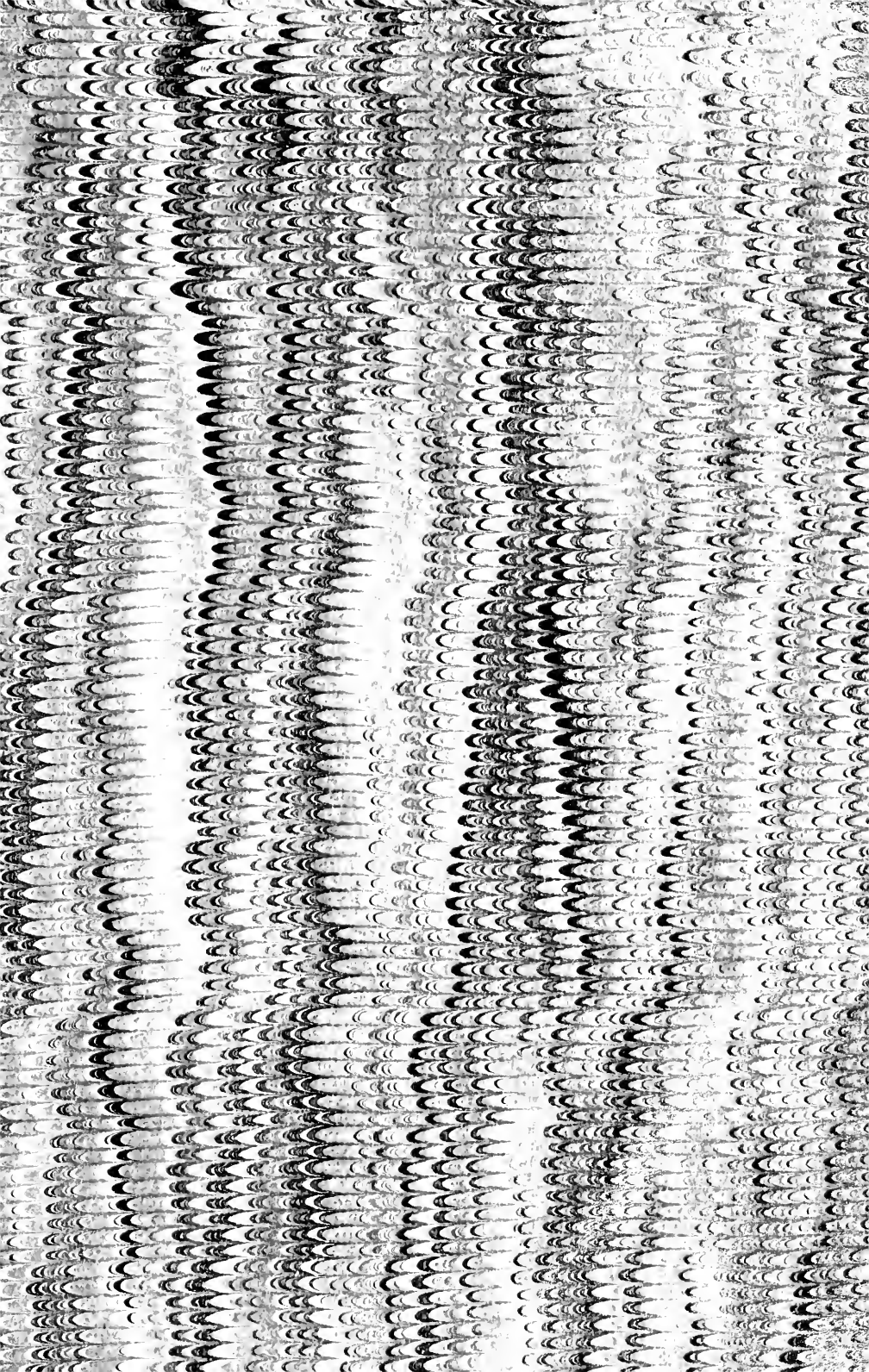


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OFFICE OF COMMERCE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA















# ORATION

PRONOUNCED BY

COL. CHARLES C. JONES, JR.

ON THE 31<sup>ST</sup> OCTOBER, 1878.

UPON THE OCCASION OF THE

UNVEILING AND DEDICATION

OF THE

Confederate Monument,

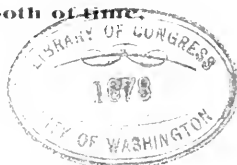
ERECTED BY THE

Ladies' Memorial Association of Augusta,

IN BROAD STREET.

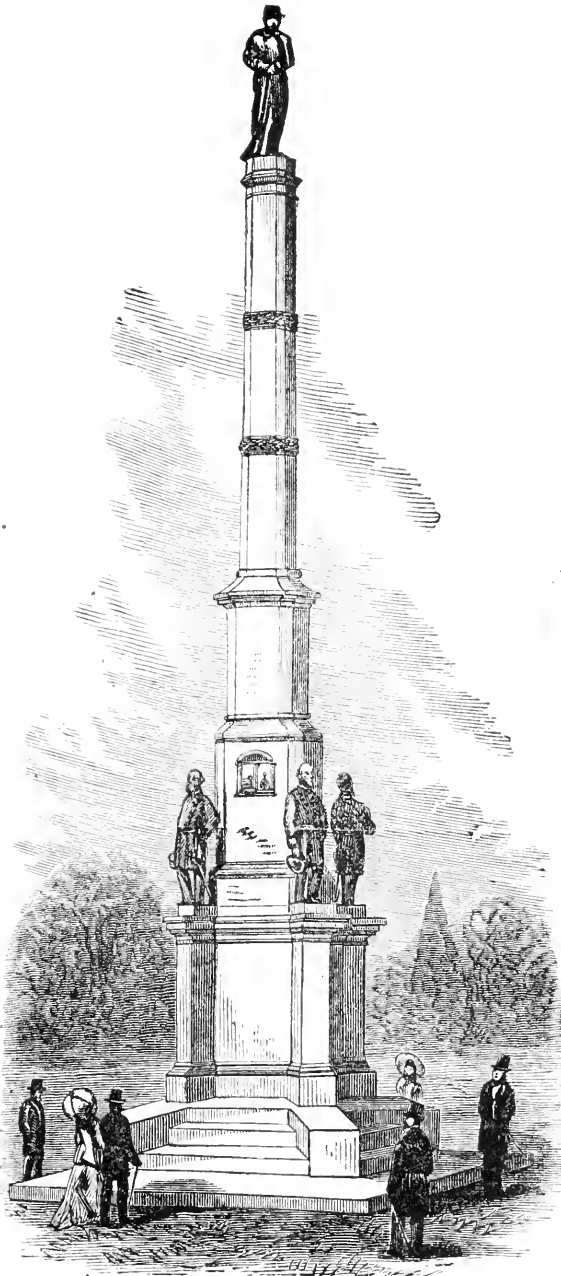
IN THE CITY OF AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.

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



A re-print from the Augusta "Evening Sentinel" of October 31, 1878.

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# ORATION.

The reverberations of the thunders of contending armies had scarcely been hushed within our borders, and the blood of our precious dead ceased to rucarnadine the land for whose freedom 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-senal, encouragement and devotion which, exhibited by mother, wife, sister, daughter, during the progress of the revolution, had, in many 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 died, 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 face 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 who 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 near were welcomed and ap-

plauded. 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 goodly monument. With kindling hearts do we respond to the inspirations and the 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.

\*Reverend-General Clement A. Evans.

In open day, and in the face of the world, we here protest that so far from being "rebels against legitimate authority and traitors to their country," our Confederate Dead were "lovers of liberty, combatants for constitutional rights, and, as exemplars 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 arbitrament 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, dislocation 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 vindicated, and country defended while hope and ability remained—an abiding confidence in the rectitude of our lofty enterprise—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 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 ever-living hills will continue the living wit'ness 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 winds will, each year, with vernal flowers, fresh, spotless and redolent of sweetest perfumes, garland their graves. 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 lip 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 crystallizes 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 the most durable expressions of art. Most seemly is it that this gift should be bestowed by the hand of

pure woman; most appropriate 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 pyramids, 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 the monument 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 appreciation 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.

Peoples 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 mangled 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 and 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 voiceful cenotaph to

"Give them the meed they have won in the past.

Give them the honors their future forecast.  
Give them the charlets 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 an intrepid son as this county

ever gave to 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 roars of musketry—above all fear amid the shock of arms and in emergencies the most periculous—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, then 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 22d of July, 1861, 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 one Confederate monument, hailing its presence with gratitude and joy, contemplating it with emotions of exulting 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. 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 head and heart 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 is 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 defense of the right than to yield to the encroachments 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 crowd 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 danger and privations of the war, who bare 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 distinc-

tion. 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 the 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 Heracles 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 Jambulium 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 captain, Seawall Jackson and Robt. 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 halting 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 vendors 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 lack the chivalry of the Old World in the face without name, nor the inner heroism of Sydney and Bayard never produced better soldiers, truer gentlemen, or sincerer Christians, what shall be our eulgium? What encomium can content us who exalted in their leadership, caught the inspiration of their presence and acts, witnessed their self-sacrifices, 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 steaming 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 godliest 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 brave patriots 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

Im mortal workmanship,"

can here find no apt images for his iconoclastic touch.

Either 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, and 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 cares of mortals, we recognize the pallas 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 it's 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 remembrance 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 and 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 sanctifying 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.

Emmently appropriate does it appear that the crowning object of this cenotaph should signify our appreciation of 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 ap-

preciation 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 all circumstances. They were in very deed the representatives of the rights, the property, the intellectual and social 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 large 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.

Meets it that their virtues and the honors they have won should here find "A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time, And rescue 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 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 in 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 plain 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 cairn-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?

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

Priseus has left us a portrait of the Royal Eun, 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 Visigoths?

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 who rallied longest around the golden standard and plied so valiantly the ghastly blow in defense of home and patrie 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 oblivious 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 and 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 can join 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 pre-

cious 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 good and great 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 '  
Blessings for garlands shall cover them over,  
Parent and husband, and brother and lover ;  
God shall reward these good heroes of ours,  
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.”





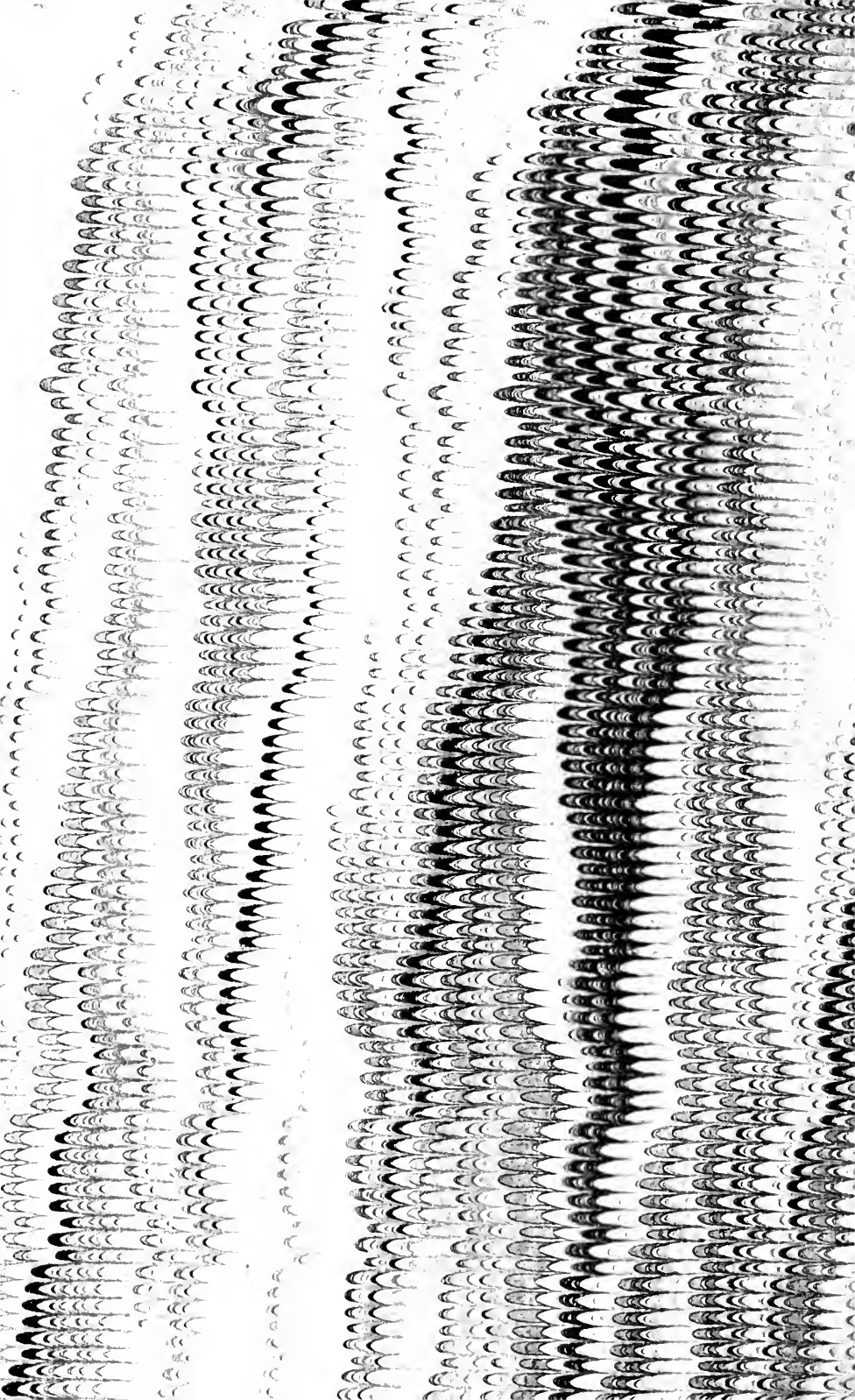


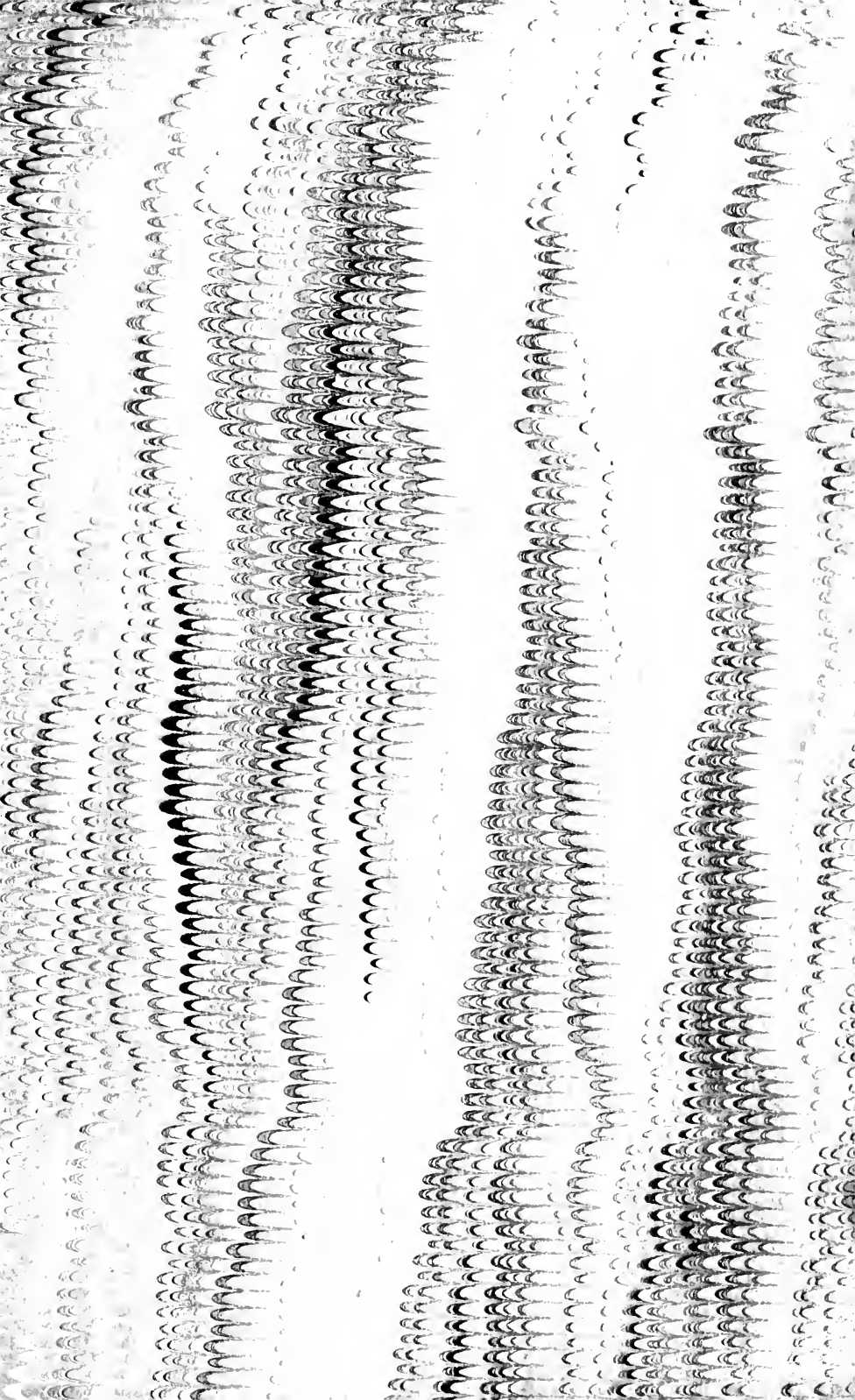












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