Yorktown—Appomattox.

EIGHTH ANNUAL REUNION

OF

Second N. J. Brigade Society.

Trenton, N. J.

April 9, 1895.

Thirtieth Anniversary of Lee's Surrender.

1861–1895.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

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EIGHTH ANNUAL REUNION.

In accordance with a motion adopted at the meeting of the Seventh Annual Reunion, held in Asbury Park, and the invitation of Bayard Post, No. 8, the Eighth Annual Reunion of the Second New Jersey Brigade Society was held at the Post Rooms, corner of Broad and Lafayette streets, Trenton, N. J.

President Rusling's order, as follows, was read by Secretary U. B. Titus:

TRENTON, March 1st, 1895.

COMRADE:

The Eighth Annual Reunion of the Second New Jersey Brigade Society will be held on Tuesday, April 9th, 1895, at Trenton, N. J.

The Society will assemble in Bayard Post Room, G. A. R., corner Broad and Lafayette streets, at 11 o'clock A. M. prompt, for the transaction of business.

At 1 o'clock P. M. the line will be formed and march to Masonic Temple, where a collation will be spread for all the members, their friends and invited guests.

General James F. Rusling, President of the Society, will deliver the oration.

Generals Daniel E. Sickles, William J. Sewell, Joseph Dickenson, John Ramsay, Francis Price, Harry Tremain and others will be present and address the comrades.

An original poem will be read by Comrade P. F. McMannus, of the 71st New York Volunteers.

General Hastings, Governor of Pennsylvania, has been invited, and is expected to be present.

This is the Thirtieth Anniversary of Lee's Surrender. Comrades, make the occasion worthy of the day we celebrate by your presence and loyal greeting with your old comrades of '61 to '65.

By order of the President.

GEN. JAMES F. RUSLING,

CAPT. U. B. TITUS,
Secretary.

After the invocation by Chaplain Stewart, the retiring President, James F. Rusling, delivered his address to the comrades present, as follows:

COMRADES AND COMPANIONS IN ARMS:

I hail your presence here to-day and salute and congratulate you, because of who you are and what you have done in your age and time. You are a part of the old Second New Jersey Brigade, of the immortal 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th and 11th Regiments of New Jersey Infantry, and your record can never be blotted out, but will shine on and on as the stars forever in the diadem of night. It is true there were regiments from other States attached to your brigade for greater or lesser periods—the 2d and 120th New York, the 26th and 115th Pennsylvania, the 1st, 11th and 16th Massachusetts, and the 1st Maine Heavy Artillery—all honor to them all. But you five New Jersey Regiments constituted the nucleus of the brigade; you did its longest and hardest marching and fighting, and our dear old brigade will go down to history as the "Second Jersey Brigade," while time lasts or history endures.

And first, let me say, the brigade was fortunate in its men, and especially fortunate in its officers and commanders. First, there was Starr, of the 5th, of the old regular army, who organized the brigade, and breathed into it his own lion-like courage and deathless spirit. Next came Patterson, of Pennsylvania, who commanded it so ably at Williamsburg, who drilled and disciplined it, and who did much to make it what afterwards it became. Next came Carr, of New York, a gallant son of the Empire State, who has left us only recently, since our last reunion. Here's "Peace to his ashes and tears to his memory." Next came Mott, and McAllister, and Burling, and Sewell, and Ramsey, and Price, all of our own State, each gifted for command, each gallant and brave, and all of whom covered themselves and the brigade and our flag with imperishable renown. And when I come to speak of our rank and file—of the officers and men who did the hard marching and fighting, and made the victories of our commanders possible—what shall I not also say of them? Why, it is enough to say that, as a rule, they were our own fathers and brothers, or our own neighbors and friends, fellow-citizens all, and that on every hard-fought battle-field, from Yorktown to Appomattox, they proved themselves to be worthy descendants of the Jersey Blues, of the days of George Washington

and the Continental Congress. Of our early commanders, not one is left to us. Of our later ones, a few still survive, and now and here to them, one and all, in behalf of the brigade, I tender our soldierly regards and affectionate remembrances.

Organized into a brigade late in the fall of 1861, at Washington, D. C. (at first only the 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th regiments, the 11th not joining us until November, 1862), you spent the winter of 1861-62 on the Lower Potomac chiefly in drill and discipline—in learning how to become soldiers—under General Joseph Hooker [applause], as one of the three brigades of his model division (no finer in the Army of the Potomac), and saw your first active field duty at the siege of Yorktown, in April, 1862. You received your first "baptism of fire" at Williamsburg, May 5th, 1862, under the immediate eyes of both Hooker and Kearny. [Applause.] Then came Fair Oaks, Savage Station, Glendale, Malvern Hill and the rest of the ill-fated Peninsular campaign under McClellan, and everywhere you won praise and justified the confidence of even "Fighting Joe Hooker." [Applause.] Next you fought like the veterans you had become, at Bristow Station, at Second Bull, and at Chantilly, where the lamented Phil Kearny (New Jersey's favorite son) fell so gallantly, at the head of his division, in the gathering twilight, in the midst of a thunder storm; and you did not go to Antietum, but were ordered into the defenses of Washington instead, because of your thinned ranks and depleted nnmbers.

Next, you marched to Manassas, in October, 1862, as part of an independent division, under the gallant Sickles. Next, you rejoined the Army of the Potomac, in December, 1862, at Falmouth, and fought under Burnside, the blunderer, at Frederickburg, that awful slaughter-house, shocking alike to gods and men. Next, you fought under Hooker at Chancellorville, May, 1863, and distinguished yourselves as a part of his "Old Guard," and there, among other things, captured no less than fifteen Confederate colors, including the headquarter flag of Stonewall Jackson's own division, and yonder it hangs in our State House to-day as one of the most distinguished trophies of the war forever. [Applause.]

Next, you fought at Gettysburg, July, 1863, under the able and accomplished Meade, in the historic Peach Orchard and Wheat Field and Devil's Den, in defense of little Round Top, where your heroic corps commander, Gen. Sickles, himself lost a leg, and your gallant Colonels Sewell, Francine, Price, Ramsey and McAllister

were all severely wounded, and your whole brigade was reduced by killed and wounded to less than the size of a marching regiment.

Next, you fought under the great commander and matchless American soldier, Ulysses S. Grant [applause], in the bloody battle of the Wilderness, at Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor, in 1864, and justified the praise of such accomplished officers as John Sedgwick, Gouveneur K. Warren and Winfield S. Hancock. "By the left flank, forward," you fought it out on that line, if it did "take all summer." Next, you crossed the James and participated in the long and trying siege of Petersburg (1864-65), and finally, thirty years ago this day, wound up the war in honor and renown by the surrender of Lee on the plains of Appomattox, while the apple trees and dog-woods down there were blossoming into beauty and into peace.

Such then is the record of your brigade—from Yorktown to Appomattox—four long years of glorious and honorable warfare, during all of which you fought gallantly and "endured hardness as good soldiers." From Yorktown to Appomattox, these were not petty engagements, but great and memorable battles, that turned the course of human history and changed the face of the world forever. From first to last you were a part and parcel of the heroic Army of the Potomac. Its honorable and glorious history is simply your brigade history. In all its campaigns and battles you bore yourselves gallantly and well, as becometh Jerseymen, and to-day you may fearlessly challenge comparison with like military records, here or elsewhere, since time began. Greek heroism at Thermopylæ did not exceed American gallantry at Fort Sumpter. Marathon was not superior to Nashville. And the historic field of Waterloo did not begin to compare with the Titanic struggles at Gettysburg and Vicksburg. And be it ever remembered, you fought not for yourselves alone, but for humanity and God, here and everywhere, and especially to make good that great declaration of Abraham Lincoln, that "government of the people, by the people and for the people might not perish from the earth."

Your muster rolls alone are memorable and impressive. Let us glance at their figures just a little, and see what they mean. Originally you five regiments (5th, 6th, 7th, 8th and 11th New Jersey) comprised about 1,000 officers and men each, or say 5,000 in all. Subsequently, because of the casualties of the war (chiefly battle and disease), your numbers were more than doubled by recruits,

until your rolls first and last aggregated 10,798 officers and men under your colors. But your muster-out rolls, after Appomattox, show barely 2,853 officers and men left. Or, in other words, that out of 10,798 enlisted in your ranks, 7,945 disappeared and were unable to answer your last roll-call. That is to say, because of the casualties of the war, you lost about two-thirds of your entire number in killed, wounded and missing. Where are they to-day, and the hundreds of others who have perished since, until the little handful before me well represents pretty much all that are left of our gallant comrades? Alas, our only answer must be:

"They sleep their last sleep,
They have fought their last battle,
No sound shall awake them to glory again,
No sound shall awake them to glory again."

But wherever they fell, on land or sea, of each and all of them we may truly say, on this glorious anniversary of Appomattox,

"On fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread—
There glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of our dead."

This bring me specially to the subject of my address to-day, which is, briefly, "Campaigning and Soldiering," or what our soldiers had to undergo during the war. On occasions like this we hear chiefly about our great commanders and our general officers, and I concede them all honor and credit—they deserve everything that can be said, and more. But to-day I propose to speak a few words for the rank and file—who they *were* and what they *did* and *suffered*—and hence my text "Campaigning and Soldiering," and now let us see whether we can realize it just a little. I fancy few people nowadays have much idea of what army life really is, or what it practically consists of. They see only the rainbows on the outside. They hear only the rolling drums and sounding bugles. They see only "the pride, pomp and circumstances of glorious war," the marching regiments, the shining muskets, the gleaming bayonets, the flashing sabres, the streaming colors, and think that magnificient. It is superb. It stirs one's blood. And the first exclamation that leaps to one's lips is, "Who wouldn't be a soldier!" But a little practical campaigning and soldiering changes this considerably, and

many a patriot who enlisted enthusiastically early in '61 soon wished himself home again, and wished it badly.

To begin with, you had first to say good-bye to home and family or friends, perhaps never to return, and that is a little dampening to one's ardor. Next, you had to be mustered in, and sworn to "obey orders," good or bad, wise or otherwise, no matter who the officer over you—and that is not always agreeable to an American citizen. Next, you had to don heavy woolen clothing, that usually fitted (or misfitted) you wretchedly, because made according to average size, without reference to the individual wearer. It was good in cold and stormy weather, but suffocating and intolerable in hot days and nights—especially in the latitude of Virginia and Tennessee, or further South. Then you had to learn the "Manual of Arms," to march and drill, and drill and march, and you were marched and drilled by the hour daily until every muscle ached and every bone seemed ready to break.

Or, you were put to policing the camp, which you know was not "police" duty in common parlance at all, but was the menial and degrading duty of sweeping and cleaning up the dirt and refuse that gathers naturally about a regiment of men, and all soldiers detested this, especially raw recruits, because they said they enlisted to march and fight, not to "police."

Then you had to draw your rations and cook them, such as you could get and when you could get them. Sometimes good; often bad; sometimes "full" rations, when you had enough and to spare; sometimes "light," when you had to eke them out as best you could. No cook-stoves, of course, only rude fires on the ground, with green logs usually (except when you could find "top" fence rails—*vide* one of McClellan's orders on the Peninsula which allowed us to take the "top" rail, but soon, of course, there wasn't any "top" rail), and in rainy weather more smoke than fire. If ordered suddenly on a march, or into battle, you moved with three or five days' cooked rations (or none at all, it may be) in your soiled and greasy haversacks—to last twice said time, if need be. If a veteran, you know how to make these last until you get more—whether the days were more or less. You had learned how to "forage," and to find a stray pig or chicken, or hidden ham or potatoes. But, if a raw recruit, you ate your rations up speedily, as a rule, and took a lesson in how to starve. In due time you learned the best part of your ration to be coffee, sugar, hard-tack

and "beef on the hoof," and you husbanded these when all the rest were thrown away, as only *impedimenta*, as Cæsar would say.

To drill or march all day, heavily loaded down with arms and accoutrements, ammunition and rations, in heat and cold, in sunshine and shower, in dust or mud, was bad enough, but then came night, and no bed or shelter for you, as a rule, in active campaigning. The best you could expect was an armful of grass, or broken twigs or bushes, under the open sky—*al fresco*. More often you had only the soft side of a rail, or the damp ground. Sometimes only mud or slush. If you had marched or fought all day, any rest was welcome, and you were only too eager for the order "Halt! stack arms!" to drop down by the roadside, wherever you might be. Of course, at post or in winter-quarters, you could make yourselves comfortable. Tents could be drawn, huts could be built, bunks could be constructed, &c. But in campaigning and soldiering generally, all those had to be left behind (except our little "shelter tents," so-called, which amounted to but little), and the actual hardships, exposures, privations and miseries of our average private soldiers and company officers during the war are simply inconceivable to our stay-at-home civilians. I remember a march that my division (2d Division, 3d Corps—"Hooker's Old Division") made late in November, 1862, from Manassas to Fairfax Court House, *en route* to Falmouth or Fredericksburg, in the midst of a wild wintry storm of wind and rain, that took us all day to make twelve or fifteen miles, and at nightfall we "bivouacked" or camped down by the roadside in mud, and rain, and hail, and sleet, to sleep the best we could. Nothing but green and wet wood for camp-fires, and everybody ready to perish with fatigue, exhaustion and cold. It was an awful, horrible, experience for over ten thousand of us, and I shudder at its recollection even yet.

Or, in the midst of some such horrible march, you might be ordered to "corduroy" the road, by chopping trees and carrying them through the mud and water to the worst places, or to help lift the stalled wagons out of the swamp-holes, or to take spades and "double-quick" to the front or flanks to throw up hasty entrenchments, or to help build redoubts and forts—pure digging—a kind of "fatigue" work our soldiers all hated, and I do not wonder. The Confederates made their negroes do this, as a rule. But our soldiers had to "dig" for themselves, and our digging was immense, first and last.

But, worse yet, when the day's march or battle was ended, you might be ordered on guard as sentry, or on post as picket, and while your comrades slept off their fatigues and anxieties, you had to tramp your weary round or stand your "two hours on and four off" all night, and the next morning "fall in" with your company, and march and fight again all day, it may be. If, overcome by fatigue or exhaustion, you fell out and dropped asleep by the wayside, you were liable to arrest and court-martial, with prospect of "ball and chain," or to be "shot to death by musketry," or were likely to be "gobbled up" by the enemy and to find your way to Libby or Andersonville at last, to starve or die there.

Or, worse yet, you might be ordered into the trenches, and must dig or fight under fire of the artillery or musketry of the enemy, and must crawl or lie there all day, in all kinds of weather, or take the chances of having your head knocked off by a shell, or your body "plugged" by minie-balls, if you dared to show yourself above the earth-works. At night-fall you might be relieved and allowed to retire to better and safer quarters; or you might have to stay there and "see it out" for a week or longer.

Or, still worse yet, the enemy might make a sortie, or we might be ordered to attack, and a partial or general engagement result, with fierce struggles and desperate onsets and bloody combats, which might leave you minus an arm or a leg, or with a hole or two through your body, and, if not killed outright, then came the hospital, with its dreaded life and maybe awful death, and then the "Dead March in Saul" and farewell volley of musketry ended all things here below.

Or, if there was no serious fighting just then and there, where you happened to be, that direful scourge of the camp and siege, chronic diarrhœa or typhoid fever, might ensue, and thousands of our brave fellows would waste away into shadows—gaunt and saffron-hued—many thousands, more than by bullets, as *vide* McClellan's soldiers on the Peninsula, and Grant's before Vicksburg. I think we lost more men on the lines before Richmond, in June, 1862, in the heart of the Chickahominy Swamps, from diarrhœa and fever, than a pitched battle would have cost us—aye, twice over or more—and Grant suffered the same way on the malarial levees and among the fever-cursed bayous of the Mississippi, and the mysteries and miseries—the awful horrors—of human life under such circumstances are simple indescribable. To

say that men sickened and died there "like sheep," by the thousands and tens of thousands, but feebly tells the story. And that was not all. For the seeds of disease then and there sown endured through after years, and thousands and tens of thousands more were thus afterwards brought to a soldier's disabled life or to a soldier's grave as really and truly as if they had sickened and died before Richmond or Vicksburg. And the same is alike true of those who campaigned and soldiered in the Carolinas, in Tennessee, in Georgia, in Louisiana, in Texas and elsewhere during the war.

Our losses in actual battle, however, were not so great as popularly supposed. Of course, the rush and roar of battle, and the awful carnage of the battle-field—first and last—it goes without saying, cannot be overdrawn. Thacydides, Cæsar, Thiers, Napier, Comte de Paris, Swinton, Badeau, all have tried it, and failed. As Mr. Lincoln once said in my presence: "People not there would think everybody was going to get killed." But our Union regiment which suffered the most during the war (5th New Hampshire Infantry) lost only 295 men in actually killed and mortally wounded, from 1861 to 1865, out of 1,000 or so originally enlisted, and others, of course, still less. As a rule, "it takes a man's weight in lead to kill him in battle," and in even such severe engagements as Murfreesboro or Stone River it took 20,000 rounds of artillery to hit 723 men, and 2,000,000 rounds of musketry to hit 13,832 men. During the war we fought over 2,000 pitched battles and skirmishes—many of them really great engagements—averaging over one every day in the week, Sundays included. We had over three hundred battles in which our loss exceeded one hundred men each. We fought over one hundred such engagements as Bunker Hill, New Orleans and Buena Vista. The Army of the Potomac lost more men in many a morning picket-firing than the losses on both sides at the battles of Trenton and Princeton. Nearly every army corps lost more men than George Washington lost in the whole of the Revolution. Our losses in the whole war of 1812, and with Mexico, did not equal a single day's fighting at Gettysburg or Chattanooga. The Crimean campaign did not begin to compare with that of Grant against Vicksburg, nor the siege of Sebastobol with the siege of Petersburg. And Germany's total losses in the Franco-German war did not equal ours in the single campaign of 1864 against Richmond. Our total number of enlistments was 2,865,028, but as many of our men enlisted

two or three times (for different terms of service), our total number of soldiers and sailors was probably about 2,000,000. Of these we lost something over 100,000 in killed and mortally wounded, which was bad enough. But we lost nearly 300,000 from disease during the war, and have been losing largely from the sequences thereof every year since. Our ratio of killed was only about 5 per cent., but of deaths from other causes nearly 15 per cent. So that the arrows of disease, invisible and stealthy though they be—apparently of small account—were, nevertheless, about three times as fatal and deadly as round shot and shells, grape and canister, bullets, bayonets and sabres. Our losses in killed and wounded, however, exceeded those of any other modern war. For in the Crimea, these were only about 3 per cent.; in Austria, in 1866, only about 2½ per cent.; in Franco-German war, 1870–71, only about 3 per cent.; while in our great civil war we lost nearly 5 per cent., and the Confederates over 9 per cent.

An army is really a city on legs, thoroughly organized and commanded, complete within itself and a law unto itself. Our great armies East and West seldom moved less than a hundred thousand strong—often more—and they were as if a whole city, say like Albany, or Columbus, or Indianapolis rose up each morning and walked off, complete in everything—clothing, food, medicine, ammunition, &c.—and each night camped down again complete in all things The mere organization and command of such a body of men, so that everything will work like clock-work and "obey orders," is itself an immense job of work, requiring first-class brains. Then transportation, clothing and feeding, is another great task, requiring an almost Divine providence and care. And hence a great quartermaster or a great commissary must also be a man of brains, as well as a great commander. Patriotism is a good thing, but the history of all wars shows that the soldier must be well clothed, well fed and well paid to be gallant and efficient. And hence the great Frederick said: "An army is like a snake—it moves upon its belly." And hence Grant and Sherman, Hooker and Meade, Thomas and Sheridan, always looked sharp after their quartermaster and commissary departments. So, too, they were alike careful of their medical department. If wounded or sick, soldiers must be well attended, and hence ambulances, stretchers, hospitals, &c., were always amply provided. There never was a war in which more care or better care was given to these humanities than in ours.

And no great commander omitted to visit his hospitals regularly. But all these were only preliminary and preparatory, so to speak, to the ordnance or arms department, which supplied the cannon, muskets, sabres, accoutrements, ammunition, &c., which are the last analysis of war and must be most looked after. The whole constituted a magnificent and terrible fighting machine—designed and built for battles grim and to the death—savage and barbarous, of course, as war is, controlled by one eye, directed by one hand, commanded by one will, supreme in all things—and when that was Grant's, or Sherman's, or Thomas', or Sheridan's, something was certain to happen soon and somebody sure to get hurt.

In thinking it all over now, and recalling what we passed through in our four long and terrible years from Sumpter to Appomattox, it really does seem amazing we were not all either killed or wounded, or so disabled by disease or otherwise, that any of us still survive. If anybody questions this, let him go out and rough it in our fields or forests or swamps for four years with only a blanket (often we hadn't any or only a poor "shoddy" one), and go barefoot for days in fall, or winter, or spring, as many of our men often had to do when campaigning and soldiering down in Dixie. Often have I seen soldiers on the march or standing guard with only grain-sacks or the remains of old blankets about their feet. (Valley Forge was bad, but they had log huts there and were in a friendly country; but often we had only "shelter tents" in winter, as at Fredericksburg, and were in the midst of bitter enemies) This would be bad enough of itself, but add to this the chances of earthquake and volcano—of shot and shell, of bayonets and sabres, and death-dealing strokes from every hill and valley, ravine and stream, and then see whether

> "A soldier's life is always gay,
> So, why be melancholy, boys;
> So, why be melancholy—"

as our soldier boys used often to sing around their camp-fires or on the march, when they hadn't anything better to do or sing.

Said General Sherman on one occasion: "I do not believe a man ever stood guard in front of the enemy at night, or passed through the crash of battle, without in a measure its telling upon his physical system. Nor did any man ever carry a knapsack, haversack, gun and ammunition on those long marches, sleeping on the ground at night, exposed to all kinds of weather, living upon

hardtack and other army fare without injury to him. It may not show its effects in ten years or twenty years, but the results are sure to come."

For all this glorious life, such as it was, the United States paid its soldier boys the munificent sum of forty cents per day, in greenbacks worth fifty cents to the dollar or less most of the war! Why we pay our common laborers on the streets a dollar and a half a day in gold, even in these "hard times" of 1894-95, and they don't take the risk of any such little accidents as shot and shell, bayonets and sabres, either. And they do not work in bad weather, and are sure of full rations and fair quarters every night, too.

Why what is it that we do not owe our "Men of 1861" and their widows and orphans? Is it any wonder we now have a large pension roll? Or isn't it more wonderful that our old soldiers are not now all on the pension roll? And shouldn't they all be there soon, because of what they have been and done and suffered for the Republic? Or are they now all "frauds" and "dead-beats" and mere "pension grabbers," as our anti-pension, soldier-hating civilians now allege? Or, rather, have we not now fallen on evil days unworthy of the Republic, whose humor will presently pass away, and the nation turn again to honor and gratitude?

But are our soldiers, therefore, sorry they enlisted under the Stars and Stripes, and fought for the Union? No, I think not. Hardly an officer or soldier would admit that. Even our dead had but one regret, and that was—like poor Nathan Hale's in the days of '76—"that they had but one life to give for their country." No, we are not sorry. We remember the excitement of the skirmish, the fierceness of the battle, the fury of the charge, the glory of the victory, the triumph of the flag, the salvation of the Republic—and our chances of promotion. No, we are not sorry. We are glad we enlisted. We are proud to be known as Lincoln's boys and Grant's old soldiers, even as Cromwell's men in after years were proud to be known as "Cromwell's old soldiers." But, we submit, all history teaches, no nation ever yet endured long or amounted to much that turned its back on its old soldiers and old sailors in their old age, and the United States may profit by such example. God bless the flag! Long live the Republic! God save America! And thanks be to Almighty God (I speak it reverently and with bowed head).

"The good ship Union's voyage is o'er,
At anchor safe she swings,
While loud and clear,
With cheer on cheer,
Her joyous welcome rings.
Hurrah! Hurrah! It shakes the wave,
It thunders on the shore,
One flag, one land—
One heart, one hand—
One Nation evermore."

In opening the regular business of the Society, the minutes of the last meeting were read in full and approved.

Secretary Titus then read his address and report as follows, which were ordered spread upon the minutes:

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

TRENTON, April 9th, 1895.

Eight years ago on Tuesday, April 9th, 1888, we met in Aaron Wilkes Post Room in this city, and organized the Second New Jersey Brigade Society. During the intervening years, at our annual reunions, we have enjoyed the hospitality of our comrades and friends in Elizabeth, Newark, Camden, Jersey City, Atlantic City and Asbury Park. In each place we were most loyally welcomed and sumptiously entertained. And we felt it our privilege to ask you to come again to this old historic town, where every foot of her soil was made sacred to freedom and liberty, by the deeds of our forefathers in the struggle for independence, sanctified on an altar of hardships, privation and death. And here stands the beautiful monument designating the spot where Washington attacked the Hessians on that memorable December morning, 1776, marking it as one of the decisive moves toward the establishment of the young Republic.

And it is doubly sacred to us all, for from the chief executive office at the State House, presided over at the time by the careful, conscientious, loyal Governor Charles I. Olden, followed by that staunch War Governor, Joel Parker, was promulgated the orders received from Heaven's chosen Commander-in-Chief, Abraham Lincoln.

"There is one so little mentioned
When your fond reunions come,
And the thoughtful love of country
Dies upon the sounding drum;
Let me call him in your muster;
Let me wake him in your grief,
Captain by the constitution,
Abraham Lincoln was your chief.
Come around your great commander;
Lay aside your little fears,
Every Lincoln carries freedom's car
Along a hundred years;
And when next the call for soldiers
Rolls along the golden belt;
Look to see a mighter column rise,
March, prevail and melt."

The orders making you volunteers of the Union, and sending you to the front to be soldiers in defense of that grand old flag, the maintainance of the laws, and the support of that principal. The union of States which none can sever.

From 1775 to 1781 liberty was earned, and freedom was proclaimed through the land.

Almost a century had rolled around and the Union was threatened. From '61 to '65 you rallied in defense of that Union, menaced by Rebel hordes, for its dismemberment. To-day we are assembled in our Eighth Annual Reunion.

A generation and a half have passed away since Lee met the end at Appomattox. The cordon of loyal bayonnets that enfiladed him on every side showed that right was supreme and wrong was treason.

"Should ever traitor rise in the land,
Cursed be his homestead, withered his hand;
Shame be his memory, scorn his lot;
Exile his heritage, his name a blot."

The notice of the dedication of the monument erected in memory of General Robert McAllister, at Belvidere, came to the knowledge of the Society at so late a date it was deemed inexpedient to issue an order calling out the Society to attend in a body.

The following order was therefore promulgated through the papers:

HEADQUARTERS SECOND NEW JERSEY BRIGADE SOCIETY.

General Order No. 1.

TRENTON, May 22d, 1894.

Announcement is hereby made that a monument to General Robert McAllister, formerly Commander Second New Jersey Brigade, and late President of this Society, has been erected at Belvidere, N J., and will be dedicated on Decoration Day, Wednesday, May 30th. All members of the Society, and all officers and soldiers of the old Second New Jersey Brigade, their families and friends, are invited to participate in said dedicatory services.

Let all who served under General McAllister and honor his memory, and all who love the cause for which he fought so gallantly and well, who can possibly do so, attend without further notice.

The Society present will be in command of Colonel John Schoonover, Vice President for the Eleventh New Jersey, in the unavoidable absence of the President at Camden that day. The newspapers of the State are respectfully requested to publish this order accordingly.

By command of

GENERAL JAMES F. RUSLING,
President.

U. B. TITUS,
Captain and Secretary Second N. J. Brigade Society.

IN MEMORIAM.

Again it is my sad duty to record the demise of another of our commanders, General Joseph B. Carr, who fell asleep on Sunday, February 23d, 1895, aged 67 years. A man beloved and esteemed by all who knew him, prominent in his State, genial in disposition, a brave soldier, a gallant officer, a commander thoughtful of his men. In reply to his official notification as having been elected President of the Society, he said, "If I have any honor or fame as a soldier, it is all due to the men whom I commanded."

Others, doubtless, have met with us for the last time, and I trust Chaplain Stewart, Chairman of the Memorial Committee, has been advised of their decease, so that he may be able to include their names in his report.

The Executive Committee desire your Secretary to direct the attention of the Society to the report of your Treasurer, and request a prompt payment of the yearly dues.

Two new members were received last year. We would be glad to enroll all survivors of the old Second New Jersey Brigade as in full membership in our Society,

Respectfully submitted,

CAPT. U. B. TITUS,
Secretary.

Major Andres offered the following resolution:

Resolved. That the glorious speech of our President, General James F. Rusling, be printed and circulated among the members of this Society.

The resolution was most enthusiastically adopted.

Treasurer James B. Clugston's report, as follows, was read at length, and after being received was ordered spread upon the minutes:

SECOND NEW JERSEY BRIGADE SOCIETY,
OFFICE OF THE TREASURER,
TRENTON, N. J., April 9th, 1895.

To the Officers and Members of the Second New Jersey Brigade Society:

Your treasurer begs leave to make the following report for the year 1894:

Received from late Treasurer Lieut. Fallon		$13 53
Received for Dues and Initiations		41 50
Received for Badges		2 00
Received for Interest, Trenton Savings Bank		60
Total receipts		$57 63
Paid Secretary U. B. Titus, Postage	$2 50	
Paid Patrick McManus, Fare to Asbury Park	2 50	
Paid J. L. Murphy Publishing Co., April 17th, 1894,	16 85	
		21 85
Balance on hand in money		$35 78
There are nine Badges on hand, valued at $1 each		9 00
		$44 78

The outstanding bills for printing and postage will about take all the balance on hand.

Respectfully submitted in fraternity,

JAMES B. CLUGSTON,
Treasurer.

The same course was taken in reference to Chaplain Stewart's report after its reading, as follows:

No. 317 RACE ST., PITTSTON, PA.,
April 9th, 1895.

General Rusling, President of the Second New Jersey Brigade Society:

SIR—I have the honor, as Chaplain of the Society, to report the names of our fallen officers and comrades who have answered "the last roll call" during the past year, and have passed into the presence of our Great Commander on High.

General Joseph B. Carr, Colonel Second New York, died at Albany, N. Y., February 23d, 1895, aged 67. He was a gallant Union soldier in the civil war, and was ex-Secretary of State of New York. At the battle of Chancellorsville, in 1863, he assumed command after General Berry's fall. He distinguished himself at Gettysburg, and later commanded the First Corps, with charge of the defenses of James river. He was elected Secretary of State of New York in 1879, was re-elected in 1881 and in 1883. In 1885 he received the Republican nomination for Lieutenant-Governor, but was defeated at the polls. In 1886 the Legislature of New York made him a member of the Gettysburg Monument Commission. General Carr led the celebrated Jersey Brigade in the Peninsular campaign. At Bristoe Station—one of the hardest-fought battles of the war—his gallantry was conspicuous, and he earned for himself the sobriquet of "the hero of Bristoe." He was engaged at Bull Run and Chantilly, and at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville his gallantry was so marked that special mention of him was made in the reports. At the battles of Brandy Station and Kelly's Ford he commanded a division, adding to his laurels.

John McFeely, Co. B, 5th N. J. V.; died October 20th, 1894.

James Branigan, Co. B, 5th N. J. V.; died March 7th, 1895.

Frank J. Quinn, Co. G, 5th N. J. V.; died December 10th, 1894.

Conrad Hockenburg, Co. A, 5th N. J. V.; died January 7th, 1895.
William Cunard, Co. D, 6th N. J. V.; died February 24th, 1894.
Daniel M. Snyder, Co. E, 7th N. J. V.; died February 8th, 1895.
James Colligan, Co. H, 7th N. J. V.; died March 14th, 1894.
Albert Duttinger, Co. B, 8th N. J. V.; died May 25th, 1894.
John B. Freeman, Co. D, 8th N. J. V.; died March 16th, 1894.
John Tenney, Co. E, 8th N. J. V.; died April 8th, 1894.
Lewis Alger, Co. F, 8th N. J. V.; died August 30th, 1894.
Isaac Hansell, Co. G, 8th N. J. V.; died November 14th, 1894.
Constantine Benret, Co. G, N. J. V.; died March 9th, 1894.
Sergt. Wm. Lunger, 8th N. J. V.; died April 19th, 1894.
Joseph Cain, 8th N. J. V.; died November 1st, 1894.
Sergt. Michael G. Southard, Co. H, 11th N. J. V.; died March 10th, 1894.
Joseph Boners, Co. G, 11th N. J. V.; died January 30th, 1895.
Peter Long, Co. F, 11th N. J. V.; died December, 1894.
Andrew Webster, Co. B, 11th N. J. V.; died September, 1894.

Thus we are more forcibly reminded of the final end of our marching columns when we must all answer the last roll call, and of the importance of being ready to go.

CHAPLAIN E. H. STEWART,
MAJOR H. ANDRES,
COL. JOHN SCHOONOVER,
Committee.

Under the call of new business, Chaplain Stewart moved to go into the election of officers of the Society to serve for the ensuing year.

Gen. James F. Rusling was named to succeed himself as presiding officer, but declined.

Captain Henry J. Garrison was then named and was elected without opposition, Secretary Titus casting one ballot.

On motion, a recess was taken for the purpose of selecting vice presidents from the several regiments, and also a memorial committee of three from each.

Before announcing the recess, President Rusling

named the following committee on resolutions: E. H. Stewart, Col. John Schoonover and Major Andres.

Upon reassembling, the following list of officers and committees was confirmed by the vote of the Society:

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT.

CAPT. HENRY J. GARRISON, Seventh Regiment.

VICE PRESIDENTS.

ALBERT MCCARTHY, Fifth New Jersey Regiment.
SERGT. W. W. CORIELL, Sixth New Jersey Regiment.
CAPT. E. DINGLER, Seventh New Jersey Regiment.
SERGT. E. GORDON, Eighth New Jersey Regiment.
CAPT. E. R. GOOD, Eleventh New Jersey Regiment.
GEN. SIDNEY W. PARK, Second New York Regiment.
GEN. G. H. SHARP, One Hundred and Twentieth New York Volunteers.
COL. S. J. W. MINTZER, Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers
GEN. ROBERT PATTERSON, One Hundred and Fifteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers.
COL. THOMAS B. MATTHEWS, First Massachusetts Volunteers.
COL. CHARLES RIVERS, Eleventh Massachusetts Volunteers.
MAJ. JAMES F. COSSELL, Sixteenth Massachusetts Volunteers.
COL. NATHANIEL SHATSWELL, First Maine Heavy Artillery.

SECRETARY.

CAPT. U. B. TITUS.

TREASURER.

PRIVATE JAMES B. CLUGSTON.

CHAPLAIN.

REV. E. H. STEWART.

MEMORIAL COMMITTEE.

Fifth New Jersey Regiment.

RODERICK EGAN, Pavonia avenue, Jersey City.
J. H. MELLICK. SAMUEL RAY.

Sixth New Jersey Regiment.

FREDERICK BOWMAN, Bayonne, N. J.
GEORGE JACKSON. P. S. MUTCHLER.

Seventh New Jersey Regiment.

JAMES P. CLUGSTON, 29 Tyler street, Trenton, N. J.
ALFRED HUSK. B. F. FLYNN.

Eighth New Jersey Regiment.

W. H. HOWARD. E. W. OSBORN. D. F. CROSS.

Eleventh New Jersey Regiment.

THOMAS MARBACKER, 212 North Feeder street, Trenton, N. J.
A. P. WILSON. JOHN A. GOODWIN.

Second New York Regiment.

W. H. BOCKMAN, Troy, N. Y. A. W. BRADLEY.

The Committee on Resolutions offered the following resolutions, which were adopted:

Resolved, That we regret the enforced absence this day of our distinguished comrade and former President, General William J. Sewell, who sails to-morrow for Europe in quest of health and rest from his many and arduous duties; that we tender him our best wishes for a good voyage and safe return, and that we shall welcome him home as a gallant soldier and valued citizen of New Jersey.

JOHN SCHOONOVER,
E. H. STEWART,
H. ANDRES.

Resolved, That we indorse and approve the reunion of the Third Corps Union, at Hadley, Mass., on May 7th, in honor of our late great commander, Major General Joseph Hooker, and pledge our co-operation and attendance as far as practicable.

E. H. STEWART,
H. ANDRES,
JOHN SCHOONOVER.

Your committee appointed to consider what action should be taken relative to the death of General Carr, beg leave to report the following minute:

Gen. Joseph B. Carr, then Colonel of the Second New York, joined the Second New Jersey Brigade at Fair Oaks, in front of Richmond, in June, 1862, and was associated with it more or less, as commander or otherwise, until the close of the war, at Appomattox, Va., April 9th, 1865. He was also the *fourth* President of this Society, and never failed to attend our reunions when it was possible for him to be with us. He was a gallant soldier, an able and accomplished Brigade and Division commander, a genial and true friend, and a model American citizen. He was the companion and friend of General Grant, of General Hooker, of General Sickels, of General Mott, of General McAllister and of General Sewell, and the well-wisher of every officer and soldier of the Second New Jersey Brigade. We deplore his recent death as that of a tried and true comrade, and will hold his name and virtues in tender and affectionate remembrance during all our years to come.

Resolved, That a copy of the above be sent to his afflicted family, and also furnished to the press.

E. H. STEWART,
JOHN SCHOONOVER.
H. ANDRES.

Both General Rusling and Major Andres paid tribute to Colonel Carr as the loyal member of the Second Brigade, a gallant soldier and a good citizen.

On motion, it was decided that a copy of the resolution touching the death of Colonel Carr be forwarded to his family.

At this point, Hon. John J. Gardner, ex-President of the Brigade Society, entered the Post rooms, and was enthusiastically greeted. A number of the comrades formed themselves into a reception committee and escorted Mr. Gardner to the platform.

NEW MEMBERS.

The following new members were proposed:

Col. JOHN W. NEWELL, New Brunswick, N. J.

THOMAS HARRIGAN, Companies A and B, Fifth and Seventh New Jersey Regiments.

In discussing a site for the next reunion, some of the comrades favored Plainfield, and others took up the invitation of Major Andres, to meet in Philadelphia.

The champions of each of the places named, taking the division much to heart, a motion was made and carried that the matter be left with the Executive Committee to settle after a conference.

Secretary Titus called the attention of the comrades present to the fact that thirty or forty names on the roster had omitted to furnish addresses. He requested those who had not received the yearly report to send their name and address and a copy would be mailed them.

On motion, the business meeting then adjourned.

At the command of the President, the Society formed in a body and marched from the Post-room to the banquet-hall in the Masonic Temple, at the corner of State and Warren streets.

As the comrades entered they found the banquet table arranged in the form of the formidable hollow square, a pretty conceit of Caterer Hill. The decorations consisted of a profuseness of "Old Glory," and many palms, and ferns and cut flowers.

At the head of the tables sat the retiring President, General James F. Rusling, with the newly-elected President, Captain Henry J. Garrison. On either side sat General Robert F. Stockton, Chaplain Stewart, Rev. Dr. Smith, of the State Street Church; Congressman Gardner, ex-Congressman Judge James Buchanan, Cap-

tain Lawrence Farrell, Major Andres, and, immediately to the right of General Rusling, was a vacant chair for General Daniel E. Sickles, who had telegraphed that he would be present.

Bannerets containing the names of Starr, Carr, McAllister, Hooker, Ramsey, Mott, Sewell and Patterson hung from the walls, and at the head of the room was the terse sentence, "Yorktown to Appomattox."

General Sickles reached the banquet-hall at a late hour. As he entered, at the command of General Rusling, the comrades arose and saluted their old corps commander.

The salute, however, was but an echo compared to the old-time army cheers that went out with one accord as the battle-scarred veteran made his way to the seat reserved for him. The hearty welcome brought tears of pleasure to the eyes of the stern hero of many battles.

In the absence of Mayor Shaw, who was to have delivered the address of welcome, Postmaster F. H. Lalor extended to the brigade, on behalf of the Citizens' Committee, the freedom of the city.

General James F. Rusling responded appropriately to the toast of "The Day We Celebrate."

Governor Werts was to have responded to the toast "The State of New Jersey," but being unavoidably prevented from being present, his place was taken by Chief Executive Clerk E. D. Fox, who made some appropriate remarks of a reminiscent character.

General Robert F. Stockton spoke to the toast, "New Jersey and Her War Governors." His talk was historical in its nature, and was an eulogism of the State's executives who distinguished themselves as well in war as in their executive capacities in times of peace.

Hon. John P. Gardner, member of Congress from

this district, in response to the toast, "The Soldier in Congress," said, in part: "When you find a soldier in Congress you find a man who does not think that making laws is a pastime. You find a man who realizes the responsibilities of the position which he occupies. When in matters of legislation it comes to a matter of pension or a subject in which any sectional interests are at stake, go to the man who was a soldier. The soldier in Congress knows something about the cost of maintaining this government through one period of its existence. The soldier who volunteered and went to the front in 1861 was moved by something besides the prospect of $13 per month. He went there because his patriotic sentiments were stirred to the depths.

"The soldier learned that a good deal of persistency is necessary in the accomplishment of anything in this life. They have learned thoroughly the sentiment embodied in that noble sentence: 'We'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.'"

Mr. Gardner's speech was received with hearty applause.

At the mention of the name of General Daniel E. Sickles, of New York, the cheering and applause was deafening.

Round after round of cheers was given, caps were thrown in the air, and it was nearly five minutes before there was sufficient quiet for General Sickles to go on.

General Sickles, who, in the service of his country, lost his right leg, stood with the aid of crutches.

His remarks were full of realistic reminiscences or bright campfire stories, which brought forth hearty applause for the battle-scarred veteran. General Sickles has a very attractive manner, graceful and easy, in spite of

the difficulty under which he labors in consequence of his crippled condition.

His speech was received with hearty cheers.

Rev. Dr. J. E. Smith, of the State Street M. E. Church, responded to the toast, "The Minister and the Soldier." He spoke of the active assistance and a co-operation which the ministers of the gospel rendered to the soldiers on the field, in the hospitals and in instilling into the hearts of the people the principles of patriotism, which led to the many deeds of valor on the field of conflict.

Hon. James Buchanan responded to the toast of "Patriotism at Home." Mr. Buchanan brought tears to the eyes of many of the old veterans by the feeling manner in which he spoke of the patriotism shown by mothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts in giving their sons, brothers, husbands and lovers for the country which they loved.

He spoke touchingly of the long hours of weary, fearful waiting which these noble women endured while hoping and praying for the safety and welfare of those they had sent from home with their blessing.

Chaplain E. H. Stewart responded to the toast, "The Silent Sentinels," in a most appropriate and touching speech, which was received with much appreciation.

Patrick S. McManus read an original poem, and J. S. Goodwin, of the Eleventh New Jersey, sang a song, both of which were well received.

The meeting was adjourned with the adoption of resolutions of thanks to the Citizens' Committee for the hospitality extended by them and for the handsome entertainment furnished.