta, October 31st, 1878.

- Prayer.
 Rev. Clement A. Evans.
 Music.
 By 13th United States Infantry Band.
 Oration.
 By Col. Charles C. Jones, Jr.
 Music.
 By Deutscher Schuetzen Band.
 Prayer.
 By Rev. C. C. Williams.
 Music.
 By 13th United States Infantry Band.
 Benediction.
 By Rev. J. S. Lamar.
 Music.
 By 13th United States Infantry Band.
 Salute.
 By Washington Artillery.

The seats on the Platform was occupied by Officers of Ladies' Memorial Association and Committees, Disabled ex-Confederate Officers, Soldiers and Sailors, Marshal of the Day and Assistants, Officers and Colors of the different Organizations in the Procession, Orator of the Day, Clergy, Governors and Staffs, Members of Congress, Members of Georgia Legislature, ex-Governors of Georgia, Mayor, Council and Clerk, ex-Mayors of Augusta, Judges and Court Officials, Specially Invited Guests, Professors Medical College of Georgia, Reporters of Press.

ORDER OF PROCESSION

Was as follows, and the line was formed promptly at 2 o'clock, P. M., at the Bell Tower.

First Division—Richmond Hussars; Guests of Richmond Hussars; Cavalry Survivors' Association.

Second Division—Thirteenth United States Infantry Band; Augusta Independent Volunteer Battalion; Police Force of Augusta.

Third Division—Deutscher Schuetzen Band; Deutscher Schuetzen Club of Augusta; Deutscher Schuetzen Club of Aiken; Fire Companies of Augusta; Different Societies and Organizations of city and county (Benevolent, Religious and National); Members of the Bar of Richmond county; Medical Faculty and Society; Citizens generally.

Fourth Division—Governors and Staffs; Members of Congress; Members of the Georgia Legislature from Richmond county; Mayor, City Council and Clerk of Council; Ex-Mayors of Augusta; Officers United States Army and Navy; Judges and Officials of Superior and County Courts; Orator of the Day; Officiating Clergy; Clergy of City and County; Confederate Survivors' Association; Officers of the Ladies' Memorial Association of Augusta; Committees of Ladies' Memorial Association; Ladies generally.

First Division—On the northeast corner of Greene and Jackson streets, to Assistant Marshal Steed.

Second Division—On northeast corner of Greene and McIntosh streets, in front of Christian Church, to Assistant Marshal Dickerson.

Third Division—On south side of Greene, between Washington and McIntosh streets, to Assistant Marshal Fee Wilson.

Fourth Division—On south side of Greene, between McIntosh and Jackson streets, to Assistant Marshal R. J. Wilson.

ROUTE OF PROCESSION.

Up Greene to Kollock, to Broad street, to Confederate Monument, where the procession was dismissed at the conclusion of the ceremonies.

The Washington Artillery, Capt. Pritchard commanding, was stationed at the intersection of Broad and Washington streets and fired salutes as the procession entered Broad street, and at the close of the Ceremonies of Unveiling.

L. A. Picquet, R. J. Wilson, Wm. M. Dunbar and S. R. Clark unveiled the Monument.

Assistant Marshals of the Day: W. J. Steed, Jas. P. Verdery, R. J. Wilson, W. A. Clark, J. J. Hickok, Fee Wilson, O. G. Ganter, Jas. L. Fleming, W. H. Dickerson, P. Gallaher.

Street cars ceased running, and no vehicles were permitted between Jackson and McIntosh streets during the ceremony.

By direction of the officers of the Ladies' Memorial Association, through their General Committee of Arrangements, J. V. H. Allen, Jno. W. Clark, H. A. Brahe, E. E. Pritchard, W. Daniel, C. A. Robbe, J. V. H. Allen, Chairman; H. A. Brahe, Secretary; J. C. C. Black, Marshal of the Day.

[From Chronicle and Constitutionalist November 1st, 1878.]

IT IS FINISHED—THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT UNVEILED—THE CROWNING OF THE WORK OF THE LADIES' MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION—IMMENSE CROWD IN ATTENDANCE—INPOSING DISPLAY—ELOQUENT ADDRESS BY COLONEL C. C. JONES, JR.

It is woman's heart that keeps enshrined forever the memory of gallant deeds and brave souls; woman's hands that tenderly care for the graves of the dead heroes and scatter flowers over the silent breasts of the boys in grey. No! she does not forget, though the din and turmoil of war have passed away forever; though the cares and anxiety of life almost blot from man's mind the recollections of that glorious past, until they seem like the fancies of a dream. It was her self-abnegation, her patriotism that nerved so many arms in the troublous days when war filled the land; her's now, the tender, loving heart that remembers how they died and in what cause they fell. The conquered banner and all that it recalls is sacred in her eyes, and her mission it has been to erect, in remembrance of those who yielded up their lives for it, a Monument worthy of them and their deeds of valor.

While the war was going on the ladies of Augusta organized a

LADIES' RELIEF AND HOSPITAL ASSOCIATION,

And to this society of benevolent women many a poor wounded or sick soldier was indebted for kind nursing and comfortable clothing. When the war closed and military hospitals disappeared, this society took upon itself the duty of decorating with flowers the soldier's graves in the City Cemetery. In 1868, the Ladies' Memorial Association, having for its object the care of these graves as well as the erection of a Monument to the Confederate dead, organized by the election of Mrs. Dr. John Carter as President; Mrs. Dr. H. H. Steiner as Vice-President and Mrs. John T. Miller as Secretary and Treasurer. The depression prevailing in business just after the war, and the death of the President and Vice-President, prevented the Association from doing more than meeting the expenses of caring for the soldier's graves. But they knew

NO SUCH WORD AS FAIL.

In March, 1873, a re-organization was effected and the following officers were elected:

President, Mrs. M. E. Walton (now Mrs. F. A. Timberlake); Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. John T. Miller; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. J. M. Adams, Mrs. E. M. Whitehead, Mrs. Ann Anthony, Mrs. J. J. Cohen, Mrs. J. S. Lamar, Mrs. DeSausure Ford, Mrs. H. W. Hilliard, Mrs. J. T. Derry, Mrs. John M. Clark, representing the different church organizations in the city. The present officers are: President, Mrs. F. A. Timberlake; Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. John T. Miller; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. E. M. Whitehead, Mrs. J. M. Adams, Mrs. J. J. Cohen,

Mrs. M. Campfield, Mrs. John M. Clark, Mrs. M. A. Danforth, Mrs. W. H. Barrett, Mrs. J. T. May, Mrs. L. Bredenberg, Mrs. D. T. Castleberry, Mrs. M. B. Moore, Mrs. J. J. Thomas; Finance Committee, John J. Cohen, Sr., John T. Miller, Building Committee, John M. Clark, Col. George W. Rains, W. H. Goodrich, J. C. Francis, D. H. Denning, F. A. Timberlake, W. C. Jones.

These ladies at once set to work energetically to accomplish the object for which they had organized. Their worthy efforts met with a hearty co-operation on the part of the male portion of the community, and their funds were soon sufficient to justify them in taking initiatory steps in their great work. The first thing to be done was the permanent putting in order of the soldiers' section in the City Cemetery. The Confederate dead were gathered together and buried in the section, which was enclosed with a substantial stone coping, turfed, and a fountain erected in the centre. Over each grave was placed a slab of marble, bearing the name, company, regiment and State of the sleeping soldier beneath. The sod soon grew, flowers bloomed amid its verdancy, and Memorial Day became a holiday sacredly observed by everybody. And now the ladies began to prepare for the culmination of their labors. It was determined to erect a marble shaft in some public place in the city, to the memory of the Confederate dead of Richmond county. At a fair given by the Association, a vote was taken in order to decide upon the location. The majority was in favor of Broad street, between Jackson and McIntosh, and this, therefore, was the spot selected by the Association. In the beginning of 1875 the Association advertised for designs for the monument, and from a number presented that forwarded by Van Gunden & Young, of Philadelphia, was purchased. The cost of the design was \$500. The general satisfaction evinced and the many encomiums bestowed upon the monument, demonstrated the good judgment of the ladies in their selection.

The design accepted, the contract for erecting the cenotaph was awarded to Mr. T. Markwaller, of Augusta.

The marble portion of the monument was executed at Carara, Italy, and the first shipment of it reached Augusta a short time since. Mr. Markwaller commenced its erection at once, and on last Saturday the entire work, including the base, was finished.

The monument is seventy-two feet in height. The base, which is of Georgia granite, is twenty-two feet square. The foundation of brick is four feet high, making the whole seventy-six feet in height. At the corners of the first section, twenty feet from the base, are life-size marble statues of Generals R. E. Lee, T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson, Thomas R. R. Cobb and W. H. T. Walker, representing respectively the Lost Cause, the State of Georgia and Richmond county. The second section contains Confederate emblems in *bas relief* and the coats of arms of the Confederacy and the State of Georgia. The obelisk rises proportionately with tasteful ornamentations from this section to the cap, where it is surmounted by the statue of a private Confederate soldier, heroic-size, at rest. Engraven upon tablets are the following inscriptions:

On the north side—

IN MEMORIAM.

“No nation rose so white and fair,
None fell so pure of crime.”

On the south side—

Worthy
to have lived and known
Our Gratitude;
Worthy
to be hallowed and held
in tender remembrance;
Worthy
the Fadeless Fame which
Confederate Soldiers
won.
Who gave themselves in life
and death for us;
For the Honor of Georgia,

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT

For the Rights of the States,
 For the Liberties of the People,
 For the Sentiments of the South,
 For the Principles of the Union,
 As these were handed down to them
 By the Fathers of our Common Country.

On the east side—

OUR
 CONFEDERATE DEAD.

On the west side—

ERECTED A. D., 1878,
 BY THE LADIES' MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION OF AUGUSTA,
 In honor of the
 MEN OF RICHMOND COUNTY
 Who died

IN THE CAUSE OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

The Association has raised, since its first organization, the sum of \$20,934 04. This amount has been expended in the following manner: Soldiers' section, \$2,606 46; design of monument, \$500; foundation and laying the corner stone of the monument, \$1,156 34; incidental expenses during the past ten years, \$413 86; monument, \$14,490; granite steps and coping, \$1,185. Making the total expenditures to date, \$20,351 66, and the total cost of the monument, \$17,331 34. These expenditures have all been promptly met by the Association, and the monument is now paid for and complete. Mr. Markwaller, the contractor, deserves the greatest credit, and his work exhibits no fault or flaw. Through the efforts of Hon. A. H. Stephens and Colonel Chas. C. Jones, Jr., the ladies were saved the expenses of paying custom duties—\$1,712 90—on the marble.

Such, then, is the history of the Ladies' Memorial Association, and the vast crowd that gathered yesterday, and the imposing ceremonies with which the unveiling of the monument was conducted, demonstrated the appreciation of the community for their loving labors.

THE GREAT DAY.

Yesterday morning dawned bright and fair and nature herself seemed to smile approbation upon the ceremonies with which the day was to be consecrated. A large number of people came in from the adjacent country Wednesday night, and the morning trains brought many more, while there was an excursion party from Columbia and another from along the line of the Port Royal Railroad. By 12 o'clock an immense crowd filled Broad street. Among those who came in on the Georgia Railroad, was Governor A. H. Colquitt. The Washington Artillery fired a salute of nineteen guns upon his arrival. His Excellency was met at the depot by Colonel C. C. Jones, Jr., who took him in charge.

During the morning the Edgefield Hussars, Capt. Markert; the Silverton Democratic Club, Capt. Cobb; the Summer Hill Democratic Club, Capt. Butler; and the Beech Island Rangers, Capt. Frank Dunbar, reached the city. The Burke Hussars and Wilkins Cavaliers arrived Wednesday evening. The two latter companies paraded on Greene street yesterday morning and made a very fine display.

Before 10 o'clock Confederate flags, war worn relics, floated in the breeze in every direction. The hall of the Richmond Hussars was particularly noticed for its display of banners. Festooned on the balcony and depending from a line stretched across the street, were the flags raised over the United States Arsenal at Summerville, by Major J. V. H. Allen and Captain J. O. Clark, after it was taken possession of by the State authorities; a flag made by Lieutenant Twiggs, a large Confederate flag, with seven stars, presented by Captain Furpin and Captain H. H. D'Antignac, a Palmetto flag presented by Major F. K. Huger, the flag of Colonel T. R. R. Cobb's brigade, the flag of Colonel Deloney's command, the flag of the 9th Kentucky Regiment, the last signal flag used on Fort Sumter, a German flag, the Irish Volunteers' war flag, and a French flag. In front of the Southern Express office floated two large flags used by that company during the war on its wagons, while with the armies of the Confederacy. On the platform in front of the monument was a tall staff, from which waved a United States and a Confederate flag, blended together. Over these was a white pennant bearing the word

"Peace" in large letters, and still above were several sprigs of evergreen, emblematic of the olive branch.

At 1 o'clock the cavalry regiment formed in front of the Hussar Hall, under the command of Gen. G. J. Wright, as Colonel. The gallant veteran sat his horse as firmly as he did in the days of yore when he led the boys in gray into the thickest of the battle. Captain Miller, of South Carolina, Captain E. T. Craig, of the Confederate Survivors, and Lieutenant Thayer, of the Richmond Hussars, acted as aids, with Captain John W. Clark as Adjutant. Captain Markert, of the Edgefield Hussars, acted as Lieutenant-Colonel, and Captain Young, of the Cavalry Survivors, as Major. The regiment was composed of the following companies: Richmond Hussars, 25 men, Lieutenant Fleming; Wilkins Cavaliers, 40 men, Captain J. P. Thomas; Silverton Club, 52 men, Captain Cobb; Color Guard, 36 men; Cavalry Survivors, 25 men, President W. B. Young; Burke Hussars, 23 men, Captain Fulcher; Summer Hill Club, 30 men, Captain Butler; Beech Island Rangers, 44 men, Captain Dunbar; Edgefield Hussars, 35 men, Captain Markert. With the Richmond Hussars were nine men of the Charleston Dragoons, under command of Lieutenant Legare. The whole command numbered 294 men. After the regiment was organized, it proceeded to the rendezvous at the Bell Tower.

The Confederate Survivors, 75 men, under command of Vice-President Eve, formed in front of Hussar Hall. Two bullet torn Confederate battle flags floated over them. One was the headquarters flag of General Thos. R. R. Cobb, borne by Colonel H. D. D. Twigg, in his uniform as Colonel in the Confederate army. The sash in which General Cobb was buried was worn by Colonel Twigg. The other flag was the battle flag of the Twenty-seventh Virginia, borne by Mr. J. A. Loffin.

The Volunteer Battalion formed in front of Masonic Hall, at 1 o'clock, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel W. Daniel; the Oglethorpe Infantry, Lieutenant Miller; Clarke Light Infantry, Lieutenant Cohen; Clinch Rifles, Captain Ford; Irish Volunteers, Capt. Smyth. The Oglethorpe Infantry carried a handsome Confederate flag presented to the Stephens Light Guard by the ladies of Greensboro at the beginning of the war. It was in the hands of General Bartow when he fell at the first battle of Manassas. The Clinch Rifles carried the flag of the 5th Georgia Regiment. The words "Santa Rosa, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga," were written on its folds. The Irish Volunteers bore as the Battalion colors the 5th Virginia Infantry flag. The Battalion escorted the Confederate Survivors to the rendezvous on Greene street.

The procession was formed at the Bell Tower at 2 o'clock. The other organizations in line, besides those mentioned above, were the Schuetzen Club, 40 men, President Spaeth; the Aiken Schuetzen, 10 men, President Hahn; the Alert Fire Company, 30 men, Captain Denning, and the Blennerhassett Fire Company, Captain Jones, 15 men, with the reel. The Vigilant steamer, Gazelle steamer, and the old and new steamers of the Clinch Fire Company, were also in the line. The steamer of the Vigilant was festooned with a Confederate flag.

Governor Colquitt rode in a carriage drawn by four beautiful white horses driven by Mr. Heggie. Dr. Janes, Mayor Meyer, Major Allen and Chief Robbe rode with the Governor. Mrs. Stonewall Jackson rode in a carriage with Mr. and Mrs. John M. Clark. The procession was under the command of the Hon. James C. C. Black, Marshal of the Day, assisted by Messrs. W. J. Steed, R. J. Wilson, J. J. Hickok, O. G. Ganter, W. H. Dickerson, James P. Verdery, W. A. Clark, Fee Wilson, J. L. Fleming, P. Gallaher, as aids. The splendid band of the Thirteenth U. S. Infantry preceded the Volunteer Battalion. The Schuetzen Band marched immediately in front of the Schuetzen Club. The procession moved off at half-past two o'clock, and marched up Greene to Kollock, through Kollock to Broad, and down Broad to the platform where the different organizations were grouped, so as to witness the ceremonies. The balconies and windows, pavements and streets were crowded with spectators as the procession marched, and everything moved with it towards the monument, so that when the exercises commenced Broad street, from Jackson to McIntosh, was literally packed with people. There could not have been less than twenty thousand spectators of the ceremonies. All the stores and places of business were closed soon after 12 o'clock, and there was a general outpouring of the people to witness the interesting and imposing spectacle. The sun shone brightly, but a cold wind prevailed, flapping the banners violently to and fro, and chilling those on the shady side of the street.

On the platform were Governor Colquitt, officers of the Ladies' Memorial Association, Confederate Survivors' Association, orator of the day and others. The Stonewall Brigade flag, Washington Artillery war flag, Eighth Georgia flag, Twenty-seventh Virginia flag and Cobb Legion flag waved from the platform in addition to the blended United States and Confederate flags. In front of the monument rose white and fair, its statues veiled.

After music by the band, Major Allen announced that the ceremonies would commence with prayer by Rev. C. A. Evans. The following is the prayer, which was listened to with bowed heads:

"O Lord, our Lord, who art in this and every place, accept the worship which this people give unto Thee this day, and hear our prayer. May our memories recall not only our sorrows but also Thy many mercies, and move us to become a people consecrated unto Thee. We thank Thee, O Lord, for the many lives that were spared from death where so many thousands fell in the recent fearful war, and here we humbly offer unto Thee those lives which Thou didst thus redeem from destruction. We beseech Thee to visit the widows and the orphans of the fallen soldiers and comfort them in their affliction. If any of these are in want because the arms that sustained them are strengthless in the dust, we pray Thee enkindle feelings of love for them, and raise up friends for them on every hand. May the living sons and daughters of the patriot soldiery be ennobled by the highest virtue and true religion. Especially bless Thy daughters of this Memorial Association, who for many years have toiled to this moment of great achievement, and in a labor of their love have builded this monument. Be pleased, O Lord, to hear us for State and country. We thank Thee that our State is wisely, honestly and lovingly governed. May Thy servant, the Governor, be enriched by Thy grace and by the continued trust of the people whom he governs in Wisdom, Justice and Moderation. We beseech Thee to bind the States of this Union together and to blend the people of the States in one. May this monument forbid all discord. Rule Thou over us and let all the nations of the earth know that Thou art among this people. Establish our government in righteousness and preserve us in prosperous and peaceful dominion until Thy kingdom come and Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever and ever, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

Hon. J. C. C. Black then introduced Colonel C. C. Jones, Jr., Orator of the Day, who delivered the following chaste and eloquent address:

"The reverberations of the thunders of contending armies had scarcely been hushed within our borders, and the blood of our precious dead ceased to incarnadine the land for whose retention they had wrestled so bravely but in vain, when it entered into the hearts of noble women in our city to erect a monument in honor of the Lost Cause, in memory of the gallant soldiers from this county who had perished during the Confederate struggle for independence.

It was a holy purpose; the logical sequence of that love, sympathy, self-denial, encouragement and devotion which, exhibited by mother, wife, sister, daughter during the progress of the revolution, had, in manly breasts, inspired hopes the most exalted, stimulated patriotism the purest, and prompted action the most heroic.

It was a brave resolve, for the entire region was filled with mourning. Hope had fled, and expectation perished. Established institutions had been ruthlessly overturned, and the pleasure of the Conqueror was the supreme law. Sorrow, penury, disappointment and ashes were the common heritage; and, in the general gloom which encompassed all, there shone not a single star of substantial promise.

Surely none, save the loyal women of our own Southland, were qualified for such an effort. Intent upon the accomplishment of their generous mission, with such zeal did they prosecute their pious labors, that in the fullness of time, deep in the bosom of this our mother earth, and in the presence of a grateful people were securely laid the foundations of the monument whose completion we this day celebrate.

On that memorable occasion, by one* in whom are happily blended the courage and capacity of a military leader, the purity and devotion of a minister of the Most High God, the eloquence of an orator, and the catholic spirit of a true citizen, were uttered words of congratulation, dignity and manhood, which far and

*Reverend General Clement A. Evans.

near were welcomed and applauded. Three years have elapsed since those imposing ceremonies were observed. The labors of these good women are now ended. Their efforts have been crowned with complete success. Wrought by skilled hands from out the marble womb of those classic hills which, overlooking the beautiful bay of Genoa, have, for more than eighteen centuries, furnished their pure material for the art-trophies of many nations, the blocks which compose this monument, safely transported across kindly seas, and aptly joined together, now rise before our admiring gaze in comely shape and realistic beauty, the pride of Augusta, and the cynosure of every Confederate eye.

Hither are we come, with all the pomp and circumstance at command, with united voice to congratulate the ladies of the Memorial Association upon the consummation of this blessed work; to tender the cordial thanks not only of this entire community and State, but also of all whose hearts are loyal to the impulses, aims, and rights cherished by the South and sternly battled for in the war between the States, for this sightly cenotaph, the offspring of their energy, sympathy and love, and to assure them that mindful of their exhortations, examples, prayers, sacrifices and angelic ministrations, when death and desolation stalked like all-devouring demons through our war-convulsed land, and reverencing the sentiments which animated their pure bosoms in this illustrious behalf, we will cultivate the virtues, guard the principles, emulate the characters, and observe the lessons which this their priceless gift is designed to inculcate, commemorate and perpetuate.

With rapturous joy do we hail the dedication of this godly monument. With kindling hearts do we respond to the inspirations and memories which its presence bespeaks. We glory in the rectitude of the cause, and exult in the valor of the men symbolized by its towering form and martial outlines. In open day, and in the face of the world, we here protest that so far being "rebels against legitimate authority and traitors to their country," our Confederate Dead were "lovers of liberty, combatants for constitutional rights, and, as examplers of heroic virtue, benefactors of their race."

For the past we have no apologies to offer, no excuses to render, no regrets to utter, save that we failed in our high endeavor; no tears to shed except over withered hopes and the graves of our departed worthies. We yielded in the end because we were overborne by superior numbers and weightier munitions. Any pledges given will be by us duly observed; but it is well known, alike by friend and stranger, that nothing has been absolutely determined except the question of comparative strength. The issue furnished only a physical solution of the moral, social and political propositions involved in the gigantic struggle. The sword never does, and never can compass other than a forcible abridgement in matters of conscience, principle, and inalienable right. Even now the fundamental claims, the political privileges, and the vested rights in support of which the Southern people expended their blood and treasure, are, in a moral point of view, unaffected by the result of the contest. This we confidently affirm in the teeth of the practical and in many respects lamentable consequences entailed by the intervention of the *vis major*. The necessity was laid upon us, to maintain our State sovereignty, home rule, honor, property, and self-respect, at the expense of wounds, desolation and death. An appeal to arms in an unequal strife, and in a defensive war was all that was left to us. We accepted the issue. For four long and bloody years were our entire manhood and capabilities enlisted in the great battle for constitutional liberty and self-preservation. We failed, but not until we had demonstrated to an expectant world that we esteemed life less dear than honor, and that we were at least not unworthy the privileges, the homes and the equalities for which we contended.

The day will surely come—aye, it's dawning is already begun—when the conduct of the Confederate States in their amazing contest for right, property, and an independent national existence, will be justified, honored, and admired by all who possess the knowledge to discern, the honesty to appreciate, and the candor to confess. The wealth of high resolves, fearless purposes, strenuous exertions and generous sacrifices—the satisfaction born of a consciousness of duty discharged, manhood indicated, and country defended while hope and ability remained—an abiding confidence in the rectitude of our lofty emprise—the record of brave deeds—the recollections of a heroic past, and the rich legacy bequeathed by the valor and devotion of sons, brothers, fathers—all these and more are ours, and neither the lapse of years nor the mutations of fortune can wrest them from us.

On the entablature of an ancient gateway leading towards a resting place for the

dead, is an inscription in which the soul is sublimely celebrated as *superstes corpori caduco*—surviving the frail body. Yes, the exalted spirit which animated our Confederate dead—the soul of patriotism which led them to give to their country their loves and their lives—must triumph over the oblivion of the grave, and forever remain *superstes corpori caduco*. In those voiceless songs which in quiet hours we sing in our own thoughts, this refrain will remind us of present and future glory for this immortal dust, and inspire hope for the people whose sons evinced such devotion.

The waves of the ocean as they break along our shore will chant anthems in honor of our illustrious dead. The everlasting hills will continue the living witness of their triumphs. Silent valleys will remain vocal with their praises, and river and flood and mountain and plain proclaim their deeds of valor. Fair hands will, each year, with vernal flowers, fresh, spotless and redolent of sweetest perfumes, garland their graves. Young and old will venerate the illustrious memories they have bequeathed, and children's children—proud of their descent from Confederate sires—learn with earliest breath to lisp the names of the chieftains of the South, and with their youngest emotions to admire and emulate their famous examples.

This occasion recalls the virtues and consecrates in enduring marble the images of our slain warriors. It crystalizes in towering and symmetrical form the memories of the Confederate struggle for independence. Meet it is that such characters and recollections should be perpetuated by the costliest and most durable expressions of art. Most seemly is it that this gift should be bestowed by the hand of pure woman; most appropriate is it that this tribute should be earliest consecrated by her prayers, her loves, and her tears. If anything were needed to supplement the beatitude of this vision, it is found in her presence, in her attesting sympathy, and in the remembrance of all her exertions, faith, and perseverance under circumstances the most untoward.

It is a strange sight, this dedication of an august monument in the chief place of our city, by a people who were overcome in the contest, to the cause which they seemingly lost, and to the heroes who perished in the effort for its maintenance. We question whether history, in all her wide range of nations and ages, furnishes like example. To victors belong pæans, and triumphal arches and statues of bronze and marble and gold are usually accorded only to those who win the title of conqueror.

Only ten years ago, Polish exiles, assembled from various countries in Europe, inaugurated upon Swiss soil a monument commemorative of their dismembered nation's long and unsuccessful struggle for independence. It consists of a column of black marble surmounted by the white eagle of Poland. Upon the four sides of its pedestal, in Polish, French, German, and Latin, is engraved this moving appeal: "*The immortal genius of Poland, unsubdued after a struggle of a hundred years, on free Helvetic soil appeals to the justice of God and man.*"

Here, however, upon soil lately Confederate, and loyal still to the traditions of a glorious past, we elevate this cenotaph which now proclaims, and shall testify to the coming generations the power of Confederate memories, the pathos of Confederate emotions, the gratitude and devotion of Confederate hearts. No one questions our motives, or suggests objections to these impressive ceremonies. It is because the principles we sought to establish commend themselves to the approbation of liberty-loving mankind; it is because truth and justice are eternal, and remain unaffected by the accidents of war; it is because the brave spirits who fell in the effort to sustain them, earned the admiration of the civilized world, and secured for themselves a reputation above the shafts of malevolence and the sneers of detraction, that the propriety of monuments like this is freely accorded.

While the cause which we now emblazon belongs to history, while the bright examples of the virtuous dead who perished in its support will be emulated by men of other ages, and while their good deeds will be treasured as the heritage of many generations, most appropriate is it that we should here and now embody our special respect and personal love, loyalty, and admiration, in visible shape, thus according to the nobility of our own times,

"A local habitation and a name."

Monuments are connecting links between the present and the past. They symbolize the noblenesses which have gone before, and betoken a happy recognition of them by those who come after. They denote a "just and grateful apprecia-

tion of the virtues and services they are designed to commemorate, and stand as silent yet impressive teachers of the noblest lessons." About them gather the recollections of former achievements and brave endeavors, and in them dwells a consciousness of the dignity and manhood of the race whose history has been enriched by such exhibitions of worth and excellence. They stimulate children to a generous emulation of the meritorious deeds of their ancestors, and incite to action. They foster martial spirit and engender courageous aspirations. By portraying the images of the great, they keep ever before our eyes deathless examples. The looks and thoughts of sympathy begotten by their heroic presence give birth to heroism. Within the charmed sphere of their influence the living learn to value and to imitate the true, the beautiful, and the sublime, and insensibly acquire the virtues they symbolize.

People whose exploits have been famous, recognizing the propriety and the potency of such tributes, have in all cultured ages invoked the aid of the sculptor to perpetuate the remembrance of memorable men and events. The majestic Acropolis was filled with the signs of Athenian valor. Imperial Rome pointed proudly to her triumphal arches and the statues of her deified heroes. The opulent cities of the earth reckon among their chief decorations and conspicuous ornaments, grateful offerings to departed worth.

Yes, monuments are the physical embodiments of the most exalted memories and the most valuable traditions of a people. They are at once exponents of the general gratitude, and enduring pledges of public allegiance to the cardinal principles illustrated by the lives and acts of those in whose honor they are erected. Blessed is the people whose homes are rendered illustrious by grand monuments and distinguished graves. A country without these is a place without names, and a territory devoid of moral grandeur.

Although our Southern Cross was shot to shreds upon the battle field; although our beloved Confederacy has, with a mailed and bloody hand, been blotted from the sisterhood of nations, we bid this monument bear

"This blazon to the end of time :
No nation rose so white a^d fair,
None fell so pure of crime."

and, uttering the sentiments of the good and true women of this Memorial Association, and indicating the general wish for our dead heroes, we charge this voiceless cenotaph to

"Give them the meed they have won in the past,
Give them the honors their future forecast,
Give them the chaplets they won in the strife,
Give them the laurels they lost with their life."

Oh! holy cause! Oh! illustrious names! For you time can bring no shadow, nor envious years oblivion.

This day we wrest from our secular calendar, and set apart as a season of hallowed recollections, of dead hopes, of tearful eyes, of garlanded graves. This cenotaph we elevate as a spotless, lasting, just tribute to our Confederate Dead. Draw near while we contemplate the special memories which our mothers, wives, sisters and daughters have commissioned these marbles to illustrate.

In its entirety symbolizing the Confederate cause, and embodying the consolidated recollections of all the men and events connected with our illustrious struggle, this monument in its details exhibits particular emblems, and possesses for us special significance. In recognizing and appreciating these we acquire at least an approximate conception of what these ladies now commit to the general keeping, and prepare ourselves and those who are to come after us for the proper conservation of the solemn trust.

UNVEIL THE STATUES.

Around the base of this cenotaph we behold four life-size statues of pure Carrara marble. One of them proclaims the conspicuous services, and introduces to our admiring gaze the gallant form of as intrepid a son as this county ever gave to her country, or authorized upon the tented field to exemplify the valor of his native State. Bred to arms—every inch a soldier—his inspiration kindling with the drum-beat and the roar of musketry—above all fear amid the shock of arms and in emergencies the most perilous—leading where the boldest might hesitate to follow, craving nothing save the honor of his men and the triumph of his cause, Major-General William Henry T. Walker achieved a name and a reputation amid

the everglades of Florida, upon the plains of Mexico, and on the battle-fields of the South, than which none more daring or brilliant fires the hearts of all true Georgians.

In the maternal embrace of this commonwealth was his precious body enfolded when, on the 23d of July, 1864, he encountered his mortal hurt in the gory engagement around Atlanta. For gallantry in Mexico and Florida did Georgia award a sword to her loved and battle-scarred son while he lived, and now that he is dead, gentle hands, mindful of his courage, heroic traits, and conspicuous gallantry, and solicitous that the after generations should not forget his knightly bearing or fail to emulate his self-sacrifice, have erected this statue which we unveil and dedicate as part of this our Confederate monument, hailing its presence with gratitude and joy, contemplating it with emotions of commingled pride and sorrow, and tendering it to the future years as an embodiment of honor most true, manhood unquestioned, fortitude almost beyond compare, and loyalty the most complete.

And near him stands another Georgian, in whose character, life, and death any people might glory. A distinguished lawyer and successful advocate—a man of letters, full of generous impulse and eager for the improvement of his race—a Christian gentleman, and a citizen public spirited to the last degree, Brigadier-General Thomas R. R. Cobb may be justly accepted and remembered as the highest type of the citizen soldier. When the primal perils of the revolution were upon us, abandoning his home and profession, without hesitancy placing his heart and head at the disposal of the Confederacy, and leading to the wars as sturdy a band of patriots as ever drew sabre in the lists of freedom, he sought the enemy upon the farthest verge of the crimson tide, and followed the fortunes of the Army of Northern Virginia until that supreme moment when, from Marye's Heights—spot ever memorable and glorious—his radiant soul ascended in the smoke of battle and amid the shouts of victory to the eternal home of the brave and the blessed. Intimately associated in his fame with the triumphs of the Army of Northern Virginia—an army more invincible than the Macedonian Phalanx moving, shield touching shield, sixteen deep against the enemy—more illustrious than the Old Guard of the First Napoleon, its eagles full high advanced, crushing with its thunders the Austrian centre at Wagram. To have been a soldier of that grand army was a distinguished honor. To have acceptably discharged the duties of a general officer commanding one of its finest brigades was glorious. To have died the death of a Christian hero while aiding in the consummation of one of its greatest victories was sublime.

In thus paying superior honors to these distinguished Georgians who deemed it nobler to die in defence of the right than to yield to the encroachment of the wrong and live, we greet their statues as types, as representative images of all the commissioned officers—brave sons of this our City, County, and Commonwealth—who, in the crisis of a nation's fate, gave their lives for the public good. Their name is Legion, and their statues, if lifted up, would crown a Pantheon. Praises have they won which succeeding generations will account it a privilege to repeat, and their sepulchres will always be illustrious.

Intimately associated with the recollections of these our dead heroes, is the fame of many who shared with them the dangers and privations of the war, who bared their breasts to the common enemy, who, while hope remained, upheld the same banner, and who, when the conflict was over, returned to desolated homes, bringing their shields with them.

To you, Survivors of the Confederate Army and Navy, we turn with tenderness and affection. We welcome you into the select circle of the honored and the loved. We applaud your endeavors in those Spartan days now numbered with a consecrated past, and during the period of gloom and oppression which followed hard upon the surrender. The eyes and hopes of your countrymen are still upon you. A general benison is yours. To be worthily accounted one of you is a proud distinction. In the name of these kind ladies we assure you, that when in the providence of Him, in whose hands are the issues of life and death, you shall rejoin the companionship of the good and brave who have gone before—the good and the brave whom you knew and supported in the hour of peril, and whose memories we this day celebrate—your virtues will encircle these marbles with an additional halo; and, snatched from the forgetfulness of the grave, your achievements will be treasured and heralded by this canonizing monument.

To the Roman heart, the image of Horatius in his harness, halting upon one knee, and reminding every beholder,

"How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old,"

was as dear as the graves of the stout guards, who patriotically, although vainly strove to deliver Janiculum from the ruin wrought by Astur.

And, my countrymen, who of all this vast multitude can give adequate utterance to the universal joy and profound emotions of commingled love, grief, and admiration which possess our souls upon unveiling the statues of our great captains, Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee? Could I at this moment consult my own wishes, I would invoke the thunder of cannon and your united acclamations in heroic conduct of this part of our august ceremonies. In hailing the dedication in our midst of these marble images of our Confederate leaders, and in the attempt even feebly to recount the glories which appertain to each of them, we find ourselves, in the language of the eloquent Bossuet when pronouncing his splendid eulogy upon the Prince of Conde, "overwhelmed by the greatness of the theme and the needlessness of the task." What part of the habitable world has not heard of their victories and the wonders of their lives? Everywhere they are rehearsed. Their countrymen in extolling them can give no information even to the stranger. And, although I may remind you of them, yet everything I could say would be anticipated by your thoughts, and I should suffer the reproach of falling far below them. Of their unsullied honor, exalted greatness, lofty natures, unselfish spirit, pure, chivalrous, religious characters, constancy, patriotism, valor, devotion to duty, military abilities, and magnificent exploits, no estimate can be exaggerated. If an Englishman hesitates not to affirm that a country which has given birth to these men and to those who followed them may look the chivalry of the Old World in the face without shame, for the father lands of Sidney and Bayard never produced better soldiers, truer gentlemen, or sincerer Christians, what shall be our eulogium? What encomium can content us who exulted in their leadership, caught the inspiration of their presence and acts, witnessed their self-sacrifice, participated in their triumphs, loved the land for whose salvation they fought, and mourned their deaths with a bitter lamentation?

Jackson, the right arm of Lee, our military meteor streaming upward and onward in an unbroken track of light and ascending to the skies in the zenith of his fame, was indeed a hero "whose name will last to the end of time as an instance of the combination of the most adventurous and felicitous daring as a soldier, the most self-sacrificing devotion as a patriot, and the most exalted character as a man; one who could unite the virtues of the Cavalier and of the Round Head without the faults of either, and be at once a Havelock and a Garibaldi," and greater than them both.

Of Lee, the most distinguished representative of a cause which electrified the civilized world by the grandeur of its sacrifices, the dignity and rectitude of its aims, the nobility of its pursuit, and the magnitude and brilliancy of the deeds performed in its support, what can we say save that he was "the most stainless of earthly commanders, and, except in fortune, the greatest." Him do we accept and hold out to the present and the future as the highest type of the Southern gentleman. In his noble person, dignified carriage, refined manners, cultivated address, calm self-possession, and intellectual and moral endowments, we recognize the culmination of our patriarchal civilization. Him do we offer as the goodliest representative of Confederate valor, loyalty and chivalry. Him do we present as the embodiment of all that was highest, truest, grandest, alike in the hour of triumph and in the day of defeat.

Him do we proclaim our great Captain, our Exemplar.

It is a perennial glory that our cause summoned to its support two such champions. Their lives, characters and acts we interpose as a potent shield against the shafts of ignorance, calumny and falsehood; as a justification, a triumphant vindication of our aims and conduct when the Red Cross claimed and received the allegiance of our land.

Welcome ye statues of the good and great, and abide forever in our midst. Thrice welcome, precious memories of Lee and Jackson and Walker and Cobb, and all the compatriots who united with you in the leadership of our armies, and

in the brave effort to maintain Confederate rights. Your record is complete. Time, which

* * "lays his hand
On pyramids of brass, and ruins quite
What all the fond artificers did think
Immortal workmanship,"

can here find no apt images for his iconoclastic touch.

Hither will manly forms repair to renew their allegiance, and here will unborn generations learn the truth of history, and reverence the cause which enlisted such exalted sympathies.

And now, above Brigadier-General, Major-General, and Lieutenant-General, and full General, yea, upon the very summit of this imposing cenotaph, see the manly form of the *private soldier* of the Confederate army; the eloquent embodiment of the spirit and prowess alike of this County and State, and of all the sleeping hosts who, in our crusade for freedom, gave their lives to country, and a record to history than which none more conspicuous dignifies the annals of civilized warfare. In this attitude of *parade rest*, in this elevation far above the ham of every day life and the busy care of mortals, we recognize the *pain genesis* from a vale of smoke and sacrifice and blood and death, to the abode of peace and eternal repose.

With a pathos entirely its own does this statue appeal to our hearts and rivet our attention, for who is there in this vast concourse who does not recognize in this calm marble the symbol of some father, son, husband, brother, friend, who, fresh-lipped and full of ardor, left us when the trumpet summoned patriots to the field, and came not home again when in the end the martial gray was exchanged for the habiliments of mourning, and the Stars and Bars, borne aloft so long and so well, went down in the dust and carnage of the strife; went down,

* * "for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it
Cold and dead are lying low;
And that Banner it is trailing,
While round it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe;
For, though conquered, they adore it,
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those who fell before it."

In the grand processions made by the Athenians in honor of their soldiers killed in action, was borne a sumptuous bier, quite empty, in honor of those whose bodies could not be found or identified among the slain. To-day we exalt this characteristic eidolon in perpetual recollection of the non-commissioned officers and privates, known and unknown, recorded and unrecorded, recovered or lost, who fell in the Confederate ranks.

While specially designed to stand as the monumental type of all the good and true sons of Richmond County who died without commission while fighting for country and right, this image, in its catholic scope and far-reaching design, may be claimed for every Confederate who fills a humble and, perchance, an unmarked grave, whether he sleep in some distant and secluded spot within the wide borders once our own, whether his patriot blood was shed on foreign soil or upon the broad ocean, or whether his poor body sickened and died in Federal prison, camp or hospital.

If it be true, as many believe, that the inmates of the spirit world take note of transactions here which concern them nearly and are calculated, as one might think and not irreverently, to minister to the happiness which prevails in that home of perpetual light and love, who shall say that there are not, in the Heavens above us, angelic eyes regarding with favor these our loyal ceremonies, and saintly voices sanctioning this our tribute to earthly valor?

By the voiceless, yet potent alchemy of our own hearts, we transmute this cold marble into a warm, breathing entity, radiant with attractions unutterable, and memories beyond enumeration.

Eminently appropriate does it appear that the crowning object of this cenotaph should signify our appreciation and gratitude for the devotion, the patriotism, the self-denial, the privations, the labors and the triumphs of the private soldiers of the Confederacy. At best, it is but an adumbration of what we feel and desire.

It is deservedly our boast that no mercenary element, no adventitious aids entered into the composition of our armies. They were drawn from the bosom of the Confederacy, and were the aggregation of the manhood, the intelligence, and the noblest passions of our land. Animated by impulses and aims unusual in the history even of defensive wars, our soldiers possessed an appreciation of the issues involved, and acknowledged a moral and personal accountability in the conduct of the contest, which rendered their acts and utterances remarkable under the circumstances. They were in very deed the representatives of the rights, the property, the intellectual and moral worth, the resolution and the honor of the Confederacy. "Wonderful men! What age or country has produced their equals?" No marvel that we had great leaders. They are begotten of worthy subalterns, and are made illustrious by the achievements of those whom they command. While it is true that the discipline and efficiency of an army are in a great measure due to the ability of the chief, it is equally beyond dispute that in the last analysis we must rely upon the individual manhood, the clear apprehension, the indomitable will, the personal pride, and the inherent bravery of the troops for the highest exhibitions of heroic action and patient endurance. "I am commissioned by the President to thank you, in the name of the Confederate States, for the undying fame you have won for their arms." Thus did General Lee, by published order, acknowledge the general obligation. Earth from her past and present can furnish no higher illustrations of fortitude, no loftier examples of self-denial, no surer proofs of patriotic devotion than were exhibited in the lives, acts and deaths of the private soldiers of the Confederate revolution.

Meet it is, that their virtues and the honors they have won should here find

"A frosted residence 'gainst the tooth of time,
And rasure of oblivion."

Deeply graven on this enduring monument, open to the light of Heaven, and to be known and read of all men, we record this sentiment in honor of our Confederate dead: "*Worthy to have lived and known our gratitude; worthy to be hallowed and held in tender remembrance; worthy the fadeless fame which Confederate soldiers won who gave themselves in life and death for us, for the honor of Georgia, for the rights of the States, for the liberties of the people, for the sentiments of the South, for the principles of the Union, as these were handed down to them by the fathers of our common country.*"

While the names of our chief captains survive and are preserved on the lists of fame, scant is the memory of those who bore their banners, and by their toil and blood purchased the victories which made their commanders immortal. History furnishes numerous instances of proof of this assertion, and the record of our Confederate war offers no exception.

Miltiades, Aristides, and the war-ruler Callimachus are remembered as the heroes of that decisive engagement which broke the spell of Persian invincibility, preserved for mankind the intellectual treasures of Athens, and paved the way for the liberal enlightenment of the Western world. The ten columns erected on the plains of Marathon, whereon were engraven the names of those whose glory it was to have fallen in the great Battle of Liberation, have long since perished. Their inscriptions are dust, and nothing now, save a rude earth-mound, marks the spot where the noblest heroes of antiquity—the Marathonomakoi—repose.

For more than twenty centuries have the victories of Alexander the Great astounded the world. Will the student of history recall the name of a single private in the celebrated Macedonian Phalanx? And yet, it was by the indomitable valor, the unswerving discipline, and the heroic endurance of the veterans who composed it, that the fiery conqueror established his universal empire.

To Livius and Nero—the heroes of the Metaurus—public triumphs were decreed by the Roman Senate; but where is the roster of the brave men who achieved the victory?

Arminius has been well-nigh deified, but who has erected statues to the lion-hearted Germans who overcame the Legions under Varus?

Priscus has left us a portrait of the Royal Hun, but tradition preserves no muster-roll of his followers who, upon the ample plains of Chalons, met and overcame the confederate armies of the Romans and Visigaths?

Who was that Saxon wrestler, with his heavy hatchet, in the battle of Hastings, doing great mischief to the Normans, and well-nigh striking off the head of Duke William himself? Men of Kent and Essex, who fought so wondrous well,

where are your graves? Best friends of the brave Harold, who rallied longest around the golden standard and plied so valiantly the ghastly blow in defense of home and patriot King, have your names been forgotten by the Muse of history?

Admiral Buchanan we remember and revere, but who will name the crew of the Virginia—that *iron diadem of the South*, whose thunders in Hampton Roads consumed the *Cumberland*, overcame the *Congress*, put to flight the Federal navy, and achieved a victory the novelty and grandeur of which convulsed the maritime nations of the world?

The leader lives, while the memory of the subordinate actors survives only in the general recollection of the event. In the very nature of things it happens that

“A thousand glorious actions that might claim
Triumphant laurels and immortal fame,
Confused in clouds of glorious action lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguished die.”

Because this is so; because we desire in the present and for all time to render honor to all who, without reward, and amid privations and perils the most appalling, in comparative obscurity bore the brunt of our battles and won our victories; because our wish is that none, however humble, who followed the Red Cross to the death, should lie without stone or epitaph, do we now exalt this statue of the private soldier, and dedicate this monument to our Confederate dead.

* * * “We give in charge
Their names to the sweet Lyre. The Historic Muse,
Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
To latest times; and Sculpture, in her turn,
Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass,
To guard them and to immortalize her trust.”

What we here consecrate we enjoin upon our descendants to preserve unimpaired. For nearly five hundred years have Swiss peasants annually repaired to the field of Sempach, and, assembling around the four crosses which mark the spot where the victory was won which secured the independence of their homes, rehearsed the narrative of the battle, read aloud the roll of the two hundred who gave their lives to the cause, chanted anthems in honor of the slain, and renewed their vows to country and to freedom. Will the sons of Confederate sires prove less observant of their obligations to the memory of our illustrious dead?

These marbles testify of truth, justice, liberty, self-sacrifice, valor, loyalty, manhood, love of country, and are a worship in themselves.

Citizens of Richmond County, behold the monument which the loves and the labors of these noble women have builded, and which they now commit to your keeping. Guard holily the precious gift. Receive it as the embodiment of all you esteem most dear in a glorious past. Suffer not one stone to perish from out its fair proportions. Maintain it as a living pledge of your devotion to all that is pure, patriotic, chivalrous, and of high repute. Revere it as the mausoleum of our great and Confederate dead. And,

“When the long years have rolled slowly away,
E'en to the dawn of earth's funeral day;
When at the Archangel's trumpet and tread
Rise up the faces and forms of the dead;
When the great world its last judgment awaits,
When the blue sky shall swing open the gates
And our long columns march silently through
Past the Great Captain for final review,
Then from the blood that has flowed for the right
Crowns shall spring upward, untarnished and bright;
Then the glad ears of each war-martyred son,
Proudly shall hear the good tidings—'Well done.'
Blessing for garlands shall cover them over,
Parent and husband, and brother and lover;
God shall reward these dead heroes of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.”

During the address Colonel Jones was frequently interrupted by applause, and many times tears stood in eyes unused to weeping. At the conclusion, Colonel Jones was approached by numbers of friends, who shook his hands and congratulated him upon his grand production. It was universally pronounced to be one of the finest addresses ever delivered in Augusta. At the words, "Unveil the statues," Messrs. L. A. Picquet, R. J. Wilson, William M. Dunbar and S. R. Clark pulled away the veil, and the monument stood uncovered amid the cheers of the vast multitude.

The exercises closed with the following prayer by the Rev. C. C. Williams.

Almighty God, Father of all mercies, we, Thy unworthy servants, do give Thee most humble and hearty thanks for all Thy goodness and loving kindness to us and to all men. More especially do we bless and thank Thee this day for the good examples of all those, our countrymen, who, at the call of duty, were content to go forth and die. Grant, we pray Thee, that their name and their fame may be ever fresh in the hearts of a grateful people, and that their children's children may rise up to bless and honor them.

Blessed be Thy name, O Lord God, that it has pleased Thee to put it into the hearts of these Thy servants to build here an everlasting memorial of our Confederate dead, to place this living crown of beauty upon the cold brows of those who were "faithful unto death."

Guard it, we beseech Thee, from all evil powers of the air, that no blast of the lightning may come nigh to hurt it and no fury of the storm to cast it down. If the noise of war or tumult or sedition be heard again in our land, and the wild passions of men shall surge and swell through these now peaceful streets, grant that, as the flaming sword of cherubims turned every way to guard the Tree of Life, so Thy watchful care and Providence may be round about this marble plinth that no unholy hand may ever be lifted up against this fair memorial of our honored dead. Grant that it may stand here a sign and a witness to all generations forever. As its marble shaft towers up pure and white from the very midst of the crowded street, looking down upon the seething, busy life of trade that roars all day about its base, may it speak to us from the lofty heights of its calm repose and tell us by sunlight and starlight how noble it is to do one's duty. May the martial memories of Wellington and Nelson mingle with those of our own heroes, and echo through the light and through the darkness that sublime lesson of duty done in the very teeth of death.

When all through the busy hours, men are hurrying past it in their feverish race for gain, when the hard driven bargain and the false weight and the deceitful balances are changing men's hearts and consciences into the world's hard coin, even here within the shadow of its purity, may they stop one moment to read the story that is carved on yonder stones and feel their selfishness rebuked. May the thought of those who gave up life and all for their country teach them the golden lesson of humanity that men love their fellow-men.

If, sometimes, in the darkness of the night, the outcast or the profligate shall pass this way; if the life that has been wrecked of its purity and its hopes shall stand, perhaps, in the shaded corners of yonder street—seeing no future but despair, and seeking only to steep itself more deeply still in vice—then may this marble pillar gleam out whitely in the darkness; may it rise up there before them, like the fair phantom of their lost innocence, may they be beckoned to draw near that they, too, may read the story that is carved upon these sculptured panels. May that story of lives laid down that other men might live, give them fresh faith and courage to redeem their own. And as they see this towering column pointing ever to the sky, may their hearts be lifted hitherward, and their stained and sinful lives be led to Him—Who gave His own most precious life for them and us—Thine only Son, our Lord.

If a time shall ever come when Thy people shall fall away from that faith in which these brave men died; if, when they have beaten their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks, their love of country and of duty shall grow cold; or if distress and trouble come upon Thy people and men's hearts fail them, as they look abroad and see the storm cloud gathering about them, then let them turn their faces to this spot which we have hallowed, toward this monument which we have dedicated to our dead. Let this stately column be to them a pillar of fire to cheer and to lead them in the day of their despondency and gloom. Let those noble forms, which stand like sleepless sentinels girding the honor of their comrades' fame, speak to the four corners of the earth and let

their words be borne, like the blast of an archangel's trumpet, upon the four winds of Heaven, and tell throughout the world how grand and how noble it is to die, even for a Cause which men call Lost. And so through all the ages, in the brave times of prosperity, and in the faint-hearted times of adversity, let this stately pile stand like "the smitten rock in the desert, round which the people gathered in their thirst."

And now, O Lord, we commend it and all its sacred memories into Thy holy keeping. If any angry or bitter or revengeful thought be in our hearts to-day as we stand here to commemorate our dead, let it not stain or sully the purity of the offering which we have made and reared to their name, but hear Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling place, and when Thou hearest, forgive! Grant that the burning words of eloquence which we have heard this day may be so grafted in our hearts, that they bring forth in us the fruit of an earnest and unselfish life. Pour out Thy blessing, O Lord, upon this our land, and especially upon this commonwealth of ours. Bless us in the city and in the field, in our going out and coming in, that "peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety may be established among us for all generations." All of which we ask, in His name who gave His life for a world's transgressions, Thy Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

The ceremonies closed by benediction by Rev. J. S. Lamar.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies, the crowd gradually dispersed. The Washington Artillery fired a salute of thirteen guns at the commencement and the end of the exercises. The Battalion rested on arms and saluted the monument before leaving the ground.

The military display was the largest that has been seen in Augusta since the war.

A large flag, 73 feet long, decorated the front of the establishment of Messrs. G. O. Robinson & Co. At each end was a battle flag, and in the centre the regular Confederate flag. Across the whole was the inscription, "All honor to the L. M. A. Their Work Complete."

Captain H. L. Leon wore the uniform coat which he had on when he was wounded at Gettysburg.

Hon. A. H. Stephens was in the city, at the Central Hotel, but could not join in the ceremonies on account of the extreme cold weather.

Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, who occupied a seat on the platform, was approached after the ceremonies by a number of ex-Confederates, who respectfully shook hands with her.

CARD TO THE PUBLIC—FROM THE OFFICERS OF THE LADIES' MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION, NOVEMBER 7TH, 1878.

After ten years' varied experiences of anxiety, fear and hope, the loving task assumed by the Memorial Association—that of caring for the graves of Confederate soldiers and erecting a Monument in honor of them—is accomplished, and the memories of those men especially who went from our hearts and homes to die in the cause of the Confederate States, have become enduringly perpetuated, in marble and stone, as they have ever been most sacredly enshrined in the hearts of our faithful women. The general approval of this memorial work amply compensates our ladies for any efforts exerted by them for its completion.

If those of our citizens who think these efforts have been long protracted will remember that the Association organized amid the distresses and desolations of broken hearts and fortunes, consequent upon the termination of a most disastrous war; that very soon thereafter it lost by death both its President and Vice-President, leaving but one officer, the Secretary and Treasurer, who, during the first five years, received from all sources only \$458 12—we are sure they will, with a patient public, properly estimate the success of the society since its reorganization in 1873 (a year of universal financial panic) to the present date, when the results are seen in a large granite-enclosed "Soldiers' Cemetery," with its hundreds of marble tombstones, adornments of choicest flowers, shrubs, fountain and sodded beds arranged at an outlay of \$2,606 46; a memorial Monument of Italian marble, 76 feet high, acknowledged to be the handsomest in the whole country, erected at a cost of \$17,331 34, and with these expenses promptly met, a remaining fund of \$579 68 still in the treasury.

The enthusiastic co-operation of a generous public, after its reorganization, enabled the Association to accomplish this sum of \$20,934 04, for the most part—except interest accumulated since—in three years, as during the past two years no demands have been made upon our citizens, but on the contrary, numerous benefits offered have been kindly declined by the ladies in consideration of the times.

From the earliest formation of the Association, it has ever been our desire as its officers to give general satisfaction to citizens, as far as was compatible with our views of right and the maintenance of harmony among ourselves; therefore, when we recall how those who sometimes differed from us in opinions would gracefully yield to our wishes, relinquishing preconceived ideas in our favor; and how that, in all our collaborating as ladies, not one discordant element has arisen, sincerest gratitude for the long continued forbearance and encouragement of friends and highest appreciation of their oft repeated generosity find deepest lodgment in our hearts.

Now that the memorial work is finished, the congratulatory commendations of our own people, and the expressions of admiration elicited by the Monument from visiting strangers, who have been pleased to compliment its appearance, give rise to such commingled emotions of gratefulness and pride, that it is with hearts unutterably full we commit to our community this soldiers' memorial—completed, dedicated, and untrammelled by debt.

Inasmuch as we have not sufficient funds to purchase an iron railing for the Monument, do we more especially leave this sacred charge in the hands of the city police, who have from time to time given both pecuniary and personal aid to our Association, trusting that they and all citizens will respond to the one remaining request we make—that they will unite with us in protecting this cenotaph from desecration or abuse, and in remembrance of the heroes whose statues it bears, and whose deeds it commemorates, regard and guard as consecrated ground the spot on which it stands.

As we propose to perpetuate this organization for the future care of the Soldiers' Cemetery and the preservation of the Monument, we cordially invite all friends to co-operate with us annually (on the 26th April) in keeping alive the memories of the Confederate dead, by visiting graves of those buried in our midst, and decorating with spring flowers both them and the Monument erected by us to the soldier dead from our own families.

We take this opportunity to inform our friends again that the Memorial Book containing the constitution list of officers, members, contributions, minutes of all the general meetings, and the Treasurer's account with the Association, may be inspected at any time by persons so desiring, and also to state that any names inadvertently omitted will be gladly added to the lists. The memorial records have been most artistically arranged and faithfully kept by Augusta's famous instructor in penmanship and book-keeping, Mr. J. Alma Pelot, whose inestimable services to the Association for many years entitle him to the grateful appreciation of the whole community.

On behalf of our ladies, we desire to express heartfelt thanks to Mr. T. Mark-walter, whose close attention to and energetic skill in building the monument deserves highest appreciation; also to all persons who in any way aided to secure the success attending the recent celebration of the day appointed for "unveiling" their Confederate Monument. The Committee, who so efficiently arranged and carried out the programme for that occasion relieving us of all responsibility and expense, and all persons who contributed to the necessary fund, extended favors, or made donations of any kind, upon that day, have our heartiest acknowledgments for their aid, and are herein assured that these kindnesses will ever be gratefully remembered.

Profound indebtedness is felt by each one of us to Colonel C. C. Jones, Jr., Rev. C. A. Evans, Rev. C. C. Williams and Rev. J. S. Lamar, for the magnificent dedicatory address, the beautifully appropriate prayers, and earnest benediction, each a complete part of, and all blending most perfectly to make the "unveiling ceremonies" memorable, as grand and solemn tributes to our Confederate dead.

To his Excellency Governor A. H. Colquitt, Hon. A. H. Stephens, General G. J. Wright, and other distinguished persons whose presence graced the occasion, to all home and visiting military and civic organizations, the honorable Mayor, Marshal of the Day and aids, the representatives of the Fire Department, the Confederate Survivors, Schuetzen Clubs, and to all individuals, ladies and gentlemen, thanks are tendered for the hearty co-operation which rendered that day the culmination and crowning joy of our highest hopes.

The Press, which has always been a most valuable auxilliary to the progress of the Association, will ever be remembered and honored by us for its generous kindness and courteous liberality under all circumstances.

The Finance Committee, to whose management we are materially indebted for the successful keeping and growth of the monumental funds; to the Building Committee and other aid committees, whose untiring attention and energy in the progress of our work place us under special obligations; to each and all helpers, who have stood shoulder to shoulder with us in these years of endeavor, do we extend the wish that long life may be given in which to enjoy the fruits of these labors, and whenever our memorial cenotaph, towering so grandly conspicuous from the principal street of our beautiful city, shall rise to view, may all our hearts' sentinels cry "halt," while in the deepest and most sacred recesses of our memories may there be heard echoing and re-echoing the injunction of the distinguished orator at the dedication of this Monument, "Revere it as the mausoleum of the good and great Confederate Dead."

OFFICERS L. M. A. A.

