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LELLICOTTVILLE, NY

[154th Rgt. N.Y. Vol.
REUNION]

104

Memo of
of Ellicottville

My Comrades,

Twenty six years have passed
rapidly ~~away~~, since we were mustered into
our ~~country's~~ service, and, with uplifted
hands, sworn to defend the union of these
States. Twenty three years ago
the fragments of the glorious old 154th
were mustered out at Bladensburg,
and returned ~~to~~ to the green hills
of Cataraugus and Chautauque. Since then
the relentless reaper, has gathered ^{full} harvest
a sheaf, and today, we look into the faces
of only a few of those who were permitted
to gather again under the old familiar
rails.

Our Secretary, writes that he had a
few names upon the Register - and I asked
myself in sorrow when are the 700 men - who
swore to defend the flag? - and then came
to me, voices out of the voiceless air -
"Gone to the great majority" - "Passed down the
invisible portals" - "Camping on the eternal

Shore, mustered into the "volunteering service" -
The faded blue exchanged for the radiant
white; Oh! my comrades - we are only the
rear guard, and the stragglers. Yonder
is the regiment!

We pause to day in the swift march of life
to put up a milestone - a sort of "Ebenezer" on
the road, to cast a glance backward over
the line of march, and to peer forward ~~on~~
along the course whether we go - and so,
this becomes a memorial day of war, as
it is a festival of peace, for the ties
that were welded in the fires of battle
had us still in fraternal bonds - ~~and~~
Here, with every corner of the Union, and every
corner of the Stars and Stripes - with ~~the~~ old soldiers,
and all old soldiers' friends - we first
of all pledge ^{anew} our faith in the great
Republic, and our loyalty to the Stars
& Stripes, which with ironning hearts we
remember the broken family, and the
vacant chair -

We meet among the hills, dotted over
with homes, where all photographs sent from
the front, are guarded as richest treasures

Then are faded banners, with tell-tale blood
 stains upon them - and battens swords
 upon the walls, and rusty muskets
 in the corner - The children with wide
 open eyes, are told of a father - or
 shall I say grand father - time wheels
 on so, - who fought with Harker at
 Resaca, or marched with Sherman to
 the sea, of a brother who was borne down
 in the mad tide of Chancellorsville, or
 swept away from the awful ridges at
 Gettysburg - O, what a time for busy
 memories - Turn back the clock - reverse
 the calendar - roll back the years - not
 one - or ten, or twenty, only, - but a
 good full quarter of a century, with
 a twelve month added, and go with me
 to the old home in the quiet country side
 You will need to press your hand to your
 forehead now, to steady the march of recollection,
 and shade your eyes from the fierce
 glare of those days of gold (or should I
 say brass?) but presently you will
 see it all - It is in the early summer
 of 1862 - Black disaster has not yet

At the Union arms - The call of a sad faced
President for 300,000 men, has penetrated
to every ^{farm} house, and been heard in every
workshop in the Starved North - The boys
of 16, 18, 20, years, with a liberal sprinkling
of men, with tell tale locks of gray, are
tramping from every lane and swarming
the village of street - beautiful silver flags
whose broad stripes and bright stars,
well carefully wrought by the fair hands
of lovely women, are gleaming in the sun-
shines - The heroic bugle rouses the
echoes among the hills - The camp yonder
is a prophecy of the Potomac - the Rappa-
hannock and the Jameses - We are
in Jamestown now, in the early September
days - Presently a long rail ^{away} train is seen
at the station - Look again - it is crowded with
men in deepest blue - The engine is lazily
pushing upon the track - And now, away
go the boys -

" Fresh in their rustained uniforms
" Eyes all hopeful, and hearts all warm
" They go to meet the Southern storm -
" To conquer - or, to die!

There is a wall of gray haired - Bios along
the track - handkerchiefs flutter in the
breeze - babies stare curiously at the
strange spectacle - The bands play - the
train, thunders on, and is lost to sight -
The villagers go slowly down the street -
Masters bearing great burdens of anguish
- Old fathers, of young sons, choke down
the rising sob, and go sadly to the
fields, to finish the work the boys have
left undone - All is hushed and silent
now, in the village street - Henceforth
the anxious hour in all the long days
to follow, is that of the arrival of
the mail - when pale faces are seen
reading letters from the front, or
eagerly scanning the city papers for
list of casualties in the last fight
on the Potomac - My comrades - we
speak of the days that tried men's souls -
These were the days that tried women's
souls - Ours was to do, and suffer - Theirs
to watch and wait and pray -

Now let us look out upon another scene - We
are upon a southern ^{Mountain} side, and it is the
8th of May 1864. All battles are alike, in
that all are lighted by the same fires of
hell - but each has its peculiar phase
and each appears differently to the differ-
ent men engaged in it - Our glance
at this particular field will remind you
my comrades of many others, when the
old 154th gloriously bore its full share
of the battle's bloody front -

We are on Rocky face, and the old
white star division - is climbing the steep
and difficult ascent; There is a ledge of
huge rocks upon the crest, and behind
them the Enemy we cannot see - but
whose presence, we can almost feel
Slowly the line of blue advances - not a
shot is fired - the birds sing in the branches
- and the line sweeps on in silence - At
the head of one company, of as brave
men, as brave and true as any that wore the
star that day, and whose ^{name & name} Capt. [unclear]
was before me, was then in Libby's
regiment a young lieutenant - only just

assigned to its Command, from another
~~Company~~ - By the lieutenant's side, stood
the orderly Sergeant of ~~Company D~~ for that
was the Command of which I speak - Always
a hero, but never more heroic - than on
that afternoon in May - He towered
over six feet in height, erect, powerful-
determined - brave; giving both young lieutenant
and in Command, that soldierly sympathy
and loyal support, so ~~truly~~ grateful
in that trying hour - The regimental
colors, flanked close by in the breeze - other
colors were, here and there along the
line ^{and} reveal the place ^{where} of other regiments
formed links in the living chain lightning
around that Georgia Mountain - We can
almost see ^{over} the crest now - Only that rocky
looking ledge yonder, where some look
behind that - and it was well we
could not - The line sweeps on firm
and unbroken - Now a white puff
and a single shot - Comrades did
you hear it? - Now another - yes
a dozen - See the Stars and Stripes

dodge behind the trees, and fire up the Mountain
at something we do not see, But — do you
see the little wreaths of smoke between the
huge rocks yonder, and hear the crack
of the rifles — and — there is a gray host
above the rock — and there is another
and another — yes a hundred — Steady
forward! The bullets fairly spatter upon
the rocks and wizz in the air — On goes
the line — The beautiful flag of the regimental
flag still flutters upon the mountain — and
toward the fatal rocks — Your lieutenant is
gone, and almost silent — Still at his side
that faithful sergeant, fairly leaps up
the mountain, ~~inspiring his comrades of~~
C. S. The men catch hold of jutting rocks and
protruding branches, as they grandly climb upward
See! — the flag darts forward — as the brave
color bearer seeks to plant it on the ledge
in front — And now the crest is all alive
with men in gray — Up go their colors —
and they leap from behind the rocks — Out
blazes the flag of our thousands under Morda's
right above us — and Ah — and and
backward — downward — falls that great

faithful sergeant - ran and ran like
a great wheel in his mad descent down
that slippery steep - and with him scores
of that little company of 30 - ^{dead & wounded -} And
in other companies along the line men
dropped like leaves - Our darling flag
went to the dust, as its bearer received
a fatal shot, a comrade seized it, but
only to fall, another clutches the precious
staff, and, thank God, it is safe - Oh - it
was ~~very~~ so close to those blazing muzzles
hot with death! The men in grey
again sank out of sight behind the
rocks - The Union line again reformed
and climbed that road to death - and
so all the afternoon the battles bloody
edges honed about that crest - but
never above it - By a strange fatality
that seemed to follow ever decided against
the support upon right or left was
wanting at the supreme moment, when
our flag was almost there, and
so, silently, heroically, ^{being up at} ^{moment}
and still, the old 154th ^{battered brigade and} ^{platoon}
took - And it was night

As the lieutenant, that night, by the flickering
 camp fire, made out his list of casualties
 and noted the names of dead ^{wounded and} missing
 he could not hold back the tears - for they
 were heroes all - "Some lady's boys" - some
 of the same boys who left the northern village
 that September day in 1862 - And to this
 day, the 8th of May is a monumental day
 in his memory, ~~as~~ and he remembers the
 fertile valley from the rocks, and sees
 the noble form of that Sergeant rolling
 down the mountain - One day when the clouds
 are all lifted - when the things seen and
 temporal, shall vanish from ~~his~~ his mortal
 sight, and the fields of paradise unfold
 upon his clearer vision, he hopes to see
 that faithful friend, ^{in May, by, still} in clover of blue,
 but strangely bright and radiant -
 reaching out a ~~friendly~~ comrade's hand
 to help him up, as on that slippery
 mountain on that day of fate,
 in May -

Let us again put our eyes and look
around - Are we dreaming? - No this
is all so intensely real - We forget time
and space, and we are in Washing-
ton, just as the roses bloom in 1865
and it is May again - We are upon
that broad avenue of the nation that links
the white house to the capital, and along
which flows the ceaseless current of our
political life, Yonder, at the avenue side,
is a group of historic men - Andrew
Johnson the president now - for Lincoln
after who had led his countrymen to the very
border lands of peace, had then fallen lamented
of all mankind - Then, too, is Gen.
Grant, the irresistible, and the invincible,
who conquered on every field from Belmont
to Appomattox - and Grand old Simon Gray
Sherman, who burned the Confederacy in
vain - and then ^{are} others, whose names are
blazoned on the walls of fame, but look
down the avenue, and see stretching
far away into the distance, the living
walls of compact humanity, eagerly strain-
ing every eye - The windows are full of

life, crowded by a proud pace - the
honor taps are black with people,
sitting, standing, perched upon every
projecting timber - Flags innumerable kiss
the breeze - Drum beats clear the air
This is a day of days - Fort's day, the
County has waited and hoped and watched
through four red years of blood - Peace,
Peace, bright beautiful, blessed - peace
like a river - has come at last -
at last! This is the 23rd of May 1865,
This again is a momentous day in
history - this is the grand review -

Do you hear that mighty tramp upon
the pavement, Look! - Flag It is the Army of
the Potomac - Flags that have flashed agst
the Southern sky from Williamsburg to Five
Forks, along the Potomac, the Choptank and
and the James - torn by the bullets of 100
thousand fields, toes grandly in the breeze
Then come the veterans of Hancock at Edg-
wick and of Warren - They have looked
into the very jaws of death, at Myers
Bluffs, at Malvern Hill, at Spotsylvania
at Gettysburg - Amid the bloody thickets of
the wilderness, Everywhere the same music

ble legions. They never forget the magnetic
discipline of McClellan, the splendid
heroism of white haired, fighting, glorious
Joe Hooker - or the iron ~~unrelenting~~
firmness of General Meade - Against
that battle host the mighty genius of
Gen Lee, was brought to bear in vain,
Defeat was dishonored it - whether in
pursuit or in retreat, these men were
Soldiers, every inch, ready to do - to obey, to
suffer, and to die, if need be, Every man
never nerves by that sublime courage
that would make him a conqueror - or
a corpse - On they come, in splendid
line, in exact formation - in faultless
step - Not these the play soldiers of the
holiday parade - but with the same
precision of time and movement, Compa-
nies, squadrons, regiments, brigades, divis-
ions - on - on - they charge the enemy
and are lost in the distance - The day
game many could give place to night
begin the movement head of the veter-
ans of the Potomac army ceases to
descend upon the bastion

And so the glorious army of the Po-

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Tombac made its last march. Often
ridiculed by the press - sometimes blunder-
ing by led - that grand old body of Union
soldiers - through all the vicissitudes of
war - bore the burden and heat of the
day - stood a living wall between the
Capital and the enemy - and though
bruised and battered as by the shock of
down - whether at Antietam bridge or
Cemetery Hill, beat back the angry tide
of rebellion from its high water mark,
and at Appomattox, choked the Confed-
eracy to death. Mighty Army - hail
and farewell -!

The sun rose clear and bright the
second day, May the 24. Early in the morning
the clangor of martial music rent the air -
and all Washington was again
astir - The same eager crowd, the
same straining eyes - the same walls
of humanity line the avenue - Now from
beyond the white walls of the Capital, come
the moving masses from the West -
the armies of Tennessee and of Virginia -
the latter containing the 30th and 14th

corps of the U Army of the Cumberland.
Men are the men of Donelson, of Shiloh
and of Rockburg - Of Chickamauga
of Lookout Mt. and Atlanta - Their
uniforms are old, and torn, and faded
and liberally intermingled with stolen suits
of gray - These men have lived upon
the Country - and pierced the Confederacy
to its very heart - This is the last army, that
burned up its lines of retreat, at Atlanta
and with no base of supplies, but the
ready genius of its Commanders -
lighted up its line of march from the
Mountains to the sea, by burning
cotton, bridges - rail roads, everything
that, if left behind, would aid the
Enemy - This is the army that gave
the old City of Savannah a Christmas
gift both President, and, wading
through Carolina Swamps, and breaking
the mazes of interminable ^{pine} forests, closed
in upon the last avenue of escape
for General -

Observe now - there is greater
freedom of movement, in the swinging

slips of its soldiers. It seems to take
more room upon the avenue - and
exercises a wider independence. These
men, too, have given and taken hard
and terrible blows - but they have oper-
ated on a wider field, and have indi-
-cated somewhat the generous breadth
of the prairies - As they move along
the avenue, a novel spectacle is display-
-ed in a town which was hitherto - The
singular resources of the Commissary
are displayed in dangling chickens
and servant hams swinging from
the backs of giant Georgia mules captured
in the great march - white huge sacks
of sweet potatoes, and noisy turkeys
give meaning to the old song "How
the Turkey gobbled, which our Commissary
found - How the sweet potatoes fairly
started from the ground - while we
"were marching through Georgia. Besides all
this, there are troops of grinning contractors,
bearing great bundles of plunder upon
on their hard and willing heads -
"Game up Nof" "Game wid ya all"

Given to glory "They saw the smoke way
up de river" and believing that the hour
of Jubilo had indeed arrived. They joined
"March Sherman, and all dese gramma
battling wid him" - and here they are
on the Grant Review: specimens of the
resources of the defence confederacy -
Hark - there's a wild, per melody in the
air - and swelling along the avenue
as it is taken up by regiment after
regiment - Bless you, it is the hymn
of John Brown - now the dying anthem
of secession "Well haug Jeff Davis to
a som appetite, as we go marching
on" - It has rolled along the line
of march from Peach Tree Creek to Benton-
ville - It was heard above the roaring
flames that drownd Atlanta, and
among the blazing pines of the old
North State,

All day the resolute columns move
The massed steps rise and fall - the
flap flap in the breeze, the grim legions
of the grizzly veteran - who mate "war is
a cruelty and you cannot refine
it" Crowd the avenue, and pour into

the country - Cheers rent the air - Men
and women heart wild with enthusi-
asm, as they read the names of historic
battles, on ~~form~~ and lettered flags -
The bay of '62 again - harden'd brow
sever, in face and step, earnest and eager
old before their time - sweep on past the
trading - past the reviewing stand -
past the white horse

"Mute and strange their faces all,
Nothing less than a battle call,
Can shake their even breath,
Written in every line & curve
An tales of courage and iron nerve
Of fire tried hearts, that never swam
From danger or from death.
Haggard with toil, fatigue & pain,
Soiled and smoky, with battle stain
Back they come, to their homes again,
Changed as by many a spear & band,
But leaving out from the gaging ^{bands}
Many a woman silent stand
Who longs to grasp their hard brown ^{hands}
And wash them white with tears

The day was ended, and when the night
brought out the stars, they shone above
the camp at Beadensburg - when the
last march ended - and when we
lain down to dream of the old
home whose ample door was almost
in sight - when nature stood with
wide open arms - and the
children - but why need I relate
what is written in your hearts?

I have noted a difference between
the men of the Potomac, and the Tennessee
Let this be accounted for by the difference
in the theater of operations - The American
Soldier was made of the same stuff
whether he hailed from the hills of
Massachusetts ~~and Vermont~~ or the
plains of Kansas ~~and Illinois~~ -
whether he served in the second, the
11th, or the 15th Corps - Besides it should
be remembered that the men of New
England served upon the Cumberland
while men of Indiana "fought
with Sigel," Newspaper articles have

been written (by non-combatants let
us hope) to prove that there was better
fighting in the East than in the
West, or in the West than in the
East - What utter utter nonsense
is this - It was our good fortune
to stand across that awful avalanche
of death that swept away the
right wing of Chancellorsville
and to meet the impetuous charge
of Hood at Peach Tree - to see
under the crescent on the Rapidans
and the star along the Chatahochee
and we found that American patriotism
was just the same whether nurtured
on a New York hill side or
an Illinois prairie - Everywhere
was the same devotion to flag and
country - that knew no East or West
only our own our native land -

That land of song land the best,
A land whose glory shall increase
Now in her whitest garments dress,
For the great festival of peace

My comrades, leaving home in my adapted state, I have travelled across plains and rivers, by forest and lake to grasp you by the hand, to look once more into your old familiar faces, to revive again the incidents and the scene now a quarter of a century old - Some of you I may meet again - many of you I shall not see again until we are finally mustered out - and mustered in - My acquaintances and recollections of a score of years gone by - have met me usually with the remark - "How old you have grown" - just as though they expected that the prayers of Heaven, had furnished some rare in the tribulation of their polity could furnish some rare plant which we might eat, and remain in Eternal youth - Let me say ^{you} that although we raise Corn of marvellous height - Pumpkins of phenomenal weight - wheat to feed the starving multitude, and cattle that no man can number -

get me do - although I am
although our skies are sunny,
and our zephyrs balmy - (when indeed
they do not deepen into the festive
cyclone) - still and then in that
famous heart of the Continent, old
father time does ~~he~~ get in his
work - And let me whisper it, so
that it won't be raised abroad, you
my comrades, are growing old too -
I remember some of you - upon whose
lips the prophecy of coming manhood
was not apparent (at least not
without a field glass) in 1862 and
now liberally treated with grey - May
now you have not come here
alone as you enlisted - but as
kind faced matronly ladies - are
at your side and by the hearty
& solemnly assent you yield to
them I readily conclude, that you are
married - that is to say that you
are married - I above, two, great
masses of sunny hair and a very
shut up Chinaman - I am persuaded
that these are your children - or

your grand children - If our list
has counted 300 survivors - I wonder
how many he would have found if he
counted - Not only you but yours?
And if this new regiment were ordered
to Panda - what a surprising sight
to be seen - I wonder if even our
respected and much loved Col. Warner
could find military terms adequate
to such a condition of things - Ah -
well, God bless the children - and the
grand children - and may they never
forget the ~~services~~ ~~of fathers and~~
~~grand fathers~~ the story of the 154th in
which ~~their fathers~~ ~~or grand fathers~~ served.

You are all growing apace - we hail
each other boys to day - but we are
the boys of 30 yrs ago - Gray heads
if not white ones hold sway in our
camp - and halting steps ^{are noticed} in our line
of march - But we have been permitted
to live in the heroic days of the great
republic - and although we are, in
the main, poor and obscure - yet
we would not exchange our experience
for the wealth of Vanderbilt or the

game of Beattie - We will not
dwell among the tombs to day, or grope
in the shadows - If old in years we
may be young in patriotism - in devo-
tion to home and flag and native
land, Besides our work is not done -
Our belief in the crowning principle
of loyalty - Let us then be loyal to
God and Country and humanity - We
must soon strike our tents here and
march to the Camp of Freedom - but
we may leave behind us sons and
daughters who will uphold, defend
and cherish the principles for which
we fought - Thus may the short
story of our lives be reproduced,
in great faithfulness we trust,
in those who shall follow after -
May we not inspire in youth that
sons and daughters of the veterans
of 1812 that devotion to flag and
duty, that shall ^{make} them also ready
so that the future Bull Run if it
should come ~~upon our land~~ may
be followed by another and
more glorious opportunity -

We will go to the law for our
"Whom certain new anti-trust
swings" - but we will live
again in sons and daughters
who will finish the work we must
leave undone. We may not
leave them much of material wealth
but we will leave them a free
united, and prosperous country
a flag without a stain - a
nation without a rebel!

Our ranks are growing thinner
In a few years there will only be
enough ^{to serve} as relics when it is to grace
the platform on the 4th of July -
What shall we do? Close up the
ranks just as we did in the sto-
dop - It will shorten the line Oh
yes - but it will leave the point
solid - That is, we must stand
together and feel the electric
touch of the Elbows all along the
line from Maine to Cal. True we
are all citizens now and have
our own affairs to look after

and differences as we have a right to - but beyond these we should bury all strife and discord and remembering common hardships and common needs - be welded together in that fraternity of feeling as in the days when we shared such other blankets and drank from the same canteen.

We are losing our influence in social and political life - Already some of the smart politicians of our time, speak contemptuously of what they are pleased to term the "old soldier racket" when they notice that old soldiers are inclined to consider a comrade as good as other men when they behave as well - Ah - we must be patient - patience is a true soldierly virtue. Only about a year ago, a noted leader in one of the great political parties, said in a convention in another state, speaking of the dependent pension bill, and endeavoring to be funny "There is found our own pauper patriotic parliament which

proposes to "exterminate vagabondage by
 making every tramp a pensioner". Now I
 have no political sentiments to obstruct
 in this meeting of soldiers and their fami-
 lies and friends - belonging as they do to
 all the households of political faith - but
 I have an humble protest against the
 foul imputation that my all comrades
 are tramps or vagabonds. I find these
 same tramps and vagabonds - building
 rail roads - opening farms - speeding the
 plow - teaching the youth - practicing in
 the courts - building cities - opening mines
 leveling forests - wielding the hammer - heal-
 ing the sick - preaching the gospel - crowding
 all the walks of honest industry - Now
 I do not favor fraudulent pensions - The Amer-
 ican soldier hates sham everywhere - and
 the sham pretense of some politicians to bid
 the soldier particular champions, is one
 of the most nauseating diseases we have
 been asked to swallow since I fell since
 we attacked morning sick call, and received
 the delightful patron from "Dr. Day."

But this I say a liberal allowance of fair
ly earned pensions is the just demand of
the men of the blue - We ask no gifts,
- or bounty - or gratuity of any sort - We
only say to our servants in Congress, and
at the other end of the avenue - pay those
who have been shattered in limb or mangled
by disease, whose lives have been shortened
to save this country from destruction, and to hold
the story in the sky - "Pay that they amuse"
This I impud. is not throwing bread out of
the back door to tramps - Neither will my
old comrades go around there to search
for crumbs - We only ask that there
should be given each to the soldier man
in this time of unbounded national
wealth, a small portion of what they
gave to the country in her days of
poverty and distress - This we say
is not benevolence but Justice - And
this country is too great to be misused.

Remember comrades that in the 20 yrs
from 1860 to 1880 not a wheel turning all
the vast waste and destruction of the
war - we nearly quadrupled all our
staple productions - and men and

the material wealth three fold - just think
of it. The property of this County by the Census
of 1860, was \$16,159,616,068 - In 1880 it
was \$43,642,000,000 - Who caused this
wealth? Well some Economical states-
men who believe that the pension
list will impoverish the County. Tell
us how much this County would
have been worth if were it not for
the men who upheld the flag, and
gave their hearts and their best days
and bore the burden and heat of the
awful days from '61 to '65? Besides "Peace
hath her victims no less renowned than
war" and these men did not cease
their service when the County when they were
guided. (Speak of Kansas and the fact)
x (Now to maintain our influence &
x to respect ourselves and our service)
#

We must be careful concerning our
duties as citizens - In this recession time
we cannot fail to remember the fact that
faded from our mortal sight at Council
Bluffs, at Gettysburg - In Tennessee

In Georgia and the Carolinas. And
 in the midst of this festival in the green
 hills at home, drop a tear for those
 who during and since the war, have
 gone into ^{the last} Camp ~~in the great beyond~~ but
 we still live - and but their names,
 that God is secure - They bequeath the
 good faith fight and kept their Country
 faith. But we still live - and while
 life lasts we must be useful. The
 war is long past and a thousand oppor-
 tunities for usefulness ^{are} open before us
 in these peaceful prosperous days -
 Surely the citizen soldier ought to be
 foremost in every good work - In Educa-
 tion - in temperance - in the promotion of
 law and order - in upholding the rights
 and resisting the wrongs of men - In
 all these he ought to display something
 of the courage that saved the day at Chick-
 sawuga or turned back the tide at Wash-
 ter. Oddly enough there has crept upon
 these shores since the war, that shadow of
 European discomfited red-headed monkey

It goes hauling thro' the streets of our
great Cities, raising on the failure
of our free institutions - The specta-
cle would be ludicrous, were it not
absolutely frightful - Now the old
soldier, I observe is usually a
laboring man - He did not accumulate
great wealth at 76 - for no and found
And so his sympathies are with the man
who works - with his hands or his brain
and not with his jaws only - He stands
with the men of brawn and muscle
who speed the plow, and make the
arid young! - But they have learned
to love liberty by fighting for it - They
stand therefore for that large and per-
fect freedom that allows every man to
work for whom he will, for such wages
as he agrees upon - without saying by your
leave Sir, to any man or committee
of men - He submits neither to the tyranny
of Capital or the tyranny of labor - but
reserves the Supreme rights of a freeman to
dispose of his own services - and to keep his
own Conscience - Calling no man Master

My comrades with sorrow for the dead
 and greetings for the living - we look
 into each others faces this day, and grasp
 old familiar hands, in what to many
 of us will be the last hand shake
 with each other, on this side the river
 We greet a fraternal hand to day
 both men of the gray and the blue
 Not because time has effaced the differ-
 ence between treason and loyalty - for
 the great gulf is still fixed, and
 right will remain right eternally
 as wrong must remain the everlasting
 wrong - There is no compromise between
 them, no wailing sentiment, or mis-
 named nonsense, can make treason
 a conscious rebellion, a thing of be-
 beauty. But we view "heads forward"
 both things that are before - and in the
 priceless possession of a common
 heritage, under the simple folds of one
 stony flag - we greet the brave men
 who stood behind the rocks at Keyhole
 or advanced in the our faces at
 Gettysburg - and say here forward

we stand together" with 899,000
sail beneath our feet, and freedom
hammers waving over us; and neither
pains without or foes within shall
prevail against our common Country -
Already the New South is awake - Her
hills are aflame with furnace fires -
Her valleys blossom with luxuriant
grain - The miserable spectre of secession
is fleeing before the rising dawn of
a brighter day - The old union soldier
flourishing the hammer in lieu of the
sword - has again invaded the banks
of rivers. He rides the reaper instead
of the ~~deadly~~ artillery - and the glad
notes of a new and better life have
sounded in the South land - Nail both
dawn of the white day? - God bless our
native land South & North - from where
the great lakes kiss her western shores
to where the Southern gulf washes the pebbles
on the shining beach

May the giant industry stalk across
our Continent - from sea to sea - smiting
the mountains - till they smoke, and filling

we stand united. Let us go forward
as citizens of the Great Republic to make
it the freest and happiest the greatest
of all the ~~united~~ families

≡

△

59
all the plain, with the hum of spindle
and loom, with the whir of wheel and
shaft and all the splendid music of
forge and factory, and wafting over
hill side and valley the grateful
perfume of ^{the} corn and wheat of
fifty states, and sending down the
rivers, over the lakes, across continent
and ocean, the mighty Commerce of
the Great Republic, And, over all may
we see everywhere against the East
the Union, the North and the
South stay, floating in radiant
huster, the glorious stripes and
resplendent stars, of our dear old
flag - God bless America, and the
Americans, and make the first great
enough to hold the last, and the
last great enough to fill the first

And now, my beloved Countrymen, the task
my task is done, readily and imperfectly
but my heart was in it - We have
away from the scene of war, to this
hospitable land of peace returning

The Cannon plows the field no more
 The horns rest, Oh, let them rest
 In Peace along the peaceful shore
 For peace they fought - for peace ^{they} ^{kill}
 They sleep in peace & all is well

Men of the air now bonded,
 Storm bred, and death swept
 1674th 76th - May your last day
 be your best. May you together
 with those who have crossed the
 great number again on the
 farther shore a thousand strong!
 Every man at his post -
 Hall and farewell!

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~~"The Cannon plays the field no more~~

~~"The Cannon plays the field no more
The hero's rest, O let them rest
In peace along the peaceful shore
They fought for peace for peace they fell
They sleep in peace and all is well.~~

Men of the old iron band and
death except 154th N.Y. May you
last days be your best - May
we together with those who have
crossed the flood, muster at last
on the better shore - 1000 strong -
Every man at an duty - and
Hail die farewell -