

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

BATTLE OF ROANOKE ISLAND.

FIRST ANNUAL REUNION

OF THE

9th New Jersey Veteran Volunteers,

62

9th Reg't,

AT THE

VETERAN ZOUAVES' ARMORY,

ELIZABETH, N. J.,

Tuesday Feb 8, 1887.
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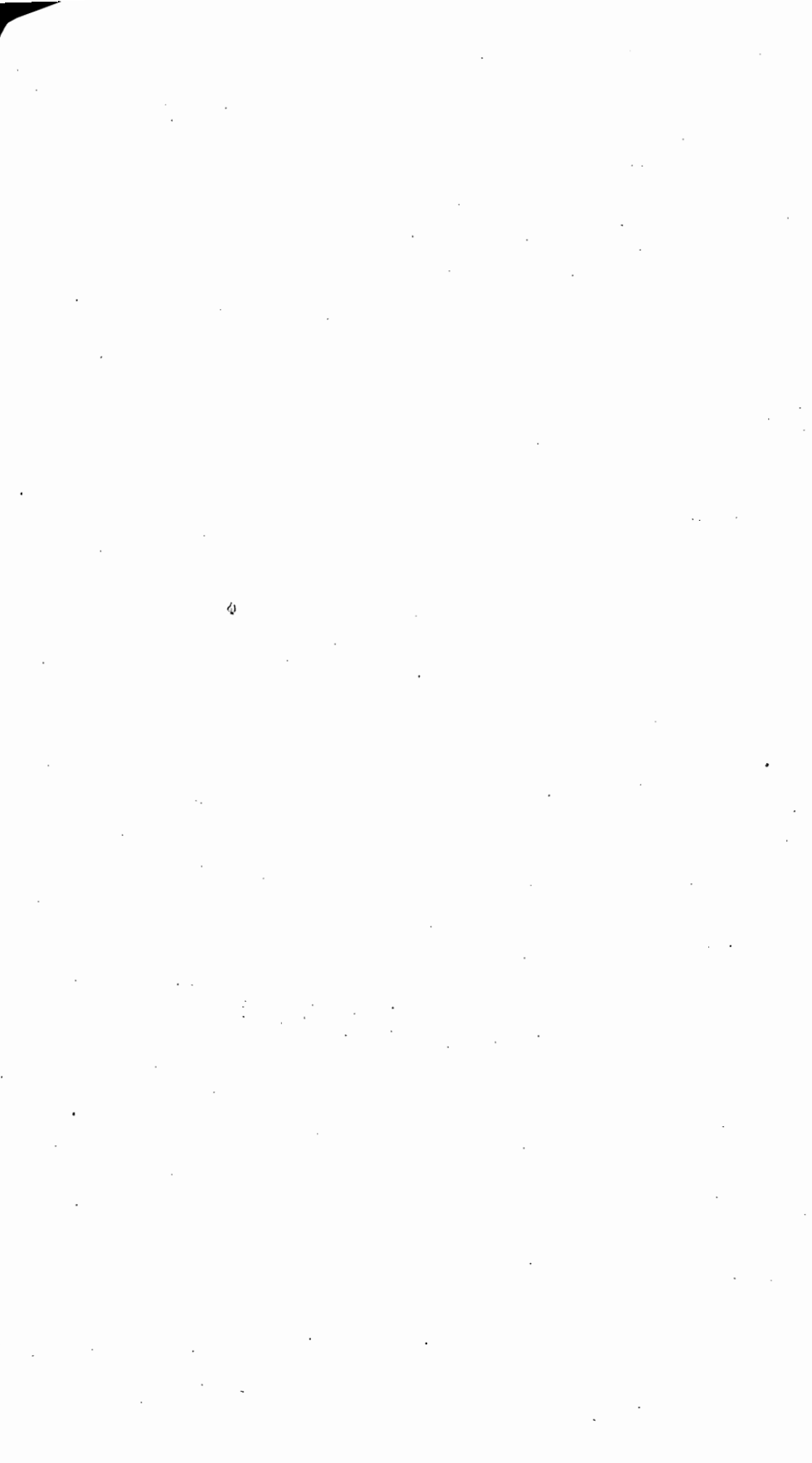
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ARMORY OF THE VETERAN ZOUAVES,

ELIZABETH, N. J., October 15, 1886.

Pursuant to a call issued by Captain J. Madison Drake, Company K, and Private Frederick Scholl, Company A, the following named ex-members of the Ninth New Jersey Veteran Volunteers assembled at the Veteran Zouaves' Armory, this city, this evening, to organize a society of the survivors of the Regiment, to keep alive the memories of their army life :

J. Madison Drake, Captain K Company.

William E. Townley, First Lieutenant K Company.

John H. Good, Private K Company.

Thomas McCormick, Private K Company.

John Ward, Private K Company.

Joseph Doran, Private K Company.

Elias C. Winans, Private K Company.

Benjamin W. Hopper, Captain Co. E.

Frederick Rosenbauer, Sergeant Co. G.

William Zimmerman, Sergeant Co. G.

Samuel Murray, Wagoner Co. G.

George Brown, Private Co. G.

William H. Williams, Private Co. A.

Frederick Scholl, Private Co. A.

John F. Daley, Private Co. B.

John Siegel, Private Co. D.

Captain Drake called the meeting to order, and Wagoner Samuel Murray was chosen temporary chairman.

Captain Drake was appointed secretary.

After an expression of sentiment on the part of several gentlemen present, it was unanimously resolved to form a permanent organization, whereupon the following-named officers were unanimously elected :

President—Bt. Major-General Charles A. Heckman.

Vice-Presidents—Private Frederick Scholl, Captain Benjamin W. Hopper.

Secretary—Captain J. Madison Drake.

Treasurer—Lieutenant William E. Townley.

The following-named were appointed a committee to prepare a Constitution and By-Laws, and report the same at the next meeting :

Lieutenant Townley, Privates John H. Good and Samuel Murray.

Private Murray moved that when we adjourn it be to meet in the Armory, Friday evening, December 3, 1886. Agreed to.

It was resolved that each member present forward to the secretary the names and addresses of all survivors of the Ninth within their knowledge.

Interesting letters favoring the organization from General Heckman, Lieut.-Col. Curtis and others, were read.

After a general consultation between the members, some of whom had not met before in years, those present were invited by the secretary to partake of refreshments, which invitation was accepted, the company breaking up at a late hour.

J. MADISON DRAKE, *Secretary.*

ARMORY OF THE VETERAN ZOUAVES,

ELIZABETH, N. J., December 3, 1886.

Agreeably to adjournment a goodly number of members of the Ninth Regiment, New Jersey Veteran Volunteers, met this evening at the Zouaves' Armory, Vice-President Scholl in the chair.

Lieut. Townley, from the committee, reported the following Constitution and By-Laws :

To the Ninth N. J. Veteran Volunteers' Association :

GENTLEMEN—Your Committee on Constitution and By-Laws beg leave to report as follows:

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.

SECTION 1.—This Association shall be known by the name and title of "THE NINTH NEW JERSEY VETERAN VOLUNTEERS' ASSOCIATION," and shall include every officer and enlisted man who has at any time served with honor in that Regiment and been honorably discharged therefrom, who shall give his assent to the Constitution and By-Laws of the Association and paid his initiation fee.

ARTICLE II.

SECTION 1.—The object of this Association shall be to cherish the memories and associations of the Regiment, to strengthen the ties of fraternal fellowship and sympathy formed from companionship in the service; to perpetuate the name and fame of those who have fallen either on the field of battle or in the

line of duty; to collect and preserve the record of its great achievements, its numerous and well-contested battles, its campaigns, marches and skirmishes.

ARTICLE III.

SECTION 1.—The officers of the Association shall consist of a President, ten Vice-Presidents, Recording Secretary and a Treasurer.

SEC. 2.—These officers shall be elected annually at the Reunion of the Regiment and serve for the ensuing year or until their successors are elected. They shall be elected by ballot by a majority vote of all the members of the Association present.

ARTICLE IV.

Political or any other discussions foreign to the purpose of this Association as set forth in this Constitution, at any of the meetings, or any proceeding of such a tendency, are declared inimical to the purposes of this organization and are prohibited.

ARTICLE V.

This Constitution may be altered or amended at any regular meeting of the Association, provided the alteration or amendment proposed is submitted in writing, and filed with the Recording Secretary at least three months before the regular meeting at which it is proposed to present the same; and provided further, that two-thirds of the members present at such meeting vote in favor thereof.

BY-LAWS.

1. Every person eligible desiring to become a member of this Association shall, upon giving his assent to the Constitution, pay to the Treasurer the sum of one dollar as an initiation fee, and each year thereafter the sum of one dollar as annual dues, and shall thereupon be entitled to a copy of the proceedings of the Association, when published, free of charge.

2. No member shall be entitled to vote who shall be in arrears.

3. The Badge of this Association shall be that of the 18th Corps, containing a red star, with figure 9 in the center, and letters N. J. 1861-1865 over and underneath.

4. The Treasurer shall disburse all the moneys of the Association upon the order of the Executive Committee, attested by the signature of the Chairman, and shall, at each annual meeting, make a report in detail of his receipts and disbursements, which shall be referred to an Auditing Committee.

5. When the place of the annual meeting shall be decided upon, the President shall appoint a suitable committee, whose duty it shall be to make all needful preparations and arrangements for such meeting and the defraying of the expenses thereof.

6. No member of the Association shall speak more than once on any subject or question of business, and no longer than five minutes, without consent.

7. The successive Executive Committee shall in due season select an Orator from the members of the Association to deliver an address appropriate to the occasion at each annual meeting.

8. The Recording Secretary shall cause a book of records to be kept, exhibiting the address and occupation of every member of the Association, and shall notify each member one month before the time fixed for the annual reunion of the time and place of such meeting, and of the payment of annual dues to the Treasurer.

9. The election of officers shall be conducted as follows:

First—A ballot for President, to be continued until some member receives a majority of the votes cast, the lowest candidate to be dropped on each ballot.

Second—A ballot for, or *vive voce* election of Vice-Presidents.

Third—A ballot for Recording Secretary and Treasurer on a single ticket, the balloting to be continued until these officers are elected by a majority of the votes cast.

10. In the absence of the President, the senior Vice-President shall preside.

11. The Recording Secretary must notify all the officers of the Association, and the Executive Committee of any proposed amendment of the Constitution, immediately upon receipt thereof, and publish the same in such journals as the President may direct.

12. Cushing's Manual of Parliamentary Law shall be the authority for the government and regulation of all meetings of this Association.

13. The Executive Committee shall consist of the officers of the Association.

Respectfully submitted,

WILLIAM E. TOWNLEY,)
 JOHN H. GOOD,) *Committee.*
 SAMUEL MURRAY,)

Elizabeth, December 1, 1886.

The Constitution and By-Laws were read, considered by sections, and adopted.

The Secretary and Treasurer were authorized to purchase necessary books for their use as officers of the Association.

Captain Drake announced that his Veteran Zouaves tendered the use of their Armory to the Association for the Reunion, and moved that it be held in the Armory on Tuesday, February 8th, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Battle of Roanoke Island. Unanimously agreed to.

Private Jacob Schmidt, Company A, moved that the Secretary send all survivors of the Regiment, as far as he may be able to secure their addresses, a circular stating the object of the Association, and such other information as he may think proper. Agreed to.

Private Schmidt moved the appointment of a committee of six to arrange for the Reunion. Adopted.

The chair appointed as such Captain Drake, Lieutenant Townley, Sergeant Robert S. Williams, and Privates John H. Good, Samuel Murray, Elias C. Winans, and Henry Cook.

The following named were appointed to perform special duty:

Lieutenants R. J. Berdan, Frederick G. Coytè, William E. Townley, and Privates John R. Jurgens and John Siegel.

The meeting was highly interesting, and after the business had been concluded, the members repaired to the dining-hall by invitation of Captain Drake, and partook of refreshments.

Lieutenant Townley reported \$5.90 in his hands—donated by those who attended the previous meeting.

J. MADISON DRAKE, *Secretary.*

THE REUNION.

ARMORY OF THE VETERAN ZOUAVES,

ELIZABETH, February 8, 1887.

The Association was called to order at one o'clock P. M., by Brevet Major-General Charles A. Heckman, President.

Minutes of all previous meetings, together with Constitution and By-Laws, were read by the Secretary, when

Major T. B. Appleget moved it as the pleasure of this Association that all that had been done meets with our unqualified approval, and that the officers serve in their respective positions until the next Reunion. Agreed to.

GENERAL HECKMAN'S ADDRESS.

COMRADES—Accept my thanks for the honor conferred in choosing me for your presiding officer. Long ago, I had abandoned all hope of ever witnessing a scene like the present one; but since Comrade "Mad" Drake's assurance that this enterprise would prove to be eminently successful, I have had pleasant anticipations of a renewal of the acquaintance made during the dark days of our Republic. This meeting bridges over a wide gap in our intercourse with each other; and it seems that our love for the old Ninth Regiment grows stronger as the years roll by. And no wonder; for there was much precious material bound up in her personnel. She possessed, in large measure, the characteristics of a noble soldiery—unswerving loyalty to the Union, patient endurance under privation and fatigue, grit and ready obedience. She was second to none in discipline, drill, and efficiency on the field of action. She gathered her own laurels—"they were neither borrowed or stolen,"—earned them, on many well-contested fields. And I am proud in being able to say, I, too, am of the Ninth New Jersey. But, my comrades, the pleasure of this our first reunion is marred by the absence of familiar faces—our noble dead,—whose bones are strewn over a redeemed Union, the soil of which is enriched by their blood. Noble heroes, giants in courage and fealty, they fell upon the field of battle, and love and wedded joys were buried with them. What can we say for them? Say what we may, *what* they were remains unuttered, and unutterable. Their countrymen have enshrined them in a temple of love, and placed their memories in the holy of holies of its innermost sanctuary.

The Rebellion of 1861 was a colossal affair. It forms one of the most extraordinary chapters in human history. But we are not here to discuss the causes that led to it; we know that we were puzzled to understand the struggle of a brave people to destroy the very charter of liberty. Black clouds of war loom up all around, peace is broken. The lightnings of Moultrie are launched against the Union standard, and right royal was the response to the call to arms.

A quarter of a century has passed since eleven hundred and forty-two of New Jersey's youths, collected in every county of the State, gathered at Camp Olden. On December the 4th, 1861, the Ninth New Jersey Volunteer Riflemen marched away to their share of the war for the preservation of the Union. Early in the new year, these new-made soldiers found themselves amid the dangers of the tempest-beaten coast of Hatteras, and here they met their first great disaster in the loss of their two most prominent and esteemed officers,

Colonel Allen and Surgeon Weller. It was a severe and painful blow, but the decree was unalterable; they were transferred to the great army beyond.

On the eighth of February the Ninth took a prominent part in the battle of Roanoke Island, one of the completest, as it was nearly the first of Union victories. It was its first introduction to the thunders of war, and although unused to battle scenes, its members acquitted themselves like veterans. The First Brigade having the right of column, engaged the enemy and drove them behind their works, but was unable to make further progress. After remaining inactive for an hour, about a quarter of a mile from the forces engaged, the Ninth received orders to pass the Fifty-first N. Y. and report at the front to General Foster. The order was executed in quick time, with files well closed, and they found the general in a towering passion, who said: "Sir, you will form your regiment in column by company, enter the swamp on your left and engage the enemy." Into the swamp, thigh deep in mud and water, the gallant Jersey Blues advanced to the edge of the timber about one hundred yards from the right front of Fort Defiance. By gaining and holding this (supposed untenable) position, the enemy were driven from the fort, which was the key to the rear of all the defenses of Roanoke Island. When, with three men of the Ninth New Jersey, I entered the fort, we found but two living beings in it. One of them was the colored servant of Col. Shaw; the other was Lieut. Selton, of Wise's Legion. The latter was mortally wounded "by three bullets from Jersey rifles," as he pulled the lanyard of the last gun fired in defence of Roanoke Island.

The capture of Newberne soon followed, and here the Ninth New Jersey again turned the tide of battle in favor of the Union forces by making the first *successful* charge of the day. The victory was won; we were within the enemy's works, and shout after shout went up as the regimental colors were planted on the ramparts. Our success on the left had spread a panic on every side, and the enemy broke and fled without attempting to carry off the artillery.

During the siege of Fort Macon, you guarded all inland approach. At White Oak River, you destroyed the stronghold of Ward's bushwhackers, and scattered his mounted rangers, leaving our outposts free from further annoyance. At Rowles' Mills, after the gallant Col. Stevenson's brigade had been twice repulsed, you charged over the burning bridge and into the enemy's works, driving them pell mell into the darkening night. At Southwest Creek, Nethercott's, Kingston, Whitehall, and at Goldsboro, you had the *advance* in each battle, and sustained the honor of your State with characteristic gallantry. As one of the Red Star Brigade, you advanced from conquest to conquest, until the superseding of our trusted chief, General Foster.

On May the 5th, 1864, the Army of the James (composed of 35,000 veterans), secured a landing on the south bank of the James river, at Bermuda Hundred. It was a complete surprise. Petersburg was defended by a ridiculously inadequate force, and yet she was secure, because of the incompetent handling of our forces. It is true that the "Star Brigade" (composed of the Ninth New Jersey, Twenty-third, Twenty-fifth and Twenty-seventh Massachusetts), at Port Walthall (under restricted orders), acquitted themselves with their usual gallantry, and at Arrowfield Church, roughly handled General Hagood's eleven regiments and a battery; but four days were wasted in meaningless marches and countermarches, while Beauregard was hurrying up his forces and getting them well in hand. The 16th of May was a sad day for the "Star Brigade." Five times its number of picked Confederates pressed upon our line, and were five times repulsed with fearful slaughter. At length overwhelming numbers crushed the gallant brigade, whose stubborn resistance checked Beauregard's advance, and saved the Army of the James. Your subsequent movements, under the leadership of the gallant soldier, General Stewart, are but a repetition of the noble, daring and brilliant deeds all the way from Roanoke to the James.

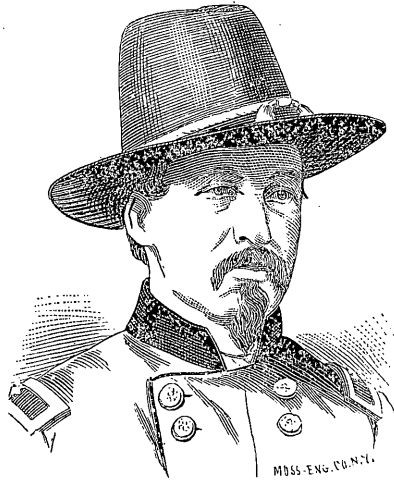
And now, my comrades, what have we learned from the war? One thing we'll not soon forget—that the boys in gray were soldiers whose valor surprised the world. Their cause was wrong, but their conduct was heroic. These homes, shriveled under the blight of slavery, produced men, how patient, how proud, how brave, we never should have known, we never could have dreamed, but for the war. Perhaps, too, only the actual and awful compact of war could have convinced the South that the mudsill, money-making North was also not without the courage which could scorn money and fight fiercely. War is a hard

way for people to become acquainted, "as you have experienced," but it was better for the North and the South to get acquainted with each other by war than not to be acquainted at all. One great scourge has been removed, and there are others that must be, ere the millennium years roll round, and they will be, for now an avalanche is forming which will sweep them from the face of the earth.

There is one stubborn fact that stares us in the face, and will not down—we are growing old. Soon the veteran rear-guard will have passed the line, and pitched their tents on the plain of eternity. And as you and I are approaching that line, in quick time and without a halt, we will have brisk skirmishing and, perhaps, set battles, with self, the world and satan. Let us go forth fully armed, with fixed ammunition, and rifles well poised, and be sure we are fighting the battle of the God of Israel, whether with sword, plow, hammer or pen in hand, wield neither one or the other in a spirit of insolent self-reliance; and, not less in the hour of exuberant enjoyments than in the day of dark despondency and despair, be always ready to say, "Bless me, even me also, O, my Father."

The address of our old commander was listened to with rapt attention, only disturbed by enthusiastic applause at various stages of its delivery.

MAYOR-GENERAL CHARLES A. HECKMAN.



Charles A. Heckman was born at Easton, Pennsylvania, December 3, 1822, and commenced his brilliant military career during the war with Mexico, in which as first lieutenant of Company H, First United States Voltiguers, he took part in most of the battles. Returning to his home at Philipsburg, this state, his present place of residence, he accepted a conductorship on the Central Railroad, which position he filled with great acceptability to the company until the rebellion broke out, when he raised a company, which was assigned to the First Pennsylvania regiment. At the end of the campaign, his command was mustered out, when, at the urgent solicitation of Governor Olden, he accepted the majority of the New Jersey Ninth. Foster, in his "New Jersey and the Rebellion," says: "Heckman at once became conspicuous as a soldier of the highest accomplishments. Perhaps no general ever behaved with greater gallantry in action than he. He was, as truly as any man that ever lived, insensible to fear. During the whole period of his service, he was never once found in any other position than at the head of his columns." Often was his apparel perforated by bullets. He escaped death so frequently that his men believed he bore a charmed life, and followed him more cheerfully to the very jaws of death. The men of the Ninth won for him a star in their six days terrible fighting on the Goldsboro' expedition, in December, 1862. In the winter of 1864, General Heckman relieved General Getty in the command of twenty thousand corps defending the approaches to Norfolk. The general was captured at the desperate battle of Drewry's Bluff, May 16, 1864, and confined in various prison-pens until late in the summer, when he was exchanged. He was heartily welcomed by General Butler, who gave him command of the second division of the Eighteenth army corps, with which he captured Fort Harrison, two thousand Confederates and four pieces of artillery being the fruits of his brilliant victory, for which he was complimented by General Grant. In the spring of 1865, he became commander of the Twenty-fifth corps, which he moulded into an effective command. In May, 1865, General Heckman resigned, having previously been commissioned a major-general by brevet. He possessed a magnificent voice whose clarion-like notes were often heard above the roar of battle. Despite his apparent love of war, he had a passion for music, his flute being scarcely less dear to him than his sword.

The Secretary reported that Captain Amos H. Evans, now a resident of Keokuk, Iowa, had in his custody several hundred dollars belonging to the regiment, which, he believed, the captain had been anxious for a long time to turn over to some proper party. As the survivors of the regiment had formed an organization, it would seem as if the money should be placed in its keeping.

Major Appalet moved that the Executive Committee take the matter up, and if the funds were secured, receipt for the same in the name of the Association. Agreed to.

Private B. Manning, of Company C, moved that the next reunion be held on the thirteenth of September, 1887. Agreed to.

Lieutenant A. E. Edwards, of Company A, moved that Trenton be the place of meeting.

Lieutenant Henry B. Lanning, of Company F, promising that the Association should be properly entertained in that city without expense, the motion was unanimously carried.

Captain Drake moved that the proceedings of the meetings and Reunion, together with Constitution and By-Laws, be printed and a copy sent to each member. Agreed to.

The following communications were then read :

MAYOR'S OFFICE, CITY OF ELIZABETH, N. J., }
January 31, 1887. }

GENERAL J. MADISON DRAKE :

Dear Sir :—You may be assured that I accept with pleasure your kind invitation to attend the reunion of the Ninth New Jersey Veteran Volunteers' Association to be held in the Armory of the Veteran Zouaves, Feb. 8th.

Yours, very truly, J. H. GRIER.

Rev. Otis A. Glazebrook, rector of St. John's Church, Elizabeth, who served with Stonewall Jackson's brigade, sent the following :

MY DEAR GENERAL DRAKE :

Your kind invitation to hand. I have been confined to my bed for two weeks, and am afraid the doctor will not let me go out next week. If I can go out, it will give me much pleasure to attend the reunion.

Most truly yours,

February 4, 1887.

OTIS A. GLAZEBROOK.

Mt. HOLLY, January 26, 1887.

My Dear Sir :—I regret that my engagements are such that I will not be able to meet the survivors of the Ninth New Jersey Volunteers at Elizabeth, on the day you name. I am obliged to hold Court in Camden on that day.

It would give me much pleasure to be present and greet the noble men of the Ninth. I am quite familiar with the history of that regiment. They endured many hardships and won many victories.

Should it happen that I can be present, I will gladly avail myself of the opportunity.

Yours, &c.,

JOEL PARKER.

GENERAL J. MADISON DRAKE, *Sec'y.*

STATE OF NEW JERSEY, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, }
TRENTON, January 26, 1887. }

GENERAL J. MADISON DRAKE, Elizabeth, N. J. :

My Dear General :—I am in receipt of your favor of the 24th inst., inviting me to be present at the first reunion of the Ninth New Jersey Veteran Volunteers' Association to be held at the Armory of the Veteran Zouaves at Elizabeth, on Tuesday, February 8th, 1887. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to be present with those who did so much in defence of the Union. But my public duties here will render my presence on that occasion impossible.

Please present my regrets to your companions in arms, and believe me

Yours, very truly,

ROBERT S. GREEN.

STATE OF NEW JERSEY, OFFICE OF ADJUTANT GENERAL, }
TRENTON, February 7, 1887. }

GENERAL J. MADISON DRAKE,

Secretary Ninth Regiment, New Jersey Veteran Volunteers' Association,
Elizabeth, N. J. :

My Dear General :—I have just become conscious that the meeting of the Ninth Regiment Reunion takes place to-morrow. Somehow or other I have had the impression that it was Friday or Saturday of this week, and I had expected and hoped to have been with you. It has been my unvarying rule since I have been in official life to always be in my office on Tuesdays, as it has become the unwritten law for many years for all State officials. Just at this time also, I feel it to be my duty to stick closely to Trenton so as to be ready for any change in these unfortunate labor troubles.

These being my thoughts to-day it looks very much to me as if I could not be with you to-morrow; and if to-morrow I am not found present please express to the Association my regrets and my good wishes for their very pleasant reunion after so many years have elapsed since the war period.

There are to me very pleasant reminiscences of the Ninth in 1862 and 1863 which I cannot easily forget. It was in the month of December, 1862, when at the request of Governor Olden I made the very unpleasant and very dangerous passage alone through the Dismal Swamp canal for the purpose of informing the State authorities as to the condition of your Ninth Regiment. I succeeded in reaching Newbern just as you had returned from the severe march you made on the Goldsboro' expedition. I never can forget how I felt when the loss of that elegant gentleman, and I am sure if his life had been spared, magnificent soldier,—Captain Henry—became impressed on me. After spending several days with you at Newbern, which possibly some of you remember, I took vessel for New York and came near being lost off Hatteras Inlet with the same experience that you had passed through. The next time I saw the Ninth I was standing on the dock at Hilton Head, South Carolina, when the government transport came to the wharf and I recognized so many of my Jersey friends. Those old days of toil and danger how they seem to be swallowed up in the misty past, and we sometimes think were we really actors in all this drama of war? I remember right well the faces of Captain Harris and Captain Carrell who were killed at Drury's Bluff, and the youthful Colonel Zabriskie, a college friend of mine at Nassau Hall. What a wealth of good Jersey blood the Ninth gave to the cause of the Union. Her survivors may always be proud of their connection with such a magnificent body of fighting men, and I trust you who are present to-morrow will live many years to tell your grandchildren of your sufferings, and your trials, and your victories for the preservation of the Union.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM S. STRYKER,

Adjutant General of New Jersey.

The reading of the following telegram created intense enthusiasm :

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 8, 1887.

GEN. J. MADISON DRAKE :

Will miss your business meeting, but will be on hand in time for dinner.

JAMES STEWART, JR.

COLONEL ABRAM ZABRISKIE,



Third son of the late chancellor, was born at Hackensack, February 18th, 1841. He graduated with high honors at Princeton college in 1859, and commenced the study of law. He was to have gone with Minister Dayton to France, but the assault upon the flag he dearly loved, put a stop to the tour of pleasure he had long been anticipating. He was but a stripling, nineteen years of age, when appointed adjutant of the Ninth regiment, but in the first battle as he stood with folded arms, directly facing the Confederate battery and a storm of shot, he appeared like a giant. The hissing shot had no terrors for him, and the example he set had great influence upon the men, who, engaged with a desperate enemy for the first time, needed all the encouragement such pictures of repose and indifference to manifold dangers could give them. The speedy promotion of Colonel Heckman to the command of a division, elevated young Zabriskie to the colonelcy of the Ninth, which he led in many engagements until the fateful sixteenth of May, 1864, when, lying upon the earth with his life-blood fast ebbing, and seeing his regiment overpowered, almost annihilated, he exclaimed: "Poor boys, poor boys!" Colonel Zabriskie was *loved* by every man in the regiment, and no nobler or more patriotic Jerseyman ever fell in defense of the flag. In battle, however great the danger, our hero was *imperturbable*. He possessed ability of a high order, and, had he been spared, would have risen to eminence in any sphere of life. Foster, in his history of "New Jersey and the Rebellion," says of him: "As colonel of the Ninth regiment, his record was not merely spotless—it was lustrous. Even in his last hours, when the shadow of death lay upon his face, and life's beauty and joy faded like a pleasant picture from his darkened vision, his thoughts were of his country and of the comrades who were still, with heroic endurance, braving the perils of a doubtful field.

Major Appalet moved that the thanks of the Association are eminently due and hereby tendered the Veteran Zouaves, the citizens, and the ladies for their kindnesses to the survivors of the Ninth New Jersey. Agreed to.

Private C. F. Preston, Company F, moved that a committee in each county be appointed, with the chairman of whom the Secretary can correspond. Agreed to.

Captain Drake moved that the By-Laws be amended so that there shall be ten, instead of two, Vice-Presidents as originally agreed upon. Carried.

The following additional Vice-Presidents were then unanimously elected :

Brig.-General James Stewart, Jr., Major Thomas B. Appalet, Lieutenant Richard J. Berdan, Lieutenant-Col. William B. Curtis, Captain Robert D. Swain, Lieutenant W. Van Brunt, Captain C. W. Castner, Lieutenant Joseph C. Bowker.

On motion, Color-Sergeant George Myers was unanimously elected a Vice-President.

Major Appalet said the Association would be pleased to hear from Colonel Charles Seranton, of Oxford, who had taken such a warm interest in the organization of the Ninth Regiment. Whereupon, amid applause, he was introduced by the President, speaking substantially as follows :

MR. PRESIDENT, OFFICERS AND MEN—SURVIVORS OF THE GLORIOUS OLD NINTH—It gives me very great pleasure to be present with you to-day. When I came in here I had a train of thoughts in my mind for a speech, but the seeing of so many men I had not met to shake hands with for nearly a quarter of a century, have knocked that speech all out of me, and your President has told me I may talk just what I like. To begin then, comrades, I want to say that New Jersey was not behind any of her sister States in rallying for the defense of that flag and the union of these States, "The Jersey blue was always true." New Jersey, glorious little State, sent to the front the very first brigade of four regiments that went from any State, under General Runyon. Other States were sending a regiment at a time. Never shall I forget the work done in a little over two weeks' time. Two of the four regiments had the *regulation blue overcoat*. The cloth was dyed, cut, and made up inside of two weeks. Why, sir, we did what was never done in the world before or since. On the east side of that old Arsenal at Trenton we armed and equipped the entire brigade in a single day.

As this first (three months') brigade marched down Pennsylvania Avenue, making near a mile in length, they were really the admiration of everybody. We soon got farther calls for more men, and the First and Second Brigades of four regiments each—eight thousand men—were quickly fitted out and sent to the front, under the gallant Kearny, McAllister, Torbert and other brave commanders. Had I time, I would like to read one or two letters from Governor Olden and General Kearny. I had told the Governor I was about to build a barn, but I thought we ought to have a school of instruction formed, and be taking in and drilling more companies for more calls. He said, "Colonel, go home and build your barn," or words to that effect. Here is the letter. And that he didn't think we need to send another soldier. This talk, however, was

before the first Bull Run, for by Act of Congress, approved July 22, 1861, we got an order from the War Department, September 5, 1861, to get up another regiment. This was our glorious Ninth, in whose memory we meet to-day. The regiment was to be a rifle regiment of twelve companies. It was quickly raised. The first company mustered in September 13th, and the last October 15th, 1861. The regiment began drilling at once at Camp Olden (*mainly* squad and company drills), and perfecting its organization, until December 4, 1861, when it left the State with forty-four officers and 1,115 non-commissioned officers and privates, and during its existence as a regiment, there were forwarded to it 1,431 men as recruits, besides twenty-eight men who started, but never got there. [A voice—"What became of them?"] The colonel replied: "Probably they may have dropped into the Delaware, between Camden and Philadelphia." They are lost to memory. They have no record like the rest of you. Thus it is seen that the total number of officers and men from first to last belonging to this glorious old Ninth, was two thousand seven hundred and one. An army in itself—almost, if not quite, equal to the army under Washington at the battles of Trenton, Princeton and Monmouth. The regiment took part in thirty important engagements, in many of which their losses of killed and wounded were heavy. The roster was a grand one. I recall to mind of the field, staff and line—Heckman, Gillette, Curtis, Hufty, Appleget, Hopper, Abel, Carrell, Coyte, Welsted, Keys, Berdan, Stewart, Castner, Brown, Ritter, Drake, Erb, McChesney, and many other officers. Time to-day will not allow of calling the roll of the brave in full—the living, and the dead.

This regiment never surrendered and was never conquered. But alas, to prevent it, many a brave man fell with his face to the foe. Time to-day will also fail me to call the roll of the honored and patriotic dead, yet I cannot look over the names in my mind of Allen, Weller, Henry, Zabriskie, Armstrong, and two hundred and fifty others who were killed in battles, a part of the quarter of a million of men who died in defense of that dear old flag and our Union, besides four hundred and forty-four officers and enlisted men who were wounded, that liberty, civil and religious, and our country might live. Armstrong, who was killed twenty-five years ago to-day, was the first man that I enrolled for the regiment, and was killed shortly after Captain Henry met his death. This regiment should be proud to know that Captain Henry, the first officer from New Jersey to fall in battle, was also the first volunteer from New Jersey for the defense of Washington. After Sumter was fired on the 18th day of April, 1861, he was an enlisted private in Captain James H. Lane's command to defend the arsenal and government property in and around Washington. This company, and that of Cassius M. Clay's, held Washington secure till the arrival of troops from the Keystone state and Massachusetts, when they were honorably discharged. Here is the honorable discharge, signed by Abraham Lincoln, Simon Cameron, and the officers of the company, expressing the thanks of the nation. I prize this document very highly.

I now come to matters more personal. I know our general is modest, but when I began I asked him if I might do about as I pleased. Many of you do not know how you got hold of your beloved commander. I'll tell you. The regiment was full, strong, powerful, composed of some of the best men from nearly every town in the state. The roster was completed, with the exception of major. You know our first regiments had cleaned the state pretty thoroughly of our home guard drilled men. It seemed if there was not many left to select from. Governor Olden was anxious. Colonel Allen was diffident and doubtful of his own ability. Both said to me one day, "Colonel, do you think of anyone who would make a good major for the Ninth?" I said "Yes, I know a man who as a boy went to Mexico; he has been three months' in this service. I'll bring him down, and I'll guarantee he can put the regiment through any needed evolution." I was on my way home to spend Sabbath with my family. I sent word ahead to Phillipsburg to Captain Heckman to meet me at the depot. Told him what I wanted, and to be ready to go back with me Monday. "If you can do what I have promised you will have a double-breasted coat at once." On the following day, many of you may remember how the captain put you through. At night, Colonel Allen said. "Captain, get your double-breasted ready," and the governor commissioned him at once. In all this there was a Providence. "There is a Divinity which shapes our end." How fortunate

Colonel Allen was drowned, and your gallant major was left your commander, and twenty-five years ago to-day he by his cool, intrepid bearing, led you to victory, which gave your regiment a name for gallantry not surpassed by any regiment in the service. I had intended to refer to the muskets you had for a few days—almost producing mutiny. You were right to rebel. You were raised as a rifle regiment, and finally to settle the matter we got an order from the War Department for the Springfield Armory to turn out 1,200 rifled muskets for you. It took just twelve days to fill the order, and your faces presented a different cast. If time allowed, I could read Governor Olden's letters to me in regard to India rubber blankets for you. You had but 400, and wanted 800 more. How we sent the ladies out to raise the money to buy them. They got it, for nobody could get rid of them so easily as to give. But I am reminded I must stop. Men of the old Ninth—good privates make good officers, and I say here, as I have often said before, that the soldier, corporal or private, who does his duty fully when on the picket line, or where duty or danger calls, is the peer of a Czar, Napoleon, General Grant, or the greatest captain that ever lived. The one orders, the other executes. But war is costly in money, lives, and morals. Let us all cultivate peace, love our homes, do good in every way we can to each other in our own country and elsewhere. If as a nation of people we do this, Canada and Mexico will both gravitate to us by self-interest, without any war for conquest, so that in time we have as many as one hundred States, each governing themselves internally, "as distinct as the billows, but one as the sea," when danger threatens either. Our fathers planned well for any extensions that have or may ever occur, and I fully believe that within less than half a century our flag will be the flag of all the States from the Arctic Ocean to the Panama. The true interests of science, art, religion, education and of mankind will effect it by diplomacy, without war, and then will be realized the poet's dream of the future.

"No pent up Utica contracts our powers,
For the whole boundless continent is ours."

Corporal W. M. Wendell, Company C, moved that Colonel Scranton be elected an honorary member of the Association. Unanimously agreed to.

At this moment General James Stewart, Junior, entered the hall, and was greeted with cheers which shook the building. It was some time before order could be restored, so great was the interest which centered in him.

Captain Ben. W. Hopper and Color-Sergeant George Myers also received hearty cheers; as soon as the boys recognized them.

During a recess, Private Isaac Roberts, Company C, sang an old war song which was well received.

BRIG.-GENERAL JAMES STEWART, JR.,



Born at Washington, Warren county, N J., in the year 1840, was educated for a mercantile life, which he forsook when the governor of his native state called for troops to defend the government. He enlisted as a private, but his ability soon ensured him a commission, and he left Trenton with Company H as its first lieutenant. By the heroic death of Captain Henry at Roanoke Island, Stewart became captain, and at Newburn distinguished himself by shooting a Captain Martin, a renegade Jerseyman, in command of a Confederate battery. In the expedition to Goldsboro' in December, 1862, Captain Stewart led his command with great gallantry in a number of battles, losing between thirty and forty of his men in killed and wounded, which shows the nature of the task committed to him. He succeeded the lamented Zabriskie in command of the regiment, and was frequently in command of a brigade, which he handled with the same ease and skill. It was a great delight to see Colonel Stewart in battle, into which he went with a cheery laugh and the same grace and winning way as if at a ball. He was desperately wounded at Drewry's Bluff, May 16, 1864, and although a great sufferer, would not rest content until he had assisted in firing the last shot in the war. His last campaign was as brilliant as any in which he had taken part, and in this he commanded a brigade, skillfully leading it on the old battle-ground at Southwest Creek, Kingston and Goldsboro', which city he captured in March, 1865, the Ninth being first to plant its tattered colors upon the court-house. Colonel Stewart was promoted to a brigadier-generalship for his valuable services to the corps, and highly complimented in the orders of the general commanding for distinguished gallantry and courage. General Stewart was a born soldier, possessing as he did all essential qualities, and a physique capable of sustaining him in great fatigue. He returned to Trenton with the Ninth regiment, meeting with a joyous welcome at the hands of a people who were proud of its achievements and the glory it had won. General Stewart, for a number of years past, has been the efficient chief of Philadelphia's police force, which, owing to his executive ability and varied experience in the field, enjoys a high reputation for excellence. Time has dealt gently with General Stewart, no shadow of the old perils being discernible on his still handsome face.

THE BANQUET.

At half-past three o'clock the regiment was formed in line, and marched to the banquet hall on the lower floor of the Armory, where a most inviting dinner, tendered by patriotic citizens of Elizabeth, and prepared and served by the wives of members of the regiment—Mrs. J. Madison Drake, Mrs. William E. Townley, Mrs. John H. Good, Mrs. Elias C. Winans, Mrs. F. B. Gillette, Mrs. Henry Cook, Mrs. Thomas McCormick, Mrs. John Wood, Mrs. George Brunn, Mrs. Robert S. Williams and Miss Gussie Secor Drake—awaited them.

When all had taken the chairs assigned them, General Heckman called upon Rev. T. B. Appeget to ask the divine blessing.

After a full discussion of the good things of this life so amply provided, General Heckman introduced Mayor Grier, who extended a hearty welcome to the survivors of a regiment that had distinguished itself on many fields of battle. He said the country could not forget the sacrifices made by the men of the Ninth from the beginning until the end of the war. Your magnificent heroism in the swamp at Roanoke Island would ever be remembered with pride. I am thankful to meet and converse with such men to-day.

Mr. Edward S. Atwater, President of the City Council, was next introduced. He voiced, he said, the sentiment of the people of Elizabeth, in declaring that the city was honored by the presence of so many good men and true, representatives of a regiment that had won historic renown, and whose deeds would forever live in the memory of a grateful people. We are all proud of the old Ninth New Jersey,—proud of the patriotism and valor of its members, but prouder still that this glorious Union they fought for was preserved by the bravery and indomitable courage of themselves and brother soldiers. We remember your gallant deeds, and trust that you may all live long to enjoy the fruits thereof.

Mr. Frank Bergen, City Attorney, said he loved to meet with war veterans, and hear them narrate their experiences, but he always felt like taking a low seat among men who had imper-

illed their lives in preserving the Union, which was the hope of liberty throughout the world. He concluded by paying a glorious tribute to the men of the Ninth.

The next speaker was Colonel E. S. Edwards, who served his native State, Virginia, during the war. He had come to the reunion, he said, not to talk, but to take notes, and he had expressly stipulated that he was not to be called upon for a speech. But he quickly warmed up to it by the same kind of cheers that had in days ago caused his blood to flow faster, and was soon pouring forth eloquent words. He said he should never forget that the Zouaves, under whose hospitable roof he now stood, had been the first men after the war to grasp his hand in fellowship, and he esteemed it a great pleasure to meet those gallant men as often as opportunity offered. Colonel Edwards paid a high tribute to Union troops, and in his peroration said: "Men of the Ninth New Jersey, your efforts helped nobly to preserve that Union, around which are clustered the best and brightest hopes of humanity."

Brigadier-General James Stewart, Junior, the last colonel of the Ninth, was greeted with uproarious applause as he rose from his chair, at the bidding of General Heckman. When something like quiet had been obtained, the general said :

COMRADES—When I entered the Zouaves' Armory, a short half hour since, and was greeted by you with that cheery and familiar Ninth New Jersey yell, it stirred up the old time ardor and soldier blood which has been slumbering for two decades past. No one but he who has been a soldier, and a volunteer soldier at that, can appreciate and experience this welling up of the tenderest feelings, this going out of the heart's warmest sympathy one towards the other, as we meet and clasp hands with the comrades who shared each with the other the dangers, the hardships and privations which went to make up our tour of duty between 1861 and 1865. Twenty-five years ago to-day. If we could portray in cold type our thoughts, feelings and surroundings, with the happenings of that, to us, eventful day, what an interesting volume it would make. This was our first baptism of fire. I recall to mind, as we lay on the transports outside of Hatteras Inlet, with what feelings of wonder, awe, and admiration did I listen to the conversation of two of our German officers who had fought with Sigel in the revolution of 1848, and who talked of war and bloodshed as though it were a pastime; and how I envied them their experience. For here were we, about to try conclusions with the enemy, and it was yet to be determined whether we were so constituted as to stand up manfully to our duty, or whether at the critical moment we should be found wanting. The reputation of a military organization in active service in the field depends largely upon the results of their first engagement. If successful, it infuses into the command a feeling of *esprit du corps* and *virve* which no subsequent defeat can altogether extinguish. The good reputation which our old regiment deservedly (as we think) bears, is due in a great measure to the competent and matchless vigor with which it was led in that first fight of ours at Roanoke Island. And never, never can we forget the feeling of gratitude due from us to our old commander, General Heckman—[cheers]—for his gallant and successful leadership in this our first taste of actual war. And what we gained in reputation at Roanoke, under Heckman's matchless leadership, we were able to maintain

thereafter through the bravery and intelligence of the men in the ranks, who, having been tried, knew their duty and never faltered in its performance.

The history of the Ninth has never been written—that is, fully written. It never could be, except by some one who had served with the command throughout, or under such an one's supervision. Now while we had many men in our regiment of a high order of intelligence, yet there was a scarcity of literary and talking talent. I remember one time at a dinner given by General Foster at Godbern, N. C., when the Ninth New Jersey was toasted, the gentleman, who responded, said: "The Ninth, from its colonel to the man who cooked the bean-soup, are deficient as talkers, but when it comes to eating, hard service, or rattling good fighting, you know where to find us." And they did generally manage to find us, and so considerate were they of our feelings that in any forward movement they placed us in advance for fear we should miss our share. On this subject of not being a fluent talker, I am reminded of another incident which occurred during our service, an incident which made such an impression on my mind that I have never forgotten it. Colonel Zabriskie, one of God's noblemen—[cheers]—patriotic, brave, the thorough soldier and accomplished gentleman, a man of culture, a graduate from one of our most renowned institutions of learning,—with all this he was diffident and retiring in his disposition, and disliked gatherings where he was apt to be called upon.

In February, 1864, our regiment having re-enlisted for the war, came North on veteran furlough. Reaching Jersey City, we were tendered a reception by the city authorities. The table was spread in Taylor's Hotel, and around it were seated a number of city and state officials, and the officers of our command. Mayor Cleveland presided, with Colonel Zabriskie on his right, and your humble servant on his left. Several of us were quietly enjoying ourselves in anticipation of the colonel's embarrassment, for he was certain to be called upon, though we well knew, if put to the test, he would acquit himself creditably. In due time, after we had got away with the commissary stores, the mayor arose, and in a few well chosen sentences welcomed us back to our native state. He excused himself from making any extended remarks as he was not a talking man, and closed by toasting the New Jersey Ninth and its gallant colonel, Abram Zabriskie. The table gave him three times three and a tiger, then settled back to listen to his remarks. The colonel arose, and after thanking the mayor, and through him the authorities of Jersey City, for their hearty welcome, said he was troubled somewhat like his honor the mayor in that he was not a talker, but, said he: "I have a lieutenant-colonel sitting here who is brimful of eloquence, and only waits an opportunity to give it vent. I call upon Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart to respond." Can any of you realize my sensations at that moment? Why, a lump welled up into my throat, which seemed to feel as big as that mortar which was mounted on a flat car down at the front, and which we christened the "Petersburg Express," and to this day it is not clear to my mind whether I arose to my feet or tumbled under the table.

The Ninth was organized as a rifle regiment, and drew to her standard recruits from every county in the state, and it is no doubt owing to this fact that the survivors are so scattered is why we have never succeeded in perfecting an organization that we might hold our annual reunions. Now that it is taken hold of by our old-time comrade, that indefatigable worker, General "Mad" Drake, I am sure it will be made a success, for "Mad" seldom fails in anything he sets his heart on, and I know his heart is in this movement. During the past fifteen years several attempts have been made to get up a reunion, but without success.

This is a "red letter" day for the sturdy veterans of our old regiment. The presence here of so many of our comrades shows what we have missed by not meeting in all these years. We have made a good start; let us not weary in the good work until we have enrolled into our organization every surviving member of our old command. Year by year the number lessens, and it really is not creditable to us that we have not come together before. There was everything to favor it. Our regiment was remarkable for the harmony of feeling and good fellowship which existed between the officers, between the men, and between the officers and men. Let us then hereafter, hold our yearly camp-fire where we can meet as brothers, who, twenty-five years ago, were banded together in a common and holy cause, and show to each other and to the world that the feeling of soldierly regard which bound us together during those troublesome times has not been broken, or even weakened, but rather

strengthened by passing time, which, as each year rolls by, takes us farther and farther from the birth of our association, and nearer and nearer to the date of our final muster-out. [Prolonged applause.]

General Stewart, before taking his seat, said he should like to hear from "Mad" Drake, who stepped to the front and said :

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE NINTH NEW JERSEY—More than a quarter of a century has rolled round since we rallied together at Camp Olden, near Trenton, in obedience to the call of the government for a regiment of riflemen, and the years that go to make the age of manhood have passed by since we were parted on our return home, after participating in a conflict which lasted four years, shaking the world from center to circumference. Eleven hundred and forty-two brave-hearted men, who loved their country better than family or home or worldly possessions, composed the Ninth regiment on the third day of December, 1861, on which date it left the State, proceeding direct to the national capital. Who that survive can forget the enthusiastic greeting we received as down Pennsylvania Avenue we marched with firm tread and perfect alignments? But it is not my purpose to rehearse the history of our marches, bivouacs, battles or victories.

To-day a remnant of that gallant band is permitted to gather around an improvised camp-fire and exchange hearty greetings as in days that are past. How different our surroundings twenty-five years ago—how changed the scene? Then we were wading knee-deep in the swamps of Roanoke Island engaged in deadly fray, sustaining the reputation of the Jersey Blues of the revolution for pluck and endurance, and by our valor adding lustre to the fame of our patriotic forefathers.

Despite our furrowed faces and whitened hairs, do not our hearts, seemingly as young as when we marched side by side in the battle's front, beat faster for this meeting? Do we not all love the Union more strongly when we turn our eyes and gaze upon those treasured and tattered pieces of silk, stained as they are with the blood of our comrades, and around which we have oftentimes rallied amid an avalanche of shot and shell?

I think I can truly say to-day that the years since we disbanded, to again resume citizenship, seem shorter now than those dark days when we stood together in serried ranks, and the fate of our country hung in a doubtful balance between the contending armies—the bravest the world ever saw.

Who among our number can forget the cry which went forth from the sainted Lincoln for volunteers—for men who would serve the government for love and—eleven dollars a month? The patriots composing the Ninth New Jersey waited not for *bounty* or a *short* term of service. They enlisted for the war, be the *end* when it would.

Our older citizens well remember how the gallant men of the three Jersey brigades, with ourselves, answered the President's call. The pen must ever glow when it pictures the uprising of the patriots in 1861. From the cleft and burdened head of Jove, sprang forth Pallas, a perfect warrior. But from the burdened Union, rent in twain, sprang forth, not one, but thousands, till every country lane and village, and street and city avenue, shook beneath the tread of hurrying citizen-soldiers; while the air that had echoed only to the songs of birds, or the sounds of commerce, resounded with the strains of martial music and patriotic chorus, and banners waved like leaves on the trees of our forests, and gleaming bayonets flashed from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof.

We all, too well, remember the dark hours of that terrible struggle in which we were permitted, thank God, to take an active part. But how awful was the anxiety and anguish of that trying period? The seasons rolled on, year after year, in their varying and beautiful course. But the beauty of the spring-time was lost in the reflection that many of our best and bravest comrades were melting away even as the snows of winter. The charm of summer faded with the thought that loved ones were dropping under the heat of battle. The loveliness of autumn cheered our weary hearts only for a moment, while winter came to disturb blissful sleep, bringing hunger, cold, prison, wounds and death.

The "Ninth New Jersey," as it was called throughout the army, was blessed at the start with the leadership of a gallant officer in the war with Mexico—a man of intrepidity—with an invincible determination, who rose by hard fighting from a captaincy to the command of the best brigade and the biggest corps in the army; and who, although repeatedly wounded in battle, at one time a prisoner of war, never knew why the war ended while he was not yet half through whipping the enemy. How rejoiced we all are to see the "fighting Dutch Heckman," as the "Johnnies" familiarly called him, with us on this glorious occasion.

Besides the valiant Heckman, we are glad also to again look upon the manly beauty of our last colonel—General James Stewart, Jr.—who was never defeated but once—when big Jake Ralph, of Company E, ate the entire dinner which the colonel had ordered him to have prepared at an adjacent farm-house for himself and staff. Despite that handsome face, Stewart always went into battle as gaily as at a ball.

We have Hopper, who was never entirely content unless on a march or in a fight—for whom no fatigue was too great, no duty too irksome or dangerous, and who from a sergeant in 1861, earned the grade of captain, returning home in 1865, as the senior of that grade.

We have Gillette, the most painstaking, kind-hearted and popular surgeon in the army, who always had time to minister to the medical wants of the mer, and who prescribed something besides quinine and salts for those who had no appetite.

We have Swain, Castner, Coyte, Bowker, Green, Lanning, Hawk, Cogan, Berdan, Van Houten, Grover, Weir, Edwards, Kille, Townley, and Color-Sergeant George Myers, bravest of the brave.

And on the other side of the Dark river, in the land forever silent, we have Allen and Weller, both of whom were swallowed up in the yawning, dashing and death-inviting breakers at Hatteras.

We have Henry and Walker, who taught in our first encounters with a hidden enemy, how volunteers, fighting for their country, should die.

We have the noble Zabriskie, who was as serene in battle's dire confusion, as if on parade—without fear and without reproach.

We have the lion-hearted, but fiery and impetuous Harris, to whom the sping of a bullet and the bursting of a shell was sweetest music to his soul.

We have the heroic Lawrence, who at Drewry's Bluff said: "I've got it at last," and fell dead.

We have the gallant Carrell, the perfect soldier, who fell, sword in hand, regretting he could do no more for his country.

We have young Blackwell, who, twenty-five years ago to-day, fell, expiring in the outstretched arms of his brother, exclaiming: "Remember thy Creator!"

We have Parkhurst and Hines, who, having fought heroically three years, were homeward-bound when the fell destroyer—"yellow Jack" took them to his cold embrace.

We have Sergeant Cowperthwaite, whose anxiety for his men, led to his own brave death.

And so might I continue until I had finished the roll of honor—the list of those who have gone before, numbering, as it does, two hundred and fifty-five dead heroes. Four hundred and twenty-six of our comrades were wounded in battle, many of them several times.

Who, then, shall say that the Ninth New Jersey, which, after its original term of enlistment had expired, enrolled itself almost to a man for the remainder of the war, does not deserve the fair fame it achieved—does not merit the honors conferred upon it by the legislature of our state, by the congress of the nation, and by the people of the land we did so much to assist in preserving?

The sun since time began has looked upon no nobler deeds than those we witnessed between 1861 and 1865, and good old mother earth has bred no nobler men than those who fell beside us in the cause of liberty. They died gloriously, leaving their heroic deeds, their principles, and their worthy examples as a heritage to their country and to posterity. By that curious moral consanguinity which binds together men who have stood together under fire, we are their next of kin; and so become trustees of this rich heritage. And, comrades, without boasting, we are amply qualified for the trust.

We must not permit communists and anarchists, by their imported and pernicious doctrines and unlawful and murderous combinations, to paralyze our business and destroy our property, or sully the flag we have struggled so long to maintain. To the incendiary, who goes about with torch and bomb to devastate property and destroy life, we must call "Halt! We know what war means; you shall not bring it upon us or our children."

Men of the glorious old Ninth New Jersey. If we continue to maintain freedom for every citizen of this great republic, and transmit the institutions that our brave comrades died to save, in all their vigor and purity, to those who come after us, we shall have done all that is required, and so proven true to the trust which we accepted by their death. Then, when the coming years have passed us by, so swiftly and silently that they have had to scatter snow upon heads that are now fast whitening, and plow our faces with yet deeper furrows to let us know that they were once with us in peril, it may be permitted us to see through the twilight what others may not see, the mighty spirits of dead comrades rising above their ashes, where they fell, standing like tall, heroic sentinels, to guard our land from ill.

Let us hope that we shall have no more to do with war; but by the hour of our grief, by the memory of our dead, by the never ending sorrow of the living, for the honor of the country and our flag, and for the sake of American manhood let us strive to keep this land the heritage of those who love liberty and free institutions.

The following names composed the local committee of arrangements: Captain J. Madison Drake, First Lieutenant William E. Townley, Samuel Murray, John H. Good, Sergeant Robert S. Williams, Elias C. Winans and Henry Cook.

Although most of the members were compelled to depart for their homes quite early in the evening, yet many remained until midnight and partook of the overflowing hospitality of the Veteran Zouaves, who extemporized an excellent entertainment—songs being sung by Lieutenants Austin and Zimmermann, Sergeant Henriques, Drum-Major King, and others.

CAPTAIN BENJAMIN W. HOPPER



Was born near Hackensack, Bergen county, N. J., May 15, 1839. When one year old, his parents removed to Newfoundland, Morris county, where he remained until sixteen years of age, when he removed to Newark, where he learned the trade of a carpenter, becoming a skillful workman. In the spring of 1861, he arranged to go to Macon, Georgia, having received a good offer from a prominent builder there, but the attack upon Sumpter changed his plans and the course of his life. He enlisted in Company E, Ninth New Jersey, in September 1861, and was immediately made a sergeant, in which position he distinguished himself in the battles of Roanoke Island and Newbern. His gallantry attracted the attention of General Heckman (then colonel), who promptly promoted him to a lieutenantcy, and subsequently to a captaincy, in which position he served with great acceptability and faithfulness, until the last shot had been fired, when he returned to New Jersey with the regiment, as its *senior captain*, suffering from a ghastly wound he had received at Drewry's Bluff, Va. Captain Hopper's company was well drilled, highly efficient and ever to be relied upon for any duty, however dangerous. The captain enjoyed the respect of his men, who oftentimes performed prodigies of valor, simply to win a smile from his intelligent yet usually stern face. After Captain Hopper had led his men into Goldsboro', N. C., in March 1865, and the Ninth, in recognition of its valor and dash in capturing the city, had been detailed as provost guard, Captain Hopper was appointed inspector-general of the Twenty-third corps, the onerous duties of which position he performed in a masterly manner, receiving encomiums from Generals Sherman, Cox and Scofield. Upon his return home, Captain Hopper, through the kind offices of his old friend, General Heckman, was appointed a conductor on the Central Railroad of New Jersey. For fifteen years past, he has had charge of the company's interests at Newark, where he has displayed indomitable energy and executive ability of a high order. He possesses the confidence of his superiors in civil life as he did while serving his country on fifty fields of battle.

MEMBERS.

The following-named are members :

Bt. Maj.-General Charles A. Heckman. Phillipsburg, N. J.
 Brig.-General James Stewart, Junior. Philadelphia, Pa.
 Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel Hufty. Camden, N. J.
 Major Thomas B. Appalet. Hightstown, N. J.
 Surgeon F. B. Gillette. 195 Colyer Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Adjutant Edward W. Welsted. Jersey City, N. J.
 Adjutant Frederick G. Coyte. Englewood, N. J.
 Commissary Sergt. Smith Bilderbeck. Salem, N. J.
 " Oscar Van Houten. Hackensack, N. J.
 Color Sergeant George Myers. 71 Brunswick Street, Newark, N. J.
 Hospital Stewart William S. Wade. Summit, Union County, N. J.

COMPANY A.

Lieutenant A. E. Edwards. 299 York Street, Jersey City, N. J.
 Lieutenant Charles W. Grover. New Brunswick, N. J.
 James Cox. 2 Belvidere Street, Trenton, N. J.
 S. H. Stillwell. Princeton, N. J.
 W. H. Bendy. Englishtown, N. J.
 Nelson Barick'o. Prospect Plains, Middlesex Co., N. J.
 James Donomore. New Brunswick, N. J.
 Andrew B. Dunn. 21 Redmond St., New Brunswick, N. J.
 Valentine Young. 72 Wallace Street, Newark, N. J.
 Frederick Scholl. 30 Montgomery Street, Newark, N. J.
 Leonard Conover. Hightstown, N. J.
 Milton J. Ives. Hightstown, N. J.
 B. Yeager. 104 Belmont Avenue, Newark, N. J.
 Charles Huebner. Post-office, Newark, N. J.
 Simeon Stults. Asbury Park, N. J.

COMPANY B.

Captain Cornelius W. Castner. New Brunswick, N. J.
 Lieutenant Richard E. Cogan. Irvington, N. J.
 Patrick Lally. Weston, Somerset Co., N. J.
 James Van Buskirk. Bayonne, N. J.
 Frank Cahill. 89 Patterson St., New Brunswick, N. J.
 Frederick Brandt. South Sixth Street, Newark, N. J.
 Frank Acker. Comstock St., New Brunswick, N. J.
 John Lawrence. 104 Welton St., New Brunswick, N. J.
 Walter J. Dey. 23 Hiram Jt., New Brunswick, N. J.
 William Morris. New Brunswick, N. J.
 John Daley. Jersey City, N. J.
 John R. Jurgens. Jersey City, N. J.

COMPANY C.

Lieutenant William Van Brunt. Hightstown, N. J.
 George Houk. 164 Atlantic Street, Paterson, N. J.
 Benjamin H. Manning. 129 York Street, Jersey City, N. J.
 Isaac H. Roberts. Bordentown, Burlington Co., N. J.
 John H. A. Jacobus. 16 Bank Street, Paterson, N. J.
 William W. Stagg. 81 Benson Street, Paterson, N. J.
 Charles C. Rudrauff. 228 Poplar St., Philadelphia, Pa.
 W. M. Wendell. P. O. Box 306, Bethlehem, Pa.
 Jacob Schmidt. Newark, N. J.

COMPANY D.

Captain Amos H. Evans	Keokuk, Iowa.
Lieutenant Joseph C. Bowker	Bridgeton, N. J.
Samuel W. Brinley	Toms River, N. J.
James Neal	Bridgeton, N. J.
John Sigel	51 Charlton Street, Newark, N. J.

COMPANY E.

Captain Benjamin W. Hopper	49 Fair Street, Newark, N. J.
Lieutenant Richard J. Berdan	Paterson, N. J.
Lieutenant Henry Hopper	Newark, N. J.
Lieutenant Collins Weir	Morristown, N. J.
Sergeant D. J. Senior	40 Mattock Street, Paterson, N. J.
Halam Post	48 Godwin Street, Paterson, N. J.
Patrick Lynch	8, Bruce Street, Newark, N. J.
Henry Voorhees	3 Godwin Street, Paterson, N. J.
Edo M. King	Hampton, Va.
Jacob Eble	Newark, N. J.
Daniel Geroe	Paterson, N. J.
William P. Amerman	Hackensack, N. J.
Thomas J. Halliwell	24 Temple Street, Paterson, N. J.
William L. Munson	21 Benson Street, Paterson, N. J.
William Reid	391 Straight Street, Paterson, N. J.
William B. Maines	109 Fair Street, Paterson, N. J.
William Prentiss	South Paterson, N. J.
Richard Post	424 Sussex Street, Paterson, N. J.
J. N. Carlough	32 Clinton Street, Paterson, N. J.
David Ackerman	189 Paxton Street, Paterson, N. J.
Robert Wood	Englewood, N. J.
E. C. Tuttle	Deckertown, N. J.

COMPANY F.

Captain Lewis D. Sheppard	Keokuk, Iowa.
Lieutenant Henry B. Lanning	122 South Greene St., Trenton, N. J.
Lieutenant Edward H. Green	Pedricktown, N. J.
Sergeant Edward Carlan	Greenwich, Cumberland Co., N. J.
Corporal John V. M. Sutphin	Three Bridges, N. J.
Corporal Reuben H. Leaming	Newport, Cumberland Co., N. J.
William J. Thompson	Pennington, Mercer Co., N. J.
Joseph Thompson	Pennington, Mercer Co., N. J.
James Wood	64 Wall Street, Trenton, N. J.
Charles M. Preston	South Seaville, Cape May Co., N. J.
Joseph Hellinger	Mount Rose, Mercer Co., N. J.
C. E. Blackwell	504 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Jacob Veit	Flemington, N. J.
Barton Higgins	Flemington, N. J.
Samuel R. Mills	Greenwich, Cumberland Co., N. J.
Thomas Horn	104 Brunswick Avenue, Trenton, N. J.
Joseph Knowles	166 East 91st St., New York City.

COMPANY G.

Lieutenant George L. Bryant	High Bridge, Hunterdon Co., N. J.
Sergeant John H. Fadde	Elizabeth, N. J.
Charles P. Oberst	East Kinney Street, Newark, N. J.
Henry Beaman	178 Spring Street, Elizabeth, N. J.
Frederick Rosenbauer	Jersey City, N. J.
Racey Evans	102 Clark St., Chambersburg, Trenton.
Samuel Murray	Elizabeth, N. J.
George Brown	Elizabeth, N. J.
James H. Agens	Orange, N. J.

William Brondstetter.....	Elizabeth, N. J.
John McDonald.....	608 Third Avenue, Elizabeth, N. J.
Charles B. Garthwaite.....	Union, Union Co., N. J.
Michael Banspach.....	Jersey City, N. J.
Hermann Werner.....	Newark, N. J.
Harry J. Ball.....	Newark, N. J.

COMPANY H.

Lieutenant Jacob L. Hawk.....	Newark, N. J.
James Bergen.....	Newark, N. J.
John F. Schaeffer.....	133 West Street, Newark, N. J.

COMPANY I.

Captain David Kille.....	Pedricktown, N. J.
Sergeant Edward Mattson.....	550 Royden Street, Camden, N. J.
Sergeant Mark L. Carney.....	Greenwich, Cumberland Co., N. J.
Corporal John B. Mitchell.....	Swedesboro, N. J.
John Harvey.....	Salem, Salem Co., N. J.
John S. Hampton.....	Pedricktown, N. J.
E. L. Matlack.....	Rhodestown, N. J.
Charles Beyer.....	177 Warren Street, Newark, N. J.
James V. Clark.....	Cape May City, N. J.
Asa R. Harbert.....	Bridgeport, Gloucester Co., N. J.
Thomas H. Kiger.....	Sharpstown, N. J.
S. M. Laymon.....	Auburn, Salem Co., N. J.
J. W. Harbison.....	Auburn, Salem Co., N. J.
Charles Keen.....	Woodbury, N. J.
James W. Daniels.....	Greenwich, Cumberland Co., N. J.

COMPANY K.

Captain J. Madison Drake.....	Elizabeth, N. J.
Captain Robert D. Swain.....	Salem, N. J.
Lieutenant William E. Townley.....	Elizabeth, N. J.
Sergeant Robert S. Williams.....	Elizabeth, N. J.
Thomas McCormick.....	Elizabeth, N. J.
Delancy M. Rose.....	103 High Street, Newark, N. J.
John Ward.....	Elizabeth, N. J.
Elias C. Winans.....	Elizabeth, N. J.
John H. Good.....	Elizabeth, N. J.
Allen Clark.....	Bridgeport, Gloucester Co., N. J.
George R. Townley.....	Elizabeth, N. J.
William H. Ross.....	Elizabeth, N. J.
Robert Gevth.....	Newark, N. J.
Henry Cook.....	Elizabeth, N. J.
Charles A. Williams.....	Post-Office, Newark, N. J.
John Conroy.....	70 Tichenor Street, Newark, N. J.
Jacob Kneller.....	Soldiers' Home, Newark, N. J.
James McGovern.....	1006 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal.