DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

ERECTED BY THE

STATE OF NEW YORK

AT

ANDERSONVILLE, GEORGIA

1914

Front of Andersonville Monument

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A PILGRIMAGE TO THE SHRINES OF PATRIOTISM

BEING THE REPORT OF THE COMMISSION TO DEDICATE THE MONUMENT ERECTED BY THE STATE OF NEW YORK, IN ANDERSONVILLE, GEORGIA

To Commemorate the Heroism, Sacrifices and Patriotism of More Than Nine Thousand of Her Sons Who Were Confined in That Prison, of Whom More Than Two Thousand Five Hundred Perished There, with an Account of Services of the New York Resident Surviving Andersonville Veterans Held Thereat and Also Enroute at Richmond and Danville, Va., Salisbury, N. C., and Lookout Mountain, Tenn., April 26-30, 1914

PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK
UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE
ANDERSONVILLE MONUMENT DEDICATION COMMISSION

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REPORT

OF THE

ANDERSONVILLE MONUMENT DEDICATION COMMISSION

To the Legislature of the State of New York, Albany, N. Y.:

Pursuant to the provisions of Chapter 413, Laws of 1913, we have the honor to submit herewith a report of the Commission for the dedication of the monument of the State of New York in Andersonville, Ga., on April 29, 1914, with some account of the exercises held in connection therewith; with a record also of services enroute at Richmond and Danville, Va., Salisbury, N. C., and Lookout Mountain, Tenn., from April 27 to 30, 1914.

In behalf of the Andersonville Monument Dedication Commission, we are

Your obedient servants,

A. J. PALMER, Chairman,
WM. B. CARSWELL, Treasurer,
W. R. HERRICK,
W. P. HAMILTON, Jr.,
J. L. PATRIE,
JNO. KERRIGAN,
F. M. BRADLEY,
C. H. BAUMES,
S. G. BURDICK,
I. M. FOSTER,
R. B. McCULLY,
G. R. BROWN,
JNO. MACKENZIE,

Commissioners.

JOSEPH L. KILLGORE, *Secretary.*

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FOREWORD

THE WHOLE subject of prisoners of war is one of the most delicate and pathetic in the history of nations. The story of their privations and sufferings has been such a pitiful tale as to excite horror upon the narration of it, and then a desperate resolve to cast it from the mind as unutterable and irremediable. Particularly is this so when a people are to be conquered by exhaustion; then the prisoners suffer first. In all history this has been a ghastly and inhuman tale.

Monuments to soldiers who have perished in prison are rare indeed. Monuments usually have been reared on battle-fields or in cities where the people could behold them. In the war that saved the Union, not only the nation has built monuments to commemorate great deeds and great men, but many of the States have done the same. New York has not been behind her sister States. Her monuments stand on every battle-field among the noblest that adorn them. She has, however, erected but one monument to her prison dead — that at Andersonville, Ga. Eleven other States had preceded her in this. They are: Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan and Iowa.

The monument, concerning the dedication of which this report has to do, is that erected by the State of New York in Andersonville, Ga. There were many places within the Southern Confederacy where prisoners were confined at one time or another throughout the war. It is said there were sixty-eight of such prisons. Many, however, were but transient and prisoners were removed from place to place as conditions required. The five great prisons in the Southern Confederacy from 1861 to 1865 were located at Richmond, Va., Danville, Va., Salisbury, N. C., Florence, S. C., and Andersonville, Ga. These were, in a sense,

permanent prisons, at which the prisoners were finally assembled and confined. At times there were many prisoners in Charleston and Columbia, S. C., and Macon, Ga., and at many other places throughout the South. However, the great prisons were at the places above named.

It is at these that national cemeteries are maintained by the nation as sepulchres of its distinctively prison dead, and, with the exception of two monuments in Salisbury, N. C., all the States have erected their memorials to their dead prisoners either within the stockade or in the prison cemetery adjoining at Andersonville, Ga.

EXPLANATORY

MONUMENTS to commemorate national heroes have been erected in all ages. The pyramids are but the monuments of the Egyptians. The chief lesson of monuments is but the spirit of Kipling's famous line, " Lest we forget." Of course, monuments are not always military, but yet are chiefly so. Moreover, they commemorate victories but not defeats. The triumphal arches have no corresponding arches of defeat. The names on the nation's memorials are those of its heroes: Grant, on Riverside Drive; Lincoln, in Springfield; McKinley, in Ohio. The battle-field at Gettysburg is adorned with hundreds of monuments bearing the names of its generals, or marking the precise spots where designated regiments fought valiantly. The purpose of monuments is, moreover, not only to commemorate the past, but to teach lessons for the future to the youth of the land.

Our country is perhaps the only nation which has preserved in distinctly prison cemeteries the ashes of its dead. Of these there are five: At Richmond, Va., Danville, Va., Salisbury, N. C., Florence, S. C., and Andersonville, Ga. The latter was the latest and the largest of the prisons. Although probably during the four years of war there were more prisoners in Richmond, Va., than ever were confined in Andersonville, Ga. (it is estimated that 125,000 prisoners were at one time or another confined at Richmond), yet Andersonville, while it existed as a prison only from February, '64, to April, '65, had within its borders at one time more than 30,000 prisoners. Therefore, it was at Andersonville that the State of New York determined to erect a monument to its prisoners.

Considering the number of the prison dead, there has been great indifference to the erection of monuments to their memory. Some,

doubtless, have felt that these painful memories should speedily be forgotten; others, perhaps, that as only private soldiers — "enlisted men "— perished in the prisons, they were of less account; at any rate there have been few influential voices in public life lifted in their behalf.

At last, however, in 1905, the State of New York did empower its Monuments Commission (see Chapter 717 of the Laws of New York, 1905), to erect, on a site to be selected by the commissioners, in the national cemetery at Andersonville, State of Georgia, or within the prison grounds adjacent thereto, a suitable monument to commemorate the heroism, sacrifices and patriotism of more than nine thousand New York soldiers of the Union army in the War of the Rebellion, who were confined as prisoners of war in Andersonville, of whom more than two thousand five hundred died in that prison. Three additional commissioners, all survivors of Andersonville, who had served in New York regiments, were added to the Commission for this purpose. This legislation was secured mainly through the efforts of Hon. George A. Green of the 12th Assembly District, Kings county, and Senator Witter of Allegany county.

The monument thus authorized was duly erected but remained undedicated until 1913, when finally an act was passed (introduced by Senator Wm. B. Carswell of Kings county), authorizing the appointment of a Commission for this service.

It is Chapter 413, Laws of 1913, and is as follows:

AN ACT

To create a commission to dedicate the monument erected by the state of New York, at Andersonville, in the state of Georgia, to commemorate the heroism, sacrifices and patriotism of more than nine thousand New York soldiers, who were confined as prisoners of war in Andersonville prison, Georgia, of whom more than two thousand five hundred died in the prison, and making an appropriation therefor.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

Section 1. A commission is hereby created to consist of thirteen members — three senators, to be appointed by the president of the senate, five members of assembly, to be appointed by the speaker of the assembly, and five veterans of the civil war, who enlisted from the state of New York, who are survivors of Andersonville prison, and who are at present citizens of the state of New York, to be appointed by the governor, such appointments in each case to be made within thirty days after the passage of this act.

§ 2. This commission so created shall have complete charge of the ceremonies to dedicate the monument erected by the state of New York, at Andersonville, in the state of Georgia, to commemorate the heroism, sacrifice and patriotism of more than nine thousand New York soldiers, who were confined as prisoners of war in Andersonville prison, Georgia, of whom more than two thousand five hundred died in the prison. Immediately after their appointments, the commissioners shall meet and select a chairman and secretary.

§ 3. Twenty thousand dollars ($20,000), or as much thereof as may be necessary, are hereby appropriated for the proper carrying out of the provisions of this act, the same to be paid by the treasurer on the warrant of the comptroller, on proper vouchers, duly certified by the chairman and secretary of this commission.

§ 4. This act shall take effect immediately.

Previous legislation to accomplish this object had been defeated by executive disapprovals. However, the Hon. William Sulzer, the Governor of New York, approved this act and it became a law on April 30, 1913. Under this act the following commissioners were appointed: The three Senators were named by Lieutenant-Governor Martin H. Glynn as follows:

Senator Abraham J. Palmer, Milton-on-Hudson, N. Y.; Senator Wm. B. Carswell, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Senator Walter R. Herrick, New York City.

The Hon. Alfred E. Smith, Speaker of the Assembly, designated the following five Assemblymen as members of this Commission:

Hon. Wm. P. Hamilton, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hon. J. L. Patrie, Catskill, N. Y.; Hon. John Kerrigan, New York City; Hon. Frank M. Bradley, Barker, N. Y.; Hon. Caleb H. Baumes, Newburgh, N. Y.

Governor Sulzer appointed the following five veterans who had been prisoners at Andersonville, as commissioners:

Silas G. Burdick, Cuba, N. Y.; Isaac M. Foster, Walton, N. Y.; Robert B. McCully, New York City; George R. Brown, Brooklyn, N. Y.; John Mackenzie, Watervliet, N. Y.

The Commission thus appointed organized by electing the following officers:

Hon. Abraham J. Palmer, chairman; Hon. William B. Carswell, treasurer; Mr. Joseph L. Killgore, secretary.

Subsequent action of the Commission at its various meetings should be noted here as follows:

1. It was ordered that the usual rules and usages that apply to legislative committees shall apply also to this Commission.

2. The chairman was authorized to "prepare a program and invite such guests as he may elect, and perform such other duties as he may deem necessary in furtherance of the Commission."

3. The date of the dedication was left to the chairman.

4. The moneys available for the purpose of this Commission were ordered distributed upon vouchers or warrants "signed by the treasurer and countersigned by the chairman."

5. On motion of Senator Herrick, the following itinerary was adopted:

Leave New York, Sunday, April 26th, 10 P. M.
Arrive Richmond, Monday, April 27th.
Day at Richmond (Grant Birthday Dinner).
Leave Richmond, Monday, April 27th, 11:30 P. M.
Arrive Danville, Va., Tuesday, April 28th, 7 A. M.
Leave Danville, Va., Tuesday, April 28th, 12 M.

Senator A. J. Palmer
Chairman of Commission

Senator William B. Carswell
Member of Commission

Arrive Salisbury, N. C., Tuesday, April 28th, 3 P. M.
Leave Salisbury, N. C., Tuesday, April 28th, 7 P. M.
Arrive Andersonville, Wednesday, April 29th, 8 to 9 A. M.
Leave Andersonville, Wednesday, April 29th, 8 P. M.
Arrive Chickamauga, Thursday, April 30th, 6 A. M.
Leave Chickamauga, Thursday, April 30th, Noon.
Lookout Mountain, Tenn., 2 P. M.
Leave Chattanooga, 6 P. M.
Arrive New York, Friday, May 1st, 9 P. M.

6. It was determined to serve a dinner within the site of the old prison grounds at Andersonville at noon on April 29, 1914. The details were left to the officers of the Commission.

7. Report of Commissioner Brown — that after considering many designs for badges and medals submitted by several competing firms, he recommended that the Commission adopt the one offered by Whitehead & Hoag Company, 253 Broadway, New York City, as the New York Survivor's Medal of Honor, and the one presented by J. F. Neuman of 11 John street, New York City, as the badge for the guests. This was adopted.

The intention of the Commission to follow the example of other States and invite to participate in the dedicatory services at Andersonville all survivors of that prison who had been soldiers of the State of New York at the time of their capture, involved an enormous amount of labor.

Delays were inevitable and it was felt, also, that the utmost economy must be practiced. So instead of hiring an office as was customary, by courtesy of Adjutant-General Henry DeWitt Hamilton, his private office in the State Arsenal building, at 7th avenue and 35th street, in the city of New York, was placed gratuitously at the disposal of the chairman of the Commission, where he might call the meetings of the Commission, conduct the necessary correspondence, and where the comrades might assemble when the time of departure arrived.

It was felt, also, that there should be no partiality; that no one should be invited to be the guest of the State except those qualifying, but that all who did fulfil the conditions should have an opportunity to participate in the dedication.

Three methods were used to reach every veteran throughout the State. *First:* Letters were printed in newspapers calling on every surviving prisoner of Andersonville, who had been a New York soldier, to correspond with the Commission. *Second:* Every Grand Army Post throughout the State was requested to circulate, not only among its own comrades but as widely as possible, a similar invitation. And, *Third:* Members of the Legislature, both Senators and Assemblymen, were requested to distribute throughout their respective districts this invitation, so that in the remotest spot in the State the humblest veteran who had been a prisoner at Andersonville should be informed of his opportunity.

The following one is typical of the many letters sent out:

JANUARY, 1914.

To the Commanders of Posts, Department of New York, G. A. R.:

Will you kindly announce to the Comrades of your Post the appended invitation, and request through them the general circulation of this inquiry? It is hoped thus to reach every Union veteran of the State of New York who was confined in Andersonville, so that if his health will warrant his attendance at these dedicatory services and the State should provide the transportation, etc., he may have the opportunity of re-visiting, after fifty years, the scenes which witnessed both his valor and his sufferings.

The Commission will appreciate your prompt compliance with this request.

Yours in F. C. & L.,

A. J. PALMER,

Chairman.

J. L. KILLGORE, *Secretary.*

The monument erected by the State of New York at Andersonville, Ga., to commemorate her soldiers who died in that prison fifty years ago, is to be dedicated this coming April. Comrades who served in New York regiments at the time of their capture, who were confined in Andersonville and who are able to attend the dedicatory services, provided that arrangements can be made therefor, should *at once* send their names and addresses (also company and regiment) to

Senator A. J. PALMER, *Chairman,*
Andersonville Monument Dedication Commission, Arsenal Building,
7th Avenue and 35th Street,
New York City.

N. B.—It is hoped to stop enroute at the prison cemeteries at Richmond and Danville, Va., Salisbury, N. C., and Florence, S. C. In these five cemeteries, 36,784 Union soldiers are buried, of which it is estimated between 9,000 and 10,000 were from the State of New York.

APRIL 14, 1914.

Dear Sir and Comrade:

We are sending you herewith an application blank for transportation and subsistence from New York City to Andersonville, Ga., and return. It includes berth in Pullman car and meals enroute.

The bill, which passed the Legislature unanimously, making an additional appropriation of $30,000, has failed of approval. If we could have secured that it would have enabled us to provide also for your fare from your home to New York City and return. This we are now, alas, unable to promise.

If you can go, fill out this blank and return at once in enclosed addressed envelope. THIS APPLICATION MUST REACH US NOT LATER THAN MONDAY, APRIL 20TH.

If any friends, or members of your family, desire to accompany you at their own expense, they may do so. It will cost from New York to Andersonville and return, including berth and meals, approximately $60 each. The name or names should accompany your application, also check for above amount, payable to Wm. B. Carswell, Treasurer.

Great promptness is now imperative, that we may have time to book the necessary reservations.

Fraternally yours,
A. J. PALMER,
Chairman.

J. L. KILLGORE, *Secretary.*

A typical letter to an individual:

Dear Comrade:

The Andersonville monument will be dedicated April 30, 1914. Train bearing guests and soldiers leaves Pennsylvania Station, 33d street and 7th avenue, New York City, on Sunday night, April 26th. On the assumption that Governor Glynn will sign the bill now before him, appropriating moneys to defray necessary expenses from New York to Andersonville and return, are you in a position to go to Andersonville with the Commission? Kindly advise me by return mail whether or not you can go.

If your reply is in the affirmative, kindly forward me the name and address of your family physician for the records of the Commission.

With best wishes, I am

Fraternally yours,
A. J. PALMER,
Chairman.

Much time and an elaborate correspondence ensued. Certificates of physicians were required, and every effort was made to confine the list strictly to the eligible and the worthy.

SAMPLE CIRCULAR FOR REPLY

IMPORTANT.— Read Carefully, Fill In and Return at Once.

This application must reach us not later than Monday, April 20th.

To the New York State Andersonville Monument Dedication Commission, Arsenal Building, 7th Avenue and 35th Street, New York City:

Gentlemen:

I, ..., hereby make application for transportation to Andersonville, Ga., and return to attend the dedication of the New York State monument, on train leaving Pennsylvania

Railroad Station, 33rd street and 7th avenue, New York City, Sunday, April 26, 1914, 9 o'clock P. M.

I attest upon my honor as a man and a soldier that I was a member of Company.....of the.....N. Y. at the time of my capture, and was confined in the following Rebel prisons..... .....; that I did not at any time take the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy nor was in any way disloyal to the Union, and that I was honorably discharged from the service of the United States.

The name of my family physician is..... his address is.....

Yours truly,

Dated at ..... Signature.....
this.....day of April, 1914. Address.....

Finally the date was fixed, after the adjournment of the Legislature of 1914, as April 26th of that year. The precise reason for choosing this day was that it was the date of Memorial—or "Decoration" — Day in the State of Georgia, whither we were bound. It did not occur to any one until subsequently that the itinerary adopted would bring the Commission and the comrades to the city of Richmond, Va., on the birthday of General Grant.

Arrangements were satisfactorily made with the officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for the entire journey, including Pullman cars, in which every comrade had a berth, and meals were served in the dining cars, with the exceptions later mentioned. These arrangements were faithfully fulfilled.

The Commission had determined to visit Andersonville only, but as the trains were passing directly through Richmond and Danville, Va., and Salisbury, N. C., it was decided to stop at each of those cemeteries for a brief service.

Seven thousand New York State flags were provided, one of which was placed upon each New York soldier's grave in all the national prison cemeteries throughout the South. Badges and medals were also provided, and upon the breast of every New York survivor of

Andersonville was pinned a medal of honor, conferred upon him by the State within the stockade at Andersonville itself, as the reader of this report will learn.

The Government at Washington did us many favors. The Secretary of War ordered a band from Savannah, Ga. (at the nation's expense), to proceed to Andersonville, Ga., on the day of the dedication, and their services are gratefully acknowledged. The President first appointed Gen. L. L. Mills and subsequently Col. W. C. Langfitt, of the Engineer Corps, U. S. A., to represent him in his absence. General Mills' letter accepting the appointment is as follows:

Hon. A. J. PALMER, APRIL 18, 1914.
Chairman, State of New York Andersonville Monument Dedication Commission,
Arsenal Building, 7th Avenue and 35th Street, New York City.

My dear Senator Palmer:

I am in receipt this morning of your very kind letter of the 17th instant inviting me, as the officer designated to represent the President at the dedication of New York's monument at Andersonville, Ga., to accompany your official train from the city of New York for the entire trip, also extending to Mrs. Mills the same very kind invitation.

In reply I regret very much not being able to accept, due to the inadvisability of my being away from my duties here in Washington, just at this time, any longer than necessary. Both Mrs. Mills and I greatly appreciate the attractive invitation extended to her and regret that we can not be one of the party to enjoy the attractive schedule of visits you have planned for the occasion.

I will arrange to leave Washington so as to join you at Andersonville early on the morning of the 29th. Looking forward to the pleasure of meeting the Commission there at that time, I remain, with kindest regards and wishes,

Very sincerely yours,
L. L. MILLS,
Brigadier-General, General Staff,
United States Army.

The superintendents of all the cemeteries were instructed to serve us in every way, which all faithfully did.

The total number that arrived on the evening of April 26th to make the journey proved to be 222.

There were two trains of Pullman cars and three dining cars were attached at Danville, Va. The cars were comfortable and every old soldier was given a berth. The meals were satisfactory but inexpensive, and all fared alike.

The distance traveled was approximately 3000 miles from a point at the center of the State of New York to Andersonville, Ga., and return. The great age of these ex-prisoners of war, whom the State had invited to make the journey (the average age was over 72½ years; some were over 80), made it necessary that they should be transported in at least modest comfort.

The journey was successfully accomplished as will appear in the following pages.

April 27th was spent in Richmond.

The morning of the 28th at Danville, Va., the afternoon at Salisbury, N. C.

The entire day of April 29th was spent at Andersonville and the monument was impressively dedicated.

A stop was made at Chattanooga on the return trip, and a brief final service was held at Lookout Mountain, Tenn. A detailed statement of the journey and of the exercises appears in the following pages.

No accident or illness occurred to mar the success of the trip, and the weather was ideal. The speeches were largely made by the veterans themselves who had experienced the privations of these prisons in their youth, and if all the people of the State of New York could have witnessed these scenes, particularly, perhaps, that at Andersonville, when, with uncovered heads and reverend steps, these survivors of this prison entered again, after fifty years, the cemetery where their comrades

slept, the tremendous pathos would have impressed them; and whoever will catch the spirit of this pilgrimage by reading the pages which follow will learn in detail the glory of the soldiers who perished in these prisons, and the worthy tribute that was paid them, after half a century, by their comrades and their State.

The Commission learns with regret that during the preparation of this report one of the commissioners, The Rev. Isaac M. Foster, D. D., has died. As the reader of these pages peruses his many eloquent words which will be found herein, he is reminded that they were uttered by lips that are now silent forever.

Senator Walter R. Herrick
Member of Commission

Assemblyman Wm. P. Hamilton, Jr.
Member of Commission

THE JOURNEY

IT WAS a notable company of aged men who gathered at the State arsenal in the city of New York on April 26, 1914.

They were all ex-prisoners of war who had served in New York regiments at the time of their capture, and had been confined in the prison at Andersonville, Ga., in 1864-5.

They had been invited to be the guests of the State at the dedication of the monument at Andersonville, Ga., which had been erected on that pathetic spot, which fifty years before had been the scene of their tragic suffering. They came from all parts of the State — from the remote towns and villages as well as the largest cities — and upon each face there was a happy and exultant smile. To them it was the event of their lives.

They proved to be healthy men and men of good character, also of evident social standing in their respective communities. They had survived the half century because of exemplary habits, and, of course, of organic soundness of the vital organs as well. Otherwise the privations of their youth would long before this have broken down their strength.

They were, however, but a handful of survivors of the many thousands of their comrades with whom they had shared unutterable privations in the war that saved the Union. Their average age was slightly above seventy. They had been, therefore, but a little over twenty at the time of their imprisonment. Some were even younger. Commissioner Brown had spent his sixteenth birthday in the Andersonville stockade, and the writer had passed his seventeenth birthday in the prisons of Richmond. They had all been but lads who had " learned to use a gun before they did a razor " at the time of their capture, and now they had survived life's perils for half a century, and, as the

guests of the State, were to re-visit the scenes of their sufferings and the graves of their comrades. It was a great day for them and a worthy deed of the State.

The number of veterans who proved able to accept the State's invitation was less than had been hoped for. Of the four hundred names estimated as the actual number of " survivors " who were living in the Empire State, only 248 men, after long and patient inquiry, were placed upon the list as able to go. The delays materially reduced this number. If we had made the journey in 1913, more, doubtless, would have been well enough to accompany us. A year is an appreciable period of time to men as aged as these.

Steadily during these months the Commission received word from one and another, who had declared their ability and wish to go, of their inability to do so. Some had become ill. A pathetic letter was frequently received from a son or daughter saying, " Father had died," and adding how much he had wished to live to make the journey; and so the list of 248 dwindled away until in April, 1914, many were actually able to reach New York and start upon the pilgrimage.

It was hoped that if we started on their Memorial day the people of Georgia would appreciate the delicate courtesy which was intended. The singular fact, however, resulted that we found ourselves in Richmond, Va., on the 27th of April, which was the 92nd birthday of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant. Richmond was the capital of the Southern Confederacy — Grant was its conqueror. Grant's birthday in Richmond — what a day and what an opportunity!

Word had preceded us to Richmond and much discussion had resulted in which we did not participate.

We were his soldiers and we were on the scene of his triumph and we were not afraid. Yet we did not wish to vaunt ourselves or to offend the people of that historic city. Throughout the journey we steadfastly studied to avoid that, and with success. Not a single criticism is known to have followed us from the people, among whom

our dead were lying and above whose silent faces, day after day, we planted our flags and sang our songs to their honor.

Thus it was a notable gathering that met at the Pennsylvania depot in New York on the evening of the 26th. A goodly number of the veterans were accompanied by their wives, or sons or daughters, always at their own expense, and so, with the Commission, the guests and the veterans, the total number who started on the " pilgrimage " was 222.

Little State flags adorned the cars and the engines, and it was obvious enough everywhere we passed that this was the State of New York upon a pathetic pilgrimage to the graves of her worthiest sons.

While the " pilgrims " had all been comrades in prison fifty years before, very few recognized each other, except such as had served in the same regiments or lived in the same locality and had therefore maintained their friendship throughout the years.

Commissioner Mackenzie and Senator Palmer had spent the cruel winters of '63-4 together on Belle Island and had tramped together for many a winter's night, doubtless, through snow and sleet in that desperate struggle to survive. Yet neither could recall the least ground for recognition of the other, only as they knew they had been comrades on that spot, their hearts rushed together in fraternal embrace.

So it was with all. It was a band of brothers, reunited after long separation, for an hour, at the scenes of their great sufferings.

The Pennsylvania Railroad (with whom the contract had been signed for the entire trip), had made every arrangement to our satisfaction. Its officers were on hand to see us off, also the agents of the other railroads which served us with their trackage on our long journey, and many friends of the veterans as well; in all a goodly company was on hand to bid us " bon voyage " and a safe return.

Each veteran had a card indicating the train and car and berth to which he was assigned. On arrival he simply went to the car, presented his card and was at once directed to the berth which had been

reserved to him for the trip. Each car on both trains was in the care of one of the commissioners.

On Train 1:

Car 1 — Was in charge of Commissioner Carswell.
Car 2 — Was in charge of Commissioner Herrick.
Car 3 — Was in charge of Commissioner Kerrigan.
Car 4 — Was in charge of Commissioner Foster.
Car 5 — Was in charge of Commissioner Palmer (chairman).

On Train 2:

Car 1 — Was in charge of Commissioner Burdick.
Car 2 — Was in charge of Commissioner McCully.
Car 3 — Was in charge of Commissioner Brown.
Car 4 — Was in charge of Commissioner Mackenzie.
Cars 5 and 6 — Were in charge of Secretary Killgore.

Promptly at 9:30 P. M., " All aboard " was shouted along the platform; everybody was in his right place; Train No. 1 began to move and we were off on our " pilgrimage to the shrines of patriotism."

THE FIRST DAY

Richmond, Va.

The train arrived safely at Richmond early in the morning of April 27th. " On to Richmond! " had been the war cry fifty years before and now we were " on the spot."

The party left the trains here and spent the day at the Jefferson Hotel, where the pre-arrangements had been faithfully carried out and the physical comfort of the entire company was satisfactorily attended to.

Breakfast was served in the upper corridors and it seemed indeed as if the entire facilities of the great hostelry were at our disposal.

At 10 A. M., automobiles and busses were promptly on hand and carried the entire company to the national cemetery, just outside the city limits, on the northeast, where the exercises of the forenoon were

held. This was the burial ground of the prisoners who had died in Richmond.

A State flag had been placed by the superintendent on every known grave of a New York soldier, and grouped to the center of " unknown " graves were as many flags as the estimated number from the State required. This estimate was based upon the fact that while one-fourth of all troops in Gettysburg were from New York, yet some prisoners were confined in Richmond, from the western armies, and the percentage of the graves of New York's prisoners would probably be less than that, or somewhere between one-fifth and one-sixth of the entire number here entombed.

The day was perfect. The exercises were held in a pavilion in the center of the grounds, the entire party being grouped around. With the exception of a few children from adjacent streets, who were attracted by the unusual scene, no visitors from the city attended the services.

It was evident here, as at the hotel, that we were to be left strictly to ourselves. No one interfered with us and no one joined us. Across the threshold of that pathetic spot, where for fifty years have lain interred the men of Belle Island and Libby prison, no foot of man or woman from the city of Richmond or the State of Virginia is said to have passed.

The exercises were admirable. They will appear in these pages in their proper order.

This is the spot above all others in the South where a great monument should be erected, so worthy architecturally of the dead there commemorated, that they should no longer lie unnoticed.

At the close of the morning exercises the entire party returned to the hotel for lunch, and spent the afternoon as their inclinations led them. Many of them had been imprisoned in Richmond, in one prison or another at some period, and they re-visited the places where these prisons were, with a pathetic interest.

Some crossed the footbridge to Belle Island, to the scene of the old stockade, recalling their grim experiences upon that spot.

Many found their way to Libby or Mayo Prison hospital — Castle Thunder — and some even went to Petersburg and the battle-field of Seven Pines, wherever they had served in battle.

The commissioners and State officers, called on the Governor of Virginia in the afternoon, in the State capitol, which had been the capitol of the Confederacy throughout the war.

Governor Stuart, a nephew of the Confederate General, J. E. B. Stuart, received us cordially, but, owing to a previous engagement did not accept our invitation to attend the Grant Birthday banquet in the evening.

At night, the banquet in celebration of the 92nd birthday of Grant was held in the magnificent banquet hall of the Jefferson Hotel. It was the most noticeable event of the entire trip, with the exception of the dedication of the monument itself at Andersonville, and the decorating with the medals of honor of the survivors within the prison stockade, two days later. A detailed account of the banquet will appear in its proper place in these pages.

Suffice to say here that it was worthy of the great occasion, an unique event not in our lives only but so far as is recalled in the experiences of veteran soldiers everywhere in history.

Before midnight the party had again entrained and started southward.

The first day of the " pilgrimage " was past and it will be forever memorable.

THE SECOND DAY

Tuesday, April 28th

The trains arrived safely at Danville, Va., in the early morning. Here the dining cars were attached, one on Train No. 1 and two on Train No. 2. In these the entire party were to be fed throughout the

remainder of the journey, with the sole exception (as already stated) of the dinner at the prison grounds at Andersonville on the following day.

The prisons at Danville had been used largely to accommodate the overflow from those in Richmond. The prison cemetery was situated about a mile from the station. Trolleys and private automobiles quickly took us all to that quiet and modest resting-place. It is the smallest of the prison cemeteries, yet is as well preserved and cared for as are the others.

Here, also, the good superintendent had placed the State flags on the graves of New York soldiers, and the Daughters of the Confederacy in Danville had adorned them with flowers.

Here the citizens greeted us with the heartiest cordiality. The mayor addressed us. The Camp of Confederate Veterans came with their automobiles to carry us about and to the scene of the services; they also joined us in the exercises and with the utmost good fellowship.

There were evidences everywhere of the typical southern hospitality and welcome for us. The ladies of the rival camps vied with each other to greet us with their blessings on our way.

Danville prides itself on being the "last capital of the Confederacy," for here Jefferson Davis, retreating from Richmond, made his last stand, issued his last message and performed probably his last act as the chief of a cause which was lost.

At the close of the services in the prison cemetery we again entrained (about noon), and started on southward. As we passed the cemetery a mile beyond the city we could see the flowers and flags still upon the graves of our comrades, and we were not without a feeling, growing out of the cordiality of our greeting by the people of that city, that our dead were not indifferent to the hearts of the good people among whom they are destined forever to lie.

Promptly on time in the early afternoon we reached Salisbury, N. C.

Here is the greatest of the prison cemeteries, with the sole exception of Andersonville, and here also we were greeted with the greatest cordiality by the people. If there was a single one among the population who did not welcome our coming, he was not in evidence. Banners were in the air and the mayor and the leading citizens accompanied us to the grounds and participated in the services.

The State of Pennsylvania has done itself great honor by the splendid monument it has erected at the entrance to the cemetery to Salisbury's " unknown " dead. The spot itself is " beautiful for situation," although not large, and it has been preserved, as have all the national cemeteries throughout the South, with the greatest care.

Here the great name that the people mentioned as having given distinction to their city was not Jefferson Davis but Andrew Jackson. We were shown his residence and the office where he started the practice of law.

The pathos of Salisbury is the enormous number of the dead who are " unknown."

No nomenclature of the prisoners appears to have survived, if one was kept, so comparatively few of the interments have their names upon their graves, but, instead, a definite area, level as a lawn, but surrounded by a hedge to define its outline, contains the sepulchre of 12,000 Union prisoners, all of whom were " unknown." It was their destiny to " lie among those who are numbered and not among those who are named."

The whole area where these men were buried is less than an acre in extent. They told us that eighteen huge trenches were dug, parallel to each other, and, as the dead were borne from the prisons, they were simply piled upon each other, day after day, and the earth shoveled over them as fast as the trenches were filled. The way they ascertained the number thus interred was by digging down along the edge of the trenches and counting how many deep the dead were lying, then by multiplying this by the length and number of the trenches, they

Assemblyman J. L. Patrie
Member of Commission

Assemblyman John Kerrigan
Member of Commission

reached the appalling result that 12,000 Union prisoners had been thus rudely sepulchred upon that spot and lie there till this day

"Unknown as veiled beneath the sheltering sod,
But they are dear to liberty
And they are known to God."

The overwhelming memories of the comrades who had been long confined here (as also at Danville and Richmond), and who now, after half a century re-visited the spot, can only be imagined by the people of the State who had no such grim experiences in their own youth, and the civilians on the "pilgrimage," commissioners and members of the Legislature, have expressed themselves as so mightily impressed at witnessing it that they never shall forget it. Many stood silent, with uncovered heads and in tears.

It should be remembered that the prisons in Richmond, Danville and Salisbury existed for practically the whole four years of the war, while that at Andersonville, whither we were bound, was only during the last year, and that at Florence for a less period. Indeed, it was only when Sherman, in his march to the sea, entered Georgia, that the fear that he would march to Andersonville and release the prisoners caused the construction of the stockade at Florence and minor ones elsewhere, to which the prisoners could be transferred in that event.

We did not on this trip visit Florence, as it was not on our route; still the superintendent of that cemetery was so kind as to place our State flags upon the graves of our dead on the day of our passing through the State of South Carolina enroute to Andersonville. With the single exception of Florence we "stopped awhile," planted our flags, sung our songs and voiced our reverential tribute to New York's prison dead in every distinctively prison cemetery in the South.

The afternoon at Salisbury drew finally to a close. Comrades who had been prisoners there wandered about seeking the familiar spots. The writer accompanied Mayor Boynton and the Hon. Robert L.

Drummond of Auburn, N. Y., to the site where the prison itself had stood. Mr. Drummond recognized the precise spot, though the buildings were gone, by the surrounding conformation of the land. Mayor Boynton corroborated his statements.

The accuracy of the number of dead in these cemeteries is to be questioned. Their estimates are doubtless the minimum number in all cases.

That the dead in Salisbury should even exceed those in Richmond is to be explained, not by decreasing those at Salisbury but by assuming that only a fraction of the prisoners who died in Richmond are in every way accounted for.

The motive of the prison authorities in minifying the number of dead prisoners is obvious, and the probabilities are that the number who died in Richmond was as great as at Salisbury, while at Danville many more than the estimated number doubtless perished. It should be remembered also that the terrible mortality occurred in Richmond, Danville and Salisbury over a period of four years, while at Andersonville it was in one.

At early evening we were again on the trains, the people accompanying us to the station with farewell greetings, and we once more were away on the last leg of our journey into the southland.

Behind us lay the dead of Richmond, Danville and Salisbury, to whom we had paid our humblest tribute. Before us on the morrow, Andersonville.

THE THIRD DAY

We arrived promptly on time at 8 A. M., on Wednesday, April 29, 1914, at Andersonville, Ga.

Here we found awaiting us Col. W. C. Langfitt of the Engineer Corps, U. S. A., who was President Wilson's representative on the occasion, and the splendid band which the Government had sent us from Fort Screven, Tybee Island, Savannah, Ga., to participate in

the ceremonies. Also a number of people from the country around were on hand (a few from Americus and Fitzgerald, nearby places), but as Andersonville is remote from any town or city of any considerable size, the number from the vicinage who greeted us was small.

But the day was perfect, a veritable " day in June." The foliage was out in full, flowers were in bloom, the air was balmy, the temperature that of early summer with us. All had arrived in good health. Thus the day long anticipated had come at last and Nature had lavished all her charms to make of that spot, that was once so grim and ruthless, to-day a place of beauty, where trees and lawns, paths and monuments, flowers and flags adorned it; and, with uncovered heads and reverent step, these survivors for fifty years of the unutterable horrors of that prison (at Andersonville), re-entered it, with banners and with bugles; with gratitude in their hearts and songs upon their lips; with cheers for the living and tears for the dead, to dedicate the noble monument which the State of New York had there erected to the memory of her sons who, on that spot, had perished.

The superintendent of the cemetery and the authorities of the Central of Georgia Railroad had co-operated with us in pre-arrangements. The State flags were on all New York soldiers' graves (2,500 of them), and over acre after acre of graves these were clearly distinguished as far as the eye could see.

The monument itself was draped by a national flag. A modest platform had been erected immediately in front of it and draped with bunting.

The band preceded the procession, as with solemn step it entered under the arches within those hallowed acres. It was an impressive sight, perhaps unprecedented.

Other States had sent their delegations and their veterans here before to dedicate their monuments, but years had elapsed since the last of these had occurred, and now a full half century had passed since the prison at Andersonville had been crowded with Union

soldiers in " durance vile," and yet these men had lived to celebrate the semi-centennial of their freedom on the spot of their sufferings.

From every lip there sprung a wish that every citizen of the State of New York could have been an eye witness of this pathetic pilgrimage, thus culminating, as these survivors of this prison re-entered it with heads erect and hearts aglow; with music and with prayer, to stand above the faces of their comrades who had lain entombed so silent and so long upon the sacred spot.

The exercises of the forenoon consisted of addresses by the ex-prisoners themselves, no others being permitted to participate in them. Even the prayer was made by a clergyman who had been a prisoner here.

At noon the entire party passed southward to the old prison stockade, and the survivors were aligned upon the very spots where their rude huts once stood, and on the breast of each one (as his name was called and he stepped out in front), was pinned a badge of honor, inscribed with his name, his Company and his Regiment, and the words, " *Survivor* — Presented to.....by the State of New York in recognition of his heroism, sacrifice and patriotism." The ladies who had been selected to perform this delicate service were, respectively, either the mother, daughter or grand-daughter of one of the commissioners to whom the State had entrusted the duty of this dedication.

Then followed the barbecue, served under the trees which had sprung up within the prison grounds since it had ceased to be a prison and had become a park under the ownership and care of the nation. It was intended that the " survivors " should have one " square meal " of local character upon the very spot where once they had " hungered and thirsted for righteousness' sake."

After the barbeque, the chairman was surprised to hear a call to the veterans to gather in a group, and, standing among them, a loving cup was brought forth, which had been procured in Richmond, and

which was presented to him as a token of the "love and esteem of his comrades." The loving cup was filled with water from "God's Providence Spring."

The illustrations and addresses which accompany this report in these pages will give to the reader but a faint conception of the memorable scenes.

Afterward, the comrades scattered over the stockade, each trying to identify the precise place where he had once slept, judging it by its distance from some identified spot. Upon the exact place where, fifty years before, some Tennesseans and others, with Secretary Killgore, were engaged in digging a tunnel in an effort to escape, Thomas O'Dea (author of the famous picture of Andersonville), found a brass U. S. A. button which he presented to Mr. Killgore, who regards it as of priceless value.

Promptly in the early afternoon the bugles sounded the call; the band played its national music and all gathered in the cemetery again before the monument for the final scene of its dedication.

The addresses now were by the Speaker of the Assembly, the Leader of the Senate, representing the Governor in his absence, and the representative of the President of the United States. The prayer, however, was by one of the surviving veterans, and then, with drums rolling, slowly the monument was unveiled and the magnificence of the bas-relief appeared to all eyes. Then a final prayer of dedication, a benediction and the bugles sounded "taps;" the dedication was accomplished and the monument was left in the care of the nation forever.

Thereafter the afternoon was spent by the party strolling around the graves, many seeking the resting-places of those whom they had known, their relatives or their comrades. Deciphering the names of the headstones was not difficult, since they had been preserved with care; and the hearts of all were grateful to the Government for the splendid preservation which it had here maintained of the sepulchres of its heroes.

At early evening all were again on the trains and away. It had been a day never to be forgotten and never to be repeated — a great day in our lives. A proud day also for the State we represented; a day in which she had at last, if tardily, conferred her final honor and tribute upon those of her sons who had served her more sublimely than those who had died in battle, and were indeed the last flower of her glory and her pride.

Thursday morning, April 30th, we arrived at the battle-ground of Chickamauga, Tenn., Train No. 2 being somewhat belated by the heavy grades over the mountains.

The entire party, in automobiles, now drove through the historic battle-field, along Missionary Ridge, into Chattanooga. Here, also, whenever we passed a monument which marked the valor of a New York regiment, a State flag was planted, the whole procession pausing a moment at each such spot.

The afternoon was spent at Lookout Mountain, where, at the base of the New York Peace Monument, a final session of farewell was held.

Starting northward again in the early evening, the second train was again delayed in reaching Washington the next day, which gave those on Train No. 1 a few hours at the capital. Both trains started together, however, on the last run from Washington and were in sight of each other all the way to New York. They arrived promptly on time in the Pennsylvania terminal at the same hour on which five days before they had started from that same platform.

All were well. There had been a few delays; no accidents; the weather had been perfect; the 2,500 miles had been without discomfort; and, with radiant faces and grateful hearts, all returned safely home, and the " pilgrimage to the shrines of patriotism " was accomplished.

RICHMOND, VA.

RICHMOND, VA., was the capital of the Confederate States and the center of its military operations. To that city the prisoners captured from the Union armies were generally first taken and thence were distributed to the other prison camps as the Rebel authorities ordained. It is estimated that altogether 125,000 Union soldiers were at some time imprisoned in the city of Richmond.

The chief prisons were Libby, Belle Island, Castle Thunder, Smith, Pemberton and Mayo's Prison hospital. These were all, except Belle Island, tobacco warehouses, idle on account of the war, and used temporarily for this purpose.

Libby prison, on the southeast corner of Carey and 18th streets, has become the most widely known. It was there that the commissioned officers were confined. This famous bastille of the Confederates was removed, brick by brick, to Chicago at the time of the World's Fair.

Belle Island was, however, the largest prison of Richmond, for there the private soldiers were assembled in great numbers. Belle Island is situated in the James river immediately opposite the city of Richmond and just above the long bridge which connects the north and south banks of that stream. It embraces an area of perhaps 100 acres. The prison camp was located on the lower end of the island facing the city. It consisted of an enclosure of about ten acres. It was stockaded and had a fatal but undefined " dead line." The number of prisoners confined here varied from one to ten thousand. Their sufferings during the extremely cold winters of '63 and '64 are indescribable. The ratio of mortality on Belle Island probably surpassed that of any other prison in the Confederacy.

The hospital known as Mayo's was simply a double tobacco warehouse which was set apart for the care of the sick prisoners, to which they were brought from all the prisons where enlisted men were confined.

The national cemetery at Richmond lies just beyond the city limits on the northeast. Here the dead were brought from all the prisons and rudely interred. In this national cemetery at Richmond there are 5,670 graves, of which 892 are known and 5,678 unknown. Not a single monument has been erected to commemorate these dead. The Government, however, gives to their resting-place its constant care. In a pavilion in the midst of the graves the services on the morning of April 27th were held.

THE FIRST DAY

NATIONAL CEMETERY, RICHMOND, VA., APRIL 27, 1914, AT 11 A. M.

EXERCISES

The chairman, Senator A. J. Palmer, standing in the pavilion in the midst of the graves, with the comrades gathered around, opened the services with a brief invocation and address as follows:

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee that we live; that after fifty years " with long life Thou hast satisfied us and shown us Thy salvation " and that we are privileged this beautiful morning in this lovely southland to stand with reverence above the quiet faces of our comrades who half a century ago here gave their lives for their country, and have lain here so long in silence.

" Great God of Battles! Hear us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

God bless our country. God bless these veterans of the Union armies who survived their own imprisonment and are now privileged to make this great undertaking in memory of their comrades who here perished, and who lie all about us so long asleep, and unto Thee be eternal glory, world without end. Amen.

Assemblyman Frank M Bradley
Member of Commission

Assemblyman Caleb H. Baumes
Member of Commission

Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:

We are gathered this morning at the first of the national cemeteries, where, in this pathetic journey to dedicate a monument to those who perished in the last of the prisons at Andersonville, we have paused awhile.

We are to celebrate in this city the birthday of General Grant, in quietness, without ostentation, and without offending, I trust, any one's sensibilities, but without a particle of fear that anywhere in our country where we may be on the 27th of April, we shall not remember *Ulysses S. Grant.* (Applause.)

Now, of the four Confederate prisons where we will find ourselves in the coming three days — here on Monday; to-morrow at Danville, Va., and at Salisbury, N. C., and all day Wednesday at Andersonville — this happens to be the only one where I was personally confined. I spent nine months of my boyhood in Confederate prisons. I was captured at the night assault on Fort Wagner, S. C., on the 18th day of July, 1863, and spent three days in the jail at Charleston; two months in the prison at Columbia, S. C., whence in September we were moved " On to Richmond." Now, " On to Richmond! " was a phrase in our boyhood. At the head of all the papers stood a tremendous headline, " On to Richmond! " and we were at last " on the spot." (Laughter.)

We had come our weary journey from Columbia, S. C., stopping a day in transit in Salisbury, N. C., and Danville, Va., and late at night we were arrayed on Shocko Hill in front of the Confederate capitol in Richmond, Va. We were counted, and we expected that night that we were to be immediately paroled and sent home, for we had been promised that if we behaved ourselves all the way from South Carolina, as soon as we reached the capitol of the Confederacy at Richmond, we would be exchanged and allowed to go back to our regiments and our people. Instead of that, when we asked, "Are we to be paroled? " " No," they replied, " not much, Yanks; you-uns are to be took to Libby prison."

As we approached it, a voice from an upper window broke into singing, " We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more." That was a sweet voice, my comrades. I often heard it in after years. It is silenced now, alas, forever, but never did he sing as on that hour in the Confederate capital when we approached at midnight the doors of Libby prison. That singer was Chaplain McCabe. (Applause.)

They marched us into Libby prison. They counted us; they searched us; they stripped us of everything of any value. They even felt under our armpits to see if we had not a greenback hidden away there. They had the color wrong of the " backs " which they would have found. (Laughter and applause.) They were, however, welcome, as far as I was concerned, to all they got from me, for the watermelons in Columbia had been very good, I tell you, the whole summer through.

Then, three days afterward, the private soldiers were taken to Belle Island. You know they had no business much with private soldiers here where the comforts were. The commissioned officers had much more consideration than the private soldiers in all the Confederate prisons. So we were sent to Belle Island, and we went to sleep that night on Mother Earth. I never will forget the day we crossed the two bridges to Belle Island. There ought to be a tower on that island still, and on that tower a bell, and it should toll for a thousand years a knell for the heroes who died on that cruel spot.

We received one ration a day, at 11 o'clock. It consisted of a lump of corn bread, the size of your fist, and sometimes a cubic inch of meat or a swallow of soup — nothing more.

We slept on the ground and in each other's arms, or we walked through the night in squad formation to keep from freezing when the nights were cold. There is one night that I remember, late in the winter, when I grew faint and ill, and but for my two comrades would have perished like the rest. Their names were John Wilgus and John

Clark, both of Company "D," of the 48th N. Y. The three of us "bunked" together anywhere in a hollow out of the wind, for we had but one blanket between us, and I remember that because I was a little fellow I always slept in the middle. When the dawn broke, after that bitter night of sickness and of cold, my faithful comrades wrapped me in that one blanket and carried me out to the doctor at the gate of the stockade. They left the blanket with me and they both perished themselves for want of it.

Somewhere about us here, in an unknown grave, one of them lies. We will find the other in a marked grave at Andersonville, and I have asked my daughter to stand upon one these unknown graves, hoping it may be his, and lay a wreath upon it, in some memorial of the comrades who carried me out and left the blanket with me. She will do the same at Andersonville, where the other sleeps.

From Belle Island they took me to a prison hospital, known as Mayo's tobacco warehouse, just below Libby prison on Carey street, and there I remained until April.

Richmond was the spot where practically all the prisoners of the Union in the northern part of the southland were originally confined. The officers were in Libby, the privates on Belle Island or in Castle Thunder, or in Pemberton, or in Smith's, but all of them, when they were ill, in the Mayo's Prison hospital.

Every morning I would take the list and write out their names, when I grew better. These that lie about you are the prisoners who perished here. The entire number buried here is said to be 6,572, of which 874 are known and 5,678 are unknown.

It was fifty years and ten days ago, on the 17th of April, 1864, that I managed, after nine months, to escape from that prison hospital; crept out, before daylight in the morning, at a little gate that I would like to show you all, and got on a boat that was going down the river, and was transferred to a flag of truce boat under an assumed name, and saw once more, after nine months, the flag of my country over my head. (Applause.)

I pause here, this morning in Richmond, to pay a belated tribute that I have often paid elsewhere, in many audiences all over this country and afar, to one class of women that served us well in the prison hospital in the city of Richmond. I refer to the Sisters of Charity. (Applause.) Day by day, they, and they alone, visited our lonely cots, and while I live I shall venerate their memory for that one deed; and though it is fifty years ago and although they were not of my creed, I have never passed a Sister of Charity on the streets of any city without lifting my hat to her in grateful memory of those good women. (Applause.)

As I shall incidentally, here and there along the journey (if I do not weary you or am not overwearied myself), add a line and a word as we pass, I will no longer this morning detain you from the formal speakers of the day.

I look upon these comrades that have lain here in unmarked graves so long as the supreme heroes of the war. Every single one of them had a way to escape. All you had to do was to walk out to the gate and hold up your hands and say you were ready to take the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy, and you would have walked out scot free. You would have been stripped of the shreds of your blue uniform and clothed in Confederate gray. You would have been sent to the rear in some secondary service, but you would have lived to see your home again. How many of them did it? In the city of Richmond, not eighty of them, all told; but six thousand of them lie dead about our feet *rather than do that.*

So I call them the supreme heroes of the war that saved the Union. It is true they were mere private soldiers. They were not what you call, therefore, great soldiers; that is, they were not generals. They were not colonels, or captains. They were *privates.* But they were great spirits and their sufferings ennobled them until they became the noblest names in all the history of our country, and every single one of them, when he went down to his death, believed that he was dying in

order that he might keep his country on the map of the world and her flag in Heaven — *and he did it.*

My comrades, and ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor now to introduce to you the Hon. Harold J. Hinman, majority leader of the Assembly of the State of New York. (Applause.)

ADDRESS BY THE HON. HAROLD J. HINMAN

MR. CHAIRMAN, MEMBERS OF THE COMMISSION, VETERANS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

It is an inspiration to all of us to be called from the pursuits of peace to scenes like this. As representatives of the grateful people of a grateful State, ours is a labor of love, bearing testimony after half a century that the sacrifices and sufferings of these brave men will never fade away. We, in turn, draw inspiration from the lives and loyalty of our sleeping sons in these peaceful graves, an inspiration to strengthen us in the cause of right.

We do not come in a spirit of sectionalism, voicing the plaudits of a section alone; but rather, delivering the verdict of New York in harmony with the verdict of the nation. These men have won the plaudits of their State but they deserve, as do all who are buried here, the grateful homage of their nation. They gave up their lives that the nation might live. We are indeed proud, however, that New York State did her full share, and our presence here to-day, like the monuments here erected, bears witness that the Divine Hand will never draw a veil of oblivion over the lives and deeds of these brave sons who are sleeping here. (Applause.)

I shall attempt no further eulogy. The story of their privations and sufferings will outlast even these monuments that symbolize a nation's gratitude to its slain defenders.

We do not come in a spirit of controversy. This hallowed ground, this beautiful cemetery, adding respect and veneration to heroic sepulchre, the presence of these veteran survivors late in the evenings of

their days, which a bounteous Heaven has lengthened out that they might behold a better and reunited country, fill us with tender and patriotic emotions. We come, not to stir up hatred, but to whisper benedictions on our country; not to kindle anew sectional prejudice, but, in everlasting memory of those who fell, to learn to love our country which was saved with such a price, and to allay all sectional bitterness as we rejoice in a nation united for all time, a blessing to our whole people and to all the nations of the earth. (Applause.)

We are doubly grateful in the realization that the South itself would not to-day have the result other than was achieved — one government under one flag. (Applause.) Time has wiped out the Mason and Dixon's line. The South, as well as the North, gazes with loyalty at the stars and stripes floating from the public buildings at Richmond and throughout the South. And so we come to-day, not bearing the old signals of war, but the nobler messages of peace, the peace which every sentiment of Christianity and humanity prompts as we witness the awful ravages of barbarous warfare, when we visit the scenes of battle where soldiers of the North and South lay across each other in one red burial, when we stand as we do to-day upon fields now humming with the sounds of peace amidst these monuments marking their last resting-place for patriot pilgrims.

To know how sweet a thing is peace, we need to see it through war — "grim-visaged war" — with its blood and its tears, its heartburn and its woes; and so we are deeply impressed with our duty to try to hasten the glad day when war shall be no more and the victories of peace shall be greater than the victories of war.

The nations of the earth are being invited to join with Great Britain and the United States in 1915 in a world-wide peace jubilation. A manifesto has been issued by an international conference, appealing "that the time has come when international rivalries and differences, though numerous and severe, may be settled without the carnage and horrors of war."

But even as these plans of peace are materializing, the clouds of war are hanging over us. The hope of the nation that President Wilson might adjust our differences with Mexico under a policy of peace and honor, it seems may not be realized. Once more may come the call to arms, but a call, thank God, to which both the North and the South will respond. (Applause.) In elbow touch they will face the enemy together as they did at Manila and Santiago, comrades and patriots under one flag.

Mr. Chairman, as I stand here to-day, on hallowed ground, I cannot help wondering whether this Union, preserved by the heroic sacrifices of these brave men, will endure forever as a republic. I am not a pessimist, but I cannot help feeling there is an undertow which has a tendency to drag us from our moorings as a nation and a people, and which invites the earnest consideration of all our thoughtful citizens. Our fathers took the greatest political step in history when they wrote into our constitution provisions which distributed the powers of the various governmental branches. They moored our ship of state with the great cables of State government, as well as national, and with the executive, legislative and judicial branches of both. They devised safeguards that have prevented any man or group of men from being the dictators of government, and promised to every man equal rights under the law.

If we would stem the tide of paternalism which is driving this country to over-centralization and making our great ship of state strain hard at every cable, we need to preserve every cable intact. The tendency is to place too great reliance upon the cable of national government, to the exclusion of the State; of the executive as opposed to the legislative and judicial.

I believe in a perfect Union. I rejoice that it has been preserved, in the words of the Supreme Court, "An indissoluble union of indestructible states." The danger that threatens is the increasing tendency to concentrate in the Federal government powers that should be

left to the States, and to exalt the executive and dwarf the legislative and judicial, and to create powers that neither the State nor the nation should have, with the effect to overgovern a people who can best govern themselves.

It is not by powers congested in the hands of a strong central government, but by the enlightenment of the conscience of the people that popular government can best be preserved. The triumph of our government has been that it exists for the individual and not the individual for the government, to protect the individual in the enjoyment of life, liberty and ownership of property, to build up the individual, to leave room for and to invite the growth and development of his character, independence, self-reliance and manhood. (Applause.)

As the State is the unit of the nation, the citizen is the unit of the State, and instead of having the Government do everything for him, we need to teach him to lean on the State for nothing that his own arm can do, and on the nation for nothing that his State can do. Thus only can the tremendous forces of this republic be kept in balance. It is ours to decide whether, in this government which carries the hopes of the human race, there are one hundred million people who are capable, and will always continue to be capable, of self-government; or, whether in the unbalancing of forces, in the dwarfing of the responsibility of the citizen to himself, his family, his country and his God, there shall be chaos. Character, individual character, bids fair to be lost in the dazzling splendor of a strong paternalistic government. With the loss of individual character, with the loss of the integrity of the home, and with the dwarfing of any of our fundamental checks and balances, the needs of this vast and complex government cannot be met. It means, eventually, a rush to despotism.

Our republic, for which these men fought and died, and for which many amongst us to-day have dared to die, is menaced with great dangers — not the danger of sectional revolt, for, thank God, the denial of the right of a State to leave this Union has been decided forever —

Comrade Silas G. Burdick
Member of Commission

Comrade Rev. Isaac M. Foster
Member of Commission

but the danger of a class revolt; not the stars and bars of secession, but the red flag of communism, or the black flag of anarchy; not the establishment of a separate nation carved out of this nation, but the re-establishment of ourselves as a socialistic nation in denial of that which is the fundamental basis of our prosperity; not keeping the Union intact, but keeping the constitution intact.

Where would they lead us? To the point where the many may say to the few, "It is our will that you give up what you have got." Lincoln, down to the dark hours of the Rebellion, refused to interfere with slavery because the constitution forbade it. It was not until death to slavery meant life to the republic, until it seemed necessary as a war measure to punish those in rebellion who had forfeited their rights under the constitution, that he issued his proclamation of emancipation, and then only to free the slaves of those who were in rebellion against the Union.

Are we going to forget it was only by the sacrifice of individual rights that the Lacedemonians, Athenians and Romans possessed any democratic government? Is it at such government we could arrive?

Woe unto us when we can no longer appeal in an orderly way, under a government of law, to courts having authority to say that the fundamental rights of no man shall be violated. Woe unto us when it no longer pays to be provident, self-reliant and responsible! When the improvident, shiftless and irresponsible are fed at the hands of an overgrown government which levies its toll upon one class for the benefit of another; when a portion of a people would exist but by the entire enslavement of the other portion of the people. Our republic which we love — and for the perpetuity of which these brave men are buried here after unexampled sufferings, heroic sacrifices and devotion through a fearful ordeal — our republic cannot endure unless we fight for the perpetuity of the dominion of fundamental law, guaranteeing individual liberty, equality and opportunity, and preserving the wise distribution of authority which our fathers established.

And so the world moves on, bringing in its wake new problems which are continually testing whether this nation, as Lincoln said, "Conceived in liberty and dedicated to equal rights and justice to all," can long endure. It is for us, the living, therefore, to be dedicated here to the great unfinished and never-ending task which those who fought fifty years ago so nobly advanced. (Applause.)

Mr. Chairman, I thank you for this opportunity to speak; and, ladies and gentlemen, I thank you very much for the courtesy of your attention. (Applause.)

ADDRESS BY HON. J. L. PATRIE

MR. CHAIRMAN, MEMBERS OF THE COMMISSION, SURVIVORS OF ANDERSONVILLE PRISON, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

It was only a few moments ago when I was asked if I would say a few words here this morning, and upon that occasion I was admonished to be very brief if I did say anything, and I suggested to the chairman that I would be brief indeed, if I had any remarks to make.

I have not the honor, due to my youth, to be among the living here as a survivor of the great civil strife, or even the greater honor to lie here beneath the sod with the 7,500 heroes who are lying here, whose faces were paled in death fifty years ago, and, gentlemen, I know of no greater honor that an individual might obtain than that of being here as a survivor, or, possibly, perhaps a greater honor, to lie here among the slain.

Very much has been said in regard to these dead heroes and the survivors, and I will not undertake to enlarge thereon, but must apologize for the feeble command which I have of the English language — my best effort would be inadequate and the words which I might command would be insignificant compared with the emphasis with which I wish to express them. I desire to reiterate in substance what has been said by the chairman, Mr. Palmer, and also by the other speaker, Hon. Assemblyman Hinman.

We are here to-day in what was the center of the Confederacy, the capital, if you please, and as has been said, the cry in the North was, "On to Richmond!" Richmond was at that time the objective point, a point of great importance, and to-day, as we look back and observe the reconstruction which has taken place during the past fifty years, we will note that this vicinity is yet rich with historic surroundings and historic facts. The city of Richmond has developed from a small town, which was founded about 1773, and was, just before the Civil War, incorporated into a city which has become one of the great and important factors in this commonwealth and in the United States.

I believe it is to-day a city of approximately 150,000 inhabitants, with many of the best institutions obtainable. I will mention one institution, the College of Richmond, which is known throughout the length and breadth of the United States as an institution recognized by the great educational authorities throughout the United States. When the educational department of the State of New York will recognize an institution as giving adequate and sufficient training to compare favorably with the institutions of the great Empire State, you may rest assured, gentlemen, that that institution gives proper and sufficient training, and the College of Richmond is recognized by our State educational institutions and societies as meeting these requirements. That is sufficient.

It is absolutely necessary that higher and better educational facilities should obtain in order that the training for our boys and girls should be adequate and proper, as the gentleman, Mr. Hinman, who preceded me, suggested — and, you will pardon me if I drive a little away from the mark, gentlemen, because he brought the matter to our attention, and it is a very important subject. Let me suggest to you, gentlemen, that I have given the matter some attention, having been in the Legislature of the State of New York many years. There we have to consider all kinds of suggestions, "isms" and devices which detract, weaken and poison the minds of individuals who are not as

strong mentally as they might be, tending to incline them and to lead them to anarchy and socialism. Let me suggest to you that the constitution of this nation when originally drawn was drawn by great men, many of whom lived in this vicinity and it has seldom been amended. Many of the framers of our constitution resided right here, and inside the walls of one church in this city five presidents of the United States had their place of worship.

I guess I have lost track of what I was about to say; I will get back to it — let me ask you to stand by the constitution of the United States; let no one destroy the sacred provisions contained therein or its beautiful effect. Do not lose sight of the fact that there are editorials published throughout the State, from time to time, for the purpose of exciting and inflaming the weak minds of some people who will readily purchase these papers in large numbers. Great headlines sell readily even if the sensational matter is inflaming the minds of the many readers with anything except Americanism. Let me ask you to stand firmly by the constitution of the United States. It was well and carefully prepared — so well prepared and our rights so properly safeguarded that few, very few, amendments have ever been made, and then only to meet changed conditions, requiring such amendments.

Let us remember that the man or individual who by his thrift, industry and economy has brought together a certain amount of property and wealth for the maintenance of those about him, is entitled to the use and enjoyment of that wealth for himself and those dependent upon him; and the irresponsible man who comes shouting and clamoring, and the paper which would advocate that his property should be torn from him and divided among all classes — including anarchists and I. W. W's., existing in different parts of the country — that man is an enemy to all good government under which we exist and have prospered. (Applause.)

We have in the State of New York to-day just a few papers which publish such articles, and the individuals back of them and the man-

agers are eager and anxious to sell those papers to the extent, that, I believe, they would plunge our country into war if they could sell a few more, a few hundred thousand copies extra. They will come out with headlines almost this high (indicating), dangerous, sensational, imaginative, suggesting facts which do not exist; they simply imagine that they might soon exist and then they claim priority in publication. Avoid these dangerous publications.

In this I concur with Assembly Hinman — and he is opposed to me politically. He and I have stood together in the Legislature for many measures because we each believed they were right. We stood there often, shoulder to shoulder, gentlemen, when we were satisfied the measures were right, fighting for them. When we were satisfied certain measures were wrong, we, together, opposed them. We have oftentimes fought for measures which were not advocated by the leaders of our respective parties, but we stood by them because we believed they were right, and I believe that Mr. Hinman and myself, although opposed politically, have drawn closer together on more important political questions than any other assemblymen have done, who have been in the Legislature of the great imperial State for the last half dozen years.

I scarcely know what to say about the reconstruction policy any further, except that the interests of our country are identical. What is good for the northern section must be good for the southern. You need in your great southern section, the manufacturing industries of the North to aid you. We need, from your great tropical section of the South, all that grows in abundance here, to feed our millions of manufacturers. Our interests are therefore identical, and what is for the great benefit of one particular section, though we may not see it so, is for the mutual benefit of our whole country as a unit.

As I stand here to-day on this hallowed ground, I clearly see indications that we all come without malice, and that the hearts of the American people are drawn closer and closer together as years go by

and that we stand as one people and one country undivided; each State an unselfish unit or part and a helper of our great common government. We assemble to-day with no malice toward the people of this section and they receive us with open arms. We come here with our hearts filled with love, kindness and devotion for all mankind and with the spirit of oneness and unity. We come, primarily, in commemoration of the heroes who have passed before us, who have given their lives to our country, and we come here secondarily to indicate that we are part of the greatest Union under the sun which is indissoluble and inseparable and which will stand as long as a kingly Providence permits the earth to revolve.

I thank you. (Applause.)

SENATOR PALMER:

"Under the sod and the dew, waiting the judgment day,
"Under the roses the blue; under the lilies the gray,"

and those who have survived are only less noble than those who are dead by the will of God. My comrades, this service is complete.

You will be met with the automobiles about half past twelve. You will take luncheon, as we took breakfast, at the Jefferson Hotel. You are free to go where you will during the afternoon. You can visit Belle Island, Libby prison, Mayo's hospital; anywhere you please.

Be sure to be at your place at seven o'clock to-night, at the banquet in honor of the birthday of General Grant.

GRANT MEMORIAL BANQUET AT RICHMOND, VA.

MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 27, 1914

THE GRANT birthday banquet was held in the banquet hall of the Jefferson Hotel. It had been decorated, both walls and tables, with flags of the nation and of the State of New York; also flowers adorned the tables. A string band from Richmond furnished appropriate music. The comrades largely wore their uniforms, and the civilians present, both ladies and gentlemen, were mostly in evening dress. At one long table which crossed the entire room were seated the commissioners and the official guests. Others were at round tables, suitably arranged, filling the entire room. The banquet itself was worthy of the occasion, but without ostentation. There were no formal addresses but great enthusiasm.

SENATOR PALMER: We are gathered, ladies and gentlemen and comrades, on an unique occasion. I suppose you can ransack the history of the world in vain to find precisely what you witness here to-night. Gettysburg was an unique occasion. You can not imagine the English and the French gathering fifty years after the battle of Waterloo on that historic field and shaking hands with one another, as did the boys that wore the blue and the boys that wore the gray, last summer at Gettysburg. (Applause.) And I suppose if the Duke of Wellington's birthday had been celebrated in the city of Paris fifty years after Waterloo by the few survivors of that obstinate body of the British, against which those fiery French legions had "flung their white wrath in vain," that nobody would have attended that banquet in the *French capital.*

Or fancy, if you can, that fifty years after Austerlitz the survivors of the French legions who there had triumphed had gone to *Vienna* to

celebrate the birthday of the Emperor Napoleon. Such a thing is indeed unthinkable, for racial and national antagonisms survive, alas, for centuries, beyond the seas. It is great proof that the estrangement between our countrymen of the North and the South, fifty years ago, was but temporary and happily has passed away; that we can gather in safety and without molestation in the capital of the Southern Confederacy on the birthday of General Grant. It was Judge Alton B. Parker, who then expected to accompany us, who first called my attention, before we left home, to the fact that if we did pause an hour in Richmond to celebrate the birthday of General Grant, it would be an unique and unprecedented event. We make here no comparisons between the soldiers of the North and the South. We do not mention even the names of the famous warriors of the Confederacy, who fought all too fiercely on this spot to destroy the Union, but we do not here forget that it was Grant and the boys in blue who triumphed.

Gentlemen, I am told that some wit of Richmond has announced in the morning papers that on the 92nd birthday of General Grant the Yankees have "entered Richmond, unannounced and unopposed." (Laughter and applause.) I regret that we were unannounced but am glad that we are unopposed.

I have all day long been pondering in my mind whether I should select a half dozen of you to speak at this banquet to-night, for I know that I am surrounded at these tables by Senators and Assemblymen, and speakers of at least State-wide reputation. In other words, whether it is the best of taste for us to have some oratory to-night, such as we would have if we were gathered at home with the Grant Post in Brooklyn, for example. Considering this is without precedent and that we come among a people whom we now all love so well, and that the boys that may go to Mexico will be the grandsons of the boys who wore the gray as well as of the boys that wore the blue (applause), and that we are one country now and are to be one country forever, and that while we need not forget we all should now forgive, I have finally

Comrade Robert B. McCully
Member of Commission

Comrade George R. Brown
Member of Commission

determined, with the concurrence of my associates, that perhaps it will be as well if we simply rise now and drink together a toast in silence, rather than have any prolonged oratory, even on the birthday of that distinguished soldier who led us all to triumph.

I could easily speak a while myself about General Grant, and I was once a very appropriate person to speak of him, because he was the head of the army and I was the tail of it. (Laughter.) I was a little fellow way down in the ranks, out of sight. I have always had the reputation of being the youngest enlisted man in the army. I was precisely fourteen years, six months and six days old on that day when I enlisted as a soldier in the army of the United States, and there is not a man anywhere that I have ever met, and thousands have contested it, that has not conceded that I was the youngest enlisted soldier, and I was also only a private soldier.

I was an acting corporal one night, on the picket lines in front of Petersburg. Except for that I was always just a private soldier. We all got what we deserved, you know, in those days. I had served three years before I was seventeen and one-half years old. So from me to General Grant there was a long distance. There were a great number of corporals ahead of the privates, and I was a little fellow in the rear ranks, short of stature, even among the privates. There were lots of privates " bigger " than me. Then there were all the sergeants. Then all the lieutenants. Then all the captains and the majors and the lieutenant-colonels, and then the colonels that commanded the regiments, and the brigadier-generals that commanded the brigades, then all the major-generals that commanded the army corps, and all of them were between " him and me." It was a long ways from the tail of the army to the head of it fifty years ago. Yet, somehow, that qualifies me to propose this toast to-night, for while there was but one of him, there was a million of me.

I saw him first in Petersburg, the day the mine was exploded. He was riding along the lines and we threw up our hats and cheered.

I saw him afterward in private life. He did me the unique honor the last time in his life that he appeared in public to come and hear me speak. I never saw his face again, but I came a thousand miles to follow in that procession up Riverside Drive to his sepulchre; and when the ships came home from Santiago I was in the conning tower of one of them, and they sailed through the narrows, up the bay, up the harbor and up the river. They stopped when they passed the battery and then went on till they reached the tomb on Riverside Drive, and above all their cannons that came home from a successful war, above the smoke and above the noise, somehow I heard a voice proceeding out of that tomb and from the silent lips, "Let us have peace."

My comrades, without further words, I am going to ask you now to rise and drink in silence a toast to the memory of Grant. We will remain standing a moment and the band will lead us in singing, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

Now I wonder if I can find a single sentence to characterize Grant! Peer of Wellington, Peer of Marlborough, Peer of Hannibal, the quiet man, under whose leadership all our armies marched to victory; soldier of one epoch, statesman of another; "patient in toils, secure amid alarms; inflexible in peace, invincible in arms;" calm under calumny, magnanimous in victory; the greatest soldier of the age and the greatest man, and here in Virginia, the home of Washington and of Jefferson, we toast without fear to the *memory of Grant.*

And now, good-night. You will find busses waiting for you at your convenience. You should be in the cars by half past ten. I thank you for your faithful attention during the day and trust it will long live as a great day in your memory. You may take with you as souvenirs the flags that are on your tables.

THE SECOND DAY

Danville, Va.

The city of Danville, Va., is located on the south bank of the River Dan, from which it derives its name, and was a thriving town before the war on account of the extensive manufacture of tobacco. The prisons were abandoned tobacco warehouses usually three stories in height and known by numbers. No. 3 was used for commissioned officers, the remaining numbers for the enlisted men.

Danville was the prison nearest to Richmond and to which, when there was room, the prisoners that overflowed Belle Island were first sent.

The cemetery at Danville is at the southern extremity of the city and contains 1,331 graves, of which 1,172 are known and 159 unknown. There is no monument, but a mound stands in the center of the cemetery, and about a flag-pole upon that mound the services on the morning of April 28th were held.

SERVICES AT THE NATIONAL CEMETERY, DANVILLE, VA.

April 28, 1914, 10 a. m.

Prayer by the Rev. Dr. I. M. Foster:

Almighty God, Thou who art from everlasting to everlasting, the same yesterday, to-day and forever, we worship Thee. We give praise and thanksgiving unto Thy great name and rejoice in Thy goodness, for Thou has cared for us and kept us and led us into this state. We are thankful that in the past Thou has been mindful of us as a people and that out of the darkness we have been led by Thy power into the light of a new day.

Great God! help us as we receive Thy blessing through our national life and through the relation we sustain to each other; help us to bring back to Thee that measure of service to our fellows, to our country and to the world that shall speak forth Thy praise. Let Thy blessing be upon us as a people. Guide us in all affairs of life. Bless

our nation and give us the benediction of Heaven, through Christ Jesus, our Lord. Amen.

SENATOR PALMER: I will ask every survivor or comrade, who was a prisoner in Danville, and those only, to gather closest about this flag-pole now.

I wish to remark that the flowers, the lilacs and indeed all the flowers which are in bloom here are the gift to us, comrades, of the Daughters of the Confederacy (applause), except the wreath which was sent by the Confederate Camp. (Cheers.)

If at the end of our long journey of more than two thousand miles through the southland we will go back and all our people of New York will know that we have loved all the people we have met and they have honored us, it will be well for the future of our country and for us all.

I have the pleasure of introducing to you now the Mayor of Danville, Mr. Wooding.

ADDRESS BY MR. WOODING

MR. CHAIRMAN, MEMBERS OF THE COMMISSION, EX-UNION SOLDIERS AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

In full accord with my own and in accord with the wishes of the people I represent, it affords me very great pleasure to greet and to meet and to welcome each and all of you to the last capital of the Southern Confederacy, for within the corporate limits of our city Jefferson Davis wrote and published his last official proclamation. The time has been when we were arrayed against each other. Thank God that time has passed! (Applause.) Thank God that the patriotism, the liberality and the brotherhood of the brother citizens of the great State of Pennsylvania made it possible last July to have the most unique and far-reaching reunion that has been recorded in the pages of history. (Applause.)

There, fifty years from the day on which the gray and the blue portrayed the highest type of American bravery, than which no higher

type can the world show, they met in friendly social intercourse, and the blue and the gray mutually rejoiced that their sons had fought side by side, gallantly upon distant lands and foreign seas to ease the down-trodden and oppressed inhabitants from the cruel rule of Spain. (Applause.)

As a rule, when there is a murmur of war in the West, there comes a voice from the far East where roll the billows of the mighty Atlantic on the bleak coast of Maine, a voice comes from where the southern breezes blow over the orange groves of Florida, a voice comes from where the sparkling waves of the golden Pacific kiss the shores of California, and all those voices proclaim in thundering tones that no nation shall ever insult the American flag. (Applause.)

Thank God, fifty years after the conflict, the blue and the gray, hand in hand on the classic field of Gettysburg, buried forever, too deep for resurrection, all animosities, antagonisms, and, I trust, unkind feelings which were engendered by the causes which led up to the conduct and the result of the war, and to-day we Confederate soldiers — I am proud to say I am the Commander of the Confederate Camp, and ex-Commander of the Grand Camp of Veterans of Virginia, and in their name I give to each and to all a most cordial and hearty welcome and wish you God-speed in going to pay tribute to those who stood by you in the day of your trials and tribulations, for they did all they could, no matter how much honor may be heaped upon the generals, for among those names recorded in history there is not one entitled to more praise and credit than these who silently sleep in our town and whose souls, we trust, have found peace in the better world. (Applause.)

Senator Palmer: Mr. Mayor, I thank you for the cordial greetings which you have given my comrades on the tender errand that takes us from New York to Andersonville, more than two thousand miles of travel through the South, to dedicate there to-morrow a monument which has been erected by the people of New York to commemo-

rate twenty-five hundred of its soldiers who, fifty years ago, died within that prison stockade that they might preserve the Union. I thank you for your greetings as a Confederate soldier, the most grateful word that has reached us thus far on the journey being your kindly and fraternal welcome to-day. A soldier is a soldier everywhere. (Applause.)

Now, I love a soldier. I would rather have him with me than against me in the hour of battle, but I love him anyway because a soldier is a man who is willing to pay with his own life the price of his own convictions. (Applause.)

On behalf of the Commission, I also thank the ladies for the flowers. We are on a tender errand. Ten thousand soldiers of New York lie buried in the prison cemeteries at Richmond, at Danville, at Salisbury, at Florence and at Andersonville. We are making a little journey to the places of their burial, fifty years after they were thus rudely sepulchred, many of them in unknown graves.

"Unknown as veiled beneath the sheltering sod,
But they are dear to liberty and they are known to God."

(Applause.)

I now introduce as the one speaker of the morning Hon. William Pinkney Hamilton, Jr., of New York.

ADDRESS OF MR. HAMILTON

Veterans, there lie our dead countrymen.

How softly they lie, beneath the verdant sod. How fair the day; how blue the sky. See, in the pine trees a gentle breeze is stirring — but they are dead.

Death? There is no death. What seems so is transition. Death? What soldier fears it? What man? They are not dead — but they are gone.

There have been tears for those who lie here. There have been those who waited, but they came not. Whether in mansion or in ivy-covered cottage, waiting and watching while they lay stark in death.

That, after all, is the horror of war. That is the sadness of war.

When some beloved voice that was to you both sound and sweetness faileth suddenly, and silence, against which you dare not cry, aches round you like a strange disease, and now, what hope, what help, what music will undo that silence to your senses? Not friendship's sigh, not reason's subtle account. No, none of these; but, chastened and subdued, we turn to Him, in whom alone we put our faith; ah! then we pray.

And so I take it, veterans, we come here this morning in a subdued and prayerful spirit. We come here to do reverence to these, our brothers, who have gone before.

To you, the warlike scene is fresh and green. Now come the drums, the bugles and the shrieking fifes. Torn banners, flashing sabres, the rattle of cavalry, the crackling of flames, the rhythm of marching men. You hear again the roar of cannon, you see again the carnage of battle — how peaceful here, where our countrymen are sleeping.

Oh, veterans, we come in a spirit of reverence and it is peculiarly fitting that these brief remarks this morning should be closed with prayer. And by prayer, I mean man-fashion prayer, soldier prayer.

Let us pray.

Oh, Lord, our God, we thank Thee that in Thy infinite wisdom Thou hast vouchsafed to us this day. We thank Thee for this visit with our countrymen, who have gone before. We thank Thee Lord, our God, that they, as we, have kept the faith, that they have been faithful even unto death. We thank Thee, Lord, our God, for our unconquerable souls. Amen!

Senator Palmer: I will ask every ex-Union prisoner who was confined here in Danville to lift up his hand. (It was ascertained that twenty of the comrades had been imprisoned here.)

This, my friends, as you know, is the smallest of the prison cemeteries. New York State flags have been placed by the courtesy

of the superintendent of the cemetery upon all the known graves of New York's soldiers among which we reverently stand to-day.

I feel very much like expressing our special thanks to our friends of the South who have gathered with us here. Nobody will make me believe that the boy in blue did anything else but love the southern people. There has been, historically between New York and Virginia, an especial friendship. Whoever is familiar with the constitutional period that followed the Revolutionary War will remember that when these two great commonwealths voted for the constitution and not until then, the constitution was finally adopted. In the city of Poughkeepsie in New York State, Alexander Hamilton overcame a hostile majority which Governor Clinton had to start with, and when he turned a majority of two to one against the constitution into a majority of two to one for the constitution, couriers started from Poughkeepsie and rode rapidly in relays down the Hudson river, across New Jersey, across Pennsylvania, through Delaware and Maryland into Virginia, where the convention was waiting to hear from the convention in New York, and when one adopted it, both adopted it, and then and there the indissoluble Union of these States was formed.

Home of Washington, home of Jefferson, home of that great orator who said, " Give me liberty or give me death "— Virginia, God bless her forever.

My Confederate friends, the boy in blue who sadly had to come here in his youth, armed and uniformed, did not come in any spirit of hostility to the southern people, whom he always considered his countrymen. They came to save the Union, and they did it, that we might have one country in this land, and not two; one flag, and not many; and you are glad of it. There is not a man in all Virginia that would to-day reverse the issue if he could, and if they want war in Mexico and they get it, the boys from Virginia and the boys from New York, under one flag, cheering each other, will march away together. (Applause.) The boys from the North fifty years ago, these boys that

Comrade John Mackenzie
Member of Commission

Comrade Joseph L. Killgore
Secretary of Commission

wore the blue, were as you were, the products of their environment, their education and their heredity. They came here to war not because they hated you, but in order that every American mother should own her own child, that wherever a babe was born, in a mansion or in a cabin, the moment it gasped for its first breath of American air, that moment it should be free; also, they were the only soldiers in history who have gone to their deaths in battle in order that they might make their enemies their equals.

Also, they wanted to keep their country the beacon and the light of the world, for all men everywhere love liberty, and our country is liberty's hope. One day, when the Civil War broke out, the English manufacturers cheered it in Parliament, when John Bright, the friend of our country, because the friend of mankind, leaped to his feet and shouted, " My countrymen, my countrymen, remember this, there will be one wild shriek of freedom to startle all mankind if that American republic should be broken up."

The Union soldiers who perished in the prisons in Danville sleep at our feet to-day in eternal silence. I am glad to know that in resting here in your city they do so with your reverent regard. We appreciate every flower that you or your children, or your children's children, ever will lay upon their graves, for we gray-headed men will come this way no more. When we say good-bye to-day at Danville, we will say good-bye forever, until that eternal morning dawns which awaits us all. God bless you. (Applause.)

SECOND DAY—(AFTERNOON)

Salisbury, N. C.

The city of Salisbury is located at the junction of the two branches of the North Carolina Railroad in Rowan county, N. C. The prison here was a four-story brick factory, measuring 40x100 feet, together with five smaller buildings, which had been used as boarding-houses for the factory operatives. A plain board fence surrounded these

buildings, enclosing altogether an area of some eleven acres. Water was obtained from nine wells sunk within the enclosure and from the creek, one-half mile distant.

The prison at Salisbury had a larger capacity than that at Danville. It is even estimated that in the winter of '64 nearly 10,000 prisoners were here confined.

The cemetery at Salisbury contains 12,148 graves, of which only 113 are known and 12,035 are unknown. The Government and the State of Pennsylvania have erected monuments at Salisbury. The "unknown" are buried within a level enclosure unmarked with headstones, less than an acre in extent.

In a pavilion at the head of this enclosure the services were held on the afternoon of April 28th.

SERVICES HELD AT NATIONAL CEMETERY, SALISBURY, N. C.
APRIL 28, 1914, 2 P. M.

Prayer by the REV. MR. DETERA:

Oh, Thou God, Father of us all, we thank Thee for the measure of Thy favor that has attended us in the past. As we come here together on this occasion this day, we pray Thee that Thy continued favor and blessing may attend us; that Thou wilt show us that Thou art ever guiding and protecting the destinies of men, and may we come to realize that only as we look unto Thee for guidance and direction will we be enabled to accomplish life's great purpose. We pray Thee that Thy blessings may attend these Thy servants who have come from remote portions of our country into our midst. We pray Thee that Thou wilt protect them on the journey upon which they have entered and are pursuing, and that as they go up and down the length of our land in their return to their respective homes, may they receive the impulse and conception of a new life as embodied in a reunited country, and may they ever realize that we are one nation, one people and followers of one God; and unto Thee shall be all the honor and glory in a world without end. Amen.

SENATOR PALMER: Comrades, ladies and gentleman, I present the Mayor of Salisbury. (Applause.)

MAYOR OF SALISBURY'S SPEECH

MR. CHAIRMAN, GENTLEMEN OF THE NEW YORK DELEGATION, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Salisbury is distinctly honored in having within her borders to-day this splendid delegation of representative citizens of the great Empire State of New York. As mayor of this city it is my great pleasure to extend to you on the part of every man, woman and child within her limits a most hearty and cordial welcome. (Applause.)

You are to-day in a section of your own land, surrounded by your fellow men and your friends (applause), eager to give you the glad hand of welcome and join with you in this sacred and solemn service, doing honor to whom honor is due.

The unparalleled sacrifices, the matchless bravery and fortitude of the men composing the armies of the North and of the South in our mighty civil struggle resulted in the establishment of the pre-eminence of the American soldier. (Applause.) Our debt of gratitude to every actor in that mighty struggle is eternal. Gentlemen, there is a monument, a fitting monument, erected by the people of Maine to their dead (indicating). Yonder, near the entrance to this cemetery, is a magnificent memorial erected by the citizens of Pennsylvania in honor of their dead, and I want soon to see erected here, my dear sirs, another monument in memory of New York's dead, commensurate with the mightiest State in the Union. (Applause.)

We regret, gentlemen, that your stay is so short. We would like to show you the genuineness of our welcome. Our club rooms are open to you. Our buildings and our streets and our parks and our homes are open to you, and we all welcome you. We want you to come back to see us. We want you to stay longer with us. We want to show you this beautiful southland of ours. We want to show you

our hospitality. We want you to come and meet our good people, and above all, we want to show you the friendship we have for you. (Applause.)

SENATOR PALMER: In behalf of my comrades and the commissioners, the Senators and Assemblymen of New York who are present (two hundred and twenty-two of us all together), we thank you for your greeting. We feel as if we had heard a brother's voice, and we grasp a brother's hand. (Applause.)

We are now at one of the great prison cemeteries of the world. Within the enclosure of those flags, less than an acre of ground, there lie interred 12,000 dead, of whom more than two thousand were from New York, and they have slept here now for fifty years.

Salisbury, N. C., is distinguished among the prison cemeteries in that it has so vast a number of the *unknown* dead.

Not less to those who are unknown than for those who are known, we come to pay tribute. Alas! it was their destiny to sleep forever "among those who are numbered, and not among those who are named."

The speakers of the afternoon will be three. One will be one of our commissioners from New York, Mr. Kerrigan. One will be the Commander of the Department of New York of the Grand Army of the Republic, who was once imprisoned here, Colonel Pierce. The other speaker is a distinguished lawyer from the city of Auburn, N. Y., who also was confined here, Mr. Drummond. A brief word will also be offered by Colonel Boyden, a resident of this city and a Confederate soldier, and I will pay the tribute to the Confederate soldiers of introducing him first.

ADDRESS OF COLONEL BOYDEN

FRIENDS AND COMRADES:

I do not think I could possibly make you, gentlemen and brother comrades, feel more at home than by quoting the language of our distinguished Commander, Bennet H. Young, when on that great

battle-field of Gettysburg he opened his speech by these remarks, "I am half of a thousand miles away from home, and yet I feel perfectly at home in the confines of this, my country."

I trust, my fellow comrades, that the feeling that existed there on the battle-field at Gettysburg and in the heart of every man who wore the gray is in the hearts of you gentlemen who wore the blue. (Applause.)

I understand your mission, gentlemen, is to pay a tribute to your fallen dead and to dedicate a monument at the prison at Andersonville. To me, that should excite the admiration of every patriotic American, and especially every man who wore the gray. It is long deferred, gentlemen, but, thank God, it has come at last; and I want to say to you, fellow comrades, that the ambition of my life has been that before I close my eyes I may put in bronze or marble the record of North Carolina at the battle of Gettysburg. In reading history, as I have, I find that the two great contending parties of soldiers there were North Carolinians and New Yorkers. They lost in proportion almost similarly on that great field. Their record was superb, and I hope some day that I may be able to place, as you have placed on those hills, a monument in memory to young Harry Burgwyn of the 26th North Carolina, that went into the fight on the first day of July, 1862, with 800 as fine men as God Almighty ever saw, the flower of the southland, a young boy who had just passed his manhood; and when night closed that evening, 598 of that 800 lay dead and wounded upon that field, fourteen color bearers shot down — Burgwyn the eleventh color bearer — scarcely a man left to tell the tale.

That has been the ambition of my life, and no man can appreciate more than I do the tribute you pay to your fallen dead who perished here and at Andersonville. I feel, my fellow comrades, that the reunion at Gettysburg was the greatest epoch in the history of America. I, myself, witnessed that, and I want to express my feelings to-day and re-echo and re-affirm the sentiments that were

expressed on that day. There were enough friendly statements on both sides uttered there that day to forever cement this country, and it was felt by every man that was on that battle-field.

I mingled with the men; I slept with the men. I heard the men discuss the great questions of the war, and I can say I never heard one word fall from any man wearing the blue or the gray that would hurt the feelings of any other man on that battle-field. Was there ever such a record as that? (Applause.) I came away from that gathering with all the rancor and all the antagonism that might ever have been in my heart years ago entirely blotted out, and I speak the sentiments of every man on that battle-field. (Applause.)

My fellow comrades, we are only too sorry the time is so short that we cannot give you or show you our hearts and our homes. God bless you all. (Applause.)

ADDRESS OF THE HON. JOHN KERRIGAN

MR. CHAIRMAN AND FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS, COMRADES FROM BOTH THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH:

It is certainly a grand thing to hear two gentlemen from Salisbury expressing the feelings of the American people, expressed as when the thirteen original States of this Union declared that this country would not stand for taxation without representation, and New York and Virginia joined hands with George Washington and the other eleven States and they eradicated from this country the power of monarchism, giving to our people a government of their own, a government of the people by the people, a government which is supported and adhered to until this day by both the North and the South.

Washington and his men fought for eight years, struggling not with the arms we have now, but with far cruder implements and great privations; but they left their wives and homes and went out to battle for eight long years, New York shoulder to shoulder with Virginia, and they were successful in forming this splendid republic.

In 1812 the same condition prevailed, and New York and Virginia and South Carolina and the other ten States stayed together and fought successfully.

In 1847 the same condition prevailed, and when the Union soldiers of New York and Virginia together got into Mexico, what was the result? (Applause.)

But, in 1861, a family quarrel occurred and divided our States, not our Union. Oh, no, the South was as good for the Union as the North, but they wanted two Unions, and the North said, "No; one," and the House of Congress divided on the question, and when the division was made it was brother against brother and father against son, and one of the most vicious wars that ever was fought in this or any other country occurred. When it was over — it might have been the Lord Almighty who had changed the result — but we do know and we will know that the grandest country in the world, the grandest country on top of God's green earth, is the United States to-day, welded together (applause), Virginia shoulder to shoulder with New York, and the other forty-six States; and Admiral Dewey at the battle of Manila showed the European countries what America can do, and he did not lose a single man. (Applause.)

Gentlemen, what a proud distinction it is to be a citizen of this great country! What a grand thing it is for you to look back and see what we have accomplished! There are no more tyrannical laws in Europe. Oh, no. A king is an ordinary person there. The seeds of liberty are planted in Europe, and if they had done the things a hundred years ago that our forefathers did, there would be a republic in place of every kingdom in Europe, brought on by you and your people; and may the stars and stripes go shoulder to shoulder with the president of the United States to-day, and let Virginia and New York send down to Mexico men to make the greasers salute the flag or tell them the reason why. (Applause.)

I was not old enough to go to the war, but my eldest brother seventeen years of age, enlisted in a New York regiment. My father was dead. My brother was the eldest of our family. I was nine years old, and I wish I could have shouldered a musket, but I was not big enough. There was one thing you could depend upon, in the North or South; if you were able to go to the war, either north of the Mason and Dixon line, or south of it, and you did not go and you had a sweetheart, she would say you were a coward and did not deserve her. (Laughter and applause.)

The Legislature of the State of New York, by a bill introduced by Senator Carswell, appropriated $20,000 to bring our veterans down to Andersonville, to dedicate this beautiful monument that is already erected to the memory of our New York dead. We are proud to be here among you. We are proud to say that we are once more a united country, hand in hand, and God help the nation that tries to oppose us. (Applause.)

THE CHAIRMAN: I have the honor to introduce to you a former prisoner in Salisbury, who to-day is the honored Commander-in-Chief of the Department of New York of the Grand Army of the Republic, Col. Samuel C. Pierce of Rochester.

ADDRESS OF COLONEL SAMUEL C. PIERCE

SENATOR PALMER, MEMBERS OF THE COMMISSION, COMRADES OF THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS — NOT CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS — LADIES AND FRIENDS:

It has been my privilege, not only in this but in foreign countries, to gaze upon monuments erected at immense expense, under whose massive bases rest the ashes of men who have made history. On those statues or monuments have been written inscriptions, either in enduring brass or deeply carved by the cunning graver, showing the virtues and achievements of those who rest under the monument. Lessons instructive, lessons of worth, lessons of value can be learned from gaz-

Salisbury Exercises

Confederate Veterans and Daughters of Confederacy Who Honored Us at Danville, Va.

ing upon the monuments of these people; but to my mind, and I believe to that of many who are here to-day with me, there is more of loyalty, there is a lesson more impressive to be learned from those small protruding shafts of marble which point upward to where we believe that the souls of those whose ashes rest below them have gone.

Beneath the verdant sod of that field, a field different from any other of the cemeteries which we have visited or shall visit, there rest, as you have been told, unmarked and unknown, the remains of a myriad of soldiers who gave up their lives in the defense of our country. They died doing their duty here and they merit the same meed of praise as those who fell upon the field of battle. Doubtless, every one of the 10,000 would have preferred to give up his life facing the foe, giving and receiving blows and welcoming a quick and painless death; but here still in the line of duty, each one fought a losing fight with famine, want and disease, wasting away slowly, slowly, but firm to the last in the belief that he was serving a cause which would eventuate in the uplift of humanity and tend to perpetuate the Union of the States which he had sworn to defend. They died ignorant of the final result, unless as many of us believe, those who have gone to their eternal rest are cognizant of earthly happenings.

What a lesson this has been to us all through this most eventful trip! It is not a junket. It is one of the saddest, most impressive journeys ever taken by any body of men during all the years of our nation's existence. We have come to pay our tribute of respect to our comrades who went away from us a half a century ago.

You all heard, I know, with pleasure that magnificent address of our former foe, but now our friend, telling you all about those glorious days at Gettysburg. I am happy to say that I was permitted to be there and to act in the capacity of Commander of the Department of the Grand Army of the Republic of the State of New York and to do what I could to make their visit pleasant and profitable. What a glorious time that was, supplemented later by a reunion with hun-

dreds, yes, thousands of them, at the following meeting of the national encampment of this organization in far off Chattanooga, where we hope shortly to be, if nothing untoward happens.

Comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic, I wish to say a word particularly to you. Coming as you have from all quarters of the State of New York, members of posts scattered from Erie to Montauk Point and from St. Lawrence to Staten Island, I want you to go home and impress upon your comrades the lesson you have learned upon this trip. Tell them the good words you have heard from our friends who fought against us. Tell them all that you have seen, and I believe that you will tell your tale to willing and attentive ears, and the interests of our organization will be enhanced by your recital of what you have seen and done during these eventful days. I well know that no one of you can ever forget the impressive speech made yesterday in Richmond by the Hon. Mr. Hinman, when he outlined certain perils that confront the American people.

Like him, I am no pessimist, but I do believe that the problems he laid before you should be taken to your hearts, and that you, during all the remaining years of your lives, should see to it that there is implanted in the minds of the coming generation a love of liberty, not license; liberty under the law, and that everyone has his own right to life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness and the accumulation of property. You can do no better than to instill into the minds of all the organizations that are affiliated with the Grand Army of the Republic the duty that lies before them. For fifty years, you veterans of the Civil War have endeavored to do your duty as soldiers of peace. Your work is nearly over, and it is for your descendants to take up your work and carry it on so that all over the length and breadth of this land there may be no person to stand up uncontradicted who advocates class distinctions and whose utterances breed only hatred and discontent. Let every one have an equal show, and this country will remain as it is now, the greatest country in the world. If this journey shall

have impressed upon your minds the tremendous cost of the preservation of the Union and shall have engendered a more profound respect for the dignity, the worth and the responsibilities of true American citizenship then it may well be said, as it was said of old: "It was good for us to be here." (Applause.)

SENATOR PALMER: I have now the honor to introduce to you a long-time prisoner in Salisbury. I have tried to persuade the comrades all along the way to tell us something about their experiences in the prisons in which they were confined.

When this matter of the dedication of this monument arose, I began to get frequent letters from all over the State advocating it, and when the question was at issue in the Legislature, one day the Governor handed me a letter which he had received from Auburn, N. Y., absolutely stating the situation the most perfectly of anything that I read during a long and elaborate correspondence.

I now have the honor of introducing the writer of that letter, the Hon. Robert L. Drummond of Auburn, N. Y., who will tell you something, I hope, about Salisbury, N. C. (Applause.)

ADDRESS OF HON. ROBERT L. DRUMMOND

MR. CHAIRMAN, COMRADES OF BOTH THE BLUE AND THE GRAY, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Fifty years: and during all that time, these dear brave boys, to the number of 13,000, have been sleeping on this southern hillside, in these unknown and unmarked graves. When I tell you that of this loyal 13,000 dead, I saw nearly every one, with my own eyes, carried to this, his lasting resting-place, and of this 13,000 dead, I carried or helped carry with my own hands, hundreds of them to the building assigned as the receptacle for the dead of the prison, as I stand here, fifty years afterward, and look over those 13,000 graves, my feelings and emotions may be imagined by those present, but they cannot in the least be understood.

What was the character of those comrades who lie in these unknown and unmarked graves? They came from the best homes of the Empire State. They were the first born of a thousand of the best firesides of the State of New York which gave up that first born son freely as a sacrifice on the altar of their country.

Whence came those men to this, their place of imprisonment? Some of them had climbed the heights of Vicksburg; some of them had been with Joe Hooker fighting the Battle above the Clouds at Lookout Mountain; some of them had been eye witnesses to that grand sight of your own Burgwyn, who has been mentioned, when, for the eleventh time, he himself took up the fallen colors of the 26th North Carolina and called upon those surviving of that immortal regiment to rally behind the colors held by their colonel.

Some of these men that lie here were eye witnesses of your own grand man, Lewis A. Armistead, as he marched steadily over that field of death with his hat upon his sword as a rallying point for his devoted followers, and in the end pierced the Federal line and fell mortally wounded among the enemy.

Some of these men who lie here, and of whose death I was an eye witness, were present when your own Pettigrew made that grand world renowned assault on that stone wall at Gettysburg; and the major of my own regiment, the 111th New York Infantry, told me that on the night of that awful day at Gettysburg, by the light of a lantern, he found the 26th North Carolina and the 111th New York so intermingled, the dead and the dying, that it was difficult for him to distinguish the blue and the gray; and he went about among them, finding them lying there, to use his own language, " More like brothers lying asleep than those who as mortal foes had met each other in the deadly conflict of the day."

Some of these men who lie here, my prisoner comrades, as I have stated, were the first born of the best homes of the Empire State. They left their mothers who bade them good-bye for the last time,

looking at them through their blinding tears. They bade their sisters good-bye as they hung over the garden gate of the old homestead. In many cases, they bade a young wife good-bye as she held their first born baby in her arms, the father kissing the wife and the child whose faces he was never to look upon again. Some of them bade their sweethearts good-bye under the silent stars of the Empire State, when there was none present to mar the sacredness of the occasion, and for the last time on earth they pledged their loyalty to each other, whom they were never to see again.

As I stand here and think of those thousands of boys and men imprisoned in the stockade of this city, I recall the fact that day after day I have listened to the roll call of fourteen divisions of 1,000 men each, which meant that 14,000 Federal soldiers at one time were imprisoned within the gates of this now fair city; and as I stand here to-day with this grand expression of the people of Salisbury, I do not want to forget, but I desire to make expression of my remembrance of the fact that I stand and that you assemble in the home city of that grand man, Rev. Adolphus W. Mangum, then a young Methodist clergyman, stationed in this city at the time of our imprisonment, the chaplain of the 6th North Carolina, an ardent Confederate who had given his life and his interests and his energies to the cause of the Confederacy; but, at the same time, his heart was so great and his sympathy so tender that he came in among us day after day and preached the word of Life to us, and sang sacred hymns to those suffering and dying men; and on one occasion, I remember that as a boy I stood leaning against an oak tree in the stockade within the confines of this city, listening to this same Rev. Adolphus W. Mangum breaking the Bread of Life to an audience of 14,000 ragged, hungry and despondent men and boys.

If there is one within the sound of my voice that claims kith or kin to him, if there is one within the sound of my voice that even claims the honor of an old acquaintance, I want him to know that at least one

ex-prisoner from the stockade at Salisbury remembers kindly and reverently the Bread that he then cast upon the troubled waters of our miseries and our sufferings and which is perhaps returning to you and to his, after these fifty years, as we ex-prisoners of war come back bearing olive branches in our hands and preaching the doctrine of peace and good will and a reunited country under one and the same flag. (Applause.)

As I stood here looking into the faces of these men and women and listened to the eloquent words of the young mayor of the city of Salisbury and to the eloquent words of our friend, Colonel Boyden, comrade in arms who wore the gray, who met us in the past upon the hard-fought fields of battle, but who is now our firm friend and comrade — as I stood and listened to that address of welcome, I do not want to forget that we all stand here to-day within that State that gave to the Confederacy such men as Vance, as Armistead, as Burgwyn and as Pettigrew. I do not want to forget that we stand here to-day in the State that is the home of Josephus Daniels, whose name is in every home within the Empire State at the present time, a household word because of the good deeds he has done and the good words that he has said in the cause of good government, of moral greatness, progressiveness and of purity. I do not want to forget, my good friends, but I want to make recognition of the fact that we all stand here on this beautiful afternoon within the home city of the United States Senator from this State, Lee S. Overman, whose good deeds and good words are known to all the thinking and reading people of the Empire State. I do not want to forget, but I want to make recognition of the fact, comrades, that we stand in the home of John S. Henderson and in that of Archibald H. Boyden, who has addressed us so earnestly and so eloquently, and I want to state to you what he once wrote to me thirty years after the close of the Civil War. It was like this — it was very like him to write it, and it was very like me, I hope, to remember it:

" Come down here and see us, and I, as mayor of the city of Salis-

bury, will give you the freedom of the city, and we will treat you so well here among our people that you will forget that you were ever here before."

I take it from the grand meeting and reception that he has given you this day that he has not forgotten the promise he once made to me as an individual, but that he has taken the whole of you old comrades, and our good friend, Senator Palmer, and all of the young Senators and Assemblymen, and the members of this honorable Commission, under his wing, and he has extended to you, through the mayor, the freedom of the city. Surely, he wants us to forget that any one of our number was ever here from the State of New York under different circumstances.

Comrades, I know you are tired, that you are weary with the ride that you have already taken and with the prospect of the one that lies before you, but I want to say to you how honored I feel when called upon to speak to such an audience as this upon the same ground where fifty years ago I came as a boy prisoner from the Empire State, under protest and at the point of the bayonet. I want to say to you how honored and thankful I feel that this grand Commission from the Empire State has felt it fitting to call upon me to add my feeble words and expressions to the importance and the sentiment of the occasion.

I feel confident that all of you, both the blue and the gray, will unite with me in rejoicing that it was one of our great judges from the Empire State who wrote:

> "No more shall the war cry sever,
> Or the winding rivers be red;
> They banish our anger forever
> When they laurel the graves of our dead!"

And I hope both the blue and the gray remember that it was a loyal woman from the North that wrote: "Albert Sidney Johnston," and among other things said:

> "They were a royal race of men, these brothers face to face,
> Their fury speaking through their guns, their frenzy in their pace."

And I want you men who wore the gray to remember that we comrades of the North who wore the blue do not forget that it was your great southerner who stood at the bier of Charles Sumner, and, in words that seemed then and now prophetic, closed that wonderful oration with the declaration: "My countrymen! Know one another, and you will love one another."

In closing these brief remarks, let me say to you that I hope I express the sentiment of both the blue and the gray when I say:

> "Oh, veterans of the blue and the gray, who fought on Shiloh field,
> The purposes of God are true, His judgment stands revealed;
> The pangs of war have rent the veil, and lo, His high decree;
> One heart, one hope, one destiny, one from sea to sea."

(Applause.)

(Miss Lucretia Mackenzie sang)

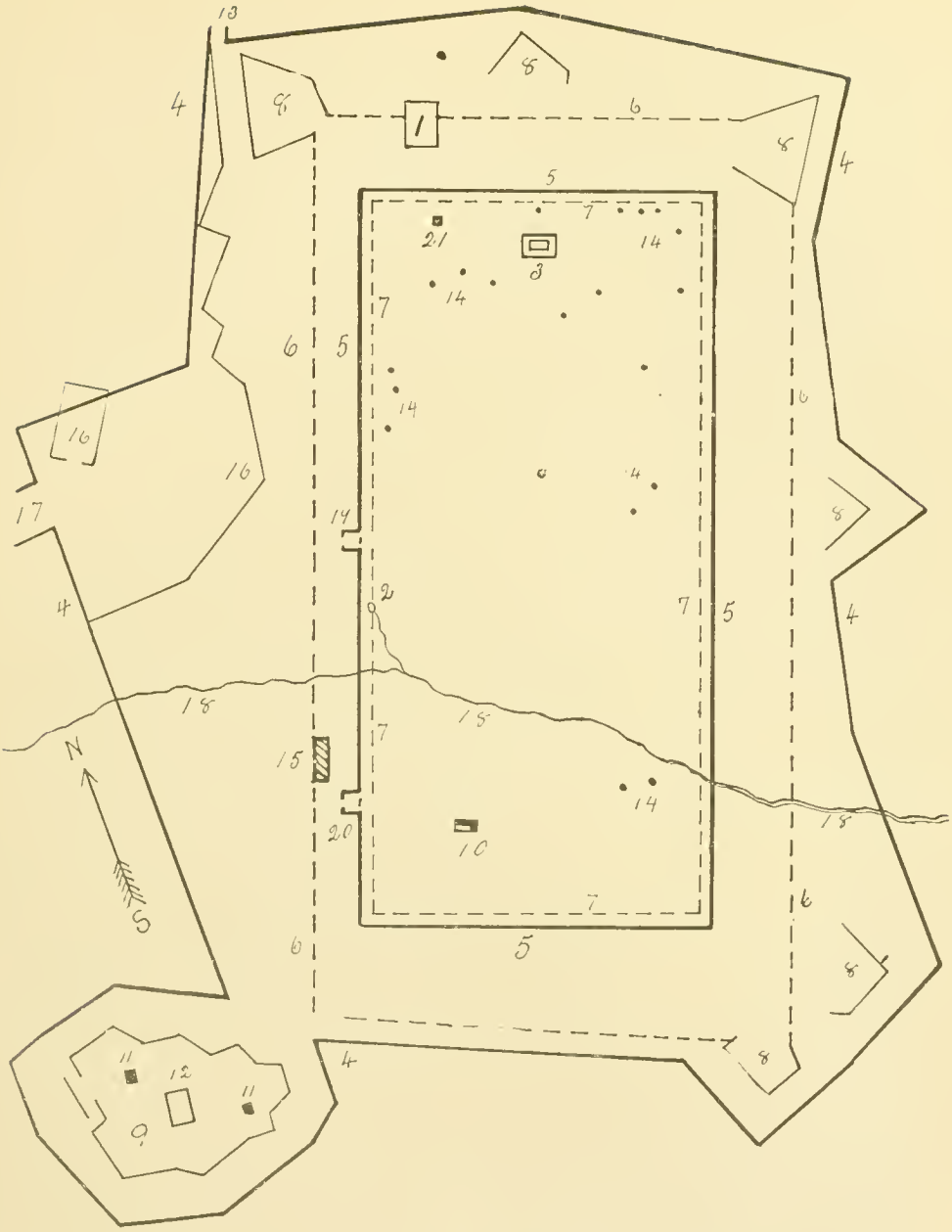
SENATOR PALMER: Now, comrades, you have an hour to ramble around in the most pathetic spot I have ever seen. When you think that if you walk across that lawn, your feet will tread upon the dust of 12,000 heroes whose names are unknown, who for fifty years have slept here in silence, surely you have a pathetic privilege.

Somebody said that the tourist who went to Waterloo must tread lightly, for "his step was on an empire's dust." I say to you now, tread lightly here, for those who lie beneath your feet made an empire immortal. (Applause.)

I introduce to you Superintendent Fonda, who is superintendent of this cemetery, and then, if you will keep quiet, I am going to shake hands with the mayor of this city for purposes of portraiture.

ADDRESS BY MR. FONDA

Comrades, I want to say just a word to you. When this prison was here the doctors kept a record of the men that were in the hospital. We have a record now of 1,020 men from the State of New York that lay in that hospital, and the dates of their deaths, but they were all put in the trenches, so we have no single graves. The high-



Plan of Andersonville Prison Grounds

1. Caretaker's House, erected by the National V. R. C.
2. "Providence Spring."
3. Site of proposed National Monument.
4. Outline of purchased property.
5. Outline of Stockade enclosing prisoners.
6. Outline of Outer Stockade (only partially completed).
7. "Dead Line."
8. Confederate Forts and Batteries.
9. Main Fort, or "Star Fort," southwest corner.
10. Site of Gallows, where marauders were hung.
11. Powder Magazines in "Star Fort."
12. Site of Capt. Wirtz' Headquarters.
13. Gate to Roadway leading to the Cemetery.
14. Wells and Tunnels dug by prisoners.
15. Site of Dead House.
16. Entrenched Camp for Guards.
17. Roadway, 100 feet wide, leading to railroad station.
18. "Stockade Creek," a branch of Sweetwater.
19. North Gate of Stockade.
20. South Gate of Stockade.
21. Flag Staff.

View of Andersonville Taken from the North Gate, August 14, 1864

est number of dead from any New York regiment is the 51st. I myself am from Oswego. I was with the 147th New York, and the 51st has the biggest number. They have forty lying there that died in this prison. Right in that enclosure lie 11,700 men.

SENATOR PALMER: We thank you; we thank you all. We most earnestly thank the comrades in charge of these cemeteries where we tarry enroute for an hour. You understand that we are on our way to Andersonville. We stopped in Richmond yesterday; we spent the forenoon to-day in Danville, this afternoon here in Salisbury, and though we would not go by you, we cannot tarry.

We thank you for your courtesies, and we wish you God's blessing forever.

THIRD DAY

ANDERSONVILLE, GA.

The prison at Andersonville was located in as lonely and inaccessible a spot as could well have been found within the bounds of the Confederacy east of the Mississippi river. Perhaps it was selected because of this very inaccessibility by one W. S. Winder on the 27th of November, 1863.

The first detachment of prisoners reached Andersonville on the 15th of February, 1864. Gen. John H. Winder took command in April, 1864. He had previously been in command of the prisoners at Richmond and such was his reputation that the Richmond *Examiner,* when he was sent South, said, " God have mercy upon those to whom he is sent." Winder died on February 9, 1865. Capt. Henry Wirz, the commander of the stockade, was a native of Switzerland, a physician by profession, and before the war was a citizen of Louisiana. In October, 1865, he was tried by the Union Military Commission and was executed.

The stockade was built in the winter of 1863-64. It was formed by plain pine logs imbedded in the ground on end. The main or

inner stockade was twenty feet high. Outside of it were two other stockades; the inner one sixteen feet high and the outer one twelve feet high, originally enclosing some fifteen acres, but was enlarged until it finally contained about twenty-six acres. It is now a prison park maintained by the Government.

The national cemetery is situated one-third of a mile north of the stockade. Here the monuments have mostly been erected. Magnificent trees, with graded walks and lawns, adorn the spot. The Government maintains it with great care. The place, however, is so remote and inaccessible that scarcely any one will ever see that monument except he makes a journey with that in view. Modest but effective headstones, many acres in extent, have been placed in regular rows above these graves as far as the eye can see. Names of the known dead have been inscribed on the headstones with, doubtless, little accuracy that the name written on any individual headstone does in fact indicate the exact person buried beneath it. The number of graves in Andersonville was 13,722, of which 12,791 are known and 931 unknown.

With the exception of the presentation of medals of honor to the surviving veterans, the "Georgia" dinner and the "loving cup," which were within the prison grounds themselves, the services of the entire day, April 29th, were held about the New York monument in the cemetery. A modest platform, covered with bunting, had been erected precisely opposite the monument from which all the exercises were conducted.

THE MONUMENT ITSELF

BY CHAPTER 717 of the Laws of New York, 1905, the New York Monuments Commission was authorized to erect, on a site to be selected by the commissioners, in the national cemetery at Andersonville, State of Georgia, or within the prison grounds adjacent thereto, a suitable monument to commemorate the heroism, sacrifices and patriotism of more than nine thousand New York soldiers of the Union army in the War of the Rebellion, who were confined as prisoners of war in Andersonville prison, Georgia, and of whom more than two thousand five hundred died in the prison.

The commissioners having decided to erect the monument in the national cemetery at Andersonville, they selected, with the approval of the War Department, a plot 120 feet by 100 feet on the westerly side of the pathway leading southerly from the circle at the flag-pole to the wall forming the boundary of the inclosed portion of the cemetery.

The monument at its base measures 17 feet long by 9 feet 6 inches wide, and is 21 feet high above the foundation. It is constructed in eight horizontal courses of one stone each, the heaviest of which — that of the third course — weighs, approximately, twenty-seven tons.

This monument is built of granite from the quarries of the North Carolina Granite Corporation at Mount Airy, N. C. The exterior of the structure is polished with the exception of the vertical face of the first course, which is fine hammered.

On the front and reverse of the monument, in an appropriate location is affixed the New York State coat-of-arms. This is cast in bronze and is eighteen inches in diameter.

A recess panel, 6 feet 2 inches wide at the bottom, 6 feet wide at the top and 9 feet and 1 inch high, was sunk in the face and reverse

of the monument; and within these panels were placed bronze alto relievos, which covered the spaces with the exception of about three-quarters of an inch on the sides and top.

On the bronze alto relievo, upon the front, or easterly side, of the monument, is modeled in high relief a female figure, 7 feet 3 inches high, typical of the State of New York, this figure with extended right hand, in which is held a wreath to decorate the graves of the New York soldiers buried in the cemetery. There is also a wreath in her left hand, while several more, reserved for the same purpose, appear in the foreground. This tablet contains the following dedicatory inscription:

NEW YORK

This monument, erected by the State of New York, commemorates the patriotism, sacrifices and fortitude of about nine thousand New York soldiers of the Union armies in the War of the Rebellion who were confined in the Confederate States Military Prison at Andersonville, Georgia, of whom twenty-two hundred and sixty-one are known to have died in prison and were buried in this cemetery.

Erected A. D. 1911.

On the bronze alto relievo upon the reverse, or westerly side, of the monument, it was the aim of the sculptor to represent in the stockade, which can be noticed in the background, two prisoners of war — a younger and an older veteran — from the State of New York. The elder of the prisoners is seen with downcast face, weary and disheartened, his head resting on his right hand; the youthful prisoner, sitting in an opposite direction, with upturned face, is apparently inspired by the vision of an angel of compassion and hope, holding the symbol of peace (an olive branch) in her right hand, and coming to reassure and cheer him and to reveal to him the approaching and lasting peace between the North and the South.

In his conception of the figures for this panel the sculptor had in mind combining the real and the ideal, with a view of portraying in a way that would not be unpleasantly remindful to the people of the South the sufferings and fortitude of the northern prisoners at the

time of the Civil War, and to show in an allegorical manner the peace and reconciliation which now exists between the then contending sections.

Mr. R. Hinton Perry of New York was the sculptor for the panel on the front of the monument, and Mr. Louis A. Gudebrod of Meriden, Conn., was the sculptor for the panel on the reverse, or west side, of the monument.

The contractor for the construction and erection of the granite work of the monument, including the foundation, was the North Carolina Granite Corporation of Mount Airy, N. C., and the Roman Bronze Works of Brooklyn, N. Y., were the contractors for furnishing the bronze alto relievos from the full-size plaster models prepared by the sculptors. These alto relievos were each cast in one piece.

The appropriation for the monument was $25,000.00.

SERVICES HELD IN PRISON CEMETERY ANDERSONVILLE, GA.

April 29, 1914, 10 A. M.

PRAYER was offered by the Rev. J. H. Robinson of Albany, N. Y., who was himself a long-time prisoner in Andersonville, as follows:

PRAYER OF THE REV. J. H. ROBINSON

Almighty God, God and Father of nations and of men, who didst teach us by Thy Son and by all that he endured for humanity that all that is best for humanity can be purchased only through suffering, and who didst show and develop the spirit of liberty among our fathers, and they suffered; and then in a later day men were found to suffer the sorrow, to wait, to hear, to bear, to die, that the flag that had been unfurled might still float to the breeze.

We thank Thee that so many were found ready to give up life, and while we, some of us, who saw their sufferings and suffered with them, felt deeply for them and wept as they passed out of sight, we are glad to-day that they and we were ready to make all the sacrifices for the sake of the dear old flag; and we rejoice this day that their sufferings and their dying were not in vain, but though for years there was a rent nation, that there is no rent flag to-day, but the stars and stripes float over us all, and North and South and East and West honor the old flag.

But, Lord, what can we say as we stand in the presence of those whom we saw breathe out their last in the midst of suffering! Oh,

God, may the lesson abide in the hearts of these comrades! May it sink deep into the hearts of these younger people, and may this nation ever be a nation loving liberty and law and order and loving God; and grant, we pray, if it may be, that no storm of war shall ever again be ours, but that peace may reign not only on all our borders, but be we so always in all our relations with the nations of the earth.

And now, Oh, God, breathe upon these dear comrades who stood, who suffered, and now, no longer with the springing step of youth as aforetime, but with halting step, many of them, and bowed shoulders, God bless them; but O, God, make us every one here to-day, all who participate in these exercises, all who listen, all who love our flag, make us worthy of those who so suffered here.

Hear our prayer. Lead us, and when we, as soon many of us must, step out of the ranks and fall by the way, may we, too, be gathered home.

We ask it in the name of Him who suffered for us all, even Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

SENATOR PALMER: My comrades, we have reached at last our Mecca, the goal for which we started. This is Andersonville. The stockade itself is a short walk south of here where we will shortly take ourselves. This spot is the national cemetery. What art could do to garnish nature has here been accomplished.

When Andersonville was chosen for a prison camp it was because of its remoteness from the lines of travel, and, in general, its isolation from the world that had eyes to see. The magnificence of the trees over our heads, the lawns, the flowers that bloom about, bespeaking the care that the nation renders to the graves of its heroes, all thrill us with emotion and gratitude.

We started from the city of New York three days ago, on our way to this spot to unveil and dedicate the monument that stands veiled before you. The day in Richmond was memorable because Richmond was the capital of the Confederacy, because the prisoners entombed

Back of Andersonville Monument


ANDERSONVILLE PRISON PARK

there had died during the whole period of the war and were from all sections of the North, and because it was the birthday of General Grant.

The day at Danville and Salisbury (that is, yesterday), is memorable because of the cordial greeting we received from the residents of those cities as well as the pathos of the lonely magnificence of these two prison cemeteries; but this is the great day of the feast. Here with bands playing and with uncovered heads, you, who long ago were here confined in prison, moving proudly on with banners and with bugles, have entered at last upon the very spot for which you started, with the yet veiled monument before you.

From February, 1864, to April, 1865, the number of Union prisoners confined here in Andersonville is recorded as 49,485. The average period of imprisonment was four months. The greatest number of prisoners at one time was on August 8, 1864 — 33,414. The greatest number of deaths on a single day was on August 10, 1864 — 300.

All about us are monuments which our sister States have erected to the memory of their dead. They also came here as we have done, generally with the soldiers of their States who had been imprisoned here, returning to participate in the dedication of their monuments as the guests of their respective States, precisely as we have come to-day.

Our coming differs from most of theirs chiefly in that we have come a longer distance and at a later period of time, so that, although we come from the greatest of the States which had here the largest number of prisoners, we are, perhaps, the smallest in number of any who have preceded us, not because the State did not invite all the survivors of this prison to return as its guests, but because so many years have fled that we have now become so few in number. This is the belated but proud tribute of the great State of New York to her immortal martyrs.

The prison stockade here at Andersonville was laid out by one W. S. Winder, the son of Gen. John H. Winder, who commanded the

prisoners from Richmond and on southward in the winters of '63 and '64. No more out of the way or lonely spot could probably have at that time been chosen on the line of any railroad than the combination of forests and marshes and swamps that then surrounded the little station of Andersonville.

Slaves were employed to cut down trees, hew the logs and erect the stockade wall. The stockade was originally about fifteen and one-half acres in area. Through it ran a creek. It was built of pitch pine timbers, twelve inches thick and as wide as the trees from which they were cut would admit. The timbers, about twenty feet long, were set in trenches about five feet deep and the earth firmly packed about them.

At intervals of about eighty feet boxes were constructed, six feet in length and four feet in width, and of such height that when the sentry stood erect on the floor of his " house," the top of the stockade was on a level with his breast. These sentry boxes were reached from the outside by ladders and were covered with boards for shelter against the sun and storms.

Within the enclosure, and fifteen or eighteen feet from it, was a railing, some four feet in height, running parallel with the prison walls. It was made by nailing scantling upon posts. This formed the famous " dead line."

In 1864 the prison was enlarged by adding eleven and one-half acres to its area.

In this national cemetery of Andersonville where we are this morning, there are interred 13,722 dead, of which 12,791 are known and 931 are unknown.

You will find, if you walk about, 2,500 State of New York flags, one placed at every known New York soldier's grave. There were 10,000 of the youth of New York imprisoned here once. You were among them, my comrades — you who have survived life's perils for fifty years and are permitted, in God's Providence, to re-visit this scene and participate in the dedication of this monument. If there

should ever be a grateful hour in all your lives, surely it is this. God bless you.

Perhaps I may now outline for you in a general way the anticipated order of our services during this day. The exercises of the morning will consist of addresses, limited strictly to those who once were imprisoned here. At noon we will form in procession, with the band preceding us, and, with solemn tread, march from the cemetery into the prison stockade itself. At 12:30, within that stockade, the badges of honor will be pinned upon the breasts of the valiant men whom God has mercifully spared to see this day and to stand again — not young and ardent as when you first entered here — but old and grim, yet grateful and triumphant as you are this hour.

Afterward, a Georgian banquet will be served. As you will doubtless remember, many a poor ration was doled out to you by the prison commissaries once upon this spot. I trust this collation to which the State of New York invites you to-day will be a mighty contrast to any you had here before.

The following six ladies have been invited to pin the medals of honor upon your breasts: Mrs. Carswell, Mrs. Andrus, Miss Gratia Patrie, Miss Margaret Kerrigan, Miss Lucretia Mackenzie, Miss Mabel Foster.

These ladies are respectively either a mother, a daughter, or a grand-daughter of one of the commissioners. The officer of the day, Commissioner Brown, will so arrange it that each man, when his name is called, will step to the front and the designated lady will pin upon his breast the medal conferred by the State of New York in his honor, long delayed, it is true, and yet not too late for you.

At 2:30 we will return to this cemetery and re-assemble on this spot for the unveiling of the monument, for its dedication and its transfer from the ownership of the State to that of the nation. It will be unveiled just before its presentation.

The speakers of the afternoon will be the Hon. Thaddeus C. Sweet, Speaker of the Assembly of the State of New York; Senator

John F. Murtaugh, the President Pro Tempore of the Senate of New York, representing the Governor; and Colonel Langfitt, U. S. A., representing the President of the United States.

The commissioners who will speak here this morning, that is, the commissioners other than those who are Senators and Assemblymen, were not eligible for that office unless they possessed certain qualifications therefor. It was required by the law that they be citizens of New York, soldiers of New York and prisoners at Andersonville. Before introducing them to you, I will present, for your greeting, Colonel Langfitt, the President's representative.

I introduce to you the first speaker of the morning, the honored secretary of the commission, who is not a member of the Commission only because he did not serve in a New York regiment, but who was, in fact, the man whose persistent interest in advocating the enabling act made possible this achievement, Comrade Joseph L. Killgore of Brooklyn, N. Y.

ADDRESS OF SECRETARY KILLGORE

Mr. Chairman, Comrades and Friends:

I am not a stranger to some of you. If ever I wished for the ability of a Demosthenes it is now; yet if I possessed it the effort would be a vain one, because no words of mine, nor of the English language that ever were coined, could tell you half; no pen can write it — the most eminent artist of the world, or all that ever lived, could not paint the scenes which were enacted here fifty years ago so that the pictures would adequately express the truth. These graves and monuments bear silent testimony to the awful tragedy of Andersonville. The skeleton forms of many, the livid, swollen, distorted figures of others, and all a scene of desolation and death, is beyond the power of your imagination. It is difficult for me, in speaking now, to control my emotion.

Before attempting to say another word in relation to the sufferings and sacrifices of our comrades, it may be proper for me (possibly

as your representative) to say a few words about the magnanimity of the great State of New York (applause) and to point out a few of the members of the Legislature who aided in bringing you here. I appreciate their services and thank each one of them most cordially, particularly so because before I undertook the mission for you I was told repeatedly that in going to Albany my errand was a useless one, that the bill would never be passed, but much to our gratification it became a law by unanimous vote. I wish to introduce to this audience, through the courtesy of the chairman, three of the men who did so much to secure its passage. The bill was introduced in the Senate by the Hon. William B. Carswell. (Senator Carswell, will you stand up?) (Applause.) The vote in the Senate was unanimous, and in the Assembly the same, where it was in charge of Hon. William Pinkney Hamilton, Jr. (Mr. Hamilton, will you stand up?) (Applause.) (I wish the boys to see you, gentlemen.) It was carried to the Governor of the State by Senator A. J. Palmer, our chairman (applause), so that you now see some of the men who were responsible for the bill in the Legislature. I am betraying no secret when I tell you that before its unanimous passage by both houses the Governor had personally assured me of his sympathy and support. Any reference I may make to my efforts, please do not think they are uttered in a spirit of self-laudation, because what I did was in your name, and the great State of New York listened to you and granted your request. Hon. Wm. Sulzer added to his reputation as the friend of the soldier and deserves our warmest thanks. I cannot refrain from referring to the great service of Senators Robert F. Wagner, Elon R. Brown, and others, and in the Assembly to Speaker Smith, Mr. Levy, Mr. Hinman and others. We thank everybody in both houses.

Now, boys, there are many things published in connection with the history of the war that are not true. I do not mean to startle you when I say that there never was a war between the North and the South. There was a war for the preservation of the Union, in which

many men from the southland took active and prominent participation in its favor. We forget that the answering shot at Sumter was fired by a southern man, Robert Anderson, of Kentucky. We remember that about this time fifty years ago a great national convention was held in the city of Chicago, Ill. (not by southern men), which declared the war a failure, and one of the planks of the platform insisted that the Government of the United States should exchange the prisoners of war, which meant to give back to the Confederacy forty or fifty thousand fresh troops in place of skeletons, fit only for the graveyard or hospital. Then these northern allies of the Confederacy became busy to have the friends and relatives of the Union prisoners know how deeply our boys were in favor of that particular plank of the platform. A mock election was held in the Confederate prisons, the result of which (if favorable) was to be sent through the lines to be used against Mr. Lincoln. The conspirators thought that with that plank of the platform urged upon the Union prisoners a majority at least would vote a white bean, which represented their candidate, McClellan, and the black beans were for Lincoln. (Applause.) Here were the white beans, which, according to that platform, stood for freedom and life. There were the black beans for Lincoln, suffering and death. But those black beans in the eyes of the Union prisoners were symbolic of the Union and its flag, and when the votes were counted there was one white bean for McClellan to at least one hundred for Lincoln, and the Union prisoners had demonstrated their ability to discount or reverse the famous utterance of Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty or give me death!"

In that part of our country, then known as the "loyal States," the vote in favor of this platform (the popular vote), was one million eight hundred thousand, but these suffering, starving, dying Union prisoners of war would have none of it.

It may not be necessary for me to say this, but I wish to prove to you that within this cemetery is the evidence of southern loyalty. The

record shows that as many men from the six southern, or slave States, of Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee, are buried here as from the six New England States, or from the six western States of Indiana, Kansas, Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin. In this cemetery lie seven hundred and twenty-three men from the Confederate State of Tennessee, as against seven hundred and sixty-seven from Massachusetts, and six hundred and fifty-three from Indiana. I merely refer to this fact that you may understand that the American Union was saved by men of the South, men of the North, and men of the West. The Union men, loyal citizens of this great nation, came from all sections of the country.

In the first place, if it had not been for the encouragement and promises of help which were held out by certain prominent politicians of the North, the southern leaders would never have dared to seduce or coerce their people into secession and war. I am dropping these remarks that the younger people present may understand and know that the Union was saved by the loyal people of the nation without regard to any section. (Applause.) Let me tell you another thing, and those of you who are mathematicians can make your own calculations. It is this, that from these slave, or southern, States there were at least four hundred thousand men who served in the Union army. Let us stop to think just a half minute — take those southern men from the Union army and add them to the Confederate, and you will see what I mean. Let us select a few individuals. Tell me if you can point to any soldier in the Union army who was the superior of that magnificent Virginian, George H. Thomas (applause), then go to the navy, search through its records, look in every direction, and select if you can a more distinguished sailor than that grand old Tennessean, David G. Farragut (applause); then stop and think of three hundred thousand men from six of the southern States; it was easy to enlist in the Union army, North and West. Brass bands were parading the streets. It was a popular thing and it only took a few