

**MEMORIAL OF WILLIAM
KIRKLAND BACON, LATE
ADJUTANT OF THE TWENTY-
SIXTH REGIMENT OF NEW YORK
STATE VOLUNTEERS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649417650

Memorial of William Kirkland Bacon, Late Adjutant of the Twenty-Sixth Regiment of New York State Volunteers by William Johnson Bacon

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

WILLIAM JOHNSON BACON

**MEMORIAL OF WILLIAM
KIRKLAND BACON, LATE
ADJUTANT OF THE TWENTY-
SIXTH REGIMENT OF NEW YORK
STATE VOLUNTEERS**



Your loving son
Hillier

MEMORIAL
OF
WILLIAM KIRKLAND BACON,
LATE
ADJUTANT
OF THE
TWENTY-SIXTH REGIMENT OF NEW YORK STATE
VOLUNTEERS.

BY HIS FATHER.

UTICA, N. Y.
ROBERTS, PRINTER, 60 GENESSEE STREET.
1863.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest ;
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
There Honor comes a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And FREEDOM shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

COLLINS.

ADJUTANT BACON.

I PROPOSE to erect a simple memorial, inscribing thereon the name of my departed son. It is a debt due to his memory, which some one should discharge, and who better than the father that knew and loved him. If I needed a warrant for this, I might plead even high authority. I remember more than forty years ago, to have read with great admiration, and with much youthful sensibility, the memoir prepared by the poet Beattie, of a son of brilliant promise cut off in the morning of life, and passages of that moving tribute now, at the distance of nearly half a century, still linger in my memory; and every admirer of Burke will readily recall that heart-broken wail over an only son, dearly loved and early lost, which will live as long as the unequalled orations that have made his name immortal. I do not of course venture to compare my case with these signal and affecting instances, but I use them by way of illustration, or better still, perhaps, of apology for my attempt.

Much, under these circumstances, must of course

be pardoned—and will be by the feeling and the charitable—to the paternal heart sorely wounded, and parental hopes shattered and crushed, but I still think with President Stearns, who has given to us an admirable portraiture of a son of the finest promise and most devoted heroism, the Adjutant of a Massachusetts regiment, who gave his life for his country at Newbern, that “if proper allowance is made for parental partiality and tenderness, perhaps, in the case of one so early called away, no person could give a better impression of his real life and motives than his father.”

I approach the task with no desire or expectation of making a sensation, or bequeathing a name to posterity. Fame is nothing to him now who sleeps quietly with kindred dust on Forest Hill, and less than nothing to me, who have buried so many hopes and aspirations in his early grave. For friendly eyes, and gentle and loving, as well as many hearts, not lost to tenderness, while they kindle with admiration, this brief record is intended.

WILLIAM KIRKLAND BACON, the only son of WILLIAM JOHNSON and ELIZA KIRKLAND BACON, was born at Utica, N. Y., on the fifteenth day of February, 1842. He fell, mortally wounded, at