



William Barron: No nobler soul ever fought on the battlefield than that of Richard Kirkland.

Henry Mathews: I met him only once, yet from what he did for me, I will forever feel that he is my friend.

General Kershaw: I memorized a part of his obituary. It read: “Young and gallant soldier rest in peace. Fate has decreed that you should not reap the reward of all your toils, but your name stands recorded upon the long list of victories already sacrificed upon the altar of your country’s liberty.”

William Barron: That is moving and very befitting of Kirkland. It is such a shame he did not survive the war. I wanted to thank him for saving my life.

Henry Mathews: We lost so many friends on that terrible day.

William Barron: I lost my brother there. So many perished. Now even President Lincoln is dead.

General Kershaw: Even though we fought on different sides, I think we all agree that war is horrible. Watching the battle of Fredericksburg, General Robert E. Lee said, “It is well that war is so terrible, or we should grow too fond of it.”



Poem: O Captain, My Captain

Epilogue

Jesse Sandford: Richard Kirkland’s merciful act has never been forgotten. The Kershaw County Confederate veterans admired him so much that they named their organization “The Camp Richard Kirkland.”

Tom Rembert: They selected him over six Confederate generals born in their county. In 1901 a small white marble stone was placed in Kirkland’s honor in the Episcopal Church of the Prince of Peace in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

Jesse Sandford: In 1909, Kirkland’s remains were moved to a more prominent position in the cemetery. They are now close to the grave of General Kershaw. Sculptor Felix DeWeldon created a statue in Kirkland’s honor. It was placed in front of the stone wall at Fredericksburg in 1965.



O Captain My Captain

by **Walt Whitman**

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done, The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won, The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exalting, While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring; But O heart! heart! heart! O the bleeding drops of red, Where on the deck my Captain lies, Fallen cold and dead.	For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning; Here Captain! dear father! This arm beneath your head! It is some dream that on the deck, You've fallen cold and dead. My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still, My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will, The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done, From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won; Exalt, O shores! and ring O bells! But I, with mournful tread, Walk the deck my Captain lies, Fallen cold and dead.
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When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again

by **Patrick S. Gilmore**

When Johnny comes marching home again, Hurrah! Hurrah! We'll give him a hearty welcome then Hurrah! Hurrah! The men will cheer and the boys will shout The ladies they will all turn out And we'll all feel joy When Johnny comes marching home.	The village lads and lassies say With roses they will strew the way, And we'll all feel joy When Johnny comes marching home. Get ready for the jubilee, Hurrah! Hurrah! We'll give the hero three times three, Hurrah! Hurrah! The laurel wreath is ready now To place upon his loyal brow And we'll all feel joy When Johnny comes marching home.
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