

VETERAN ASSOCIATION
OF THE
Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteers.

PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
FOURTH REUNION,

AT
MONTCLAIR, N. J.,

Wednesday, September 18th, 1889,

PRECEDED BY REPORT OF
Special Meeting held at Newark, N. J., March 23d, '89.

“Give us a Brigade of these Jerseymen and we'll whip the enemy still.”
(SENATOR WADE at first battle of Bull Run.)

NEWARK, N. J :
PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATION.
1889.

S. MORRIS HULIN,
BOOK AND JOB PRINTER
BLOOMFIELD, N. J

IN MEMORIAM.
SAMUEL TOOMBS.

MINUTES,

SPECIAL MEETING AT NEWARK, N. J., MARCH 23, 1889.

In response to the request of the President, Captain A. M. Matthews, notices were published in newspapers as follows:

Orange Journal, March 22:

COMRADES OF THE 13th NEW JERSEY VETERAN ASSOCIATION:

It becomes my painful duty to announce the death of our comrade, Samuel Toombs, Corresponding Secretary and Historian of our Association. The funeral will take place on Sunday, the 24th inst, at 2 o'clock P. M., in the First Presbyterian Church, Orange, N. J., and it is hoped that every member of the Thirteenth will be present at the obsequies of our beloved comrade.

A. M. MATTHEWS,
President Thirteenth New Jersey Regiment Association.

Newark morning paper, March 23:

The Thirteenth Regiment, New Jersey Veteran Association, will meet at 746 Broad Street this evening at 8 P. M. to take action regarding the death of Mr. Samuel Toombs, its Corresponding Secretary.

A meeting of members of the Association was held at 746 Broad Street, Newark, on Saturday evening, March 23, at 8 o'clock.

President Matthews announced that the occasion for the meeting was to take suitable action concerning the death of Comrade Toombs, after a long and painful sickness.

Motion, that John R. Williams, Isaac Crawford and the President be a committee to draft suitable resolutions was carried.

The committee presented the following preamble and resolutions, which were adopted:

Comrade Samuel Toombs was born at Newark, N. J., July 7, 1844. When the Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteers was organized in 1862, Toombs was one of the first to enlist, being then but 18 years of age, enlisting as a private of

Fourth Reunion of the

Company F. He served with his company and regiment until the close of the war, participating in the great battles of Antietam, Chancellorsville, Resaca, Kulp's Farm, Peach Tree Creek, Siege of Atlanta, Sherman's March to the Sea and Capture of Savannah, the campaign through the Carolinas, battles of Aversyboro and Bentonsville, besides numerous skirmishes. Mustered out with his regiment at the close of the war, he resumed his work in civil life.

How well he performed his task his comrades can bear witness, both to his military and civic career. It was a pleasure for him to aid others, and his willing hands have greatly aided every organization with which he has been connected.

Your committee recommend the adoption of the following resolutions :

Resolved, That this Association has received with profound regret and sorrow intelligence of the death of Comrade Toombs.

Resolved, That we tender to his immediate family and relatives the assurance of our deep sympathy in the loss they have sustained.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon the records of this Association, and a copy be sent to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That this Association attend the funeral of our deceased comrade.

JOHN R. WILLIAMS,
ISAAC CRAWFORD,
CAPTAIN A. M. MATTHEWS,
Committee.

Adjourned.

A. DELANO,
Recording Secretary.

INTRODUCTORY.

At our last annual meeting, held at the rooms of Lincoln Post No. 11, G. A. R., at Newark, N. J., Wednesday, September 19, 1888, the President appointed the usual Executive Committee of members of the association to make all arrangements for the next annual reunion at Montclair, N. J., on Wednesday, Sept. 18, 1889.

In July, 1889, this Committee learned that the citizens of Montclair had decided to tender our Association a reception and banquet on this occasion, and had appointed the following Special Committee of eighteen citizens to make all the arrangements necessary:

GEORGE H. FRANCIS, Chairman.	JAMES OWEN,
AUGUSTUS C. STUDER, Sec'y.	ABRAM BROOKS,
COL. L. L. S. CLEARMAN, Treas.	HENRY T. BARTLETT,
CAPT. H. G. H. TARR,	CHARLES H. JOHNSON, JR.,
LIEUT. A. P. HARING,	GEORGE W. WILCOX,
MAJOR JOHN R. HOWARD,	D. O. ESHBAUGH,
LT.-COL. GEORGE A. MILLER,	SEELYE BENEDICT,
CAPTAIN HARRY LITTLEJOHN,	JOHN J. H. LOVE,
JOHN R. LIVERMORE,	JOHN H. WILSON.

Our own Executive Committee having been fully informed by the above committee of their plans and arrangements, at a joint meeting of the two committees at Dr. Love's office, Montclair, August 23, prepared the following circular, copies of which were mailed to every member of the Association whose postoffice address was known to the Secretary.

VETERAN ASSOCIATION
OF THE
THIRTEENTH REGIMENT, NEW JERSEY VOLS.,
NEWARK, N. J., Sept. 4, 1889.

COMRADE:

The Fourth Annual Reunion of this Association will be held at Montclair, N. J., on Wednesday, September 18. The annual business meeting will take

place at 2 P. M., sharp, in Montclair Hall, corner Fullerton and Bloomfield Avenues, at which a full attendance of members is specially requested.

Members are requested to provide themselves with and wear on this occasion white soft hats, with the red star conspicuous in front, and carry canes. Comrades can obtain such hats from Comrade George W. Lawrence, 611 Broad Street, Newark, at a very low price.

It is expected to have a short parade after the meeting previous to partaking of the generous hospitality of the citizens of Montclair at the banquet to be given by them at the Rink at 6.30 P. M., to which a cordial invitation has been extended to our Association.

Trains on D., L. & W. R. R. for Montclair leave New York at 11.30 A. M.; 12. 1.20, 2.10, 3.40, 4.20, 4.40 P. M., and Newark at 12.02, 1.03, 1.56, 2.44, 4.13, 5.13 P. M. Returning leave Montclair for Newark and New York at 10.25, 11.12 P. M. and 12.40 A. M.

CAPT. A. M. MATTHEWS, Pres.,
JACOB WHITE, Vice.-Pres.,
DR. J. J. H. LOVE, Treas.,
A. DELANO, Sec'y,

GEN. F. H. HARRIS,
GRANT A. WHEELER,
S. MORRIS HULIN,
ROBERT MADISON,

Executive Committee of Association.

FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING.

HELD AT MONTCLAIR HALL, MONTCLAIR, N. J., SEPTEMBER 18, 1889.

MINUTES.

The meeting was called to order about 3 P. M., by President Matthews, with an address of congratulation appropriate to the occasion, over 100 members being then present.

Secretary Delano reported that the minutes of our last meeting, with a full account of proceedings at the banquet, addresses, etc., following, had been printed and copies mailed in March, 1889, to every member whose address was then known to the Secretary.

On motion, the reading of the minutes was omitted.

The Secretary then read the minutes of the special meeting of members of the Association, held at Newark, March 23, 1889.

Being called upon by President Matthews, Comrade S. Morris Hulin read a paper which he had prepared, as follows, respecting

THE DEATH OF SAMUEL TOOMBS.

The record of Samuel Toombs in civil life was that of a useful, energetic and honorable citizen. Before enlisting he had acquired a knowledge of the newspaper publishing and printing business, and upon discharge from the service in June, 1865, resumed his former vocation in the office of the *Newark Courier*. A few years later he engaged in business for himself, in connection with the firm of Hastings & Toombs, Printers, in Newark, where he continued until the Spring of 1876, when he became assistant editor of the *Orange Journal*, then owned and published by Mr. Oliver Johnson. Mr. Toombs now made Orange his place of residence, and was one of the charter members of Uzal Dodd Post No 12, G. A. R., of which he was at one time Commander, and at all times an untiring and influential comrade.

When Mr. Johnson retired from the *Orange Journal* in 1879, Mr. Toombs succeeded to the full control of the paper, and in 1880 purchased it from Mr. Johnson. He continued to be its proprietor for several years afterward, engaging actively in politics, and receiving the appointment of Clerk of the New Jersey Assembly in 1884, which position he was peculiarly well qualified to fill. In April, 1885, he sold his newspaper and printing business to Mr. Edgar Williams. He now found opportunity to engage actively in the work of the New Jersey Monumental Association, which had been organized to locate and promote the erection of monuments of our State Troops at Gettysburg. In this connection he did valuable work as one of the committee of our own regiment, and commenced his book, entitled "New Jersey Troops in the Gettysburg Campaign." Were we now to erect a monument to his honor, we could not provide a more enduring tablet than the book he wrote and reverently dedi-

cated "to those New Jersey comrades who fell at Gettysburg," and which volume, since his death, has been placed in the libraries of the Public Schools of New Jersey by act of the Legislature.

In April, 1888, Comrade Toombs, in connection with Mr. D. P. Libby, began the publication of a daily newspaper, the *Orange Evening Mail*. To be the owner and editor of a daily paper had long been his ambition, and his prospects in this new field as thus opened were promising. But his arduous labors as publisher of his book, as well as the new editorial and financial cares, proved too great a strain upon him, and his health became seriously impaired. He was unable to meet with us at our Newark Reunion, being then at the seashore with the hope of restored health and strength. Upon his return to Orange, later in the Autumn, he was only partially able to resume his labors, and in the Winter of 1888-89, was confined entirely to his home. His death on the 20th of March last, occurring in the midst of a useful, active and prominent career, occasioned a deep feeling of sorrow throughout a wide circle of friends. Veteran comrades, the newspaper fraternity, political associates, and the State Legislature, in session at the time his death was announced, all hastened to pay a just tribute to our comrade's memory in the formal adoption of resolutions embodying their esteem and respect. Obituary editorials appeared in all the Essex County papers. One of these, in speaking of him said:

In the death of Mr. Toombs journalism loses a marked, and we may safely say, a unique figure. Few men in his profession have had a more varied experience, or led a more active life than he. After having served creditably as a soldier in the Union Army, he became a printer, and next a journalist, and, naturally a politician. He was of a mercurial temperament, ever sanguine, and possessed to an unwonted degree that exceptional trait of character which is vaguely defined by the term "personal magnetism." Few men possessed the happy faculty of making such warm, close friendships as did Mr. Toombs. This was evidenced by the fidelity of his political and Grand Army associates, throughout his chequered career.

With him to make a friend was to make a life-long advocate. And that he was worthy of all this attachment and friendship was proved by the ability with

which he filled the position of Clerk of the Assembly, and his untiring devotion to the Republican party. His ambition was great, his will indomitable, but the mortal clay was unequal to the tasks that the brain imposed on it, and just as he reached his prime death put an end to his labors.

The funeral of our lamented associate took place on Sunday afternoon, March 24th. The public services were held in the First Presbyterian Church of Orange, which was filled to overflowing. The exercises were conducted by Rev. Dr. Henry M. Storrs, and there was singing by a double quartet of male voices. The address was chiefly in eulogy of Mr. Toombs as a citizen and a Christian. There were present eighty members of Uzal Dodd Post, G. A. R., about eighty members of this Regimental Association, besides numerous representatives of the political organizations and press associations with which he had been identified.

Thus one who was a devoted member of this Association has left it. Those who remain yet in the ranks will feel their loss, and particularly will they miss the historical reminiscences with which the mind of Comrade Toombs was well stored, and of which he gave freely. But, realizing that we have all reached the meridian of life, we will do well to remember, quoting from the latest words to the Association of Comrade Toombs, "that while to-day we may be in health, to-morrow we are liable to be stricken down and called upon to pay the tribute we all owe to nature."

Motion, that the minutes of special meeting of March 23, 1889, relating to the death of Comrade Toombs, be fully approved, and, together with the address by Comrade Hulin, be printed in the annual proceedings of the Association, was carried unanimously.

THE TREASURER'S REPORT.

The Treasurer, Dr. Love, presented and read his annual report, as printed on the following page.

Fourth Reunion of the

JOHN J. H. LOVE, Treasurer, in account with the Veteran Association of the Thirteenth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, from September 19, 1888, to September 18, 1889:

DR.

To balance as per last report.....	\$143 23
“ cash, annual dues and initiation fees.....	149 00
Total receipts.....	<u>\$292 23</u>

CR.

By cash paid as follows:	
1888, September 13, MacGowan & Slipper, 200 badges.....	\$ 20 00
“ “ 19, telegrams, by order of the Association.....	2 40
“ “ 19, janitor Lincoln Post rooms.....	3 00
“ “ 19, Whitehead & Clark, printing.....	1 20
“ “ 18, Matthias Plum, stationery and printing.....	9 75
“ “ 20, A. Delano, stationery.....	8 59
“ “ 20, J. A. Westervelt, two banners.....	7 00
1889, February 20, S. M. Hulin, 300 copies transactions... ..	75 00
“ March 19, A. Delano, stationery.....	7 60
“ “ 29, <i>Sunday Call</i> , printing.....	5 60
“ May 6, S. M. Hulin, stationery and printing... ..	8 50
“ “ 31, W. L. Starkey, engrossing resolutions... ..	5 00
“ September 9, S. M. Hulin, on account 175 badges... ..	10 85
“ “ 9, incidentals.....	4 64
Total expenditures.....	<u>\$169 13</u>
Cash balance on hand.....	<u>\$123 10</u>

Respectfully submitted,

JOHN J. H. LOVE, Treasurer.

Examined and approved:

A. M. MATTHEWS, President.

A. DELANO, Secretary.

Montclair, N. J. Sept. 1889.

Motion, that Treasurer's report be accepted, was carried.

Remarks were made by several members referring to the deaths of Comrades Archibald Todd and Michael O'Connor during the past year.

On motion of Dr. Love, it was

Resolved, That on the Secretary receiving notice of the death of a comrade belonging to the Association he shall cause notice of the time and place of the funeral to be published in a Newark, Paterson and Jersey City newspaper, inviting members to attend; the expense of such notices to be paid by the Treasurer.

The President appointed as committee to select place for next annual reunion Comrades D. Coles Carr, Charles Weber, George W. Lawrence, James P. Howatt and Joseph E. Crowell. The committee, after a short absence, reported in favor of Jersey City.

Motion, to accept and adopt report and discharge the committee, was carried unanimously.

Captain H. G. H. Tarr, of the Montclair Citizens' Committee, then addressed the meeting, explaining the arrangements they had made for the evening's entertainment.

Comrade Grant A. Wheeler offered the following, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the sympathies of the members of this Association with our friend and comrade, General F. H. Harris, in his continued and tedious sickness, and our regrets at his absence on that account be now expressed by a rising vote.

The following telegram was received and read amid applause and cheers:

GETTYSBURG SPRINGS HOTEL, PENN, Sept. 17, 1889.

Dr. John J. H. Love,

Thirteenth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers' Reunion:

The One Hundred and Fiftieth New York, now dedicating its monument sends fraternal greetings to the glorious Thirteenth.

Fourth Reunion of the

And the President deputized Comrade James P. Howatt to telegraph reply at once, which was as follows :

“The Thirteenth New Jersey Veteran Volunteers' Association has received your cordial greeting, and return to our late comrades in arms and side-partners for three years our fraternal, earnest and hearty well wishes.”

Captain Matthews made a statement to the effect that the sodding around the regimental monument at Gettysburg was in need of repair, and should be attended to without delay.

Motion, that the Treasurer pay to Thomas McAllister, of Gettysburg, five dollars (\$5.00) each year to keep the surroundings of the monument in order, was carried.

Election of officers of the Association for the ensuing year being next in order, President Matthews appointed as tellers Comrades George W. Lawrence and S. Morris Hulin.

President Matthews having declined re-election, Comrade Jacob White nominated for President Dr. J. J. H. Love.

Motion, that the tellers cast the vote of the Association for Dr. Love, was carried unanimously.

Congratulatory addresses were made by the retiring President, and President-elect.

For Vice-President Jacob White was nominated.

Motion, that the tellers cast the vote of the Association for Jacob White for Vice-President was carried unanimously.

For Treasurer, Grant A. Wheeler was nominated.

Motion, that the Recording Secretary cast the vote of the Association for Grant A. Wheeler for Treasurer was carried unanimously.

For Corresponding Secretary and Historian, S. Morris Hulin was nominated.

Motion, that the Treasurer cast the vote of the Association accordingly, was carried unanimously.

For Recording Secretary, A. Delano was nominated.

Motion, that the Treasurer cast the vote of the Association for A. Delano, was carried unanimously.

The following letter of September 18, 1889, from our late Comrade Samuel Toombs, was sent and intended to have been read at our last reunion in Newark, but was accidentally mislaid at that time, and was now read to the Association by Captain Matthews:

ORANGE, N. J., Sept. 18, 1888.

COMRADES:

A severe illness, the result of a cold contracted some time ago, prevents my meeting with you for the first time since these reunions have been inaugurated. The memories which crowd upon me as I look back over the three years of your active service in defence of National unity and the overthrow of human slavery, are filled with instances of heroic valor, of personal daring and of noble performances of duty under most trying circumstances. Fresh from the pursuits of civil life, unaccustomed to the fatigues of active campaigning, you encountered the very flower of Lee's army at Antietam when only seventeen days from home, being twice engaged and sustaining severe losses. At Chancellorsville, led by your gallant Corps Commander, General Slocum, you again met the same foe, and on Sunday morning, May 3rd, 1863, manfully held your ground for four long hours against superior numbers of Jackson's veterans. At Gettysburg you held the extreme right of the fighting line of the Union army, and aided in the recapture of Culp's Hill, which Jackson's impetuous troops had taken possession of the night before. At the battle of Resaca, Ga., your services were heroic; the persistent attacks by the enemy, which drove a brigade of the Fourth Corps from its position and exposed Simonson's battery to capture, was promptly repelled by the First Division of the old Twelfth Corps, of which the Thirteenth regiment formed a part, and this gallant regiment, throwing itself among the guns of the imperilled artillery drove off the enemy and saved the battery. The words of that old chieftain "Fighting Joe Hooker," to Captain Simonson on that memorable occasion, "Captain, double-shot those pieces! I would rather be a Private in that battery than a General in the army," no doubt ring in the ears of many a man of the Thirteenth to-night as he recounts that thrilling episode in front of Atlanta, where the fortifications bristled with cannon and the rebel infantry, with desperate resolve, had seized upon every commanding eminence overlooking the approach of Sherman's army and obstructing its advance; the Thirteenth regiment, in support of the skirmish line, advanced to the summit of a hill which commanded a fine view of the enemy's fortified lines. The skirmishers were driven back, but Colonel Harris, then in command of the regiment, deployed the right and left companies, determined to hold the position, which was

the nearest point to the enemy's lines ever reached during the siege, and was never changed. The skirmishers, noting the firm stand taken by the Thirteenth, reformed in the rear of the regiment, and dashing forward with cheers, drove the enemy to cover, and the advanced position won by the valor of this regiment was saved to the Union line. A few days later, the Thirteenth was selected to charge the position of the enemy in their front, and in full view of twenty thousand men of the Union Army the regiment moved out in two lines of battle, and at a given signal the artillery opened upon the enemy's works. With swelling breasts and nervous step the Thirteenth rushed forward, scaling the earthworks and capturing more of the enemy than there were men of their own command. An amusing incident occurred on this charge which many of you may remember, and of which a little fellow, perhaps the smallest man in the regiment, was the hero. His name was Leo of Company G. Leo was not more than five feet in height and he mounted the rebel works a little in advance of his comrades. A tall Georgian, a man at least six feet in height, called out in thundering tones: "Surrender, you blue-bellied Yank!" but Leo had no thought of that, and bringing down his gun to a charge cried out, "I will not, but surrender you." The Georgian saw that it was all up with him; the red stars of the Thirteenth were dancing all around him and his comrades were nearly all prisoners. He threw down his gun and as Leo pointed out to him the road to the rear of the Union line, the "Reb" gave vent to his feelings by saying that "it was a damn shame to have to surrender to a mere boy!" This charge, so admirably designed and so successfully carried out, led to many repetitions of it by other regiments and was long a subject of camp-fire discussion throughout the army of the Cumberland.

The March to the Sea, that go-as-you-please tramp, which sent a shiver of fear all along the Southern coast from Mobile and the Gulf to Charleston on the Atlantic, brought out new qualities in our Jersey boys, which rounded out fully their soldier experience. Whether as bummers in search of sweet-potatoes, razor backs or spring chickens, as railroad destroyers, or cotton burners: as bridge-builders, road-makers or skirmishers in pursuit of rebel cavalry, they acquitted themselves creditably and with soldierly bearing, and during the siege of Savannah performed valiant service on the left flank of the Union line.

The campaign of the Carolinas, with its tedious marches through the swamps, the morasses and lowlands which there abound, exposed you to new dangers and fatiguing duties. The battle of Averysboro once more brought you into conflict with the enemy, and the Division to which you belonged charged and drove the enemy from their fortified position. In this movement the Thirteenth bore a conspicuous part, and left twenty-two of its comrades killed and wounded on the field of battle. At Bentonville, your last fight, the services there rendered will always be remembered to your credit, and no record of them would be complete without allusion to it.

As one who shared with you the fatigues of the march and the glories and the perils of the battle-field, I regret deeply the necessity which separates me from my comrades on this festive occasion, but we must remember that the best

years of our lives are behind us, and while to-day we may be in the full vigor of health we are liable to-morrow to be stricken down and called upon to pay the penalty we all owe to nature.

Hoping to meet with you at your next annual gathering, I remain,

Yours fraternally,

SAMUEL TOOMBS.

Colonel Andrew Derrom, of Paterson, formerly of the Twenty-fifth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, and Colonel Bartholomew, formerly of the Twenty-seventh Regiment, Massachusetts Vols., being present in the room as visitors, were introduced by Captain Matthews, and short addresses were made by each.

President Matthews appointed the following named comrades to form, with the officers of the Association, the Executive Committee on next annual reunion :

DR. D. COLES CARR,

JOHN T. DENMEAD,

LIEUT.-COLONEL JOHN GRIMES,

DANIEL SHEA,

CHARLES WEBER.

Comrade Geo. W. Lawrence offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted :

Resolved, That the thanks of this Association be tendered to the citizens of Montclair, to the Citizens' Committee, and to Mr. Samuel Crump, for the hospitalities shown and the labor performed for the entertainment of this Association to-day.

Adjourned.

A. DELANO, Recording Secretary.

THE BANQUET.

About 6 P. M. the members of the Association formed in line on Bloomfield avenue, preceded by Voss' celebrated full band. They marched to the depot to meet the orators of the evening and other invited guests, and escorted them to the Rink building, where a most abundant and sumptuous banquet had been provided by generous and public-spirited citizens of Montclair. The interior of the building, brilliantly illuminated and beautifully decorated with flags and banners, presented a most inviting appearance. The tables were elegantly ornamented, not the least attractive feature being the elaborate menu cards, with specially engraved devices, including an elegant likeness of Major-General Alpheus S. Williams, our old Division commander. The cards, designed and printed and donated by Mr. Samuel Crump, called forth the admiration of all the old soldiers. Messrs. S. & J. Davis, of Orange, were the caterers, and the entertainment to which the members of the Association and invited guests sat down, numbering altogether about two hundred, was most satisfactory, both as to quality and service.

INVITED GUESTS PRESENT.

General Horatio C. King, of New York City; Major-General Joseph W. Plume, Colonel Edward S. Sill, Colonel E. L. Joy, Henry M. Doremus, W. A. Lawrence, M. T. Terhune, C. R. Garrabrant, S. F. Simmonds, Edgar E. Smith, Lewis A. Morningstern, Abram Van Arsdale, Charles Madison, Richard Cogan, Jesse R. Salmon, William H. Von Blake, of Newark, N. J.; Rev. A. H. Bradford, Rev. Wm. F. Junkin, Rev. F. C. Carter, Rev. Orville Reed, Paul Babcock, Jr., John J. Hallenbeck, Jasper R. Rand, Samuel Crump, E. P. Benedict, J. C. Noyes, Philip Doremus, Dr. S. C. G. Watkins, Dr. Richard Newton, M. W. Smith, Isaac Denby, Warren S. Taylor, Geo. Inness, Jr., Julius H. Pratt, A. E. Van Gieson, Jas. W. Van Gieson, Peter. H. Van Riper, P. Edward Van Riper, Major Henry C. Meyers, of Montclair; Chas. M. Davis, County Superintendent of Schools, of Bloomfield, N. J.; Dr. H. B. Whitehorne, of Verona, N. J.; S. B. Fields, of Roselle, N. J.; Col. Andrew Derrom, Geo. B. Senior, Joseph Crowell, Jr., C. C. Shelby, George Pollett, Jacob H. Borden, W. J.

Campbell, Thomas Hardy, W. J. Holt, of Paterson, N. J.; Hon. Lawrence T. Fell, Captain David A. Bell, George Spottiswoode, of Orange, N. J.; E. H. Williams, George H. Latimer, George Gill, W. D. Jacobus, Willam McChesney, R. N. French, of Uzal Dodd Post, No. 12, G. A. R.; Col. Floyd Jackson, of Lafayette Post, G. A. R., New York City; George H. Price, Commander U. S. Grant Post, No. 327, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; George F. Taite, Past Commander U. S. Grant Post, No. 327, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Captain John G. Noonan, U. S. Grant Post, No. 327, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Colonel Bartholomew, of the Twenty-Seventh Massachusetts Vols.

After the invocation by the Rev. A. H. Bradford, D. D., all being seated, at the "Call to Rations" the men fell to heartily, to partake of the banquet served in Davis' best manner, according to the following

MENU.**SOUP.**

Chicken a la Reine. Bisque of Crawfish.

FISH.

Salmon Chops—Tartare Sauce. Potato Hollandaise.

RELISHES.

Olives, Radishes, Celery.

ENTREE.

Filet of Beef—Mushrooms. Sweet Potato Croquettes, Peas.

Army Sherbet.

ROAST.

Chicken, Lettuce Salad.

DESSERT.

Biscuit Glace. Fancy Cakes. Fruits, Nuts, Raisins.

Coffee.

Voss' band, seated on the platform, attracted much attention, and aroused enthusiasm by their superior rendering of familiar military airs, old army songs, army calls, etc., at intervals during the evening.

After the last course had been served, about 9 o'clock, cigars in abundance and coffee were passed around, and the attendance of a large number of the wives and daughters of the gentlemen present, occupying reserved chairs around the Hall, added brilliancy and refinement to the scene.

Mr. John H. Wilson, Chairman of the Township Committee of Montclair, then addressed the assemblage as follows:

I have been commissioned by your hosts, the citizens of Montclair, in their behalf and in their place and stead, to extend to you, our guests, a cordial, hearty welcome; and this I do personally and in their behalf with all my heart. (Applause.)

In common with like communities throughout the length and breadth of our country, we yield to no one in our love for, and in the way in which we honor those who, in company with you and like you, a quarter of a century ago stood for us and for those whom we love, against the forces which had combined to overwhelm us as a nation. And that we are a nation to-day we have to thank you gentlemen; and so whatever cordiality of eye, hand, or heart can express to each one of you personally, or to you all in your regimental capacity, we tender now with words of hearty welcome, again and again. (Applause.)

Gentlemen, we regret that so many years have passed, and so long a time has been allowed to intervene before we have had the pleasure of greeting you. We envy you one and all that to you has come the good fortune, shoulder to shoulder as comrades to stand together in your companies, in your regiment and in your brigade in behalf of our common country. We congratulate you that you were there, and we congratulate you that you came safe home again to those beloved, and with you we offer the homage of tender regret and love for the memory of those called upon to surrender their lives that the nation might live.

Sitting here to-night I have been looking up and down these lines of men. I have before me the history of the regiment, and as I have looked upon the faces here, I have turned the pages and read "Chancellorsville," and then looked again and picked one, and another, and said, "He was there." And then I read "Antietam," and then "Gettysburg," and

then across the country my thoughts went, to "Atlanta" and the "March to the Sea," until, I give you my word, old as the story is, the thrill that came to me was one of pride, was one of gratitude and joy, and I esteem it a great privilege to stand here and on behalf of my fellow townsmen to thank you gentlemen again and yet again for all that you have done for us. I said when I began that I had but a word to say, and I am warned by your Toast Master that a Gatling gun is ready for the man who runs over his time, and that he has never yet been able to stop, even with a Gatling gun, the man who started to talk about his old war times. But I was not a comrade in the war, consequently do not believe that gun will be trained on me to-night. (Applause.)

But I have this to say, and with it will close. It is the opinion of a civilian only, but allow me to say that to my mind one of the greatest victories of all that was achieved by you and your million comrades, does not appear upon this record, and has never been noted on any record of any regiment that ever had a reunion. "Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war." Excuse me, gentlemen, in this martial presence for quoting so peaceful a maxim, but that to which I refer is this: A grander sight, a grander object-lesson was never shown to us or to the nations of the world than you and your million associates showed, "when the drums beat no longer, and the battle-flags were furled," encampments vanished, and the myriad regiments

"Melted from the plains as snow,
When streams are swollen and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew."

And from the iron metal that made the patriotic soldier there came, transmuted, that other and grander element among us, the patriotic citizen.

To you sitting with us now, the citizen who was the soldier, I declare that to my mind no more impressive spectacle was ever witnessed than when quietly you surrendered and returned your power to those who gave it.

Gentlemen, with all the joy that reigns among us to-night there comes one feeling of regret, that he who led you so often, whom we all here in this community respect, and whom we have delighted to honor, cannot be with us to-night. I refer to Colonel Harris. (Applause.) Later in the evening a letter will be read to you from him, but I cannot end my remarks without this brief reference to him with words of affection and esteem from us, his fellow townsmen, in the presence of you who so often followed and who learned to love and honor him.

Gentlemen, my agreeable duty is done. I hope that the generosity and the cordiality of the greeting which you have received to-night will warrant us in hoping that in the near future you will become our guests again. I cannot close without the expression of the single hope that wars and battles and sieges are all ended for us, and that you and your comrades in your places twenty-five years ago rang out the old, rang in the new, rang in the thousand years of peace. (Applause.)

Gentlemen, Captain Matthews is here, the guest of the evening, and will respond on behalf of the regiment.

Captain A. M. Matthews spoke as follows:

I congratulate you, comrades, on your meeting to-day at this fourth annual reunion of our Association under such favorable auspices in this beautiful town of Montclair. It is a grateful comparison to remind ourselves that when the Thirteenth Regiment was organized in 1862, twenty-seven years ago, Montclair was a straggling village, and known as West Bloomfield; but from its old homes, responding gloriously to the call of Abraham Lincoln for three hundred thousand more troops, there answered the flower of its youth and manhood in defence of the flag and Union they loved and were determined to uphold.

From these fair scenes, comrades, among many worthy soldiers were two officers who have ever deservedly held the highest place in your respect, esteem and affection. The

absence of one, your late President, Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General Fred. H. Harris, we greatly regret to-day. I take great pleasure in being able to inform you that his health, which has been for a considerable time bad, is now improving, and the rest which has been enforced on him, it is believed, will soon restore him to his usual strength. He cannot be here, but his great heart, we all know, is with us as we meet in his home and with the familiar scenes he has known for many years.

Of your cherished friend, quiet, firm, but kind, gentle, and a tried and true comrade, your old Surgeon of the regiment, brigade and division, Doctor Love, I can speak to you in our familiar family gathering as I would not venture to do before strangers. Of all the names we delight to honor none are dearer to each one of us than these two honored and loved among us, for we know them well; they are equally honored and loved in the bonny town they have in all the years of their manly lives greatly helped to adorn and make beautiful.

Comrades, the men from Montclair who served with you, the Munns, Madisons, Baldwins, Jacobus', Doremus', Taylors, Wheelers, Dodds, Demarests and others—how well the names become the locality, and how can you help feeling a natural pride in calling the roll at its honest ring!

My comrades, several of our members have answered to the final roll call since our last meeting in annual reunion. Jim Love, "Our Irishman," as his loving comrades of Company D fondly called him, has been borne to his long home, but his ready wit and unfailing good spirits will never fade from our memory. Other comrades, too, have left us, whose loss we mourn. When last we met in the city of Newark, a prominent comrade was absent from his accustomed place, and from his active duties in our Association. He was then suffering from a severe cold, which he temporarily overcame, but it never loosened hold on him, and at last brought his energetic life to an early grave. Samuel Toombs, our late

Corresponding Secretary, was too well known among you to render it necessary for me to attempt the eulogy which your own hearts have sincerely given him.

These are sad memories, but we know not the day nor the hour when we, too, shall be called away. Let us, then, continue to cherish the dear name and fame of each departing comrade, and when we have done with earth, believe that, though we have not done our duty as well as we might have done it, we shall receive forgiveness and mercy.

While we meet here to-day, fellow soldiers, and enjoy the reunion feast which the bounteous hospitality of Montclair's generous citizens has provided, I bid you to renew in your hearts the lofty thoughts and noble purpose of the grand and glorious days of your patriotic youth. Again you must feel the inspiration which moved you to pledge your lives, your fortunes and your honor to your country. You met the perils of battle and disease; you did well your duty and are safely home. In the struggle for life you have met many times your equals, and sometimes when you have been beaten in the race you have felt that you deserved a better fortune; but now you can see again more clearly that the men who strive with you in the world for its rewards and business are taking with you an equal chance in the battle of life. You and they alike have a right to a fair field and no favor. No soldier of honorable record will ask for more. Your services to the nation cannot be held in greater honor than they are, and this is a part of the glory you have won. These great-hearted citizens are your comrades. To-day in lovely Montclair you rejoice over the abundance of good things her public-spirited residents have gladly welcomed you with. This reunion is one of your Red Letter days, and will, I think, outlast in memory all the rest. For the kindly, whole-souled and perfect hospitality bestowed on you, I as your representative, give all concerned your most cordial thanks.

Comrades, you were most fortunate in the fact that you

belonged to the "Army of the Potomac" during the period which comprised its three great battles of Antietam, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, and you must often think of and repeat the lines of your genial General McQuade:

"While gathered at the festive board
Will yet remembered be
The Army of the Cumberland
And of the Tennessee;
The broad Potomac with their flood
Unites in loving flow,
A mighty tide of comradeship
With Benny Havens, O!"

To-day, comrades, you have met in this quiet town, and in your glad reassembling have thought of that other and greater meeting of your comrades of the "Army of the Cumberland" at Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain, Mission Ridge and Chickamauga. You see again the wonderful country over which you marched and fought. Each familiar name is to you a story of desperate battle, of triumph and victory. You remember how George H. Thomas saved the day at Chickamauga; how Phil. Sheridan, leading his Division, charged over the rebel works at Mission Ridge, and in a few minutes captured General Bragg's headquarters and nearly all his guns. The battle above the clouds, where General Joseph Hooker, your own leader, commanded, is in your minds. Lookout Mountain is associated in your memory, with the broad and rapid Tennessee river flowing at its base. To your comrades there you have sent greetings, and in spirit you will in the remaining days of that reunion join again your comrades of the armies commanded by General Sherman. Brothers, as the years pass and we remember that we are no longer the young men who were in our day the staff and trust of our beloved country, it is well for us to welcome as comrades with glad hearts the natural successors of the old soldiers who formed the battle lines of the great armies which fought the bloodiest battles of the world's recent history. And now in the decline of life we behold as a result of their valor a military establishment—

the National Guard—which all our hearts applaud, and which when our country calls, which it soon may, will take the field conscious of a discipline which will rival that of the standing regular armies of foreign lands, and as we may well believe, will serve in duty and loyalty the cause your valor won, and defend as you did the flag of our country and glorious Union.

Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen of Montclair, on behalf of my comrades of the Thirteenth I thank you, for this magnificent reception. Not only for itself, but for the way you have managed it, and which cannot be excelled. Orange, sir, feels that you are a little ahead. Paterson, too, is saying, "We shall have to try again." And my friend, General King, wants, I hear, to become a Jerseyman by adoption. But, sir, it is not alone for these comrades here assembled, that thanks are due to you and your people. Every comrade of the armies who put down the great rebellion, is indebted to you. They will hear of this Reunion, which none can surpass, and wish Montclair and its generous people health and prosperity, many times over, Dear sir, for those here now and for all comrades, wherever they may pitch their tents to-night, I give you as their representative, most sincere thanks.

Chairman John H. Wilson resumed :

Letters of regret have been received from Edwin W. Hine, Sheriff of the county; Nathan Barnett, Mayor of Paterson; Francis J. McCully, E. O. Doremus, and others from whom telegrams have been received, and the Toast Master will refer to them later on.

Letters from Governor Green say :

STATE OF NEW JERSEY,

Executive Department,

TRENTON, September 10, 1889.

Captain A. M. Matthews, Orange, N. J.

My Dear Captain: On my reaching my office at Trenton I received your kind invitation to attend the reunion of the Veteran Association of the Thir-

teenth New Jersey Volunteers, to take place at Montclair on the 18th instant. I will use every endeavor to be present on that occasion, and renew the pleasant acquaintance that I have formed with the members of your Association.

Yours truly,

ROBT. S. GREEN.

STATE OF NEW JERSEY,

Executive Department,

TRENTON, September 17, 1889.

My Dear Captain Matthews: I have to go to South Jersey to-morrow, but if I can possibly get to the dinner in the evening, I will come.

Very truly yours,

ROBT. S. GREEN.

Mr. Wilson also read the following letters, each one of which was greeted with applause.

KENNEBUNK BEACH, Me., September 11, 1889.

Captain A. M. Matthews, President of the Thirteenth Regiment Veteran Association, N. J. Vols.

My Dear Friend: Your kind letter of August the 7th, with invitation to the fourth reunion of our Association, was duly received. It is very refreshing to one away from home and not in their usual health, to receive such evidences of affection from old comrades and friends as was contained in your letter.

You may well suppose it was a bitter disappointment to me to be unable to unite with the citizens of our town in giving a right royal welcome to the members of the Thirteenth Regiment, and to enjoy with them the delightful reunion at that place; but so it must be, as I am advised by my physician and cautioned by friends, that it would be hazardous to do so.

I felt a just pride when Montclair was selected for our reunion, and believed that her citizens would honor themselves by doing full justice to that noble body of men remaining of the Thirteenth, and such I am assured will be the case.

I desire to express to you, and through you to my comrades, my hearty greeting. I shall be present with you in spirit, as you meet around the festive board to talk over the events of the past and renew the friendships formed in army life.

May God bless you all and permit you to see many reunions, is the sincere desire of your old commander, comrade and friend,

F. H. HARRIS.

Fourth Reunion of the

465 CLINTON AVENUE, BROOKLYN, N. Y., August 29, 1889.

Gentlemen: I regret that an engagement at the West will prevent my acceptance of your kind invitation to the reunion of the Thirteenth New Jersey Vols.

Hoping my comrades will have a pleasant meeting, and with many thanks for your courtesy,

I am very respectfully, your obedient servant,

H. W. SLOCUM.

ALBANY, N. Y., September 14, 1889.

George A. Miller, James W. Van Gieson, Augustus C. Studer, Citizens' Committee, Thirteenth New Jersey Reunion, Montclair, N. J.

Gentlemen: Your cordial invitation to attend the Fourth Annual Reunion of the Thirteenth New Jersey was received, and I regret exceedingly that I cannot be present; for it would give me great pleasure to have a visit with the comrades of our old brigade.

I trust the reunion will be a success. In honoring the veterans of this gallant regiment the City of Montclair will do honor to itself. In no regiment in all the Union Armies was there any finer body of men than those who followed the old Thirteenth.

Their superior character and good appearance on every occasion excited favorable comment throughout the whole brigade. Though they may not have attained the most conspicuous place in history, they were always ready for duty, always did their duty, and to-day their fallen heroes lie buried on the battlefields of seven States.

Next to the relationship of one's own regiment comes the kindly feelings which we bear toward the comrades of our old brigade, the companions of the same marches, camps and fields. And so, unauthorized though it may be, I am sure that I echo the feelings of every man in the 107th New York in sending in their behalf the warmest and kindest of greetings to their old comrades of the Thirteenth. Yours fraternally,

WILLIAM F. FOX.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., August 26, 1889.

George A. Miller, James W. Van Gieson, and Augustus G. Studer.

Gentlemen: Your kind invitation to attend Annual Reunion of the Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteers on September 18th, at Montclair, is at hand. I thank you for the invitation. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to accept your invitation. We of the One Hundred and Fiftieth and all our

friends go on the 16th to Gettysburg to unveil our monument. We had hoped to have some of the Thirteenth New Jersey with us on our reunion. We will not return until the 19th, spending two full days at Gettysburg and three nights. We have most pleasant memories of the Thirteenth New Jersey, and hope they will have a splendid reunion. I am sorry that I cannot accept the invitation and be with you. I will hope to be some time. Yours truly,

A. B. SMITH.

BOSTON, September 11, 1889.

My Dear Captain: I am in receipt of a notification of the reunion of the dear old regiment on the 18th inst., and regret exceedingly that an engagement, already formed, will prevent my greeting old comrades and friends on that occasion.

It would give me particular pleasure to meet with the "boys" in Montclair, as that was for a time my home, and I should doubtless meet many whom I highly esteem outside of the regiment.

I trust you may have a delightful time, saddened only, as these gatherings must always be, by thoughts of those who went forth with us, but came not home again.

Please express to comrades and friends my warmest regards and best wishes for their continued prosperity and happiness. Sincerely yours,

C. A. HOPKINS.

CAPTAIN A. M. MATTHEWS, President N. J. Veteran Association.

ORANGE, N. J., September 18, 1889.

George A. Miller, James W. Van Gieson, Augustus C. Studer, Committee.

Gentlemen: Your kind invitation to attend the Fourth Annual Reunion of the Thirteenth Regiment is received. I have delayed reply as late as possible in hopes I should be able to accept, and regret that I shall be compelled on account of business engagements, to decline. You do honor to a regiment of not only *New Jersey*, but *National* reputation, in having the Thirteenth as your guests. I am as proud of it as if I was one of its members. I am sure this will be a day long to be remembered by Montclair and its guests.

Respectfully,

JOSEPH B. BRAY.

ORANGE, N. J., September 13, 1889.

Captain A. M. Matthews.

My Dear Comrade: I this morning sent the Executive Committee reply that owing to business engagement I could not attend the reunion. I want to

Fourth Reunion of the

thank you for your kind remembrance of me on this as well as many other occasions. The reunion on September 18th reminds me of Winchester and little Phil. Sheridan. On September 19th, 1864, I know we had a very warm reception, and hope and believe the good people of Montclair will give you of the Thirteenth a warm one on September 18th, 1889. While the number 13 is generally supposed to be unfortunate, the Thirteenth New Jersey was an exception, being always a success.

I hope you will feast as you fought, but that no one will get shot on this occasion. Truly and sincerely,

JOSEPH B. BRAY.

NEW YORK, August 30, 1888.

Messrs. George A. Miller, James W. Van Gieson, Augustus C. Studer, Committee.

Gentlemen: An engagement of an important nature occurring about the time fixed by your Committee, the date of which has not been definitely determined, may interfere with my anticipated pleasure in joining you in greeting and paying honor to the gallant Thirteenth. With your permission, however, I will reserve my final answer for a few days, in the hope of seeing my way clear to say Yes to your kind invitation.

So many of my friends of earlier and later years were connected with that regiment, it would almost be a temptation to break any appointment to again shake their hands. Yours very truly,

A. F. R. MARTIN.

NEW YORK, September 12, 1889.

My Dear Mr. Studer: I thought before this to say definitely if my engagements would allow me to be present at the Reunion. It is yet impossible to give a definite answer, so I had better say, Do not expect me.

It would afford me the greatest pleasure to meet so many of my friends connected with the regiment, and would do so if I were not so hampered.

Will you kindly act for me, and *tell* the boys I am with them *heart and soul*.

The State and the Nation owe everything to the boys in blue, and we cannot do too much in recognition of their services. Yours truly,

A. F. R. MARTIN.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., August 31, 1889.

Dr. J. J. H. Love, Surgeon Thirteenth New Jersey :

Dear Doctor: No regiment was so intimately connected with us as the Thirteenth New Jersey, and our history is with a feeling of pride mingled with yours. You had some noble men and some good officers.

I think the men and some of the officers of that regiment were *pure gold*.

When there was any desperate work to be done the Thirteenth New Jersey men were selected. I remember once, as officer of the day in front of Atlanta, I was commanded by a certain field officer to send some men up on a particular hill and ascertain the strength of the enemy's works. I said: "Whom shall I send?" He replied: "Send some of those pious, praying devils of the Thirteenth Jersey; *they can be trusted.*" They went and did the work satisfactorily. I mention this to the credit of those true *God-fearing, country-loving, brave men* of that noble regiment, that out of the mouth of the reviler they received praise.

Give my kindest regards to the members of the Thirteenth, and tell them I will be with them some time. I am, Yours,

A. B. SMITH,
Colonel 150th New York Regiment.

This ends the formal part of the opening exercises, and I now have the pleasure and honor of introducing to you the Toast Master of this occasion, our fellow townsman, John R. Howard.

Address of Mr. Howard:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: The beginning of our banquet has been somewhat in the nature of what our Episcopal friends would probably call a "movable feast." It was to have begun promptly at half-past six; it began somewhere along toward seven. Unfortunately the other end of the schooner will run right straight up against the dock at eleven o'clock, in order that the most of our guests may take the 11.12 train to Newark. And therefore it becomes necessary for me to say something which might otherwise seem ungracious, and ask those of our friends who come here to talk to us to-night to be a little less generous of their oratory than they might be inclined to be, and than we should desire to have them, because of this necessity. These fine goods of theirs should be done up, like all precious things, in small packages—ten-minute packages, to-night. And I ask this the more freely, because I know they are—like most of the rest of us—Jerseymen, and consequently they are accustomed to life like a red lantern, tied to the end of a train; they know what it means; they know how it is themselves.

Since we are all Jerseymen, that leads us naturally to

the consideration of the first toast. I say "all Jerseymen;" some are born Jerseymen, some achieve Jerseyism, and some, I suppose (by reason of trying to escape legal infelicities in New York), have Jerseyism thrust upon them. (Laughter.) Of course there are none of the last kind here to-night. (Laughter.) But at all events we have here both native-born and adopted Jerseymen; and that reminds me of something they tell of Judge Tourgee, the author of that famous book, "A Fool's Errand." After the war he went South with his wife and baby, and about ten thousand dollars, which he invested there, in North Carolina. Of course, with the American instinct, in about a year or so he was running for office. Down there they have a very wholesome custom of joint debates in political affairs; and the two candidates stood upon the same platform and addressed the same audience, one following the other. The Judge's opponent was a Carolinian of good family, a man older than he, and well known in the community. This gentleman's final appeal to his friends and neighbors was that they should vote for him because he was a native-born North Carolinian, of good old North State stock, whereas his opponent was nothing but a carpet-bagger, who had been there but a very short time.

Judge Tourgee in his reply said that it was necessary for him to acknowledge the facts as stated, "but," added he, "I want you to remember that I came here in the full maturity of manhood, bringing my family and what little I had, and cast in my lot with you. I paid, at all events, to the State of North Carolina the compliment of selecting her out of all the States of this Union as the place where I wanted to live. The gentleman, on the contrary, as he himself has told you, came here without his own knowledge or consent. (Laughter and applause.) The gentleman has called me a carpet-bagger. It is true, I must confess; yet even that would seem to lead to the deduction that I had a carpet-bagful of clothes, whereas the gentleman arrived here without a rag to his back." (Loud laughter and applause.)

Now, sir, whether we are adopted citizens or to the manner born makes no difference; we are *Jerseymen* to-night. And therefore we can appreciate this first toast as a kind of home sentiment. It is as follows:

THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY.

"Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home."

—*Goldsmith.*

We were to have had the pleasure to-night of listening to His Excellency, Governor Green, who most appropriately would respond to such a toast as that; but just at the beginning of the banquet this telegram was received:

Reached home too late to make train in time to reach you. Please present my regrets.

R. S. GREEN.

It is not at all fair to call upon one of our guests who had not expected to speak, and ask him to address us. Nevertheless, relying on the comradeship, good nature and amiability of everybody here, we have done so, and we have asked a gentleman who is well known to you, who is a New Jerseyman of ancient stock, who himself served through the war gallantly and with recognition of his merits, and who to-day commands the troops of the State of New Jersey—Major-General Joseph W. Plume:

Major-General Plume:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen and comrades of the Thirteenth New Jersey: I agree with the Toast Master that it is hardly fair to call upon one who is not prepared to respond to a toast; still, I am not unmindful of the double compliment which has been offered to me: First, to speak in the place of so distinguished, respected and honorable a gentleman as our Chief Magistrate, Governor Green. (Applause.) And second, to respond to a toast the sentiment of which is "The State of New Jersey." Nevertheless, I would hesitate, I would decline, were it not that I stand among you as a comrade; and as comrades I know that you

are ready to pardon all in which I may fall short, and to encourage me with your smiles and your cheers.

Twenty-seven years ago yesterday the battle of Antietam was opened in its center by the Third Division, Second Corps, and shortly after it had been engaged an order was sent to General Kimball, who commanded the right brigade, to retire his line to the rear in order that he might check the advance which was made on his right. The right of that line did not connect with the left of Mansfield's Corps by about the front of one brigade, and the enemy, seeing that, had formed a column and were coming through. Gallantly General Kimball changed his front to the rear, and taking them on the flank drove the column back. As General French's Adjutant-General rode back to him, and saluting, said, "Sir, your order is obeyed," the General turned to him and said, "Now, sir, ride to General Sumner, and say that we have an interval that will require a brigade to fill, and don't spare your horse."

Dismounting from my horse I tightened the girth as much as possible, and springing on again, with the elasticity of the youth of twenty-seven years ago, I rode for three miles along the line of battle and found General Sumner (applause), reported to him the message I had received, and by him was told to take General Brook's Brigade of General Franklin's Corps, which was then on an adjacent road. Finding that brigade and starting with it back to our own Division, as I rode along I saw a regiment standing at order arms waiting, and for what? For, you might say, its first baptism of fire. And what regiment was it? It was the Thirteenth New Jersey. (Applause.) As I rode up to them I recognized the men in the ranks as I do here tonight, and they recognized me, and for the short time I had to tarry I tell you I had a hearty greeting. It was the first time they had been upon the field, save the small initiation they had received at South Mountain; but, oh, that afternoon after I had left them they knew what it was; many of

them were left upon the field of Antietam. From that time on, from the battle of Antietam until you returned home, I have followed you and have been with you, and I say here to-night that if I had not started as the Adjutant of the Second New Jersey, I would have preferred to enter the service with the Thirteenth rather than with any other regiment, because they came from Essex County. (Applause.)

Now, gentlemen, with this introduction of comradeship I come to the sentiment to which I am called upon to respond: "The State of New Jersey." Having held a commission in our little but noble State for over twenty-seven years, I feel that I know something regarding it.

First, I will speak of its liberality. Is it necessary for me here in the midst of comrades of the late war to tell what is the liberality of the State of New Jersey? They all know it. No troops went to the field better equipped, no troops remained in the field with better support, no troops came home under better encouragement or more liberal treatment than those who went from the State of New Jersey, and that liberality has continued straight through in the branch which I now represent, the National Guard of the State of New Jersey. (Applause.) These young men to whom you have transmitted the example of your gallant deeds have reaped the same reward, in a measure, which you reaped. A prominent New York journal, speaking of the Centennial parade in New York City, and contrasting the National Guard of the different States, said that as a whole the troops from the State of New Jersey made the best appearance. This was due in a great measure to the liberality of the State in the uniforming and equipping of her Guard.

So can I speak of her charity, which is similar to her liberality. If you want to see an exemplification of that, see it here to-night in this banquet which has been given to us by the citizens of Montclair. (Applause.)

Captain Matthews has referred to the noble list of names of those who entered the Thirteenth from Montclair,

of which they should be justly proud, and for which we honor them. But what makes Montclair what it is now? Look around Montclair and see the homes, the beautiful homes of those who have come from the city of New York and adjacent cities through the liberality, through the charity of the State of New Jersey, which offers them good water, pure air, pleasant locations and all the surroundings which make home here so attractive. (Laughter and applause.) Look also along the whole line of our Atlantic sea coast. Why, in the summer time, our hearts are open and we receive the influx of all who leave their homes in order that they may receive the benefits of our Atlantic coast.

As I stand here looking at the shield of New Jersey, I think of that flag, which floated over every regiment that went from New Jersey, and of the pride which the members of those regiments felt as they looked upon that shield and saw the emblems of the peaceful vocations which they had left, and realized the fact that they were there, not only to uphold the stars and stripes and to maintain the Union, but also to perpetuate the valor, the integrity and the patriotism of this little, gallant State of New Jersey (applause), gallant in everything relating to arms, from the time that this State was instituted to the present time. In every war in which this country has been engaged New Jersey has been prominent in arms, as she has been prominent in peace and in everything which relates to the welfare and happiness of her people.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Comrades, I am very, very sorry that Governor Green is not present to speak in his silver-tongued oratory for the State of New Jersey as it should be spoken for. I am no speech-maker, but under the inspiration given here to-night I have attempted to slightly depict New Jersey. Depict it? No, I cannot depict it. She is prominent in everything, in her executive, legislative and judicial departments, in her institutions both

public and private, in everything that goes to make a State. She is "little, but, O my!" (Laughter and applause.)

Toast Master :

The next toast calls to mind a long galaxy of brilliant names of commanders. I need not rehearse them ; they are familiar to us all. Every single one of those men had grand qualities, and they performed noble and exceedingly valuable services ; and yet somehow or other no one of them seemed to be gifted with that peculiar combination of qualities—call it what you will—which led the Army to the final success toward which it had been pointed from the first, until the arrival of that silent Charles Martel of the civil war, Ulysses S. Grant. (Applause.) Grant is said to have been a lucky man. Well, you remember that conversation between a successful man and a man who had many failures. "Luck, Sir!" said the successful man, "there is no such thing ; it does not exist." "Ah," said the other man, very much relieved, "that must be the reason I never had any." (Laughter.)

Now, gentlemen, this toast is to the Army of the Potomac, and we have all of us, or at least most of us, been members of that Army at one time or another.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

"Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpast."

—*Wordsworth.*

The gentleman who will respond to this toast has been for the past thirteen years Secretary of the Society of the Army of the Potomac. I know him well. It was in 1864 that we were serving together. We were room-mates, first in Arlington, and afterward in Fort Corcoran, and there he basely deserted me ; he got himself appointed to a new position, and off he rode and joined Merritt's Division of Sheridan's Cavalry, and went parading up and down the

Shenandoah Valley from Winchester around to Petersburg, bringing up at Five Forks and Appomattox Court House. Then, not content with having gone off in that style galling about the country, leaving me there on the south bank of the Potomac, he had the—cheek, I may say—to come North after the war and marry my sister. (Laughter and applause.) I am an amiable man and I have forgiven; but I never can forget it. (Laughter.) You will now be addressed by General Horatio C. King. (Applause.)

Three cheers were proposed and given for General King.

General King:

Comrades and Friends: Captain Matthews is not very far wrong when he says that I am ready to be adopted by the State of New Jersey. To a certain extent I am doing my share in that direction, although somewhat after the manner of Artemus Ward's contribution to the war. You recall that. He said he wasn't very much of a warrior himself, but he was ready at any time to sacrifice all his wife's relations to the cause. (Laughter.) I am not a New Jerseyman myself, but I have sent Captain Howard, my brother-in-law, who has done his share, I believe, toward peopling your beautiful State. (Continued laughter and applause.)

I can assure you, though I am a stranger to most of you, that I do not feel ill at ease in your presence. Indeed, I am somewhat in that genial frame of mind of Mark Twain, who on one occasion, when some one asked him whether he would rather go to heaven or to—well, that other place which has been abolished by the Revised Version—said he "wasn't at all particular, as he had friends in both places." (Great laughter.)

Well, while I was sitting here this evening Colonel Joy said to me: "Can it be possible that these men that I see

around me here were really soldiers in the War of the Rebellion? Why," said he, "they look so young; it is not possible that they can have attained maturity even now." When I looked over you I felt somewhat that way myself. I remember far back when we were boys, striplings together, starting out shoulder to shoulder to conquer that rebellion, whose overthrow has made this the greatest nation on the face of the earth. When I look at you I can hardly realize that you are the same fellows who marched with us from '61 to '65. I am reminded of the story of the German who, having attained some little fortune, went to an artist on one occasion, and desired him to paint a picture of his father. The artist replied, "Very well, send your father up here; I will paint his picture with great pleasure." "Oh," he said, "Mein fader is dead." The artist then asked him if he had a photograph of his father. "Nein," he replied, "but I must have dot picture of mein fader." So the artist went to work and painted a picture from his own imagination, and when it was finished he invited the family for an inspection, and among others Katrina, to examine this beautiful work of art. Katrina gazed at it with tender emotion for some moments, and then sighed: "Yah, dot is mein fader; but ach, Gott, how he is changed!" (Loud laughter.)

But realizing what the Toast Master has said, that my remarks must be confined to a very brief space, I would ask you what tongue can paint in so short a time, or in any time, the glories of the Army of the Potomac? I remember from the outset that no regiments in all the army ever attained higher distinction than the New Jersey regiments. From the very first the New Jersey Brigade was conspicuous, and we lost early in the struggle one of its grandest figures, a man who, had he lived, would undoubtedly have led the armies of the Union. Serious and irreparable was the loss to the country of your gallant Phil. Kearny. (Continued applause.) And are you not proud to remember, and do you not re-

joyce that you honored him as well as yourselves in making the first great Commander of the Army of the Potomac the Governor of your State? (Applause.) Out of that fertile brain was manufactured from untutored men the grandest army that the world ever saw, and the machinery which he planned and put in motion was never materially changed from the time he conceived it until the rebels laid down their arms at Appomatox. Whatever history may record of him, one thing can never be forgotten, that twice at least he saved the nation's Capital. Before the battle of Antietam, when we saw Pope's depleted army, demoralized, almost in a state of anarchy, passing through Washington City when the nation seemed to be on the verge of dissolution, and when the only hope of safety centred in George B. McClellan, he took this disorganized army, rapidly brought order out of chaos, inspired it with courage, and in less than three weeks fought with it the battle of Antietam and saved the country. (Applause.) The other great heroes stand before you as the leaders of that grand army; the gentle and lovable Burnside (applause), the gallant, brave Joe Hooker (long applause), and then at last, when defeated at Chancellorsville, when our army was retreating and were being pursued by the rebel army, which were exultant in the hope to conquer the North, and moved into Pennsylvania, what do we see there? Why, the grandest battle that the world ever saw, not excepting Waterloo, and that led by that gallant, modest hero, General Meade. (Applause.) It has been but a few days since I passed over that field. Why, it is a history in itself to visit there. When I stood on Little Round Top and recalled all I have read of that glorious struggle, when I saw in my mind's eye that gallant charge of Pickett over an open field a mile in width, mowed down by two hundred guns on our side as they came gallantly along, filling up the ghastly gaps shoulder to shoulder, marching almost as if on parade—when they reached the Bloody Angle, where it seemed as if hope had fled, then the grand old Army of the Potomac rose in its majesty and might, and with des-

perate valor and deadly hail drove back the advancing host, and established forever liberty and union in this Nation. (Applause.) There was the high water mark of the rebellion. There the war should have ended. Every life sacrificed after that was sacrificed to the ambition of the non-combatants in Richmond, and against the judgment of the best soldiers who led the rebel army.

To recur once more to New Jersey. It was a little State, but it did magnificent work. I cannot apply to it a story which I heard in regard to a sister State somewhat smaller in its dimensions. General Sharp told me that on one occasion when he was lying on the Rapidan, near Culpepper Court House, just before the commencement of the Spring campaign, that he went out to ascertain, if practicable, whether there had been any re-inforcements sent up from Richmond. He visited the picket line and picked up, as he supposed, a rather intelligent man to aid him. After coaching him a little he sent him to find out what regiment lay immediately in his front. The pickets then were on very good terms; being in winter quarters, they had been exchanging civilities and were near enough to talk freely. Under the instructions of General Sharp he began a conversation with the picket on the other side. Said he: "Hello, Johnnie, what regiment is that you are in?" "Well," replied the Johnnie, "this is the Twenty-fourth South Carolina." After a moment he inquired: "Well, Yank, what regiment do you belong to?" "I belong to the One Hundred and Thirty-seventh Rhode Island." (Laughter.) The Johnnie replied very promptly (excuse the quotation), "You are a liar; there ain't one hundred and thirty-seven men in the State." (Loud laughter.)

Well, as I said in my opening, I never feel strange among a collection of veterans. There is no comradeship, there is no fellowship so strong as that which was cemented in the war. As we go down through life, and as our numbers grow less and less, I think the tie will grow stronger

and stronger. When we shall go—and I hope I may be one of the last, because I don't agree with those people who want to die in Spring time or any other time—I hope that I shall meet and always feel as I do to-day, that genial, jovial, cordial fellowship that I find in my heart for every veteran of the war.

“ So, comrades, in this mighty fellowship,
 With more to bind us than a word or grip,
 We gather here to-night most solemnly
 To dedicate ourselves anew to liberty.
 To holy memories of our duty done,
 To firm resolves in duties first begun,
 To fellowship with comrades in distress,
 To help the widow and the fatherless.”

And then when the last solemn day shall come, when the grand work on this earth is ended, and we shall gather to hear the roll call in the great hereafter, there we shall meet our comrades, Union and Confederate alike, and march on into an eternity of happiness and peace. (Applause.)

General King then apologized for the length of his remarks, and said he was afraid he should get into the Toast Master's bad graces.

Toast Master:

We shall begin to get a little sensitive. This constant allusion to the Toast Master, as if he was cutting off these speeches is decidedly unfair. I certainly do not kill them. They are very live speeches. Not only that, I do not do even as much as the soldier who went out on a reconnoitering trip, and when he came back, being asked what he had done, said: “I cut off the legs of the commander of the enemy.” “Why didn't you cut his head off?” asked some one. “That was off already,” he replied. (Laughter.)

We are here to-night for the special purpose of doing honor to the next toast:

THE SOLDIERS OF NEW JERSEY.

“ Welcome, with shouts of joy and pride,
Our veterans from the war-path's track ;
We gave our boys, untrained, untried,
We brought them men and heroes back.”

This was to have been responded to by Senator Fish. Instead of his response in person we get this by telegram :

NEWARK, N. J., September 18, 1889.

Been away since Monday. Letter just received. Appreciate highly compliment embodied in request to respond to toast. Regret very much I cannot come owing to cold. Should have enjoyed responding, but can only send assurance of my best regards, and hope for success of the Association. Please present this to Chairman.

F. S. FISH.

In this emergency we have called upon one of our own townsmen. Jersey men are always ready to step into the gap, and Montclair men are ready even to lead so forlorn a hope as when a speech has lost its speaker. The gentleman who will respond to this toast is a Jerseyman by adoption, and a soldier who served through the entire war, and who served a large part of that time in near association with the Thirteenth New Jersey. It is Captain Horace G. H. Tarr, of the Twentieth Connecticut.

Captain Tarr :

Comrades, I remember the time when to be a substitute was not considered the most honorable thing for a soldier.

To be called upon as a substitute to respond to the toast of “ The Soldiers of New Jersey,” is one of the most difficult tasks that could be thrust upon one, for to have been a soldier of New Jersey means a great deal, and as I look back I recall the gallant and great soldiers New Jersey produced, men who were conspicuous not only for bravery, but for perhaps the most fearless dash exhibited during our civil war. First, the knightly Kearny, and then the man

who stood unparalleled as a cavalry General, Kilpatrick (applause), whom I have seen ride at the head of his troops—perhaps not always wisely in his enthusiasm, but ever bravely—carrying them to what seemed to me almost certain death. I remember at Bentonville, when he took his troops down through those thick woods and dense underbrush, and it seemed to all of us that there was not a chance in life for him or them. In responding to the toast of the troops of New Jersey I can do no more or no better than to refer to the list of battles we have before us, for in this record we read the history of not only the Thirteenth, but other gallant troops that served with them from this State.

Commencing at Antietam, the bloody field on which you fought and left many of your comrades, your next engagement was Chancellorsville, and before Chancellorsville I want to ask you if you remember that march from Loudon Heights through Fairfax Court House and over that muddy road—'twas our first experience with real Virginia mud—we built corduroys and got stuck in the mire. Mules went down, baggage wagons went down, ambulances went down, and troops went down in that mud. And crossing Wolf's Run Ford. Do you remember that? (Cries of "we do, we do"). And do you remember we were so "unfortunate" that we did not get into the battle of Fredericksburg, and don't you know how *bad* we felt because we couldn't fight at Fredericksburg, and before the war was over how *glad* we were that we didn't get a chance to fight at Fredericksburg? I have often heard men of our regiment allude to that after they had seen so much fighting they no longer considered it a calamity to escape a battle. Then we went back to Fairfax. Don't you remember what a hard time we had there, only nineteen miles from Washington, and the hungry cry for hard tack and more rations? Then came Chancellorsville; that day down in the woods; you remember when the Eleventh Corps broke, and we behind those intrenchments, with shot and shell whistling all around us.

One great big "Reb" loomed up in front of me with a revolver, remarking firmly, but not elegantly: "Halt, you d—d Yank," and I replied: "If you will only be a little more moderate in your expression I *will* halt." I *did* halt, and while he was escorting me to the rear, some friendly fellow from behind a tree put a bullet through him, and I went about face. And those cold, rainy, disconsolate days after this inglorious battle. There is one feature of it I never can forget; our General Slocum, his martial cloak wrapped about him, every inch a soldier, as he went up and down, around and among his troops, cheering this man and counseling that officer, until he inspired us with confidence and new resolution. Then when we went back to our old camp at Stafford Court House. To go back to Chancellorsville again, one thing I wanted to recall to your memory. Do you remember that snow storm, when there fell fourteen inches in one night, and we had no tents—at least we had none, and I believe the Thirteenth hadn't; when I awoke to order reveille the men lying under the blankets all over the field, presented exactly the appearance of a Winter's graveyard, the snow all piled up in mounds on top of the open air beds. Then after Chancellorsville we lay there inactive for a month. Those were the dark days of the war. When we went down from this winter camp to fight there were eight of us in one hut. Friends and comrades, three of us came back alive. It was a dreary, weary time we had there. In one recollection you fellows will have a great deal of sympathy with me. When we came back to the old camp there was a ration of whiskey issued to us, and I had to go away about the time it was to be served. So I said to one of my comrades: "See here! when this whiskey comes around I want you to see that I get my share, and that my cup is well filled. Well, it was, but the whiskey was thrown out of my cup by mistake, and when I came back in half an hour and asked, "Where is my whiskey?" and was told it had been carelessly thrown away, *I sat down and cried.* (Laughter.) Think of a man crying for the loss of a drink of whiskey.

Then came Gettysburg. The history of Gettysburg has been so often told that it is useless for me to speak of it now. I know the record of the Thirteenth New Jersey at Gettysburg well, for I saw them there. Afterward how we marched and tramped up and down that country, shot at most of the time, before and after the battle, thirty or forty days constant travel and fighting, forty days without a blanket, forty days with scarcely any sleep.

Then we were transported down to Tennessee, and the scene of our operations greatly changed. You remember in transporting an army how they hustled us in the cars like sheep.

I tell you Rosecrans had to have fellows of your kind down there. When we arrived we drew a prize for the first fight. Now Sherman takes command, and 'tis the beginning of the end. Close your eyes for a second while I pronounce the word "Resaca," and tell you of the woods where we charged that battery. What a perfect hell-hole it was. I have never seen, and trust I am never to see, anything quite so bad as that again. How the bullets did whistle and the grape-shot shrieked over and among us. It never has been known yet and it never will be who captured that battery, but I think that we did it; you think that you did it; this I know, that when the battery was captured and the Rebs ran, the Twentieth Connecticut, and Thirteenth New Jersey and all the rest of us were there.

Again, do you remember that night we went down to Cassville? You know Cassville was way down in a valley, and Joe Johnston was over on the other side of the town. I went down there with fifty or sixty men. While they were firing at us out of the windows, it only took a few minutes to clear the houses. We take possession of the town, and there is not a human being to be found. I have never seen anything quite so curious as this deserted village. I will never forget an incident of that night. We were direct-

ed to take charge and see that no pillaging was done. I saw a light up-stairs in one of the houses, and went up there with a couple of men to see what was going on. I found a soldier; he had opened a bureau, and there had fallen out a lot of ladies' wearing apparel, some dresses, a bonnet and some other kind of things, and he was standing there all alone, fondly gazing at those dresses. I cried, "What are you doing here?" He replied, still gazing lovingly at the sacred garments on the floor, and holding one to the light: "*O Lord, don't they look nice!*" (Great laughter.)

Then Dallas; this was one of those fights where we had to hammer, and hammer Joe Johnston. Every day a fight. Every day somebody killed. Every day some home way up here made desolate. And Culp's Farm and Nancy's Creek, and a long list of work done and battles won. Then we came to Peach Tree Creek. There the gallant McPherson was killed, and there I by accident run over a bullet; I didn't intend to, I assure you; I simply dodged in the wrong direction, and a fellow shot further than I calculated. For the next six weeks I didn't have the pleasure of being with you. I was at a reunion of my regiment some time ago and took my boy with me, and when we got home Mrs. Tarr asked him if I made a speech, and what I talked about, and he said it was principally about when he was wounded and went home, and how he kissed the girls, and I want to confess of this to you. When I was going home and got into the North, as we went through Pennsylvania, at one of the stations I went out of the car and walked up and down the platform, and there to tempt me was a bevy of very pretty girls. Well, I hadn't seen a Northern girl in over two years, and any one who has not seen a Northern girl in over two years cannot appreciate how nice they looked. I was an interesting young soldier with my arm in a sling, and probably made as much of it as I could under the circumstances; so I went up and spoke to them, and had an interesting conversation, and as the train was about ready to

start, I asked one of the girls if I couldn't kiss her, and she said yes, that was all; and, well, I kissed her, and, my friends, I want to tell you something, the memory of that kiss will hold to me just as long as I live: (Laughter.) You have no idea what that kiss was like. An ordinary kiss in comparison is simply, simply a plain kiss. (Laughter.) But, what has that to do with the soldiers of New Jersey? (Laughter.)

Then the March to the Sea. 'Tis useless speaking of that March to the Sea in a ten minutes' speech. As I said to you this afternoon, I can scarcely comprehend to-day that the last time I saw you fellows you were nothing more or less than Sherman's Bummers, and were the hardest looking lot of men I ever saw. As soon as I was put on this Banquet Committee I immediately said to my associates: "We must have lots for these men to eat; I know them of old; when they were not well fed they went out and stole it, and if we do not provide sumptuously, judging from what I saw of them, we will have to look well to our larders." And it is astonishing to me how you have assumed such a respectable appearance since last I saw you. (Laughter.)

You were then a most disreputable looking lot—I don't refer particularly to your regiment—mine was just as bad. You know when we got down on those rice farms how we lived on rice. We had rice in seven or eight different forms; we were there two or three weeks, you remember, and nothing but rice. You know the story of the officer who was to dine with some of our men, and when he sat down was asked if he would have some boiled rice, fried rice or baked rice, and he said: "No, thank you, I am not fond of rice," and the host reached over and passed him the mustard, quietly remarking, "help yourself to mustard." 'Twas the only other course.

Then we came up to Averysboro; down in that swamp; that was *the hottest place*. Averysboro and Bentonville were

the hottest places we got into during the war; a thick underbrush was cut and mowed away with the bullets as though with a scythe. Then the war was done, and we closed our weary work with the march to Washington, and the grand review, and with it ended the great record of the soldiers of New Jersey.

I can only add that it gives me, a soldier of Connecticut, but a citizen of New Jersey, more pleasure than I can express to greet you soldiers of New Jersey. Our work is done:

“ Nevermore on the shoulder shall we see the knightly bars ;
- Nevermore on the shoulder shall we wear the lordly leaves ;
Nevermore shall we follow the flag of the stripes and stars ;
Never dream the dream that young Ambition weaves.”

Our work is done; we leave the work to be done to our boys, to whom we say that it is enough that they simply inherit our record of the civil war. (Applause.)

Toast Master :

One of the most beautiful customs that we have inherited from the days of the war, in memory of the war, has been that which we call Decoration Day. And not many years ago, in the town of Columbus, Mississippi, on Decoration Day the Southern women who went out to decorate the graves of the soldiers of the South, laid their flowers also upon the graves of Northern soldiers who had been killed and buried there. One of the most touching poems that I ever read was written by Francis Miles Finch upon that incident. You probably remember it; it is called “The Blue and the Gray.” I want to read two stanzas of it, as applicable to this toast of ours to-night :

“ Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done ;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won.

Fourth Reunion of the

Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day ;—
 Under the blossoms, the Blue ;
 Under the garlands, the Gray.

“ 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 !
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day ;—
 Love and tears for the Blue,
 Tears and Love for the Gray.

Now, comrades, I wish to say only this, that in listening to this next toast, and in having our hearts respond to it, I think it is only right, I think it is only generous, I think it is only becoming to us as men and soldiers, for us to enlarge our sympathies over the whole of our country. (Applause.)

THE FALLEN HEROES OF THE WAR.

“ But strew his ashes to the wind
 Whose sword or voice has served mankind.

* * * * *

To live in hearts we leave behind
 Is not to die.”

—Bryant.

This toast will be spoken to by Colonel Sill, a soldier of the war, of the New York troops, but now also a Jerseyman with us. (Applause.)

Colonel Sill:

Comrades, after the mirth and the cheerfulness which spontaneously come to the surface whenever we gather in our annual reunions it is not always easy to turn to the other side of the picture which comes before our vision, and to let our minds and hearts dwell upon those fallen comrades of ours who never again will meet with us, and yet I recall that the sad English humorist has said that in the human heart the fountains of grief and joy lie side by side, and it is



GENERAL ALPHEUS S. WILLIAMS,
(Commanding First Division, 12th and 20th Army Corps.)



not difficult for our feelings to be played upon by sentiments so different, seemingly, in their nature, and yet having their springs very close to each other in our hearts. Whatever organization we were connected with during the war, there comes to every one of us sad and tender, yet loving memories, as we call before our minds' eye the forms and the features of those dear comrades who with us took the touch of elbow in the march or on the parade; who with us exchanged the light repartee or the joke; who stood side by side with us perhaps in the lonely picket hour; or who shared in any way with us the experiences which came in the daily life of a soldier; and to you to-night there rise in memory forms dear to you and to others of New Jersey regiments, the features of those who never will again on this earth answer to roll call, but who you and I rejoice to know will stand with us after we have crossed the river and planted our feet on "the field of the grounded arms" beyond. (Applause.) I know there come to your sight the well-remembered forms and features of your Love and your Toombs, and of that grand and rugged old hero of the red star; Williams (applause); of Hooker, and the peerless Thomas; of Grant, and Lincoln (applause), and of the thousands of others who deserve equally well in the hearts and memories of their countrymen and posterity; for whatever their rank, whatever their sphere of duty in the field, so long as each man did his best as a soldier, it matters not what name or title he bore. (Applause.) It is to me one of the most encouraging and hopeful signs of the times of our country that in the lapse of these passing years which have gone by so quickly since the days of a quarter of a century ago, when we knew each other on the field, that a spirit seems to be growing deeper and stronger in the hearts of the American people—a feeling of love for the memories of the men who gave their lives that the nation might live, of the men who themselves builded better than they knew.

It has been said, and with truth, that bayonets think. Yes, the bayonets of our war did think; but, comrades, how

little we knew at the time that in our cartridge boxes and on the points of our swords we were carrying the destinies of this republic! How narrow the field was to us then in comparison to what it is now, as with the lapse of years we can see more and more clearly what the results of the war might have been! Now we ourselves see what we did, and that we did more than we dreamed of then. Then the soldier's field at the best was a narrow and limited one. Rarely could one in a fight see beyond the lines of his own regiment or brigade. How little any of us knew what was going on outside that of which we were an immediate part; and yet, however humble the sphere in which we were placed at that time, we were each of us a unit or a fractional part of that whole which took not simply this continent, but the whole world in the range of its influence. (Applause.) I know of no grander illustration of that influence than the changes which have taken place across the ocean since the war. Why is it, that in every country in Europe and almost every country upon the globe there are struggling aspirations for liberty and human freedom that were unknown a quarter of a century ago? It all arises from this influence, which is unparalleled in history: and you and I are a part of it. We may rejoice that our lot was cast in such times and places, that it was our privilege in however humble and however small a degree to have a part in that great work. It once was the boast of the subjects of the great Cæsar that they could say, "I am a Roman citizen." How much more it means to-day for you and for me to say, as we can with a true and becoming pride, "I am an American citizen!" (Applause.) And this I say not at all with a feeling or spirit of boasting, but simply as an historical fact. You could take the Empire of the Cæsars in its grandest hour of territorial conquest, and plant it bodily in the center of the United States, then take the fastest locomotive and car, and starting from the outermost borders of the Roman Empire, you could travel for two whole days in any direction before you would reach the present limits of our American Union. (Applause.) It

is a great thing to be an American citizen, and it is a proper source of pride for you and me to feel to-night that we had a part and a share in the establishing of this great truth. We all, as we read the history of the past, and perhaps with something of prophetic vision, the future, as we trace upon the maps the boundaries of our own country—we then look forward in imagination to that time when the northernmost limit shall be the frozen seas of the Arctic, when the southernmost shall be the Gulf, when two hundred millions of people a century hence shall call themselves American citizens. What a spectacle will then be presented to the nations of the earth! And yet however humble a part you and I took in that struggle, whether it was upon the toilsome march with our muskets upon our shoulders, or in whatever capacity we served, whether on the land or with those of our comrades who stood upon the slippery decks with Farragut and Foote; no matter when and where we served underneath the banner of the Union, so long as each did what he could as a soldier or sailor in the line of duty, we have just ground for pride, we have reason for rejoicing in the fact that we lived in those times, that we are spared until to-day: and we have a right to look forward to the future as a part of the heritage of our children—to the realization of the grand result which under God's gracious providence our hands helped to work out. (Applause.)

Comrades, as I have already said, there are thoughts which come floating back into our memories, whenever we gather on an occasion like this, which it is utterly vain and useless to attempt to express in words. Our minds to-day, whenever we gather in these meetings, go outside the narrow field of the place wherein we are; they go to the distant fields of the South, where are lying, some in known and others in unknown graves, thousands of those who went out from the homes of the North and the South, and over whom to-night mothers are weeping. The land is yet filled with Rachels weeping and mourning for those who are not, and will not return. Yet, as has been suggested to us to-night,

we can send out a soldier's heartfelt sympathy to those who, in addition to the usual trials and hardships of war, were compelled to bow their heads in the humiliation of defeat. No one is more ready to recognize the merits of gallant foemen than the soldier and the sailor who has bravely fought them. (Applause.) We need have no misgivings of the future of our country so far as any possible questions may arise between the men who did the fighting in the late war. And I rejoice in the fact that for a quarter of a century to come there will still be enough of us left on the field of action here to give some guidance to public acts, and to maintain, insist and require that no question shall ever again of a sectional or of anything less than a national issue be brought to the front that can make an appeal to arms. (Applause.)

And now, comrades, again—and oh, there is never an occasion when my heart would wish to express itself in words of beauty and of power more than when our thoughts are turned away from ourselves to those dear comrades of ours who laid down their lives, who were not permitted to share in the glory and the joys which have since been reserved for us; but in the words of the poet, which we have had given to us to-night,

"To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die."

Our comrades are not dead: they have gone before; they still live, and I know not but their spirits are hovering over and about us to-night, and hearing our words of rejoicing and of recognition of them. If they are, it must be joyous to them: it is gladsome to us to remember them. You and I know, comrades, as no other living persons can, what they experienced, what the supreme sacrifice was which they laid upon the altar of their country; and if I could reach the ear of every man and woman in this land to-night who knew nothing by personal experience of the hardships and the services of the late war, I would say to them with an honest heart, and from your hearts, too, "Whatever you think of us,

the living, we pray you cherish the memory of our dead!"
(Applause.)

Toast Master :

There were many potent forces at work in those days that we have been talking about ; and we, whose hearts were thrilled and whose every nerve vibrated under the tension, look back with wonder upon them. Among them all there was none that was more potent and subtle than the intense woman-nature—North and South alike. Woman seized lightning-like upon the cause which was dear to her dear ones ; and throughout those long and weary four years woman's faith in her cause nerved up many a despairing man to press on to the last ; woman's faith in God led many a dying man through the dark valley to the other shore. Without woman it is impossible to know or even to conceive how the struggles of those days, the heart-struggles, the brain-struggles—even the struggles of the physical endurance of men through all those long, weary years, could have been held and kept in the full action which they did sustain. That which individuals and the people at large carried in those days, we look back upon with wonder now, when there are no such forces acting upon us as then inspired the entire country, from north to south and from east to west.

Our next toast is upon that theme :

WOMAN IN THE GREAT WAR :

The embodiment of patriotic, self-sacrificing Love.

"Love suffereth long, is kind; love vaunteth not itself; rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth."

—*St. Paul.*

This will be responded to by one whose voice and pen and hand are always ready to forward the right and the good in this community. He has been here now seventeen years. I hope he may be here at least thirty-eight more, and round out his semi-centennial. Certainly he is far better known to

you than is the Toast Master, and therefore there will be no necessity for introducing Dr. Bradford. (Applause.)

Dr. Bradford:

I wish I could say "Comrades"; I certainly could if I were to speak from feeling rather than from service. I find myself this evening, as I stand before you, with a consciousness of embarrassment which I hardly know how to overcome, for as I run my eye down this list of speakers I am reminded that I am the only one who is called upon to address you to-night who had no part in the active service of the Civil War. It was no fault of my own; I would have been there if I could. I tried to enlist once and was refused; I was drafted once, and was sent home because I was too young to have part in the service.

I am also embarrassed because I am called upon to speak for the women. Now, women, of all persons in the world, need no one to speak for them. (Laughter.) Dr. Charles S. Robinson, of New York, once made a remark which was characteristic and very wise. He said he rejoiced in the fact that he was going to have a stenographer, for all things he was delighted that he should now be able to dictate to a woman; but I never heard of even Dr. Robinson saying that he desired the privilege of speaking for a woman. Why should not the women speak for themselves to-night? So much better could they do it than any one could speak for them! How is it possible for any man to speak of those feelings which are so deep and so tender, and which women are so much better able to comprehend than we are? Nevertheless, my friends, I am here to-night very gladly to respond to this sentiment, which commends itself to me. There is a propriety in this toast being upon the list to-night, for women have had much to do with the history of this country. It was a woman, Isabella of Spain, who encouraged Columbus, or he would never have come to these shores. It was a woman, Elizabeth of England, who encouraged all the navigators, or this country would never

have had that company of English colonists who came here, when Elizabeth was Queen of England; a woman, Mary Washington, gave us our great commander in the Revolution, having first instilled into the heart of her son those sentiments which made him the man that he was, and, having also kept him from enlisting in the English navy, preserved him for the greater destiny of being the Father of his Country. (Applause.) There is a propriety in recognizing what woman has done in the history of the wars of the world. I remember years ago seeing a picture of the Maid of Saragossa, the heroine of that great struggle in Spain. The picture you have many times seen—a young girl standing with a lighted torch above the cannon to which she is about to apply the fire. You remember the story of the Maid of Orleans, only eighteen years old when she delivered France. You remember the history of Madame Roland, the queen of the Girondists. You remember the history of Charlotte Corday, who plunged the dagger into the heart of the tyrant who had come up from the people.

When we turn to the history of our own time, we see that much of it is being made by women. If we turn to Russia we find that there the leading spirits among the Nihilists are not simply the princes, nor yet the men who come up from the great dumb multitude, but are the women of culture inspiring the men.

The work of woman in all the history of the world has been an inspiration as well as a work of self-sacrifice and suffering. You remember that Charles Dickens has made the impersonation of implacable revênge in his "Tale of Two Cities" a woman, and you have not forgotten the picture of those women of the Revolution in Paris, going out with their work in their hands as they waited to be sure that the remorseless knife of the guillotine did not fail of its victims.

The work of woman in the history of the world has been comparatively silent, but it has always been one of the

most potent of forces. When we come to our own time and our own struggles, we are reminded that the same history has been repeated.

I was only a little boy when the first company, gathered from those whom I knew well, marched to the station from the region of my home. The train was somewhat delayed; a great throng gathered; the men stood in the rear, the mothers and the sisters crowded close to the track, so close that it seemed almost as if they would stay the wheels with their hands, and when the train went out cheered it on with blessings and benedictions. If I should live to be ten thousand years old that picture would be as vivid as on the day when I first saw it. (Applause.)

You remember that story in the life of Abraham Lincoln, of a mother who went to him, finding easy access to that great man. When she came into his presence he said to her: "My good woman, I see you have some request to make of me; what is it?" She said: "Mr. President, I have given my husband and three sons to the Union, and now my husband is dead, and one son who was at home, he is dead, and there is no one to care for me." "I see what you want," said the good President, "that I should release your eldest son and send him home to take care of you." "Yes, that is it." "Here is the paper," and his dismissal was made out immediately, and the good woman went away. The next day she came back to him all broken-hearted, and he said: "My good woman, what has brought you back to me again?" And she said: "Mr. President, when I went out from here yesterday I thought my oldest son was alive, but yesterday morning in the battle he was killed." "I know what you come to me now for; you want me to release your second son." "Yes," she said. "I will do it," said he. "Now," he continued, "you have one and I have the other; I think that is a fair division."

Isn't there something sublime in the spirit of the mother who can say "I give my husband, I give my three

sons," and at last can say "You may keep one and I will keep the other"? Shall we honor the man who goes, and not honor the mother who inspires the men who go? You, and I, and every man who has reached manhood, know very well that the hardest battles ever fought in this world are not those which are fought in the glare of great multitudes; you and I know that the hardest conflicts through which a man or a woman ever pass are in the silent hours when there is no one to cheer and nothing to encourage except our faith in Almighty God who may be looking down. When I first came to this community nearly twenty years ago a man took me to his home and told me of how he and his wife together went from graveside to graveside, and from battlefield to battlefield, almost all over the State of Virginia, trying in vain to find the grave of their eldest son; and to this day they know not where he was buried. Shall we say that there was nothing to be commended in the spirit of the mother who suffered and who sacrificed like that?

There is another instance in the life of our President which I feel I must mention. It is an old story; perhaps you have all heard it, but to me it is one of the most touching and beautiful things I ever read—the story of the young man who went from Vermont as a substitute in the army, and who when he went down to the front took the place of a friend, and while upon picket service at night, utterly wearied and worn from a hard day's double work, was found asleep for a single moment and condemned to be shot; how the story went back to his home in Vermont; how the good minister went in to comfort those who were there; how the mother lost her reason because of the agony she suffered; how the father's faith in his son could not be shaken; how the word came at last that he had taken the place of another and was really to die for another; how the sister—oh, what a book could be written of the fidelity of sisters in those old days!—started out in the dark hours of the night, took the train, went to Washington, found the President, told the story; gave him the letter which her brother had written;

how the President himself took the fleetest horses he could find, drove to the place of execution, arriving there just in time, cried to the men who were about to shoot, "I have a pardon for that young man," (applause) and sent the sister, and the brother, with a double bar upon his shoulder, promoted for his fidelity, back to their home. Oh, friends, time is short and the story requires a poet, and more than that, to depict it. Who can tell what battles have been fought, what earnestness and consecration manifested, what enthusiasm and patriotism inspired by the great, quiet, patient, suffering, inspiring company of women who have staid at home and borne the burden and heat of the day quite as much as those who were in the front of the battle!

I like a text; what can I do better than to take the one you have given me as a sentiment, and read it again:

"Love suffereth long, is kind; love vaunteth not itself; rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth." (Applause.)

Toast Master:

There is one good thing about that dreadful war. However hard a fight, and whichever side came out ahead, it was always an American victory. (Applause.) We are proud of our Northern soldiers,—the dashing Sheridan, the fertile-minded Sherman, the indomitable Grant, and all the way down the ranks to the smallest drummer boy. But we are also proud of the soldierly qualities of our fighting brothers of the South, from that Christian gentleman and perfect soldier, Robert E. Lee (applause), down to the raggedest and leanest soldier of "Stonewall" Jackson's "foot-cavalry." We are proud of them all, and we have very good reason to be. Of course, now that we have got to this point of time we look back and see that the North did win, perhaps first because she possessed more men and more money, but secondly because she had to win. The North had started to win. That job had to be put through: and it was done.

But, however that may be, we are all now upon a plane of feeling so high that we can see further than we could when we were in the dust and turmoil of the battle. We are up on the mountain-top, and therefore we are very ready to respond to a toast to

OUR FRIENDS THE ENEMY:

The Soldiers of the South, who gave to Northern Men

“The stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.”

—*Scott.*

And this will be responded to by a gentleman who then was, like the rest of us, a youth; who in the early days of the war started out upon his horse and joined the cavalry in his native State of the South; who served through the war, at first in the ranks and afterwards as an officer, and during the last year of the war as a chaplain. He rather dismissed himself from the charge of killing bodies and undertook the cure of souls; and in that latter duty I leave it to you, who know what the battlefield and the hospital are, if there was not many a chaplain who did braver, steadier, more courageous duty, and rendered service more helpful to his country, than many a man who fought in the forefront of the battle. It was during one of his experiences at that time that he was allowed to soothe the last hours of his brother-in-law—a man whom we all know very well by fame, a man who stands, if not first, certainly second, in the ranks of the Southern generals—“Stonewall” Jackson. (Applause.) This gentleman has gone on with his cure of souls, and a noble profession it is; and he is happily here among us, one of our own people, pastor of the oldest church in Montclair, a man loved by his people and honored by his fellow citizens: the Rev. Dr. Junkin. (Applause.)

Rev. Dr. Junkin:

Mr. Chairman and Veterans of the Thirteenth New Jersey Regiment: I knew that we old Confederates had done some hard fighting, but I never knew how hard we had

fought until I heard these gentlemen speak so eloquently about it to-night, as they told you what tremendous efforts it required on their part to whip us out. I thank you, Mr. Chairman, for the compliment to the valor of Southern soldiers, which is found in the sentiment which has been announced. I am gratified, though not surprised; because the brave are always generous to the brave. This declaration of your appreciation of the valor of the Southern soldier strikes me as not only appropriate but most natural, for it comes from the lips, and from the hearts as well, of men who are themselves *soldiers*, soldiers, not in name alone, but in very deed—soldiers who backed their principles with their lives—soldiers whose deeds have become a bright page of their country's history, soldiers who like

"Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old"—

soldiers whose appreciation of valor is worthy of the highest regard, because it is the expression of that the full value whereof they alone are able to estimate. And the soldiers of this command are competent to pronounce in regard to valorous deeds. You have been there yourselves and know just how it was. You were at Chancellorsville; you were at Antietam; you were at Gettysburg. You saved—if the report which has come to my ears can be relied upon, and it is the testimony of commanding officers—you saved the Union army at Bentonville, North Carolina. You are soldiers to whose valor I, as a Southern soldier, can give no higher tribute than to quote what Governor Green, in his Gettysburg address of June, 1887, declared, when looking into the faces of the very veterans into whose eyes I am now looking—that "you withstood the impetuous dash at Chancellorsville of Stonewall Jackson's Division." There Greek met Greek; there warriors faced foemen worthy of their steel. (Applause.) I feel sure, gentlemen, from what I have learned from the eloquent lips of your speakers to

night, that you have heard, and many a time have heard "the rebel yell." (Cries of Yes, Yes!) That yell meant war: That yell was full of deep determination and bitter death. That yell was uttered by the lips, but it came—I testify as one who rang it out—it came hot from the heart. The men who gave it meant it. The men in whose ears it sounded recognized it as a challenge to

"That stern joy that warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel."

That yell I loved. That yell every Southern soldier loved. It was to me—I speak not now of what might have been—I speak not now of what, in the judgment of many, should have been—I simply state the fact of history; I speak not from the position of a partisan, not as occupying the place of a politician or a statesman—but the fact stands out before us; to the Confederate soldier that yell was the symbol of his devotion to the principle of self-government—the elementary principle of freedom in this and in every land. To the Confederate soldier it was the index of his purpose, while life lasted, to stand for the defence of his home, and resist aggression upon his hearthstone. But, gentlemen, that Confederate battle-cry is hushed; never more will you hear it; never more will the vales and the mountain-sides of old Virginia and Alabama echo back "the rebel yell." It is hushed; hushed forever beneath the sheathed sword of Robert Edward Lee. (Applause.) I stand here, a Southern soldier once, speaking to brave, true-hearted Northern heroes; I stand here to say, that dear as that cry of devotion to what we believed the principles of true liberty, though that yell be hushed, we rejoice as Southern soldiers in its silence. (Continued applause.) Henceforth through all the coming years our voice is for peace. (Applause.) But why this war at all? Why "Our Friends, The Enemy?" How did it ever come about, that they, who ought to have been friends, Americans, as has well been said,—why should they have been engaged in embittered strife? Why the steady

tread, under which the solid earth trembled, of mighty masses of men pressing forward with the cry "On to Richmond"? Why the rebel yell? Why any Confederate battle-shout at all? It may throw back an illuminating light over the past to give some brief response to this inquiry; for we have, it may be, North and South, misconceived it. The Southern soldier drew his blade, the Southern soldier bared his breast, the Southern soldier turned from his home and went from Bull Run to Appomattox, *not* that slavery might continue to exist on Southern soil. An inspiration, elevated as that that moved his heart and drew forth his aspirations, came not from a source so ignoble as the love of self. I remember one night as I sat, a cold night in the month of February, on the lines below Richmond, in 1865, there came into my tent a grizzled veteran soldier from Texas. He sat down by my camp-fire and took from his pocket his Testament. As he read along I turned and saw that his eyes were glistening with tears. He said to me,—and as he said it, he drew a letter from his pocket; he said, "Parson, I have just got a letter from home, from my wife; three years ago I left her and I never have been on the western side of the Mississippi River from that day to this. And she tells me of the prattling of a little girl, a sweet and lovely child more than two years old, whose face I have never seen. But sir,"—the old man turned upon me; his Confederate uniform was worn; he was past the age when conscript duty would have called him to the field; "But sir, I am willing to leave my bones to bleach in old Virginia, if we can but achieve our independence." Soldiers, you know that a feeling deep as that and dear and tender as that, gathers its inspiration from sources loftier than any mere consideration of earthly gain and property interests. Nor was it a disregard of the value of the Union, or a disposition to overthrow the Union of the States, that made the Southern soldier grasp his sword and meet his brother in the deadly conflict. No! The men who wore the gray and did the fiercest fighting from the earliest to the

latest day in the war, were men who loved the Union, men who had been devoted to this Union from their childhood, men who had often gathered around the Stars and Stripes with patriotic fervor. And had they been able to preserve the Union upon conditions which to them,—to them, bear it in mind,—appeared honorable and just and noble, most gladly would they have lent their energies to maintain this Union of States. They had a right, the Southern soldier had a right, to love the Union; for Southern brains and Southern blood and Southern heroism and Southern statesmanship had given their full share of service in the construction of this majestic government. (Applause) Men of the North had done their duty nobly and well in those brave days of old. But it was George Mason who wrote in the Virginia Bill of Rights the great underlying principles of civil liberty that found their first expression in this country, perhaps their first expression anywhere in the world in a constitutional form. It was George Mason of Virginia who wrote that immortal Bill of Rights. It was Thomas Jefferson of Virginia, who with his pen dipped in patriotic blood traced with it the inspirations of a heaven-born patriotism. It was Thomas Jefferson of Virginia, who drew the Magna Charta of our freedom. It was George Washington, it was George Washington, the son, the glorious son, that Virginia gave to the world, whose sword guarded the pillars that bore up the mighty fabric of this our free government. (Applause.) It was Virginia that established the Union. She was the ninth State to adopt the Federal Constitution; and, when the constitutional Assembly of Virginia adjourned, after that adoption by a vote of eighty-nine to seventy-nine, the American Union was established. Virginia did it.

There had been great opposition in that convention, as you all know; there was great opposition all over the land, and there was vigorous opposition in the State of New York, to the establishment of the Federal Constitution. It took all the energy and all the eloquence of a Washington, of a Madison, and of others in the Virginia convention to secure

the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and it was the example of Virginia that influenced the determination in New York, and brought the mighty power of the Empire State into allegiance, loyal allegiance, to the Union that had already been established. It was the golden-tongued Patrick Henry who uttered—long before that wondrous and patriotic word gathered a new inspiration, and started upon a new career from the eloquent lips of Daniel Webster—that tribute that he gave to the Union, and his devotion thereto. It was Patrick Henry, of Virginia, who said, "I know no Virginia, no Pennsylvania, no Massachusetts; I am not a Virginian; I am an American." (Applause.) It was a son

of Maryland who wrote that Marseillaise of America, "The Star Spangled Banner." Long may it wave! (Great applause.) It was no lack of devotion, therefore, to the essential principles that underlay the Union, that animated the Southern soldier.

What, then, Mr. Chairman, was the necessity of this war? It was an inheritance. The Constitutional Assembly that prepared the Constitution, and presented it for adoption to the States, left one great question unsettled, one great problem unsolved. They had struggled with it. Jay and Hamilton, Madison and Monroe, and the illustrious men who gathered in that hall, tried long and hard to reconcile their differences of opinion; but all in vain. They left it unsolved. But now it has been settled. Appomattox settled it. (Applause.) That question is this. Is the compact between the State and the Federal Government irrevocable? The Northern soldier believed in his very soul, when this great struggle began, the mutterings of which had been indicating its approach for years, the Northern soldier believed that if there was power to sever the Union by the choice of one State or many States determining upon grounds satisfactory to themselves to withdraw from it, then the Union was shattered and liberty was dead. And it was under the inspiration, the noble inspiration, of the purpose to save liberty though it

cost their lives, that Northern men, you veterans of New Jersey and true men from all the Northern States, went to the front. (Applause.) Men never bore themselves more bravely. But let it be borne in mind that while the Northern soldier in his convictions as to the future development of this country, believed that upon the maintenance of the Union depended the principles of liberty, the Southern soldier took an exactly contrary view. He believed in his heart, in the very depth of his soul he was convinced, that if the central power became too strong, and the right of the State to withdraw from the Union was denied, then the principle of local self-government was destroyed and with it freedom perished. And it was because the Southern soldier loved liberty, and the right of self-government, more than he loved wife or children, or limb, or life, that he dared and died on all the bloody battlefields, from Bull Run to Appomattox. (Applause.) They were both—and they are coming to see it from year to year more and more clearly—they were both, as they pressed to meet each other in deadly conflict, answering to the call of their devotion to liberty. The true soldier on either side was a martyr to freedom.

I turn back therefore to you the sentiment you gave me. It was "Our Friends the Enemy;" I give you back:

"Your Enemy, now and forever your Friends."

(Long and loud Applause.)

It had now come to be close upon the hour when the train for Newark should leave, and many had to take it to connect with other trains, in order to reach their homes that night. Under this necessity, quite a number arose, were putting on coats, and beginning to move into the good-natured confusion of departure. They responded, however, to a brief call to order for the final word.

Toast Master:

The last toast upon our programme should be read, at least:

Fourth Reunion of the

"THE SOLDIERS OF THE WEST,"

In whose good companionship the Thirteenth New Jersey followed Sherman on his March to the Sea.

"Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths ;
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;
 Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings ;
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
 Grim-visaged War hath smoothed his wrinkled front."

—*Shakespeare.*

This toast was to have been responded to by Colonel Edmund L. Joy, of Newark, during the war a gallant Western soldier, and now a valued citizen of New Jersey. Unfortunately, it is upon the stroke of eleven, and New Jersey trains always start on time—at least, we have not been able to have the train held to-night. It will be impossible to hear the Colonel's eloquence this evening, but we shall hope to have that pleasure some other time, when we enjoy the opportunity of greeting each other again.

This closed the entertainment for the evening. The Toast Committee had also arranged, as a fitting conclusion of the whole matter, a special toast to the regiment's old commander, General Frederick H. Harris, which was to have been responded to by Paul Babcock, Jr., Esq., of Montclair, and a letter from General Harris read. But this, too, was cut off by the time and train; and the guests and members departed, profuse in their expressions of gratification, and regretting only that they had to miss the two good speeches which had been provided for them.

ADDITIONAL LETTERS.

TRENTON, September 10, 1889.

My Dear Captain: I have your very kind invitation to be with you on the occasion of the next Reunion of the Thirteenth Veteran Regiment, at Montclair. I have already accepted an invitation for that day, and so must express my regrets. Since the monumental dedication at Gettysburg I seem to have made a pleasant friendship with a great many of your regiment, and it will always be pleasing for me to meet any of your comrades. Please convey to them my good wishes for a pleasant meeting on the 18th inst.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM S. STRYKER, Adjutant General.

█ CAPTAIN A. M. MATTHEWS, President, Orange Valley, N. J.

TRENTON, N. J., September 5, 1889.

Mr. Joseph E. Crowell, Secretary.

Sir: I am in receipt of invitation to attend Fourth Annual Reunion of the Thirteenth Regiment at Montclair, on 18th inst.

Please convey to the "C and K" Association of the Thirteenth Regiment the assurance of my high appreciation of their faithful service, both in the field and as organized veterans, and my thankful acknowledgment of this mark of respect to me as the Chief Magistrate of this city. Owing, however, to previous engagements, I regretfully announce my inability to attend.

Yours truly,

NATHAN BARNERT, Mayor.

PATERSON, N. J., September 8, 1889.

Messrs. George A. Miller, James W. Van Gieson, Augustus C. Studer, Citizens' Committee Thirteenth Regiment Reunion.

Gentlemen: I received your kind invitation to attend the Fourth Annual Reunion of the Thirteenth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, to be held at Montclair on Wednesday, September 18th, at 6.30 P. M.

I thank you for your kind invitation, and shall most certainly be present at that time if my life and health be spared. I shall try to find some of our old associates from Paterson Reunion, and all go down together.

Faithfully yours,

ANDREW DERROM,

Late Colonel Twenty-fifth New Jersey Vols.

Fourth Reunion of the

NEW YORK, September 17, 1889.

George A. Miller, Esq., Chairman Committee.

My Dear Sir: I have delayed responding to your highly-appreciated invitation for to-morrow night in the hope that I might accept. I regret to find I must be absent. It would be a great pleasure to me to attend and assist in doing honor to the veterans of one of the noblest bodies of men that went to the front in the war for the Union. The Thirteenth Regiment of New Jersey Volunteers will be honored when we are many years removed from earth, and while we live we should pay them honor. Sincerely,

JOSEPH W. CONGDON.

PATERSON, N. J., September 5, 1889.

Mr. George A. Miller and Gentlemen of Citizens' Committee.

Allow me to express my grateful acknowledgment for the invitation to the Annual Reunion of the Thirteenth Regiment, New Jersey Vols. An engagement on that evening may prevent my being present with you. Wishing that the coming occasion may be as successful as those of the past,

I have the honor to remain, very respectfully,

SAMUEL V. T. MUZZY, Major Commanding.

MIDDLETOWN, Ohio, September 13, 1889.

Captain A. M. Matthews, Jacob White, Dr. J. J. H. Love, and Others of the Executive Committee.

Comrades: I am reminded by circular and otherwise, that on next Wednesday the survivors of the old Thirteenth Regiment will assemble at Montclair in their fourth annual reunion, to again clasp hands "in that fraternity of feeling which binds us together as comrades," and to once more renew that friendship that was formed in the camp, on the march and in many a hard-fought battle during the dark days of the rebellion. Some that were with you last year at Newark, will not be with you in Montclair. Comrade Toombs, and I doubt not others that enjoyed that occasion, have been mustered out of the ranks of mortal life into the grand army above. How true it is, that

"Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now,"

but while the ranks are being thinned by death, we are thankful that there is no necessity for recruits, and that the great principles which our services in the army helped to establish, still live to bless the race, and will live on through the ages, namely, that these States are one confederation, and cannot be separated; that the shackles which fettered over four millions of our people have been sundered, and that the United States is and shall always remain the "land of the

free, and the home of the brave." May our reunions be many, and may each recurring one bind the bands of friendship stronger and stronger. I regret that I cannot be with you in person, but will be in spirit.

Yours in F., C. and L.,

THOMAS BISHOP,

Co. A, Thirteenth N. J. Vols.

CAMDEN, N. J., August 27, 1889.

Mr. A. C. Studer, Montclair, N. J.

My Dear Sir: I beg to acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to attend the Fourth Annual Reunion of the Thirteenth Regiment at Montclair on the 18th prox.

It would give me pleasure to respond in person, but for the fact that on the day stated I have to attend a meeting of the Board of Managers of the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers, at Dayton, Ohio. Thanking your Committee for the courtesy of the invitation, I am,

Very respectfully yours,

W. J. SEWELL.

SALEM, Mass., September 2, 1889.

George A. Miller and Others, Committee, Montclair, N. J.

Gentlemen: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your kind invitation to attend the Fourth Annual Reunion of the old Thirteenth New Jersey, at Montclair, the 18th inst., and regret that engagements here for that day prevent my acceptance of the same, as otherwise I would be only too glad to meet once more the surviving members of that gallant command, with which I was once associated, and for which I have a high regard. Wishing you a great success, I am,

Yours very truly,

WM. COGSWELL.

ELDRED, Pa., September 4, 1889.

George A. Miller, James W. Van Gieson, Augustus C. Studer, Citizens' Committee.

Gentlemen: I have the honor of acknowledging receipt of your invitation to attend the Fourth Annual Reunion of the Thirteenth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, on the 18th inst. I had promised myself the pleasure of attending, but now find that it will be impossible. It would afford me great pleasure to again meet the survivors of the gallant Thirteenth. Be good enough to convey to them my kindest greeting.

Yours truly,

J. V. DUFFY.

Fourth Reunion of the

NEWARK, N. J., September 18, 1889.

J. W. Van Gieson and Others, Committee.

My Dear Sirs: I had anticipated the pleasure of being with you and the comrades of the Thirteenth Regiment to-night, on the occasion of their annual reunion, the invitation to which I so highly esteem, but I find my engagements such as to prevent. Kindly convey to our friends my sincere regrets, and to your committee my grateful acknowledgment of their appreciative remembrance.

Very truly yours,

EDWIN W. HINE.

540 EAST 120TH ST., NEW YORK, September 19, 1889.

Captain A. M. Matthews.

Dear Comrade: I write to apologize for my non-appearance at your reunion yesterday. I have suffered from insomnia from rheumatic pains during the prolonged wet weather, and feared the exposure of the long journey home late at night would lay me on my back.

At 8 o'clock, when I considered you were all assembled joyously, I placed on my head the white hat with a red star, and solemnly and solitarily drank "success to your reunion, and peace and prosperity to all survivors of the Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteers," to which I now add, May you long live to enjoy many returns of the happy day. Faithfully yours,

CHARLES H. LUDWIG,

Tenth N. Y. Infantry.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., August 31, '89.

Major J. J. H. Love, Surgeon Thirteenth N. J.

Dear Doctor: No regiment was so intimately connected with us as the Thirteenth New Jersey, and our history is with a feeling of pride mingled with yours. You had some noble men and some good officers.

I think the men and some of the officers of that regiment were *pure gold*. When there was any desperate work to be done, the Thirteenth New Jersey men were selected. I remember once, as officer of the day before Atlanta, I was commanded by a certain field officer to send some men up on a particular hill and ascertain the strength of the enemy's works. I said, Whom shall I send? He replied, "Send some of those pious praying devils of the Thirteenth New Jersey Regiment; *they can be trusted.*" They went and did the work satisfactorily. I mention this to the credit of those true, *God-fearing, country-loving, brave men* of that noble Regiment, that out of the mouth of a reviler they received praise.

Give my kindest regards to the members of the Thirteenth, and tell them I will be with them some time. I am yours,

A. B. SMITH,

Colonel 150th N. Y. Regiment.

327 CHURCH ST., POUGHKEEPSIE, Sept. 14, 1889.

My Dear Captain: An illness of four months and consequent resignation of charge and removal for rest and recuperation, is no doubt the reason why I did not learn of our regimental reunion until, *after* an invitation was accepted from the 150th New York to go to Gettysburg on the 16th, for dedication on the 17th, in which a part has been assigned me

Convey my regrets and assure my comrades of my undying attachment to them and the old Thirteenth; also say that in his presentation speech General Smith makes a very pleasant and happy allusion to our regiment, as I know, for I have been privileged to read it.

Chaplain Bartlett, of the 150th (who was with us at Gettysburg), has just left my house, carrying with him, for perusal, my only copy of "Exercises at Dedication and Reunion of the Thirteenth New Jersey." He, Generals Smith and Ketcham, all three, greatly desire copies; will you please "skirmish" for and "capture" them, sending to me by express and I will pay all charges.

Long life, prosperity, many happy reunions here and an eternal reunion hereafter for all my old comrades is the prayer of,

Yours fraternally,

E. L. ALLEN,

Late Color Corporal, now promoted to Chaplain.

EAST ORANGE, N. J., September 19, 1889.

To the Reunion Committee, Thirteenth N. J. Vols.

Gentlemen: Your kind invitation to participate in the reunion of your regiment on the 18th inst. was received on Tuesday of this week.

My only excuse for my absence from your gathering last evening is the inclemency of the weather, which causes me to keep in the house, and from a cough which troubles me. My sympathies are with our regiment or the survivors of the same, as I stand as god-father to some of the officers, viz.: Captain E. D. Pierson and the Orange company.

Trusting that you and the survivors may live to have many reunions here, before the last roll call is called, and you are summoned to join your comrades of the regiment on the other side.

Yours respectfully,

ALFRED F. MUNN, B. B. General.

ORANGE, N. J., September 13, 1889.

Messrs. George A. Miller and Others, Committee:

Dear Sirs: I am in receipt of your kind invitation to attend the reunion of the Thirteenth Regiment, on 18th inst., and regret that circumstances beyond my control forbid my acceptance of the same. Very respectfully,

JNO. L. BLAKE.

Fourth Reunion of the

PATERSON, N. J., September 10, 1889.

Mr. Joseph E. Crowell, Paterson, N. J.

Dear Sir: Your esteemed invitation to attend the Fourth Annual Reunion of the Thirteenth Regiment New Jersey Volunteers, is at hand.

• I regret my inability to be present on that occasion, but hope you may find the 18th inst. a red letter day in the annals of your regiment.

Thanking you for your kind remembrance, I am, dear sir,

Yours very truly,

FRANCIS K. MCCULLY.

ORANGE, N. J., September 4, 1889.

Gentlemen: I regret to say that I am unable to accept your kind invitation to the Annual Reunion of the Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteers on September 18th.

Truly yours,

H. H. HARVEY.

328 BELLEVILLE AVENUE, NEWARK, September 13, 1889.

Mr. George A. Miller and Others: I have learned through Colonel Wheeler, and my own neighbor, Colonel Sill, that I was expected to speak at the Fourth Annual Reunion of the Thirteenth Regiment, on the evening of September 18th.

I remember that the former gentleman expressed such a desire when I addressed the Veterans in Bloomfield on Memorial Day, but I did not know the *date* of your proposed meeting.

Hence I find myself booked for another appointment upon that same evening, which will make it impracticable for me to be with you on that occasion. Believe me that I regret it deeply, for my heart goes right out to the *soldier* every time, but I am consoled by the fact that my place can be so easily and more ably filled.

Yours with highest esteem,

J. CLEMENT FRENCH.

NEWARK, N. J., September 14th 1889.

A. C. Studer, Esq., Montclair, N. J.

Dear Sir: Much to my regret I am suddenly called out of town to-day on business that will occupy several days, which will deprive me of meeting with you on the occasion of the Fourth Annual Reunion of the Thirteenth Regiment on the 18th inst.

Will you kindly convey my regrets and disappointment to the gentlemen of your Committee?

Hoping the occasion may be one of unalloyed enjoyment to all who have the honor of participating in it, I am,

Very truly yours,

E. O. DOREMUS.

NEW YORK, September 14, 1889.

Dear Captain: I have your favor of 13th and note contents. This morning I have received a formal invitation, with ticket enclosed. I thank you for the attention shown me, and if it is possible will be present on the 18th. It seems to me I never realized that "age is creeping on apace" until I attempted to handle Brooklyn-Gettysburg Day Excursion, since which time the reaction has come, and I have been unable to do a great deal in way of work. Your kindly words in Orange paper went to my soul, and I thank you for your kind consideration. There is really too little encouragement given to efforts which are directed to insure the comfort of others. I assume it thoughtlessness, yet when it is accorded it should be recognized in order that it may become more general. Again thanking you, and hoping to be able to meet you at Montclair, I am

Fraternally and truly yours,

JOS. W. KAY.

Capt. A. M. Matthews, Orange Valley, N. J.

TELEGRAMS.

BRICK CHURCH, N. J., Sept. 18th, 1889.

To A. C. Studer: Regret exceedingly that I shall not be able to be with you to-night. Had hoped to be there until the last minute. Excuse delay in acknowledging invitation.

HENRY A. POTTER.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., Sept. 18th, 1889.

To Dr. Love: Regret exceedingly that I cannot be with you to-night.

STEPHEN PIERSON.

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OF THE

Thirteenth New Jersey Vols.

1862-'68.

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