



### **The Soldier Sleeps.**

**The heavens made a cloudless arch for the mourning city, and under the blue, the hero of the gray was laid to rest.**



**The mourning was general and the grief of the public was sincere. The marked respect and affection displayed, the unanimity with which veterans responded, the rapidly rallying of the local militia, the great outpouring ever since the remains were exposed at the city hall, the voluntary closing of exchanges, banks and other places of business, and the immense demonstration attending the interment, excused the sons of General P.G.T. Beauregard in their own hearts for having disregarded the request of their father for a private funeral, and turning over the sacred day to the whole people for honor.**



LYING IN STATE AT THE CITY HALL.

From the time the body was placed upon the catafalque, in the magnificently draped council chamber of the city hall, the doors were never closed. The veterans had intended to bar the doors at midnight, but for the active local militia volunteered for service, and were left on guard through the silent watches of the night, only the sacred battle flags of the confederacy, which had been spread across the coffin, priceless as souvenirs of glorious valor and guarded even yet with the lives of the men who marched, fought and suffered under their folds, were not given over to the keeping of the younger soldiers. Chairman J.Y. Gilmore, in command of the detail of veterans, turned them over to Sergeant-at-arms Charles Hurley, who locked them up among the archives of the municipality. In the morning the stars and bars were again unfolded over the body of the departed leader, and they remained as his badge of fame until the casket was lifted upon the caisson and wrapped in the stars and stripes of the reunited republic.

All night came mourners. At dawn of the day, the civic column rapidly increased. At 8 o'clock the march of the mourners was steady and ceaseless. At noon the army of sorrow filed by the bier like a never-ending host. They averaged fully fifty to the minute. The long corridor leading to the mortuary apartment was a mass of people. The street and the park in front of the hall were crowded with people. Gray-haired dames and veterans tottered up the stairs, lovely maidens, men and women of all ranks, the old and the new

generations, white and black, joined the immense crowd and took a last look at the dead. It was interesting to watch the faces of the passers-by. Some took a hasty glance and went on rapidly with averted heads. Others lingered until a gentle touch reminded them that others followed. Old soldiers shaded their eyes with their hands as if to shut in the picture of a figure of stature bearing, erect and graceful in the saddle, leading them on to battle. Some paid the tribute of a tear, some devoutly made the sign of the cross above the bier, all were visibly affected.

There were many touching incidents during the day. One of the most venerable of the visitors was Mrs. J.L. Brand, lately returned from England. She was the mother-in-law of General J.T. Barnard, with whom General Beauregard was associated in the early work upon the custom-house, and the deceased was a frequent visitor at her residence. After they became separated she heard from him often and counted him among her dearest friends. She stood several minutes in silent contemplation of the pale face in the casket and murmured, "A soldier without fear; a gentleman without reproach." Chairman Gilmore conducted her to a seat near the catafalque, where she might view the moving throng.

Clergy of all denominations were among the visitors. Bishop Keener and his family called early in the day. Rev. Dr. T.R. Markham sat some time in the hall of sorrow and marched with the veteran ranks. The chaplain is a familiar figure at the side of the veterans who cross the river, and some who knew his name better than his kindly face mistook Father Garneschi for Dr. Markham. In view of the priest's snowy beard and eloquent language it was no great mistake. Father Lannigan, S.J., president of Spring Hill College, Mobile, also spent several hours in the hall. He was accompanied by Father Semple, S.J., a nephew of Surgeon Semple, of the Third Alabama, Montgomery, a famous physician of confederate days. Chairman Gilmore held the young priest's hand in loving clasp as he recalled the surgeon's tender nursing during three months of critical condition.

Captain Smith, a United States army officer, stationed at San Antonio, a friend of Major Henry Beauregard, paid his respects to the dead. General A.S. Badger, in command of the Grand Army of the Republic in this department, was among the callers.

One of the prettiest pictures of the occasion was the visit of the inmates of the New Orleans Female Orphan Asylum on Camp Street, an institution which General Beauregard frequently befriended. The chamber of sorrow was purposely but dimly lighted, in order to emphasize the mourning character of the decorations. A silver candelabra at the head of the coffin, the draped chandelier above the bier, supplied all the illumination, as the

windows were heavily curtained against the sun. The sisters led the little procession to the platform, and their snowy headgear spread halo-like beneath the candle glow. The children wore hats brightly trimmed with red, and sailor jackets with shining buttons, and as they stood reverently on each side of the catafalque, sorrow sitting strangely upon their fresh young faces, the gay colors of their garments forming a strong contrast with the sable drapery stretching on every side, they formed a tableau as striking in effect as it was potent to move.

Colonel John B. Hereford, of Galveston, aid-de-camp on the staff of General Cabell, of the Trans-Mississippi Department of the United Confederate Veterans, arrived during the morning and reported at the city hall within a short time after reaching the city. The Mobile delegation was also prompt to report after its arrival. Another incident which attracted attention was the visit of the veterans who have found snug harbor at the soldiers' home. There were thirty-five gray-coated men in line, and the soldiers who once marched many miles without complaint, with muskets on their shoulders, now found it difficult to hobble along with the aid of canes. More than that, Superintendent George Murphy, who marshaled the inmates of the cozy quarters on bayou St. John, reported that twenty-two of the veterans were too infirm even to leave the place, and their absence was enforced. After a dewey-eyed farewell to the departed commander the old soldiers took their seats in wagonettes in which they were afterwards seen in the funeral parade.

The clerk's office, adjoining the council chamber, was set aside for the family of General Beauregard. Judge Rene and Major Henry Beauregard scarcely left the vicinity of the remains of their distinguished father. Their wives and children and other relatives, Colonel Charles J. Villere, and other intimate friends, joined them in the constant vigil. Ex-congressman T.S. Wilkinson and others called on the family in their privacy, but as a rule visitors were barred. The family was joined during the morning by Miss Laure Beauregard Larendon, whom her father-in-law, Colonel Charles A. Larendon, escorted from Atlanta especially to attend the funeral. All of them were touched by the many evidences of affection which the crowd displayed towards the memory of the great leader who had passed from life into history. Often during the day, now the sons, now the ladies, would come silently into the presence of the dead. Sometimes they lingered behind the shrubbery, sometimes they sat among the special guests in the rear of the apartment, and at intervals the daughters-in-law knelt in silent prayer in some quiet corner from which they could look upon the casket and not be seen.

The arrival of the priests was the signal for the entrance of the family. Archbishop Janssens was determined that the church should mourn with due pomp and state the loss of so great a son, and further disregarded the wishes of the dead. He was unable to attend in person but detailed a dozen chosen priests to act in his stead. Very Rev. Father Bogaerts, his chancellor; Fathers Subileau and Mignot, who had been specially designated by General Beauregard, a striking group of Dominicans, with fervor and eloquence written in every feature; the venerable-looking Father Garesche, and other priests of note, were preceded by acolytes, and while the cross-bearer took his stand at the head of the bier, the priestly party stood at the coffin's foot. There was special interest in Father Garesche, who had been appointed speaker of the occasion. He looked like a sage, and spoke like a prophet. Although retiring modestly behind the rigorous duties of the priest, he has a remarkable history as a chaplain in the prisons of the confederacy. One of his brothers wore the gray, the other the blue. The latter was a colonel in the federal army and was an aid-de-camp on the staff of General Rosecrans, having been a fellow student of General Beauregard at West Point.

The entrance of the priestly party was also the signal for the closing of the doors of the city hall. As the funeral hour approached the crowd had been hurried along, but so many sought entrance that had the body remained until night hundreds would still have been disappointed. When the great door was barred there was a throng in the hallway, and these were allowed to make their way through the chamber of mourning. Then, as the fathers faced the cross, the honorary pallbearers formed around the catafalque, the guard presented arms, the detail of the Louisiana Field Artillery for the conveying of the body to the grave, marched in, and the family of the deceased came sadly and slowly in the room. Mr. Albert Baldwin was the last of the visitors to view the remains, and Major Henry Beauregard also looked up the dead face of his father as the voices of the priests were raised in prayer.

After the brief, but impressive funeral ceremony, the coffin was lifted from its place to the shoulders of the soldiers in waiting, and borne to the caisson in front of the municipal building. The priests, the pall bearers, the beloved members of the household left desolate, followed with bowed heads to the very side of the funeral car. Then the march to the grave began.

The casket and caisson were under the special charge of Battery B,

**Louisiana Field Artillery, under the following order:**

**HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE,**

**LA STATE NATIONAL GUARD**

**NEW ORLEANS, La. Feb. 22, 1893,**

**Special Orders No. 1.)**

- I. By direction of Major General John Glynn, Jr. commanding First military district, all matters pertaining to the transportation of the remains of General G.T. Beauregard from the city hall, this city, to the tomb of the Army of Tennessee, are entrusted to Captain W.H. Beanham, commanding Battery B, L. F. A. L. S. N. G.**
- II. Captain Beanham will, therefore, make the necessary details and perfect such other arrangements as may be necessary for conveying the body to the cemetery, and prepare caisson in an appropriate manner for this most solemn occasion.**

**By order of**

**Brigadier General EUCLID BORLAND.**

**A. E. Morphy,**

**Assistant Adjutant General.**

**The guard of honor detailed from Battery B, Louisiana Field Artillery, was Lieutenant F.M. McKeough, Fifth Louisiana, A.N.V., veteran Louisiana Field Artillery; Sergeant J.J. Campsten, Seventh Louisiana, A.N.V.; Sergeant J.J. Pittman, Seventh Louisiana, A.N.V.; Sergeant E. Dorepas, Sergeant E. J. Kessler, Sergeant Geo. Kellar, Sergeant R.J. Wire, Sergeant V.G. Clann, Sergeant W. P. Kennedy, Sergeant P. P. Hanley, Sergeant R.L. Bernard, Guidon Cripps Wickliffe.**

**The Crescent City Grays, of the Third Battalion, under command of Captain F. Hammer, mounted guard during the night.**

**At 8 o'clock yesterday morning the following detail relieved the guard: Officer of the day and guard, Lieutenant F.B. Saul, Company B, Third Infantry; sergeant of the guard, A. Hall; corporal of the guard W.F. Hillie; privates, John G. Cook, Oliver Pierce, of the same command; R.T. Bond, J.W. Coleman, E.C. Luman, Company B, Fourth Infantry, Crescent Rifles: E. Collins, H.W. Haydell, W. Santon, Company B, Fifth Infantry.**

**The relief at 10 o'clock was made up of Sergeant Archie Hall, Company B, Third Infantry; corporal of the guard Samuel P. Newman, Company B, Fourth Infantry, privates O. Pierce, Company B, Third Infantry; W. Sauthon, Company B, Fifth Infantry, W. Hayden, Company B, Fifth Infantry; John G. Cook, Company B, Third Infantry; Charles Keller, James B. Keen, Company B, Third Infantry.**

The guard at noon was composed of Sergeant Archie Hall; corporal of the guard, C. B. Keen; Corporal James Dimitry, Company B, Third Infantry; Privates R.T. Bond, J.W. Coleman, W.C. Lyman, Company B, Fourth Infantry; J. Pernell, Company B, Third Infantry; E.P. Brandao, J.B. Keen, Company B, Third Infantry.

The detail of veterans, in charge of Chairman Gilmore, has already been published, and did excellent service. The steps on each side of the platform were steep and narrow and the veterans cared for the crowd courteously and tenderly and with commendable patience.

The flowers which lent beauty and fragrance to the chamber of death throughout the day were taken from the hall as soon as the body left and hastened to the cemetery in advance of the procession, and when the cortege arrived in Metairie the lovely emblems lined the pathway to the tomb. "No Flowers" had been the announcement from the time of General Beauregard's death, but in this regard also the wish of the dead hero, who shrank from notoriety all his life, was disobeyed.

At the head of the bier was placed an immense crown of chrysanthemums, the tribute of the Veteran Cavalry Association.

At the foot of the casket was the offering of the Washington Artillery, fashioned after the badge of the veteran camp of command, which was one of General Beauregard's favorites during the war, and frequently heard his rallying cry of "Hurrah for Louisiana." Between the blue bars on the crimson shield were the initials "U.C.V. 15." And above the badge design were the confederate bars, with the initials "W.A." imbedded among the flowers.

Mr. Paul Conrad sent a tribute which formed a pillow, upon which were crossed swords, and above which hung a scythe.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Morris sent a lovely cross, rare vines twining around a leafy column and beautiful white roses blooming among the tendrils.

Raphael Semmes Camp No. 1 of Mobile was represented by a large design reproducing the banner of the confederate in form and color.

Camp Henry St. Paul's tribute was a pillow, also fashioned after the confederate banner.

A wreath, to which were fastened feather palms with broad streamers of white ribbon, came "with the affectionate remembrance of his old friend, George Shea, New York."

A bunch of roses was sent by "an old friend and confederate."

Mrs. Cuthbert Slocomb, whose gallant husband was one of General Beauregard's favorite captains, sent a lovely design of palms, roses and hyacinths, the card bore the inscription; "A last tribute to a faithful friend."

A laurel wreath, which was suspended near the coffin, was the tribute from U.J. Virgin.

Companion pieces, immense stars and crescents of flowers of the hue of the banner of the confederacy, came from the Army of Northern Virginia and the Army of Tennessee. A bunch of feather palms, tied with broad white ribbon streamers, had attached a card, reading: "From a South Carolinian: In memory of Charleston." La Variete Association was represented by a large white scroll of flowers, with the initials of the organization, formed of violets, upon the face. The Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association of Louisville sent a star and crescent of fragrant blossoms of delicate hue.

One of the simplest tributes, but one of the most touching in sentiment, was a bunch of violets placed in the coffin when the lid was removed for a brief spell before the body was borne away. When little Laure Beauregard Larendon, a grand-daughter of the general, heard of the death of "pere" as she called him, she was at Kirkwood, just outside Atlanta, Ga. As it was first intended to have the funeral on Wednesday, the little miss feared she would not be able to attend and so she went into the garden, and despite the rain, plucked all the violets she could find, intending to forward them as her tribute, with the request that they be placed in "pere's" hand. The postponement permitted her presence, and although the flowers were not placed in the general's hand they bloomed on his breast.

The funeral and the decoration of the catafalque at the city hall was in charge of Mr. F. Dufreche, who was assisted by Mr. John F. Markey, another well-known funeral director. The latter furnished the rich drapery of the catafalque, the gold candelabra and the pedestal. The coffin was a magnificent metallic casket, beryl finished, full satin lined with gold handles and tassels, and was one of the finest ever brought to the city.

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### **THE FUNERAL SERVICE**

#### **The Eloquent Eulogy spoken by Father Garesche**

So dense was the mass of people in the corridor of the city hall when the members of the clergy were to perform the funeral rites arrived with cross and holy book and youthful acolytes, bearing consecrated water and other accessories of the ritual, that they had considerable difficulty, even with the aid of the military and police on duty, to reach the mortuary chamber.

Rev. Father Joseph Subileau, pastor of St. Augustine's church, assisted by his vicar, the Rev. Father Francois Rouge, stood at the foot of the bier. At their right were the Rev. Fathers David McKiniry, J. Moore, and F.P. Garesche, of the Church of the Immaculate Conception (Jesuits), and at their

left Very Rev. Father John B. Bogaerts, chancellor of the diocese of Louisiana and pastor of St. Mary's Church; Very Rev. Canon Hypolite Mignot, past of the St. Louis cathedral; Rev. Father J. Janssens, assistant pastor of the cathedral; Rev. Father Henry Hago and Reginal Gillant, Dominican priests, visiting New Orleans to conduct Lenten services at the cathedral, and Very Rev. Father Gustave A. Rouxel, pastor of the Church of the Annunciation.

Father Subileau intoned the sonorous Latin ritual of requiem, the responses being made in under-tone by the assembled priests. He then sprinkled holy water three times upon the coffin.

Rev. Garesche stepped forward and, amidst most respectful attention and profound silence on the part of all within hearing of his voice, proceeded to eulogise the honored dead:

“ ‘The just man, even though dead, yet speaketh.’

“Before this silent bier, surrounded by the veteran partners of his combats, the young soldier emulous of his martial glories, to the citizens of his sunny southland and of his loved state, what lessons may the minister of God draw from all, differing, as they do, in avocation, sentiment and religion.

“I would not speak of his military fame, that will find a more efficient and eloquent expounder; nor yet, through this you might expect, of his confidence and faith in God., his undoubted trust in Christ, his Savior. This was spoken of in the privacy of his home and in the intimacy of friends and relatives. I speak of those qualities which have their deepest root and their greatest strength in religious faith – his honor, his devotion and his patriotism.

“The old flag with its waving Hues of beauty, gleaned the more brightly in the land of the Aztec for his valor and genius, none then but acclaim those qualities that I have named, and when the trial came that sundered states, and families and brothers, it was still his honor that spoke, his devotion that ordered the sacrifice, his patriotism shared by millions that inspired him.

“From the first gun which sound by that city of the sea, to the final surrender in the old piny state, those qualities still shone conspicuously in retreat as in advance; in beleaguered trench as in open field; in wasting sickness as in vigorous conflict; in partial eclipse as in the glory of victory; in anticipated success as in hopeless surrender. Toutant de Beauregard loved son of Louisiana, was ever great in honor, devotion, and patriotism. Not his, the idle lament, the sullen moan of the vanquished, but, like others, his compeers in battle, he listened to the voice of duty and in poverty and civic pursuits he sacrificed the military ardor to the service of his suffering country, giving an example of devotion that never failed.

“It was a pagan praise of the Roman stoic ‘veltrix causa deis plaenit, vieta catoad’ ‘the gods approve the conqueror, Cato, the vanquished.’ Great

commands were offered, great honors invited him, and had military fame and a soldier's ambition been his motive, he might still have nourished them, but honor devotion and patriotism bound him to the desolate south, land of the magnolia and of the mourning cypress.

“These were the gifts of God to his soul; these are qualities that a priest of God may praise, as he, too, seeks to practice them; these are the qualities that, eloquent in the silence of death, the departed chief leaves to you, O veterans and to you, young scions of the south, to emulate.

“The ways of God and his judgements are not those of men, and with the God of the Christian there is often more of greatness in the steadfastness of defeat than in the public acclaim of victory; and so:

“O God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, we pray thee rest and mercy for the patriot soldier, the honored citizen, the devoted father, and lead us thou, old and young, citizen and soldier, to emulate his virtues and ever to walk in the path of honor, devotion and patriotism. Amen.”

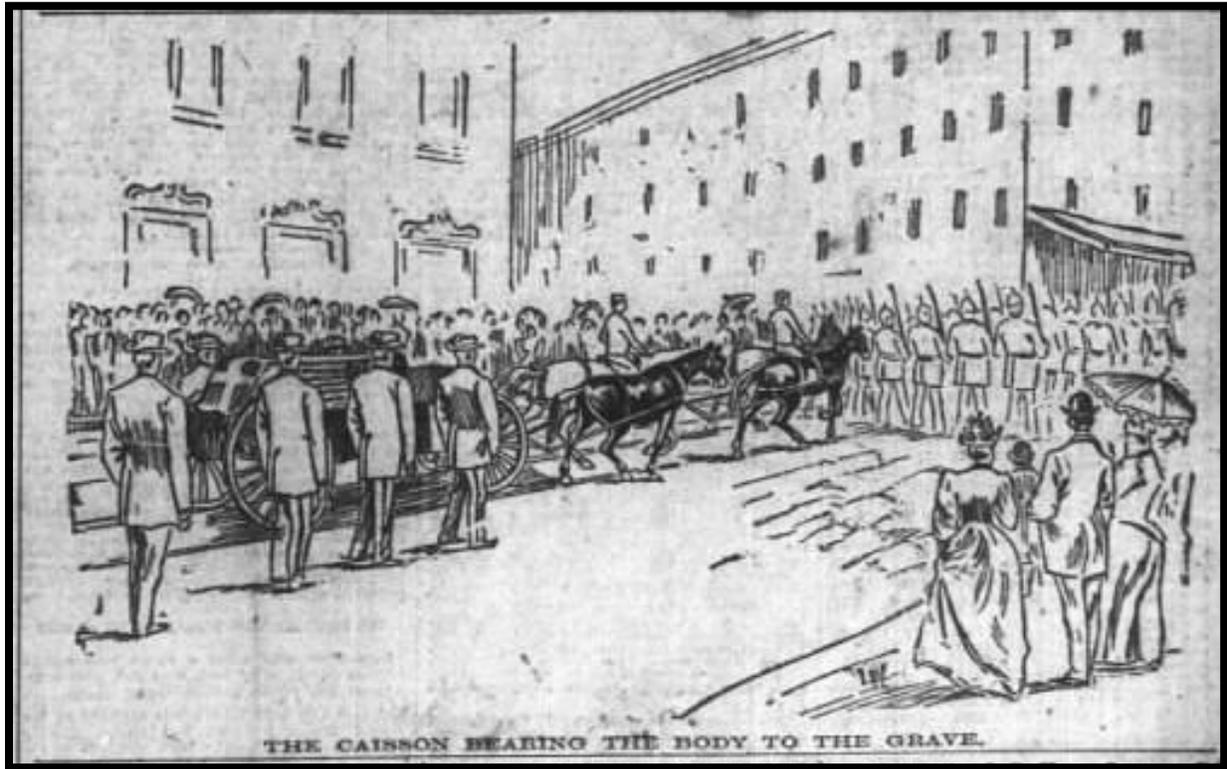
More than once during Rev. Garesche's moving discourse did tears glisten in the eyes of the veterans and sympathizers crowded around the bier. The children and grandchildren of the departed hero stood, with bowed heads and hands clasped before them, immovable as statues, yet showing the deep evidences of profound sorrow. One of the members of the family – a lady – whose sweet, refined features betoken complete amenity of disposition and acute of disposition and acute sensibility, knelt down during the entire service and sermon, and her lips moved in prayer, while the minister of God was offering up his fervent invocation and appeal to the merciful God.

The casket was lifted on the shoulders of the military escort, and, keeping step and slowly moving through the respectfully yielding throng, the soldiers, with their sacred charge, marched out to the corridor and thence to the St. Charles street entrance.

The battle flag donated by General Beauregard to the Washington Artillery, of which a sketch was given in yesterday's Picayune, and which had been placed on the coffin by Major John B. Richardson, was taken in charge by the Washington Artillery staff, to be sacredly replaced among the glorious relics in their arsenal.

## THE FUNERAL PROCESSION.

The Military and the Veterans Escort the Precious Remains.



The crowd in front of the city hall was exceedingly large and it was with great difficulty that the detail of police under command of Captain Journee were able to clear the way for the approaching militia. Superintendent of Police D. S. Gaster was in charge as the casket was placed upon the heavily draped caisson. The superintendent and a detail of twenty men cleared the way and Corporal Capo, on horseback and in charge of five mounted men, preceded the procession.

As the funeral procession moved from the city hall Brigadier General Euclid Borland and his staff rode to the front and took command. The staff consisted of Colonel A.E. Morphy, assistant adjutant general; Major W. Watson, ordnance officer, and Major A. J. Bloch, brigade surgeon.

The Battalion of Washington Artillery with nearly 200 men in line, fell in behind the general's staff. The artillery marched as infantry and wore their full dress uniforms and they were under command of Lieutenant Colonel J.B. Richardson and the captains of their respective companies.

The battalion consisted of three companies as follows: Company A, Captain E.M. Woodward, and Lieutenants Fenner, Baker and Percy Underwood. The company turned out sixty men.

Company B, Captain Eugene May in command, followed. Captain May had as his lieutenants Meyer and Palfrey. The colors of the battalion were heavily draped.

The company of Continental Guards, in their historic and picturesque uniforms, were under command of First Lieutenant R. H. Hackney, assisted by Lieutenants Thomas O'Connor, Jr, and E. V. Reiss.

A band of music headed the Fifth Battalion of the Louisiana State National Guards, who turned out over 100 men. The battalion was under command of Major Bouchereau. Three companies turned out commanded as follows: Company A, in command of Captain Favrot; Company B, Captain Viosca, and Company C, under Lieutenant Appolonia.

A band of music preceded the Fourth Battalion, which was under command of Major E.E. Wood, with Adjutant J.B. Waterman and Lieutenant J.G. Gallaher acting quartermaster.

The battalion brought out two companies, Company A, and Company B. Company A was under the command of Captain George Hodgson, and Lieutenants B. Marinonl and J.G. Harrison. The colors of the company, like all of the military companies, were heavily draped with black. Company B, with sixty men in line followed. Captain T.A. Marshall was in command, with Lieutenants Miles Waterman and George Wiltz. The Fourth Battalion were dress in their new uniforms with white helmets.

The Third Battalion, under command of Major O.T. Meier, Lieutenant Pujol, acting adjutant, and Captain S.D. Marks, ordnance officer, was next in line. The battalion brought out three companies – Company C, Captain T.W. Hammett, in command, with Lieutenants DePass and Lester; Company A, Captain H.T. Blaise, and Lieutenants A.H. Parker and Chas. Schwandt, and Company B, with Captain L.H. Kean, and Lieutenants Jenkins and Saul.

The Louisiana Field Artillery, under command of Captain W.H. Beanham, followed, with Lieutenants Reynolds and Bowies. The members of the batter were in their new full dress uniform. Following the Louisiana Field Artillery were five carriages, containing the priests who had officiated in the hall.

Next in order was General Gordon's staff of confederate veterans. They headed the veteran detachment. The staff consisted of the following confederate heroes: General J.A. Chalaron, assistant adjutant general; General E.D. Willett, Assistant quartermaster General B.F. Jonas, just advocate general; Rev. Thos. R. Markham, chaplain general; O.H. Thibault,

assistant surgeon general; General Leon Jastremski, General F.S. Washington, General J.C. Breckinridge, General Walter Rogers and Major J.H. Behan, aid-de-camp.

The veterans of the Army of Northern Virginia and the Army of Tennessee, under command of Colonel A.A. Maginnis, marched abreast in double file.

Colonel W.R. Lyman was in command of the Army of Northern Virginia. The members of the association were all appropriately supplied with badges of mourning. They also wore the confederate hat, with a silver cord and the letters A.N.V.

The members of the Army of Tennessee were under the command of General J. B. Vinet. The members wore the regulation gray hat, with silver cord and the letters A.T. within a silver wreath. There were nearly 500 veterans in line.

The members of Camp Henry St. Paul, under command of Captain J. Demoruelle followed. There were but a few of the original command left, but they held well their position in the line.

Colonel E.H. Lombard was in command of the association of the Pointe Coupee artillery, who brought up the rear of Camp St. Paul.

The cavalry association, with a large number of men in line, was commanded by Colonel Tichenor.

This command ended the veterans' detachment, and the delegation of the New Orleans Fire Department, under command of Chief Engineer O' Connor and Assistants Donovan and Lynch marched next. The detail consisted of seventy men, two from each company of the city. The marching of the firemen attracted much attention, as they carried themselves well and were well drilled.

Next to the veterans came the caisson, bearing the casket. On either side of the caisson walked the active pallbearers and in the rear the honorary pallbearers.

The pallbearers were: General George Moorman, adjutant of General Gordon; General Wright Schaumberg, adjutant of Lieutenant General Smith; General John Glynn, Jr., commanding Louisiana Division United Confederate Veterans; Colonel W.R. Lyman, commanding Camp No. 1; Colonel J.B. Vinet, commanding No. 2; Colonel W.G. Vincent, commanding No. 9; Colonel Jos. Demoruelle, commanding No. 16.

The honorary pallbearers were: Prof. Geo. Soule, Judge A.G. Brice, Mayor John Fitzpatrick, Albert Baldwin, Jules Aldige, Colonel J.C. Denis, Geo. W. Nott, John A. Morris, General W. J. Behan, W.C.C. Claiborne, Ernest C. Villere, John Poitevent, Dr. S.S. Kennedy, R.M. Walmsely, Captain

**T. P. Leathers, Eugene Cenas, Senator Albert Estopinal, Hon. H.P. Kernochan, A.H. May, Hon. Theodore S. Wilkinson, Judge H.D. Smith, George Lanaux, Dr. Jos. Holt, Dr. F. Formento, Chas. T. Soniat, Judge A.L. Tissot, Rev. B.M. Palmer, Chief Justice Nicholls, Justice C.E. Fenner, Justice S.D. McEnery, Justice H. R. Watkins, Justice J.A. Breaux, Judge T.C.W. Ellis, Judge F.D. King, Judge F.A. Monroe, General W.P. Miles, Judge F.O. Poche, E.C. Nunez, E.W. Huntington, Harry Fairchild, Geo. R. Finley, Hon. Irwin Jamison, Dr. T. Hubert, Bernard Savoie, Jules A.A. Rousseau, G. Roux, Major T. F. Davis, Hon. L.H. Mason, Judge N.J. Rightor, Judge George H. Theard, Judge H.B. Kelly, R.N. Ogden, Governor Charles Parlange, Colonel E.B. Wheelock, Page M. Maker, G.H. Dunbar, George W. Dupre, Senator E.D. White, Senator Don Caffery, Representative Andrew Price, C. J. Boatner, N.C. Blanchard, Adolph Meyer, M.D. Lagan, S.N. Robertson, Major Numa Augustin, Paul Conrad, Paul Capdeville, Dr. Arnold Mercier, Hon. Dudley Avery, B.R. Forman, Captain Wm. Campbell, J.H. Ferguson and J.C. Moise.**

**The carriages containing the family and friends of the late general were driven slowly behind the confederate veterans.**

**In the first carriage were General Beauregard's two sons, Major Rene Beauregard and Henri Beauregard; also his brother-in-law, Colonel Charles J. Villere and Major Beauregard's little son.**

**In the second carriage were Mmes. Henri and Rene Beauregard and Mrs. Rene Beauregard's two little girls.**

**The following carriage contained Colonel C.A. Larendon, Miss Laura Beauregard Larendon, Mrs. J. M. Seixas, Miss Julia Seixas and Mr. C. Sisson.**

**A large number of carriages followed containing personal friends of the deceased and the bereaved family.**

**A carriage that followed contained General Kirby Smith, commanding the eastern division of the United Confederate Veterans and General W.L. Cabell, the chief mourners for the confederate veterans.**

**Another carriage followed with Governor M.J. Foster, Lieutenant Governor Parlange, Ex-Governor S.D. McErnery and Ex-Governor F.T. Nicholls.**

**The members of the city council occupied several carriages, and were followed by the mayor, and another carriage, carrying Dan Rose, clerk of the council; C.T. Gauche, commissioner of public works, and Clark Steen, secretary to the mayor.**

**Three wagonettes, full with soldiers from the Soldiers' Home, also accompanied the procession.**

The funeral procession, after forming at the city hall, marched up St. Charles street to Lee Circle, out Howard avenue to Camp, down Camp to Canal, south side of Canal street to Claiborne.

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### AT THE GRAVE.

The Remains Laid Away in the Tomb of the Army of Tennessee.



There was scarcely a break in the parade, scarcely a halt in the march. All along the line of march the streets were thronged, and everywhere there were evidences of deepest mourning.

On Canal street, near Claiborne, the militia, the firemen, and the veterans drew up in line and saluted the passing caisson and the carriages, and there the column parted. Through the courtesy of General Manager Littell a train was in waiting to convey the marchers to the cemetery, and the entire procession reached the lovely bounds of Metairie about the same time.

The people were in advance, however, and when the cortege reached the city of the dead there was already a vast guard of honor around the tomb of the Army of Tennessee, where the soldier was to be laid to rest.

The preparations for the interment had all been made before the arrival of the party. Superintendent Paul Scholz had a force of men in waiting, and the tomb committee of the association assumed person charge of the details. The committee is composed of John M. Coos, chairman; R.H. Brunet, Adolph Schreiber, J.L. Fremaux and Frank Marquez, the gentleman who not only pushed the monument movement to a successful termination, but have made the care of the noble memorial their pride ever since.

A few weeks ago, owing to the crowded condition of the tomb, it was deemed necessary to remove the caskets containing heroic dust to the general vault in the rear of the structure, in order to leave the separate vaults free for those to follow into the valley of death, and so it happened that the tomb was new again and the body of the first president of the association was the first to be placed within. Vault No. 10 was assigned to the beloved leader, a central receptable on the eastern side of the last home of the veterans.

As the caisson, which served for the funeral car, made its way to the mouth of the tomb the scene was inspiring. In the distance, the face of the sunset glowed through the twilight veil, and beyond them both came creeping the first shadows of the dimness of the evening. Nearer the grave was planted a battery of artillery, with the blue coats and the crimson kepis of the Louisiana Field Artillery bending over. Near them was a veteran company of the Washington Artillery, soldiers tried, in command of Captain Frank McElroy, with rifles cocked, awaiting the word to fire the salute for the dead.

Despite the efforts of the police and the protests of the veterans the crowd ascended the hill upon which stands the equestrian statue of Albert Sydney Johnston, and from the lithe limbs of the charger to far beyond the confines of the tomb stretched a vast concourse of spectators, a great pyramid of humanity. The soldiers came marching up to martial music with banners flying, and formed a wide crescent, facing the mound. Then came a hush. Again the artillerymen bore the body forward and this time did not set it down until it had been swallowed up by the darkness of the narrow room in the house of death. Silently the soldiers stood sentinel while the priests walked into the passage between the vaults, led by Father Subileau, and chanted a requiem. Then the priests too withdrew, and between the lines of the pallbearers the family entered and stood in silent prayer. Adjutant Kursheedt waived his sword and the veteran company fired three volleys of farewell. While the echoes still pursued each other, goblin-like, among the tombs, the buglers sounded "taps." The artillery answered. The cannon thundered three

**notes of destruction, the ceremony was at an end, and the family was left alone with the dead. Twilight drew its veil, and the shadows of evening lengthened across the marble city of memory.**

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Sons of Confederate Veterans**