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Dedication of the Confederate Monument at Greenwood Cemetery - 1874

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# Dedication

OF THE

## CONFEDERATE MONUMENT,

AT

GREENWOOD CEMETERY,

ON

FRIDAY, APRIL 10th, 1874,

BY

The Ladies Benevolent Association of Louisiana.



NEW ORLEANS:

JAS. A. GRESHAM, PRINTER AND PUBLISHER, 82 CAMP STREET.

1874.

*Mrs James Greenleaf  
with regards of  
Wm A Adams*

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From  
Greenleaf Estate  
Cambridge

A GREAT desire having been expressed for the publication of the sublime prayer offered by Dr. PALMER, and the eloquent oration delivered by Honorable H. N. OGDEN, on the occasion of the Dedication of the Confederate Monument, at Greenwood Cemetery, on the 10th of April, 1874, the "Ladies' Benevolent Association of Louisiana" have concluded to gratify this feeling, and now offer to the public, in condensed form, a short sketch of the Association, as published in the New Orleans Times, on the 5th of April, 1874, together with Dr. PALMER'S prayer, Mr. OGDEN'S address, and the most beautiful and appropriate ode, written for the occasion by "Xariffa," and most highly appreciated by the Association.

The editorial notices of the imposing ceremonies, as published on the 11th of April, by the city papers, have been added, which will give interest to the publication.

The Association embraces this opportunity of expressing its grateful appreciation of the kind services of the Rev. Dr. PALMER, Honorable H. N. OGDEN, and the venerable Dr. LEACOCK.

It cannot refrain from tendering to Mr. B. M. HARROD its warmest thanks for the great interest he has manifested in the monument—for the beautiful design which has merited and received universal admiration, and which will place him in the front rank of Southern architects.

To Mr. George STROUD, it also offers its thanks and congratulations, for the successful and prompt execution of the order entrusted to him.

The funds of the Association having been nearly exhausted by the expenses attending the dedication, it has been determined to offer this pamphlet to the public, at the low price of fifty cents, that every family in the city may have in its possession an official account of this beautiful tribute to the memory of the Confederate dead, and at the same time have the opportunity of contributing to the pecuniary resources of the Association.

(From the N. O. TIMES, April 5th, 1874.)

## Monument to the Confederate Dead.—The Work of Louisiana Ladies.

THE announcement has been officially made through our columns, by the Ladies' Benevolent Association of Louisiana, that to-morrow, Monday afternoon, at 5 o'clock, they will formally dedicate the monument which, at much expense and trouble, they have erected at Greenwood Cemetery to the memory of the Confederate Dead.

A brief retrospect of the Association will not, on this occasion, be inappropriate. It was organized in this city in May, 1866, and obtained a charter in October following. Its objects were three-fold :

“To provide artificial limbs for Confederate soldiers; to mark and protect the graves of the Confederate dead, and, when deemed necessary and found practicable, to remove their remains for more perfect and satisfactory protection; to aid and assist the destitute widows and orphans of Confederate soldiers.”

This good work has been prosecuted zealously and steadily. The first efforts of the Association were naturally those of a strictly charitable character. Demands of this kind gradually became, in the lapse of years, less and less; and then the Association determined to carry out its plans for taking up and removing to one cemetery, the remains of dead Confederates, scattered here and there in the State, and place above the mausoleum, a monument that would, at a glance, tell its simple but eloquent story. It is this crowning work that they propose to consecrate to-morrow.

The Association was organized by suggestion of Mrs. H. T. Bartlett, at her home, and the following Officers and Directors were selected :

Mrs. H. T. Bartlett, President; Mrs. Geo. A. Pritchard, Vice-President; Miss C. Hubbard, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. E. M. Lacey, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Risdon D. Gribble, Treasurer.

DIRECTORS—Mrs. H. T. Hays, Mrs. W. S. Mount, Mrs. I. L. Crawcour, Mrs. Henry Ginder, Mrs. W. C. Black, Mrs. Theo.

Shute, Mrs. J. K. Gutheim, Mrs. M. E. Randall, Mrs. T. R. Heard, Mrs. R. H. Browne, Mrs. J. J. Lyons, Mrs. J. C. Keener, Mrs. Virginia Harper, Mrs. J. O. Harris, Miss M. McCoard.

Mrs. Bartlett resigned the following year, on account of absence from the country.

A Board of Council, composed of Gen. H. T. Hays and Messrs. Wm. M. Perkins, M. Musson, Thos. L. Bayne and Theodore Shute, assisted the lady directors in their financial and charitable labors.

The present Directors are : Mrs. G. W. Pritchard, President; Mrs. M. E. Randall, Vice-President; Mrs. George S. Lacey, Treasurer; Mrs. Theo. Shute, Secretary; Mrs. S. Stewart. Mrs. Carl Kohn, Mrs. Hy. Grimshaw, Mrs. Chas. Waldo, Mrs. Ed. Kursheedt, Mrs. J. O. Harris, Mrs. Alex. Walker, Mrs. Charles Nash, Mrs. Fred. Wing, Mrs. Dr. Crawcour, Mrs. Ed. Bridge, and Mrs. P. Strong.

It will be seen that there have been very few changes in the list of managers since the Association commenced its labors, eight years ago. Its receipts, from all sources, in that period, amounted to \$29,907; paid out for charitable purposes, \$18,522; paid for expenses incurred in removing remains of several hundred Confederate soldiers, building the tomb, etc., and erecting the monument, \$11,385.

The most liberal individual contributor to this fund, since its opening, has been our former fellow townsman, the highly esteemed Mr. Paul Tulaue, who, though a resident of New Jersey, has never forgotten "the olden time," when he was one of our busiest merchants, and proves this kindly feeling by yearly contributing liberally to our asylums. Being informed of the interesting ceremony to take place to-morrow, and invited to be present, Mr. Tulane telegraphed yesterday that he would be unable to be present, but directed his agent here to pay over to the Association, for him, the munificent sum of \$300.

We had the pleasure, week before last, on invitation of the officers of the Association, of a view of the monument in its entirety, after its completion by the erection, over the lofty mound containing the bones of the dead soldiers, of the shaft, busts and statue that complete the work. The tall shaft that

supports the topmost figure, rises from a granite foundation covering the mound, and is surrounded on its four faces by life size marble busts of Stonewall Jackson, Sidney Johnson, Leonidas Polk and R. E. Lee.

The statue is a life size figure of a Confederate soldier, in uniform, standing on guard, in an easy attitude, leaning on his gun, his countenance expressive of intense watchfulness and vigilance. The artistic beauty and accuracy of the figure and its finished execution will elicit prompt and unqualified admiration.

The monument was made in Italy, of the finest Carrara marble. The designs are due to the talented architect, Mr. B. M. Harrod; the whole contract was executed by Mr. Geo. Stroud, and both have performed their duty with a taste and skill that all who go to the Greenwood Cemetery to-morrow will at once recognize.



# Dedication Services.

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Prayer, by Rev. Dr. Palmer.

Almighty God, we adore Thee as "the King Eternal, Immortal, Invisible, the only wise God, God over all, blessed forever." Thou reignest supreme, "doing according to Thy will in the Army of Heaven, and among the inhabitants of earth. None can stay Thy hand, or say unto Thee, what doest Thou." In Thine adorable Providence, Thou "puttest down one, and settest up another," and "givest the kingdom to whomsoever Thou wilt." "Thine, O Lord, is the greatness and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty; for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is Thine. Thine is the Kingdom, O Lord, and Thou art exalted as Head above all."

Even though clouds and darkness be round about Thee, it is our joy to know that Justice and Judgment are the habitation of Thy throne, and that Mercy and Truth shall go before Thy face." Often "Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters, and Thy footsteps are not known." Thou dost cause Nations, as well as Men, to sit sometimes upon the wreck of all their hopes, and to write their history with their tears. Yet we dare not impeach Thy wisdom, even as we cannot resist Thy power. Help us, in all the gloom of our sorrow, to veil our faces before Thy dread majesty, and to say, "Alleluia! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth—let the whole earth rejoice before him!"

Thou hast assembled us this day at the spot where our hearts are the saddest. We kneel together as mourners beside the tomb of those whom we loved in life, and whom we honor in death. Amidst melancholy memories we raise this Memorial of our love over their sleeping dust, and with pious hands unveil it before the world. Teach us here, O Lord, the great law of Thy kingdom in Providence and Grace; that "except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Out of death

comes forth life, and beyond the Grave is the Resurrection. It is no strange thing, if all that is dearest to man must first pass into the tomb before it can "rise to newness of life."

If it is Thy will to carry our people beneath the brow of that mount which burneth with fire, grant that under the discipline of Thy law, they may learn all that is just in principle and heroic in endurance.

Let not the impressive service of this hour be to us an idle pageant, but a solemn worship of Thee, the God of Hope. May we turn from this sod, which we have hallowed with our grief, with a new love for our country and our country's God. Fasten upon every heart the lesson of these graves, that it is worthy to live for that for which it is honorable to die. Fill our people with an adoring trust in Thee, from whom our salvation cometh.

In Thy time, cause these days of darkness to disappear, and give to our children and children's children a happier destiny. Pity the widow and the orphan, give food to the hungry and clothing to the naked; cheer the desponding with hope, arm the weak with patience, and strengthen all with courage to abide what is yet hidden in Thy wise and sovereign purpose.

Cause Thy blessing to rest upon this whole nation, and make our land a delightful land, in which righteousness and peace shall dwell forever; and may all our tribes in all their borders rejoice together in the heritage which the Lord our God hath given them.

And to Thy great and reverend name we render the praise forever. Amen.

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### Oration, by Hon. H. N. Ogden.

I am profoundly affected by the solemnity of the occasion which has called us together.

Standing here beside this noble monument, beneath whose solid base repose the ashes of our gallant dead; surrounded by this living throng, expected to speak the praises of men whose merits are beyond expression, and that, in the hearing of an audience whose hearts are already bounding with enthusiastic admiration for their deeds of noble daring, I confess myself

oppressed by a most painful consciousness of inability to discharge worthily the sacred duty devolved upon me.

The occasion itself is so full of eloquence. The sad sad facts are all so fresh in every memory. The desolations of the war still lie so heavily upon every portion of our devoted land—and the wounds in those hearts which were called upon to give up their dearest treasures upon the bloody field of battle, are all so green and tender. The monument itself has such a living, breathing expression about it. It speaks to us to-day, in tones so melancholy, yet so distinct, of those brave men who died in our defence. To interrupt the current of your thoughts as you gaze upon the splendid work, seems almost a profanation. Gaze on! It covers your dead, and has been raised by pious hands to perpetuate their fame.

Had the fortunes of war been different—had victory crowned our well deserving arms, and had those splendid legions whose invincible courage has filled the world with admiration, come marching home in serried column to receive a new born nation's gratitude, we might, perchance, have been to-day laying broad foundations for another monument like Bunker Hill, whose proud crest should rise until it "met the sun in his coming, the earliest light of morning gilding, and the parting day lingering and playing upon its summit." Yon great city lying now so quiet beneath the slanting rays of the evening sun, as if wrapt in the spirit of this sacred spot—its energies all dead—its prosperity gone—its every interest drooping and decaying—might to-day have been merely pausing in the midst of a splendid career of commercial prosperity—donning her robes of rejoicing, peeling out from her hundred belfrys her song of happiness, and pouring her sons and daughters in pride around a work intended to transmit and perpetuate the story of her power and greatness.

How different the occasion which has called us forth. We are not here a conquering, but a conquered people. We have come in the face of defeat, disaster and suffering, with a country desolated and in ruins, simply to testify before the world, that we are faithful to our dead. That time and misfortune have only served, and can only serve to freshen and purify the eternal gratitude we feel to those noble men who laid down their lives for us.

The most implacable hatred can follow no further than the portals of the grave—there all its offices and its powers of evil cease. While love, immortal essence, sweet flowret, dropt from Heaven's own garden among the stinging thorns and briars of our sin cursed earth—love, passing beyond the tomb, delights itself in the performance of these sacred rites which have assembled us to-day.

We are here to celebrate the obsequies of our dead, and in the dedication of this noble structure, to pay a double and well deserved compliment at once to the valor of our men, and to the pious devotion of our women. For this work shall bear through all the ages that are to come, a silent but most impressive testimony, not alone to the gallantry of the Southern soldier, but at the same time, and with equal emphasis, to the self-sacrificing devotion of the Southern woman.

What a fit sequel to the sad story of the war. The same love that watched with untiring vigilance at the bedside of the sick and dying—that moved without fear in the midst of the loathsome pestilence, and upon the dreadful field of strife—that bound up the soldier's bleeding wounds, and ministered to his every want, has at last, and under every discouragement, raised this magnificent monument to perpetuate the memory of his deeds.

Let us pause a moment and consider briefly the history, the significance and the destiny of this memorial structure. Let us try to understand the lessons it may teach.

Immediately after the cessation of hostilities, a few noble women organized themselves into a society, and fitly naming it the "Ladies' Benevolent Association," set bravely forward upon the grand work of providing necessities for the living and protection for the graves of dead Confederates.

It was an awful hour! The armies of the South had been defeated and overthrown, her splendid battalions, led on by captains whose renown has filled the earth, had been at last compelled to yield to overpowering numbers. Even the matchless hosts of Lee, which had never moved except to certain victory, compelled by pure exhaustion, had laid down those arms which for four long, weary years, had presented a wall of living fire to the invaders. The sword of the immortal chieftain himself, which had flashed in the sunlight of Heaven

upon a hundred victorious battle fields, was returned to its scabbard. We were a conquered people, and the Confederate soldier, foot-sore and heart-broken, turned his sorrowing face towards the home in which his hopes were treasured.

A mantle of decay had fallen upon the entire land, from the Rio Grande to the Potomac. Everywhere poverty, distress and wretchedness met his anxious eye. It seemed actually as if the wand of some fell magician had been invoked to transform the very earth and skies. All, all was changed. The victorious armies of the North had gone marching gaily homeward, "with all the pride and pomp and circumstance of glorious war," to meet the welcome of teeming cities and homes where plenty smiled in joyous expectation, while the poor Confederate soldier, the hero of a hundred battlefields—the gallant, noble, daring and chivalric defender of a people's rights and liberties, came wandering o'er desolated fields and blackened heaths, to find his home dismantled, his family in want, himself proscribed, and an alien upon the soil which gave him birth.

It was at such a moment—a moment when the very heavens seemed hung in black, that these pure and noble matrons, ministering always at love's sacred altar, conceived the heaven inspired thought, which has found its consummation in this splendid testimonial which we unveil to-day.

Had this work been accomplished in a time of prosperity, and with means contributed from the superfluities of a fortunate and happy people—had it been raised to commemorate a successful event, who could tell how much of human vanity and human pride had mingled with the purer elements of faith and love in its construction? It represents no successful, but a beaten cause. It has been erected, not from the superfluities of a prosperous, but from the necessities of a ruined and impoverished people. It has about it much of the sweet air of charity, so beautifully illustrated in the Holy Scriptures, by the casting in of the widow's mite. Who then may doubt but that it is the simple gift of an adoring love? And who may say, hereafter—whether we have most to boast in the noble daring of our soldiers, or in the gentle love and fidelity of our women?

In the rearing of this proud monument, the faith of woman

has answered fully to the challenge of the soldiers' courage ; and henceforth it shall stand—the noble representative of those twin and intertwining ideas of a nation's grandeur, the courage of her sons, and the virtue of her daughters.

Such an occasion should inspire us with high purposes and resolves. There are sacred duties which we owe to these dead Confederates. We cannot separate ourselves from them, even if we would. They are our dead brothers—indissolubly bound up with us in a sweet community of tradition, of suffering, of glory, and of destiny.

That was a noble devotion among the old Romans which gave rise to the splendid fiction of their law, by which the men who had fallen in defense of the Republic were not considered dead, but as living perpetually in the immortality of their fame.

What would we have now, worth calling a possession, were it not for the memory of these dead men—were it not for the priceless legacy of fame they have given us ? They have made our land illustrious, and in the midst of this dark night of our misfortune, are planted in the clear firmament of our skies, like so many stars of first magnitude, to reflect upon us the soft light of truth. Let us prize them as we ought. Oh ! if we had nothing left except the spotless character of our Lee, we would still be a rich people—rich in all that is worth preserving, all that shall endure—a nation's honor and renown.

What a beautiful Providence that was which lengthened out the life of this illustrious chieftain !—that having moved the central figure in our great struggle for freedom, he might become our faithful guide in peace. He is, literally, the connecting link between the living and the dead Confederates. His life, resting as it did upon the two grand polar principles of truth and faith, teaches us the one sublime lesson of duty. Let us see to it, that the lesson is well learned.

It is a proud thought that these monuments, which we are raising in our weakness, to commemorate the deeds of a fallen cause, are to become, at no distant day, centres of universal attraction ;—that this sacred spot will be never less loved, less faithfully tended than it is this evening. I may not now discuss the questions involved in these reflections,

neither time nor the occasion permit. But I may tell you that the principles for which these men died "are not dead, but sleeping," for they are the principles of the Constitution, and as indestructible as truth itself.

There is a future of prosperity and happiness for Louisiana and the South. The night has been long and dreary, so long and so dreary that we have almost ceased to watch for the morning. But the day will break, and these fertile fields, now lying fallow and waste in the long winter night of our misfortune, will be flooded with the genial light of liberty, and put on once more the gorgeous robes of plenty. Already the eastern horizon is tinged by the rosy fingers of Aurora, as she lifts the curtain of the slowly-coming day, and this noble statue of our own dead soldier, like the famed statue of Memnon, will utter a joyful sound as the sun of liberty shall rise upon it.

You and I may not live to see the day, but this splendid structure, freighted with the memories of our dead, will catch upon its crest the sunlight of that blessed dawn, and every sacred memory enshrined within it find voice and utterance for our vindication. Yes! this solid monument, as the golden sun of liberty pours round its noble base, will sing to listening ears the story of our arms. It will sing of Chancellorsville, and of Fredericksburg, of Shiloh and Manassas. It will tell of our Lee, of our Jackson, of our Johnson, and our Polk, but above all, it will tell of the love that prompted, and of the devotion which has accomplished, under every circumstance of discouragement, this splendid testimonial to the memory of

OUR DEAD!!

Ode to the Confederate Dead, buried in  
Greenwood Cemetery.

*Dedicated to the Ladies Benevolent Association of Louisiana.*

By XARIFFA.

Sons of the South! on Southern soil  
Thy last white tent is builded;  
Its walls by Southern midnights gloomed,  
By Southern mornings gilded.  
And Southern hearts and Southern lips,  
Meet here to tell the story  
Of heroes' lives, that passed from earth  
On Southern fields of glory.

From proud Virginia's haughty hills,  
From Shiloh's verdant valley,  
Ye in your silent ranks have come  
To this, your last grand rally.  
Here rest! toward your camping ground  
No foeman's foot is springing;  
Sleep on, till down the line, the last  
*Dread* ~~Dead~~ reveille is ringing.

No tide of battle here will break  
The quiet of your sleeping;  
The Angel of Eternal Peace  
Enfolds you in his keeping.  
No bugle note, no rattling drum,  
Your pulses shall unloose;  
Ye rest beneath the sacred folds  
Of Death's own flag of truce.

Whose were the dear home hands that held  
These hands at hour of parting?  
Whose fond lips cheered the soldier on  
While bitter tears were starting?  
Whose were the bleeding hearts that prayed  
These feet might never falter,  
And broke, in laying sacrifice  
Upon their country's altar?

We know them not, nor e'er can know;  
 But by affection's laws,  
 All those are loved, who their beloved  
 Gave for the common cause.  
 Mother and sister, sweetheart, wife,  
 The dust that here reposes  
 Lies, dear to every Southern heart,  
 Beneath these Easter roses.

There is an ancient legend told,  
 Of some saint, sage and hoary,  
 Who spent his life in writing out  
 The sacred Bible story.  
 In after time, his opened tomb  
 Showed that the saint had perished,  
 All save the good right-hand, whose toil  
 The Holy Book had cherished.

And unto that, the story saith,  
 Such attributes were given,  
 That it, unblemished and unchanged,  
 Went straightway up to Heaven : -  
 So would it seem the noble hearts  
 That wrought this work of love,  
 Required no earthly change to fit  
 Them for the realms above.

With tender care, they've gathered here,  
 Safe from the scoffers' tread,  
 A whole battalion strong, the files  
 Of unknown soldier-dead,  
 Upon the couch thus gently smoothed.  
 No care, no strife assailing,  
 These calm unbroken ranks await  
 The final vast unveiling.

Shoulder to shoulder, side by side,  
 In stately marching order,  
 Their noble spirits have passed on  
 Across the Silent Border.  
 No earthly challenge halts them, as  
 They thread the starry arches,  
 And pass through unknown, upper realms,  
 On their mysterious marches.

We can but weep above their clay,  
 And hold this holy urn  
 As something sacred, unto which  
 Our hearts will ever turn.  
 Oh, Marble Sentry! guard them well,  
 These children of a nation,—  
 We leave them to the stars and thee,  
 Grand in their desolation.

(From the N. O. TIMES, April 11th, 1874.)

## HONORED HEROES.

### *The Ladies' Monument to the Confederate Dead.*

In our edition of Sunday, (5th inst.) we gave a history of the "Ladies' Benevolent Association of Louisiana," which, organized by a number of ladies of this city just after the close of the civil war, devoted its unceasing labors for several years toward relieving the sick, poor and maimed Confederate soldiers and their families.

Thus sustained, until the calls upon them ceased, they labored with equal, ceaseless zeal, to gather together in one grave, under one sod, the remains of the hundreds of unknown Confederate soldiers who had yielded up their lives on the many battle fields of this State. That pious work, too, was done. Those poor, mouldering relics of the brave were diligently sought for, and carefully laid away, one beside the other, no more to be disturbed by mortal hands. A broad and lofty mound of grass covered earth was thrown over them in simple pyramidal shape, buttressed and strengthened by granite edges, corners, steps, and top.

But the work was not yet done. These noble ladies bethought them that, lastly, it would be proper to erect above these unknown dead such a monument as would at a glance tell its sad, its heroic tale, long after this generation should have passed away.

We have already told how this idea, conceived in the purest love of country, in the most disinterested charity and gentlest pity, was wrought into imperishable marble by the Italian sculptor's deft and delicate chisel. Above the busts of his four great chieftains, the life size figure of the Confederate private

soldier stands, in his familiar cap, great coat, rolled blanket, loose pants, waistbelt, bayonet scabbard, and musket—just as thousands stood at the opening of the conflict, in the pride of youth, and strength, and manly pride and daring. This life-like, martial figure was the cynosure of thousands of silent spectators yesterday afternoon at Greenwood cemetery, where the ladies of the Association had assembled to dedicate with prayer and benediction from reverend lips, their work of love and honor.

The skies were bright, the air was bracing, the sun shone brilliantly, the trees were green, the flowers bloomed, the birds sang sweetly; nature, in all her beauty, seemed disposed to cast a halo around the scene and the occasion. Men, women and children, old and young, rich and poor, Confederate leaders known to fame, others who had endured the strife of four years as modest privates, fighting men of the Federal armies, veterans of the Mexican war, clergymen, lawyers, doctors, journalists, bankers, merchants, clerks, mariners, mechanics, laborers, the widow and the orphan, aye, they above all—all classes of the community were present to witness the solemn ceremony.

It was simple enough, and for that very reason the more appropriate, and the more touching. For some time previous to the opening of the services, those assembled immediately around the mound were kept busy in receiving from those not so fortunately placed, tributes of flowers and evergreens, and in placing them wherever there was a spot of green sward. The marble facings of the mound were not allowed to be covered. Those floral tributes were of multifarious shapes and sizes,—gigantic and costliest wreaths lying side by side with diminutive and modest bouquets. Gray haired old men brought them; tottering old women, many in mourning, brought them; men in their prime, whose faces were familiar as those of gallant Confederate soldiers, renowned in battle and in siege, brought them; dilapidated, one-armed or one-legged, thin visaged, poorly dressed men, evidently humble veterans of the line, brought them; beautiful ladies, resplendent in silks; ragged, barefooted, dirty-faced boys; elegantly-dressed, little fairy girls; and finally, the old family servant, with ebon visage and quiet demeanor—these, each and all, brought their tribute of regret, affection and respect.

Presently the venerable Rev. Dr. Leacock, of Christ Church, Rev. Dr. Palmer, H. N. Ogden, Gen. Harry Hays, Capt. Theodore Shute, Messrs. M. Musson, Wm. M. Perkins, and T. L. Bayne, took seats on the granite top of the mound, around the base of the marble shaft. A band near by played a few strains of music, soft and slow, suitable to the occasion; and then all heads were bowed, whilst the Rev. Dr. Palmer uttered a prayer, brief, but apposite.

The Hon. H. N. Ogden then came forward, and in a voice flexible, clear, and distinctly audible to all in that crowded assembly, delivered an address most happily conceived, clothed in felicitous language, imbued with high-toned patriotism, touched now and then with gentle pathos, and oft illumined by gleams of poetic fancy. It was listened to with profound attention, and was the theme of general admiration. The tribute to the heroism of the Confederate dead and to the devotion of the Confederate women, which, still even after the death of husbands, brothers, and sons, builds monuments of love to their memory, was as true and chaste in feeling as it was glowingly and eloquently expressed.

As we understand that the Ladies' Association will induce Mr. Ogden to prepare his address for publication, we shall not mar its many beauties by a report that could not be other than imperfect.

A solemn benediction by Rev. Dr. Leacock ended the ceremonies; and the assemblage dispersed, just as the setting sun cast its last glowing rays on the gleaming white figure of the Confederate soldier, left there, alone in the solemn cemetery, to guard the remains of his dead comrades.

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(From the NEW ORLEANS REPUBLICAN, April 11th, 1874.)

### Dedication of the Confederate Tomb.

Long before the appointed hour of five o'clock, a vast crowd, numbering about three thousand persons, had assembled in Greenwood Cemetery to witness the ceremony of the dedication of the Confederate Tomb, and to do due honor to the gallant dead. At ten minutes past five, the Rev. B. M. Palmer arose and hushed the vast multitude to awe and most respect-

ful attention, by the words: "Let us all unite in prayer." The learned divine then put forth a most fervent appeal to the Throne of the Most High, that the hearts of the vast throng there gathered might be made submissive to Holy Will, and that their eyes might be made to see and acknowledge that He doeth all things well.

At the conclusion of the prayer Mr. H. N. Ogden arose, and in forcible, elegant and earnest words, paid a glowing tribute to the heroism of the Southern soldiery, and the devotion and fidelity of the Southern women. He told how the monument had been erected by the efforts of loving women, and said that it would stand for ever as the lasting evidence of the enduring courage of Southern soldiers and the virtues of Southern women.

He alluded to the desolation which overspread the South at the cessation of the war, and told of the tremendous difficulties that had stood in the way of the completion of this monument by the noble band of ladies who were known as the Ladies' Benevolent Association. The speaker said that hate stopped at the grave, powerless and baffled, but love, the divine flower that had dropped from the garden of Heaven, lived beyond the tomb. Speaking of the stagnation of business throughout the land, and likening this great city's quietude, where instead should be the busy hum of industry, to the silence of the city of the dead, he remarked that dark night had closed over the Southern country; but the dead heroes whose ashes reposed beneath the monument erected by pious hands, were stars in the firmament to shed the mild light of their glorious deeds, and to give assurance of a glorious dawn. Mr. Ogden having concluded his address, Rev. Dr. Leacock pronounced the benediction, and the ceremony of dedication was ended.

The following is a brief description of the monument: A mausoleum of masonry about fifteen feet square and six feet in height. The sloping sides are turfed. On top is a granite gallery about eight feet square, in the centre of which stands a marble pedestal nine feet high. Surmounting the pedestal is a statue representing a Confederate soldier, fully armed and equipped, in the attitude of an outpost sentinel. The statue is of Carrara marble and is seven feet in height. As a work of

art it is worthy of great praise. The fidelity to detail, the expressive attitude and general bearing of the soldier, prove the production one of rare excellence.

On the south face of the base of the pedestal is the inscription: "Erected in memory of the heroic virtues of the Confederate soldier, by the Ladies' Benevolent Association." Just above the inscription, on the south side of the monument, is placed a life size marble bust of General R. E. Lee, on the western side a similar bust of Stonewall Jackson, on the side towards the north one of Albert Sydney Johnston, and on the eastern side one of General Polk.

This splendid work is worthy to commemorate the valor and devotion of those who fell in struggling for a cause which by them was deemed just and right. Far from restraining the Southern people from keeping fresh and green the memory of their gallant dead, we would think them craven and dishonored if they did otherwise. If there is any class of men who in the late strife should be held blameless, it is certainly the soldiers who did the fighting and those who sacrificed their lives to attest the sincerity of their purpose.

"When Fate with her pitiless hand had furled  
The flag that once challenged the gaze of the world,"

the exultation of the victors, we are proud to say, showed itself only in joy at the return of peace. With them, hate, if any existed, stopped at the grave. And to-day the whole nation, we hope, certainly the victorious section, honors alike those who wore the blue and those who wore the gray.

(From the NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE, April 11th, 1874.)

### The Confederate Tomb. Ceremony of the Unveiling at Greenwood.

#### *Mortuari te Salutant.*

Yesterday was the ninth anniversary of the surrender of Lee at Appomatox Court-House, the ninth anniversary of peace. On this day, it was well to recall the memory of those who did not return to their homes with this peace. It was with strange feelings, strange reminiscences, that our people went to these ceremonies, these funeral obsequies of our soldiers—feelings mingled with sorrow for those who have passed away, with

joy and pleasure at the life, the freshness of the air, the pleasant look that all nature put on.

It was indeed a pleasant day. The throngs crowded into the street cars from every corner, filling them with people and with bouquets. There were old men, children, ladies—the latter by far the most numerous; they indeed seemed filled with the spirit, the inspiration of the moment: to many of them the event conveyed all its true meaning.

Never did the Greenwood Cemetery assume a more beautiful aspect than on yesterday: the trees had put forth their freshest and greenest leaves, the grass was soft, the sky clear. It was indeed a day that showed Louisiana at its brightest, and told the story of these dead, for what a country they had fought and died.

Upon a high earthen mound stood the statue, a mound edged with granite, and with broad double granite stairs leading up to a paved terrace. Here, beneath the statue, each one left some memento to the dead—a cross of flowers, a wreath, a bouquet, an humble but devout offering to some dead dear one, to a lost cause. The whole mound was covered deep with these floral offerings, sweet incense to the departed.

Above, upon a lofty pedestal of pure Carrara marble, stood a Confederate soldier, "A sermon in stone," with heavy knapsack and blanket upon his back, holding his gun ready in his hands, and peering forward, as if some breaking twig whispered to him that the enemy was nigh. Around the base of the monument gathered the throng, studying with eager eyes the weary, worn, yet eager face of the soldier, as if they traced in it some husband, some loved son, whose face they would never see again, and who lay beneath this altar, in the soil of the country he had died for; or once more drinking in the well recollected faces of Lee and Jackson, Polk and Johnston—faces photographed in every one's heart and memory—embalmed in history. There was a solemn stillness about everything; it was a time more for thought and retrospect than for idle gossip and conversation.

The busy throng never ceased to pour in; it was idle to waste time waiting till all would be congregated there—the living stream would never cease. At 5 precisely, Dr. Palmer came forward with prayer—a prayer full of thought and eloquence—picturing the thoughts with which these soldiers

had marched forth, their hopes and visions bright for the future, whose anticipations it had pleased God to postpone; and ending with a prayer that God would grant us that for which these men had lived and died—the prosperity and happiness of Louisiana, the good and welfare of the whole nation. Blessed are those who have died for such a cause, blessed those who have lived for it.

After the solemn prayer of Dr. Palmer, Mr. H. N. Ogden, the orator of the day, addressed the audience in an eloquent speech most appropriate to the occasion.

Mr. Ogden's speech was greeted with applause, heartfelt rather than loud, and the whole crowd poured up the steps to gain a nearer view of the busts of R. E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, A. S. Johnston and Leonidas Polk, that adorned the pedestal of the capital statue, a Confederate private. Many were those who lingered here, even for hours afterwards, filled with sad thoughts, weeping over lost sons and lost hopes. To all it was a solemn scene, filling them with sentiments, religious, patriotic, loving; to many it was more than this, and meant desolation and suffering. Even the very children appeared to understand the occasion, did not break out into the noisy babbling of childhood, but remained impressively quiet and thoughtful.

The statue was erected by the Ladies' Benevolent Association, of this city, an Association originally formed for the relief of destitute Confederate soldiers, their widows and orphans. The Association has been in existence since 1866, has assisted many sufferers, and had still sufficient money left (\$12,000) to erect this mausoleum and monument. The whole honor belongs to these ladies, who have labored energetically in this noble and pious cause. The directors of the Association are:

Mrs. G. W. Pritchard, President; Mrs. M. E. Randall, Vice-President; Mrs. Geo. S. Lacey, Treasurer; Mrs. Theo. Shute, Secretary; Mrs. S. Stewart, Mrs. Carl Kohn, Mrs. Hy. Grimshaw, Mrs. Charies Waldo, Mrs. Ed. Kursheedt, Mrs. J. O. Harris, Mrs. Alex. Walker, Mrs. Charles Nash, Mrs. Fred. Wing, Mrs. Dr. Crawcour, Mrs. Ed. Bridge and Mrs. P. Strong. Board of Council: Messrs William M. Perkins, M. Musson, T. L. Bayne, H. T. Hays and Theo. Shute.

The design was executed by Mr. B. M. Harrod, the whole

contract performed by Mr. George Stroud, of this city, the sculpture being done in Italy.

After many years, this monument is at last completed. It will remain for every one a pious proof of the patriotism of our people. The Association has but little money left, and the adorning and ornamenting of the monument will depend upon voluntary contributions. There is no fear that they will not be forthcoming.

*From the NEW ORLEANS BULLETIN, April 11th, 1874.*

### Dedication of the Monument—Imposing Ceremonies.

The day set apart for the dedication of the Monument to the Confederate Dead by the Ladies' Benevolent Association of Louisiana, dawned bright and clear and remained so until rosy sunset, while nature wore its sweetest smiles as if in approbation of the event. The very fields and pastures seemed to partake of the spirit of deep solemnity and respect which had gathered the immense throngs about the spot for the worthy purpose of paying their tribute of respect to the dead, and also to behold the consummation of Southern women's indomitable energy.

The attendance was immense. Long before the appointed hour, hundreds assembled around the cherished place, and still they came pouring in from the fast arriving cars in one solid stream, soon swelling the sea of heads to thousands. There must have been at least five thousand present. Waiting for the commencement of the dedicatory ceremonies, a band in attendance discoursed sweet music while the fair hands of many tender-hearted women and children deposited their floral offerings about the base of the monument, which soon presented one solid mass of flowers. Varied and interesting to observe were the expressions of physiognomy. The old, with tearful eyes at the memory of dear ones lost, placed their flowers and stepped aside; the children approached the spot with a smile on their pretty, bright faces, their little hearts swelling with pride and pleasure at the honor of paying their floral tribute to the memory of those who had met with a brave and honorable death.

The monument is a masterpiece of art. It stands upon an

elevated quadrilateral and pyramidal mound, the base of which is surrounded by a granite edge. Steps of the same material lead to the top of the mound, where is a terrace paved with granite, and upon this is placed the monument proper. It is a column of the finest Italian marble, beautifully designed and executed, surmounted by the life size standing figure of a Confederate soldier, fully equipped and apparently on picket duty, resting on his gun. The eyes are intently fixed upon some distant point, and the expression of the face is one of beautiful earnestness and firmness. About the four sides of the monument are the busts and striking likenesses of Generals "Stonewall" Jackson, A. S. Johnston, Polk and Lec.

On the front is the following inscription :

IN COMMEMORATION OF  
THE HEROIC VIRTUE OF THE  
CONFEDERATE SOLDIER,  
THIS MONUMENT IS ERECTED BY THE  
LADIES' BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION OF LOUISIANA.  
1874.

The order for the work, we understand, was given to Mr. Stroud, of this city, who had it executed in Italy. The cost is twelve thousand dollars. This leaves but a small balance in the treasury. The association will, therefore, be dependent upon voluntary contributions to preserve it in order, and to contribute to the future care and adornment of the same.

The governing committee was composed of General Harry T. Hays, Mr. William M. Perkins, Capt. Theo. Shute, Mr. M. Musson and Mr. T. L. Bayne. The present board of lady directors, comprises the names of Mrs. G. W. Pritchard, President; Mrs. M. E. Randall, Vice-President; Mrs. Geo. S. Lacey, Treasurer; Mrs. Theo. Shute, Secretary; Mrs. S. Stewart, Mrs. Carl Kohn, Mrs. Chas. Waldo, Mrs. Hy. Grimshaw, Mrs. J. O. Harris, Mrs. Ed. Kursheedt, Mrs. Alexander Walker, Mrs. Chas. Nash, Mrs. Fred. Wing, Mrs. Dr. Crawcour, Mrs. Ed. Bridge and Mrs. P. Strong.

The ceremonies began at 5 o'clock precisely, with an impressive and solemn prayer by Rev. Dr. Palmer, who made some appropriate reference to the dear ones in whose memory all present were there assembled, which touched the tenderest chords of many a heart among the listeners. His allusion to

the power and goodness of the Almighty and his prayer for the nation, were truly beautiful.

The oration delivered by Mr. H. N. Ogden, of which we can now speak but in general terms, was a most elaborate piece of rhetorical oratory, teeming with pathos and sentiment. His introductory remarks were appropriate comments upon the nature and object of the occasion. Most vivid and touching was the portrait which to the mind he drew of what might have been the condition of our Southern land had the fortunes of war been different. His panegyric upon the Confederate dead, and his praise of Southern women, who in spite of so much discouragement and in the midst of so many reverses of fortune, had succeeded in the noble work of erecting this beautiful monument as a lasting mark of love and respect for those who had perished in the defense of a noble cause, were most affecting pieces of eloquence.

Finally came the benediction, by the Rev. Dr. Leacock, of Christ Church, after which, the ceremonies closed.

Long after the conclusion of the dedication, the crowd still lingered about the monument, admiring its many salient points of beauty, and apparently reluctant to leave the spot. Slowly the living mass moved away, gradually lessening and growing smaller, until, at last, when deep silence and solitude reigned, dark night threw its sable mantle around the marble soldier, and the day took its place in the ranks of the past.

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THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT—It was somewhat singular that the day chosen for the dedication of this work of art was the birthday of Gen. Leonidas Polk, whose bust adorns the cenotaph. Few knew of the coincidence, yet it was all the more impressive when known. Our worthy friend, B. M. Harrod, Esq., had the honor of designing the monument, and, from the many expressions of high appreciation, we must congratulate the gentleman upon the eminent success he has made. It is pleasant to know that our State talent in architecture is in no degree less than that of any other State.—*N. O. Bulletin.*

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Our worthy fellow-citizen, Paul Tulane, Esq., having been prevented from reaching this city in time to be present at the

dedication of the Confederate Monument, on Monday next, has, with his characteristic liberality, telegraphed his agent here to donate to the Ladies Association the sum of \$300. This kind remembrance only adds another testimonial of Mr. Tulane's generosity.—*N. O. Bulletin.*

A GIFT.—Our citizens were hoping to see that old-time resident of New Orleans, Mr. Paul Tulane, here at the dedication of the monument to the Confederate dead. Mr. Tulane had promised himself to be here, but fate has otherwise ordered, and he has been unfortunately kept back in New Jersey. As a proxy, a representative of himself, he has telegraphed a check for \$300 to the Ladies' Benevolent Society, a most welcome gift, and almost making up for the absence of himself. Are there many others who will imitate him?—*N. O. Picayune.*

Mrs James Greenleaf  
Cambridge

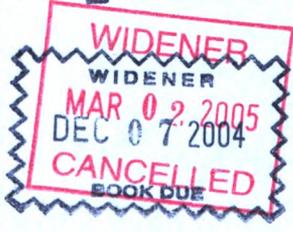
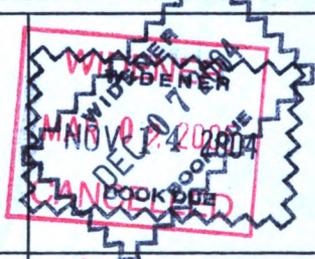
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