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VETERAN ASSOCIATION

OF THE

Thirteenth Regt. New Jersey Volunteers.

NINTH REUNION,

HELD AT

Eagle Rock, Orange, N. J.,

Wednesday, September 19th, 1894,

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATION.

NEWARK, N. J.

1894.

J 355.35
1861-65
T 447

S. MORRIS HULIN, PRINTER, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.



HENRY W. SLOCUM.

Born at Delphi, N. Y.,	September 24, 1827
Cadet at West Point,	July 1st, 1848, to July 1st, 1852
Second Lieutenant 1st U. S. Artillery,	July 1st, 1852
First " " " "	March 3d 1855
	Resigned, October 31st, 1856
Colonel 27th Reg't New York Vols.,	May 21st, 1861, to Aug 9, 1861
Brigadier General of Volunteers commanding	
2d Brigade Franklin's Division, 1st Corps,	August 9th, 1861
Major General commanding 1st Division, 5th Corps,	July 4th 1862
" " " 12th Army Corps,	April, 1863
" " " Right Wing Army of the Potomac,	July, 1863
" " " 20th Army Corps,	August, 1863
" " " Army of Georgia,	November, 1864
	Resigned, September 28th, 1865
	Died, April 14th, 1894



NINTH REUNION.

PRELIMINARY.

The Executive Committee appointed Sept. 20, 1893, met several times during June, July, August and September at the rooms of Fritz Trepkau at Orange by his invitation.

A number of citizens of Orange contributed freely towards providing a good entertainment for the members of this Association at their Ninth Annual Reunion; and the Committee decided to have it held on Eagle Rock, Orange Mountain, where the members with their wives could have an opportunity for several hours' social acquaintance and enjoy the views of the magnificent landscape seen from that place. Markwith's band was engaged for service during the afternoon.

Arrangements made appeared to indicate that our Ninth Reunion on September 19th might prove to be more generally enjoyable than any previous.

September 19th came; and rain came with it; a heavy, continuous rain, all day.

Notwithstanding, by 1 P. M. nearly 100 members of the Association, with about 30 ladies, and a number of invited guests, assembled at the rooms of Uzal Dodd Post, No. 12, G. A. R., and took special electric cars to Eagle Rock, where the ladies and invited guests found shelter from the rain in the dining room of the hotel.

The members of the Association held their annual business meeting in a cottage near by, at 2.30 P. M., taking a recess at 4 P. M., to partake of the dinner at the hotel with the ladies and other guests; after which all enjoyed greatly the addresses, music, songs, recitations, etc., until adjournment, about 6.30 P. M., despite the inclemency of the weather.

Ninth Reunion

MINUTES.

Ninth Annual Business Meeting, Sept. 19, 1894.
 President Smith called the meeting to order, 2.30 P. M.
 Prayer by Chaplain A. M. Harris.

Secretary Delano reported that the minutes of the last annual meeting were printed and distributed to members in December last; and that Bennett Livingston's name had been accidentally omitted from the list of names of the Executive Committee appointed Sept. 20, 1893.

Motion, that the reading of the minutes at this time be dispensed with, was carried.

The Treasurer reported as follows :

ORANGE, N J., SEPT. 19, 1894.

GRANT A. WHEELER, Treasurer, in account with the Veteran Association of the Thirteenth New Jersey Regiment Volunteers.

DR.

Balance on hand as per published report Oct. 1, 1893.....	\$ 82 44
Received for dues previous to Sept. 1, 1894.....	32.00

\$114 44

CR.

November 30, 1893, Paid S. M. Hulin.....	\$ 25.00
January 19, 1894, Paid for Stamps and Stationery.....	6.00
" " " Paid to S. M. Hulin, balance of bill.....	50.25
September 11, " Donation to Church in Sharpsburgh.....	10.00
" 17, " A. Delano, bill rendered.....	10.08
" 8, " Paid for Stamped Envelopes.....	3.30

\$104.63

Balance.....	\$9 81
Deduct check returned.....	2.00

Balance, Sept. 19, 1894.....	\$7.81
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Respectfully submitted,

G. A. WHEELER, Treasurer.

Treasurer Wheeler made a verbal statement afterwards to the effect that about \$141 in annual dues had been paid in since the date to which the above report was made up.

Election of new members.

Comrade Daniel F. Shea proposed Hugh Freeman and moved for his election, which was carried.

Comrade Jacob White proposed Geo. H. Comer and Jacob Mickler, and moved for their election, which was carried.

Captain Matthews said :

I am asked by a comrade unable to be present, Jas. P. Howatt of Brooklyn, to propose the name of Henry W. Slocum, son of the General, and named after him, as an honorary member of this organization, to take the place of his father, as a further recognition of the love and veneration that we bear for our old commander. I make that motion. Seconded and unanimously carried.

President appointed as Committee to select place for next meeting, Comrades J. P. Decker, Daniel F. Shea, and A. M. Matthews.

Comrade John A. Post spoke strongly in favor of holding the next reunion at Bayonne, N. J.

The Executive Committee for this reunion gave a brief verbal report as to how the citizens of Orange had generously contributed, regretted the storm which had in part spoiled their plans, and thanked all present for their attendance.

Moved, seconded and carried that the report be received, and committee discharged with the thanks of the Association.

Committee on selection of next meeting place reported that they had selected Newark.

A Comrade asked if a Newark man was on the committee, to which the chairman replied, there was not.

Comrade J. A. Post, of Bayonne, had previously invited the Association to meet next year at Bayonne, and a dis-

cussion arose as to whether to accept the committee's recommendation of Newark or Comrade Post's invitation to Bayonne.

Motion made that the recommendation of the committee that the next reunion be held in Newark be accepted. Seconded and put to vote, but as the Chair was in doubt as to the result, a new vote was taken and counted. Result :

In favor of Newark, 21 ; for Bayonne, 19.

Moved, seconded and carried that committee be discharged.

Nomination and election of officers for ensuing year.

Motion made and carried that two tellers be appointed.

Chair appointed as such tellers Comrades Thomas Giles and Joseph T. Mead.

Joseph E. Crowell nominated for President.

Moved, nominations be closed. Carried, unanimously.

Motion made and carried that rules be suspended and that the Secretary be instructed to cast the ballot for Joseph E. Crowell for President.

Joseph E. Crowell elected President.

Thomas R. Devor nominated for Vice-President. Motion that nominations be closed, unanimously carried.

Moved and carried that rules be suspended and Secretary directed to cast ballot for Comrade Devor for Vice-President.

President-elect Crowell upon being called for repeatedly spoke as follows :

Comrades, I accept this rather reluctantly. I would rather have seen President Smith retained for another year. But there doesn't seem to be any opposition, and I suppose I may as well accept. I feel very grateful to you for the honor you have conferred upon me, and hope with your as-

sistance we will be able to get along another year.

In response to calls, Vice-President Devor said :

Well, comrades, I didn't fight with Joe Hooker above the clouds, but I feel that I am made Vice-Commander *in* the clouds. I am much obliged to you for the honor you have done me to-day in making me Lieutenant-Colonel, (laughter) the second highest place in the gift of this organization,—Vice-Commander, Lieutenant-Colonel. I consider it is a position of honor, because I am Vice-Commander of a company of heroes, (laughter) a company of men whom I know. I marched with you, slept with you, ate with you, fought with you, and attended a good many reunions with you.

A comrade: And ate hard tack with us.

Devor: Yes.

I love the members of the Thirteenth New Jersey Regiment better than any military or old soldier organization. I have uncles and aunts, and nieces and nephews (a comrade: and cousins). Yes; but I love the members of my own family better than I love these other relatives; and the difference between my love for the members of my own family and these other relatives is the difference between my love for the members of the Thirteenth New Jersey and the members of other old soldier organizations. (Applause) I never lost my love for these men with whom I have been associated for so long a time, and as *Lieutenant-Colonel* with *Colonel* Crowell (laughter), I think we will make the campaign of 1894 equal to the campaign of 1864. (Applause).

James E. Garabrant of Company D nominated for Treasurer.

Regularly moved and seconded that nominations be closed, carried. Motion made that Secretary cast ballot for James E. Garabrant as Treasurer. Carried. Mr. Garabrant unanimously elected.

Upon being called forward, Mr. Garabrant said:

I thank you, Mr. President. I will try and do my duty.

A. Delano nominated for Recording Secretary. Moved that the nominations be closed, and that the President cast one vote for Albert Delano for Recording Secretary of this organization, "a place which he has so nobly filled from the organization of the Association." Carried. Albert Delano unanimously elected Recording Secretary.

S. Morris Hulin nominated for Corresponding Secretary and Historian. Seconded. Moved and carried that nominations be closed and the secretary instructed to cast one ballot for S. Morris Hulin for Corresponding Secretary and Historian. Elected.

Rev. A. M. Harris nominated for Chaplain. Moved that nominations be closed and secretary cast ballot. Elected.

In response to calls of the veterans the Chaplain said ;

I want to thank you, comrades, for the honor certainly conferred in electing me as your Chaplain. I think this is the third time that I have been elected Chaplain, and the first time it has been my privilege to be with you.

I am very sorry that I am living so far away that I cannot meet with you at your executive meetings. I am simply obliged to abide by what you do, which I most cheerfully do, and I want to say this also. We all of us have our preferences. Now, I can say that there is no body of men that I think as much of as I do of the Old Thirteenth New Jersey. I like my own company, I suppose, a little better, but I like the whole regiment.

I am always glad to hear from you, glad to meet with you at your reunions, glad to take any part I possibly can with you, and I trust we will remember one another, for we do not see each others' faces as often as I would like. My heart is with you. (Applause).

Comrade Devor enquired :

Is it in order for me to propose a new member? I propose Joseph Sherwell, of Company D as a member of this Association. Comrade Sherwell was unanimously elected.

Secretary Delano :

A beautiful floral piece was bought and placed by the coffin of General Slocum on April 18th last, in the name of the Thirteenth New Jersey. We received a short time afterwards a letter from Mrs. Kingsbury.

Mr. Delano read letter from Mrs. Florence Slocum Kingsbury.

APRIL 20, 1894.

Dr. J. J. H. Love.

Dear Sir: Mrs. Slocum and family desire to express their grateful acknowledgment of the beautiful floral tribute sent by the Thirteenth Regiment New Jersey Volunteers in memory of Gen. Slocum. Not being sure to whom their thanks should be extended they beg that you will see that these acknowledgments reach the proper parties.

Respectfully,

FLORENCE SLOCUM KINGSBURY,
465 Clinton Ave., Brooklyn.

Motion made and seconded and carried that the letter be spread in full on these minutes.

Comrade J. A. Post :

The Seventh New Jersey is holding to-day their reunion in Bayonne, and I would like to have a telegram of greeting forwarded from the Thirteenth to the Seventh.

Comrade Post was authorized to send such a telegram and furnish copy to the Secretary.

President Smith appointed as the Executive Committee for the coming year: Comrades Geo. A. Beardsley, Isaac Crawford, Geo. W. Lawrence, Dan'l. T. Hendrickson, Thos. P. O'Reilly.

Moved, seconded and carried that we now take recess for dinner.

THE REUNION DINNER.

President Smith acted as toast master at the banquet, and after the blessing had been asked by the Chaplain, he said :

Friends and comrades: It seems needless for me to say how gratified I am at this large attendance. Your Committee of Arrangements had arranged very completely for your entertainment here, but the storm is so severe that we are more than surprised at the large attendance, especially of the ladies. (Applause.) We think that they showed the spirit of the old soldier when they faced this storm to come to a reunion of old veterans. Captain Matthews has something that he would like to say that is very practical.

Captain Matthews :

Ladies and gentlemen: The practical part of my remarks consists in informing you that you are all seated at the tables and have received your countersign, the badge, by the courtesy of the waiters, inasmuch as in our arrangements to distribute this badge it was found impossible under the circumstances to do it in the way we had calculated. This is not the place where we were to have dinner; as you have been already informed, we had another place. All that was arranged. But the badges, which were in my possession, had to be distributed without any reference to the conditions, and I think you will all bear witness that I gave each of you one. Is not that so? (Answers of "That is right; yes.") Yet some of those badges, according to the terms of your invitation—I will be practical, as the President has observed—are still to be paid for—not the badges to be paid for, but the invitation was directed to the Veteran Association, and in our deliberations it was thought that where a man brought in five or six friends, his wives, (laughter) and daughters and daughter-in-law, and other people, it would not be a square thing on the others, and

especially on the citizens of Orange, to let him come in without paying for it. Consequently we said, "these people ought to pay what we pay, a dollar for our dues," and we are most happy to have them with us, not to get their dollar, but simply to satisfy what might be a criticism on the conduct of this arrangement; and in this connection I am glad to say that the whole-souled, public spirited citizens of Orange have come grandly up to this occasion, and you are here to a dinner, to its adjuncts, and everything connected with it, that is paid for; and, more than that, not only this dollar that you give—not for your dinner, remember that, nor for the badge, but because you are comrades with us to-day. This dollar that you give is all surplus and will go into the regimental fund; (applause) every cent of it. (Applause.) And more than that, we have a considerable sum besides which it is proposed to make that disposition of; so that the regimental fund, we may fairly say, will stand on its feet again. (Applause.)

I don't know as there is anything more practical in any remarks that I can make. I think you all understand it, and I leave it to those interested to approach me and if they owe me a dollar to hand it to me.

President Smith :

Cómrades: I trust that you all understand our worthy Captain, and not only the fact that he wants a dollar from each one of you for each person that you have brought other than yourselves—none for yourself—but for each other one person he wants a dollar, and I know that that true inward honesty that pervaded the heart of every member of the Thirteenth will make him walk up to the Captain's office and settle, whether he has got one wife or seven. (Laughter and applause.)

Comrades, you know from past experience that I am delighted to talk to you, so much so that sometimes you

rather have to crush me down to stop me, but unless we can have some degree of quiet here I think I shall myself be compelled to stop talking, and I shall not have the heart to ask any one else to talk.

Comrades, there is a telegram here for J. A. Post. Will some one of the comrades who is near the door find Comrade Post? (Cries of "Here he comes.")

I will preface it now in another way. Last year when this Association met within the shadow of the Old Dunker Church at Antietam we had with us a comrade who is now, as he claims, by virtue of the fact that he went to Antietam with the Thirteenth New Jersey, henceforth a member of this Association without further leave or license; and I wish, comrades, some comrade near the door who knows him will conduct to this room Comrade Fritz Trepkau. (Mr. Trepkau's name was greeted with loud applause.)

Upon Mr. Trepkau's entrance President Smith said:

Trepkau, I have asserted that you are a member of the Thirteenth New Jersey Association by virtue of the fact that you went to Antietam with us. That is the first battle experience we had, and I should like you to tell these people what you think of this proposition.

Mr. Trepkau hesitated, whereupon a comrade called out:

"What is the matter, Fritz?"

Mr. Trepkau: "I don't know." Continuing, he asked:

Mr. President, what do you want?

President Smith: I want you to talk to these people, Fritz. I want you to tell them how glad you are that you joined the Thirteenth New Jersey.

Mr. Trepkau:

Ladies and gentlemen, and comrades, and all other people here assembled; (Some one at this point crowded up

against the speaker, who turned and said: "Get out of the way," which created considerable merriment.)

I don't know what to say to-day. We have—the committee has worked hard for months and days to beat the reunion of last year. We have done everything which patriotic people could do to accomplish it, but you know that great Saint Peter, who has control of our weather—he has tried to spoil it altogether. But the committee thank you people who have come from far and near to say that you was going to have this reunion anyhow. (Laughter.) Now it is too bad that it happened, but at the same time I am glad that so many of the friends of the Thirteenth New Jersey have come here to-day.

The reunion last year is a thing which can't be beat, in plain English. You have accomplished something in that great trip. You have made it the Mecca of America, which is none similar to it, and never can be got up. There was people going to Gettysburg, men who stuck in the line of battle, and showed the friends how, in which way the battle of Gettysburg was performed.

We went also over the battlefield of Antietam, which I had the pleasure to take part in, and I must say what I told you that time, that I want to go home to my family a better man. I don't want to talk so much to-day, because my daughter is here in this room. (Laughter). But nevertheless, if there was one man that was not satisfied with that excursion, this Association ought to get up a special excursion for him and send him all over it again. (Laughter).

Gentlemen—Ladies and gentlemen, comrades, I thank you for listening to me. My heart is full of just such stuff as this is. (Laughter). That is a grand thing, that after thirty years has gone by that we was permitted to meet in a place like Eagle Rock. It is about thirty-four or thirty-five years ago when I came the first time upon this spot, not thinking then, as a man who had just come over from the other side,

that we should go through such a great trouble, or that the Nation had such great trouble in view, that I should be permitted to come to-day and be here after thirty-five years with a noble regiment, with one of the beauty and the flower of the State of New Jersey assembled here, and have such a good time. (Applause).

Mr. President, I congratulate you, you old survivors! you old heroes! you old fellows, you! (laughter), you old comrades! I am glad that you have elected such good officers. I know them all. I know your wife, Mr. President, and I am sure we will have a song to-night which will move this hotel away from its foundation. (Laughter and long continued applause).

Comrade Post: I have just received a telegram from the Seventh New Jersey Association, at Bayonne, sending their greeting to the Thirteenth New Jersey in reply to their telegram wishing them a hearty good time and a grand reunion. (Applause).

President Smith: Comrades and ladies, I would say that this is in response to a telegram of like import from the Thirteenth Association to-day.

We have with us a comrade who, unfortunately for himself, does not belong to the Thirteenth New Jersey, but he belongs to a Grand Army Post that is named for our greatest commander, General U. S. Grant. I call on the comrade from Grant Post, H. W. Knight.

Mr. H. W. Knight:

Mr. Chairman and comrades: I think I ought to be permitted to say that this is an unexpected call. I remember, and you do, doubtless, that during the late war there were a great many substitutes in the army, and on this occasion, if you will allow me, I will allow myself and call myself a substitute; and I am a substitute on this occasion, for one of the best men, one of the best soldiers, so far as I

know, that I ever knew in all my life. I wonder if you know him. The members of the U. S. Grant Post regard him as a splendid fellow in every sense of the word. I think he was a member of this regiment—at least I will know better perhaps when I announce his name, which is J. P. Howatt. (Applause). I had the honor to succeed Jim Howatt as Commander of U. S. Grant Post, and as I stand here this afternoon my soul is filled with sorrow that I cannot at this time shake hands with one of the whitest, one of the noblest and one of the best men that I ever knew in my life: Jim Howatt. (Applause).

Now, one of the proudest things that I have in my recollection is that when I was a boy, before I was sixteen years of age, I enrolled my name as a soldier, as a volunteer in the Army of the United States, and served for two years and seven months; and while on some accounts I do not at all times wear this badge, yet, although it is not worth a cent intrinsically, I think that the man who wears it, and we all know, those of us who belong to the organization, that no man can wear it unless he bears an honorable discharge from the government of his service, from the services of his government—I say that it is the proudest thing that I have got, and I shall wear it now, and wear it forever, at least as long as I have breath in my body I'll wear it. (Applause).

I am, too, one of those who believe in the old soldier. I believe in standing by the old soldier. I believe that the best soldier that was ever at the front of the battle is the American soldier. (Applause). You know we hear a great deal about European soldiers, and the other day I met a gentleman, and in conversation with him he began to tell me that he regarded our late war as rather small potatoes. He was an Englishman who had served in an English regiment, a very intelligent man, and he began to talk to me about the European wars, and the Napoleonic wars, and the

German wars, and he said that our war was nothing compared with those wars. I said to him, "my friend, you don't know what you are talking about." He said: "Look here, can you show me any such record as the record of the Six Hundred at Balaklava?" "Why," said I, "my dear sir, our friend, the poet Tennyson, has sent down the ages that magnificent poem of his, the Charge of the Light Brigade, but do you know that when the Light Brigade came out of the battle of Balaklava—do you know what the loss was? Well, he said he didn't know. "Well," I said, "every school boy has repeated:

'Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered,
And into the gates of death
And into the jaws of hell
Rode the six hundred.'

And when they came out and the roll was called, thirty-six per cent, thirty-six per cent were left on the field dead and wounded.

"Yes," he said, "that is the record." And the poet says

"All the world wondered."

I said, My friend, if you want to go with me to the battlefield of Gettysburg I will take you on that second day's fight in the center of that great field, and with Hancock, the magnificent, the splendid Hancock in command, turning to the Colonel commanding the Fifth Minnesota, he said to him, "Colonel, you see those colors of those rebels over there?" "I do," said the Colonel. "Capture them," said Hancock. "I will," said the Colonel; and he did. He went in, and he captured those colors. And when that Fifth Minnesota Regiment came out and the roll was called, how many do you suppose answered the roll call? It showed that eighty-two per cent were left on the field.

killed and wounded and only one missing; (applause). Talk about the Napoleonic wars; talk about European wars—the greatest war, the greatest suffering, the greatest sacrifice that was ever borne by a nation or by man, was borne in our late civil war; and notwithstanding that terrific loss there at Gettysburg on that hot second day of July, nobody has lived to sing the song of the terrific suffering there occasioned.

Another thing. Pardon me another word or two and I have quit. There has recently been published a book by Lieutenant-Colonel Fox. He was the Lieutenant Colonel of the Seventy-seventh New York. He has written a book. The title of the Book is "Regimental Losses During the Late Civil War." He shows that there were 2050 regiments mustered into the service of the United States during the war; 2050 regiments. Out of those 2050 regiments he takes 300. I don't know whether the Thirteenth New Jersey is in the list or not. I do know my regiment is in the 300. Out of those 2050 regiments 300 of those regiments lost of their total enrollment during the war in killed and wounded 50 per cent. Now, where is Balaklava; Now where is your noble six hundred? I am not discounting them, not for a moment. The English soldier is a brave soldier, the German soldier is a brave soldier, the French soldier is a brave soldier, but the best soldier that has ever served under any government is the American soldier who served in the late civil war. (Continued applause).

When I hear anybody discounting the old soldier from '61 to '65 I propose to stand up and be counted as one who says in the presence of anybody or anything, crowned heads or any where else on the face of God's earth, that a braver soldier does not live than the soldier who fought under the old flag between '61 and '65. (Applause).

Then there is another thing. I had occasion some time ago to speak before a lot of old rebels. They invited me to

speaking, and I got up and I said: "My friends, you wore the gray; I wore the blue. You fought under Lee and Johnson and Jackson; I fought under Grant and Sherman and Sheridan." About that time some old reb out yonder in the audience said, "Well, I guess you didn't do much fighting; you were too young." "Well," said I, "my friend, where did you serve during the late war?" "Why," he said, "I served in the Army of Northern Virginia." "I served in the Army of the Potomac, and I served in the Old Sixth Corps under Uncle John Sedgwick, and I want to ask you if you ever saw the back of a member of the Sixth Corps.?" He said he never did. I said, "I got four holes in my body that some of you fellows bored into me; but I don't bear any grudge; I have not got any iron in my soul toward you, not a bit of it." I am willing to extend a hand to every man who fought against me and to shake hands across the bloody chasm, and in my honest judgment I believe if the old soldiers of the late civil war on the other side had the settling of things there wouldn't have been so much trouble in having a settlement.

Now, comrades, I am glad to meet you. I am always glad to meet old soldiers. I am not very old myself yet. I think there are a great many people in this country who are worrying about the pension laws and the terrific amount the government is paying to pensioners—some of them are wishing to God every old soldier was dead. So far as I am concerned, I do not propose to die yet, and, furthermore, I draw a pension of \$10 a month, and I propose to draw it. I don't draw it because I need it; but because—when I went in the service men stood on the stump and in newspapers and everywhere and they said, "Now, boys, only go to the front, only fight for the old flag, only save the country, and if you will do that we will take care of you; if anything happens to you, and you come back with a leg off, or an arm off, or your health broken, or wounds, or anything of that

kind, depend upon it that a grateful country, a grateful country will take care of you."

Well, now, I am one of those who believe that when I make an obligation—if I make an obligation—if I give my note for a hundred dollars or a thousand dollars, I expect to pay it; and when the government of the United States made an obligation and said to me, "Here, if you will go to the front, if you will carry a musket, if you will fight for the old flag, if you will help to save it and you are wounded we will pay you a pension," I am going to draw that pension, and I would draw it if I was a millionaire. (Applause)

I will tell you what it is—there is too much talk, and there is too much subserviency on this question. It is a right. It is a promise that the government made to us, and the government must redeem it. That is what is the matter. (Applause).

Don't you back down on this pension question. I don't know what your views may be, but those are my views. I don't need it, I repeat, but I draw it. It is mine, and I am going to keep it. (Loud applause).

President Smith :

Comrades, I was so fortunate in calling on that visiting comrade, that I feel impelled to go right next to him and invite Comrade Boyce, of Buffalo, to speak to us.

Mr. Boyce was greeted with applause upon rising and said :

Mr. Chairman, comrades of the Old Thirteenth New Jersey, ladies and gentlemen :

I cannot entertain you so eloquently as my comrade from Maine has done, as I am not a public speaker; but having been invited to be with you on this occasion by my friend Captain Matthews, with your indulgence I will attempt to entertain you for a few moments.

It is indeed a great pleasure to be with you to-day, to clasp the hand and look into the faces of those who served in the Old First Division of the Twelfth Corps of the Army of the Potomac. It was my good fortune to belong to that Division, but to the First Brigade, instead of yours, the Third. And although a third of a century has passed away since those days, the mere mention of any regiment of that Division seems like recalling the name of some dear old friend. I have come from an adjoining State to enjoy with you this reunion, and I indeed feel as if I was among my old comrades and friends.

We were all proud of the Old Division when soldiers, and we are justly so to-day; with the noble record she made in the history of the war; and proud of the army of which our Division and Corps was a part.

The Army of the Potomac! How the pulse beats at the mention of the name. How the heart throbs at the memories it recalls. The army that can justly claim the proud distinction of having fought more battles, won more victories, and lost more men killed in action, than all the other armies of the Union combined. The official records show that two-thirds of the entire losses of the war occurred in this army. And we of the Twelfth Corps can boast that we belong to the only Corps of the Army that never lost a banner or a gun. (Applause).

We cannot all claim to have been Generals, though every one wore the Star. How proud we were that ours wore the Red Star—the Old First—First of the Twelfth Corps, and second to none. (Applause).

Will we ever forget our loved commander, dear old "Pop" Williams? (continued applause) the grim old war hero, who was so brave and true, so reliable, always at his post of duty; so unassuming, so considerate of his men; never complaining, or any the less loyal and earnest because

political jealousies cheated him so long out of his just promotion, the second star. I am sure he was loved none the less by your regiments of the second and third brigades, than he was by us, in the first, whose good fortune it was to be under him early in the war in General Patterson's army in the Shenandoah Valley.

To the soldiers who served under him then he always seemed so fatherly and kind that the mention of his name is an inspiration, and service in his brigade a loving and cherished memory.

Your Third Brigade I knew intimately and well. One of its regiments, the Second Massachusetts, (applause) was formerly in our Brigade. It contained also such splendid regiments as the Third Wisconsin; (applause) the 27th Indiana; (applause) and later in its history your own Thirteenth New Jersey and the 107th New York. (Applause). The first of these regiments we were intimately associated with, previous to your joining the Division, in the Shenandoah Valley campaign, under Major General Banks, who has so recently died.

How rapidly the old veterans are passing away. This loved face on these beautiful badges (in whose death we all felt a personal loss) recalls our gallant and distinguished commander, who also left us but a few months since. The recent death of General Stoneman, of cavalry fame, in my own city, and this fact, that thirteen Generals of the Army of the Union have died during the present year, are all sad reminders that we are growing old.

How well I remember when your regiment joined us just previous to Antietam, where so soon after your enlistment you gallantly sustained your baptism of fire, covering yourselves with glory and making a record thus early in your history of bravery scarcely ever equalled by so new a regiment. The severe loss you there sustained (over 100

men) and the official reports, fully attest your heroic conduct on that sanguinary field.

From that day to Chancellorsville we were together. During the long winter at Stafford Court House, you remember how we built log houses, made corduroy roads, drilled in the mud and snow, were reviewed by President Lincoln, and prepared for the early forward movement of the army when spring should come.

In the battle of Chancellorsville you again made a record of bravery, and sustained a loss of 141 killed, wounded and prisoners. This battle was the last in which our regiment was engaged, our term of service having expired, it being one of the two year regiments, and what we know of your subsequent record we learn from history. But it is a brilliant one indeed. Where did any troops ever do better or braver work than the Old Division at Gettysburg? The charge of the Second Massachusetts and the Twenty-Seventh Indiana Regiments across the swale at Culps Hill, sustaining a loss of forty-four men in every hundred in each regiment, attests the fighting qualities of the Old First; fully equal to anything previously done at Winchester, Cedar Mountain, Antietam, or Chancellorsville, brilliant as had been its record on each of these hard fought fields.

Your own Thirteenth New Jersey would have been equally brave had the order been to charge with the Brigade instead of these two regiments. Many of you comrades here to-day may thank the God of Battles that the fortunes of war on this occasion placed the Thirteenth in a less exposed position than the Second and Twenty-Seventh. You did your duty faithfully and well in the position in which you were placed, and a grateful country can say of you, as does the State of Maine, on the beautiful soldiers' monument at Portland to her defenders: "Honor and Glory to the brave men who suffered and died for their country.

Equal honor and glory to those who, daring to die, survive."

Your regiment, like most of the New Jersey troops, was composed of good material, and your State may well be proud of the class of men who volunteered in her defence. New Jersey men always looked well and always fought well. They were men of more than the average intelligence in the army.

As a comrade of our Old First Division I bring you greetings to-day. It gives me great pleasure to spend this day so delightfully with you. I shall ever cherish its memories and associations. And as the Secretary of my own regimental organization, the Twenty-Eighth New York, I most heartily extend an invitation to every member of the Thirteenth New Jersey to be present at any of our annual reunions, which occur on May 22d, the date of our muster into the United States service. We meet next year at Niagara Falls; and you will always receive a soldier's greeting and a brother's welcome.

I thank you most cordially, comrades, for your attention, and the royal hospitality we have enjoyed at your hands to-day. (At the termination of his remarks, the speaker was heartily applauded).

President Smith :

Our Secretary has some very interesting letters. I wrote a letter, in conjunction with our Corresponding Secretary, to each one of the regiments that comprised our Old Brigade, in due time to be read at their several reunions. The Third Wisconsin meet to-day, and they continue it for two days further. Let us hope that the weather is more propitious there. We have received a response from two or three of them, and if you will listen the secretary will read them.

Secretary Delano read letters from Milwaukee, Wis., from the Veteran Association of the Third Wisconsin, and

Elmira, N. Y., 107th New York. The reading of each of the letters was greeted with loud applause.

Letters were read from Ex-Governor Green, Adjutant General W. C. Stryker and Colonel J. N. Duffy, honorary members of the Association, the reading of which also elicited applause.

President Smith:

Comrades, we all of us have very grateful recollections of our old Surgeon, Dr. J. A. Freeman, and we have with us here to-night his brother, on behalf of whom I promised him from you a most welcome greeting. (Applause).

Mr. Wilberforce Freeman:

Ladies and gentlemen: I have been entrapped into this thing. I only got here five minutes ago, and was asked to come in and take a seat, but they didn't tell me I was to be introduced to you.

I can only say that, although I was not a participant in the war, the Thirteenth New Jersey was always dearer to my heart than any regimental organization in the war. Perhaps I was somewhat too young to go to the war, and perhaps I was not; at all events, I did not go. But I remember very well when the members of the Thirteenth Regiment assembled at Camp Frelinghuysen—the name of my brother has been mentioned here—I remember going down with him almost every day to see the recruits examined, and perhaps sworn in, at Camp Frelinghuysen, Roseville, and although at that time I was attending Princeton College, the day the regiment left I was down at the station at Princeton, where in those days every train carrying soldiers to the war always stopped, and I was there to see the regiment, and speak to many of whom I knew. (Applause).

I remember very well that you had hardly got launched into service in the army before you took part in the battle

of Antietam, and I understand from Captain Matthews you have your anniversary at as near the day, the 17th of September, as you very well can.

As I say, I took an interest in the regiment all through the war. Once or twice I visited the regiment—once when it was in camp somewhere near Fredericksburg, and somewhere else—oh, at Gettysburg, although I didn't see the regiment there. I was not exactly at the battle of Gettysburg, but I was there two or three days after the battle was fought, and saw many of the wounded ones, although the regiment itself had departed.

I have attended two or three or four of the reunions, and I have always had a great deal of pleasure at these gatherings. I am sorry it was so rainy to-day. I had made considerable calculation of being here and looking on, although I had no intention to participate or take any part.

It is not much more that I want to say, except that I do assure you I take a good deal of interest in you, and I want the organization to meet as often as there are men enough left to make a quorum. I don't know how many are required to make a quorum, but as long as General Harris and Captain Matthews remain around here I am sure you will all be called upon to meet, if there are one or two left. These gentlemen — not only are they thought well of at the present day—highly esteemed as citizens and gentlemen in this community—but they, and the late Captain Pierson went into the army for their country's sake, went in from the purest kind of patriotic motives. I am not saying that all the rest did not, but that is their reputation, and in fact, so far as I know, it was the reputation of the Thirteenth Regiment. They had a good reputation all through the war.

As I have just said, a few days after the battle of Gettysburg I remember going over the battlefield with my

brother, and I saw the place which of course you all remember, just about where your monument stands now. The regimental monument is near where the fearful havoc was made with the Second Massachusetts regiment, where I think they lost nearly half of their men, didn't they, Captain Matthews? (Turning to the Captain).

Captain Matthews: A very large number.

(The speaker, continuing): A very large number. I took a great deal of interest in visiting that spot at the time and three or four times since I have been there. Not more than four or five years after the battle, before there were any monuments, or anything of the kind put there, I was so interested as to go to Gettysburg and hunt up that place again. Since then I have been two or three times, and, as we all know, it is one of the most interesting battlefields to be found in the United States.

I am very much obliged to you, ladies and gentlemen, and hope the rest of your day will be a pleasant one.

President Smith:

Comrades and friends: I have been asked by one or two persons why the committee arranged to have this dinner at four o'clock. One comrade had the nerve to say to me that he was not hungry enough to eat it now. I will tell you why we arranged that, and it will give you an intimation of what you may expect. We arranged it at four o'clock for the reason that on previous reunions these very interesting services have commenced so late in the evening that a great many of the comrades, especially those who live at a distance, have been compelled to leave us in order to catch their trains and reach their homes the same night. Now we thought if we started at four o'clock we could run the game as long as it lasted, and it probably wouldn't run us into the late hours of the evening.

We have heard of people who love others simply for association's sake, and it would seem to me, judging from this very hospitable and royal entertainment—because it is additional proof of their liberality and loyalty—that the citizens of this Orange community love the Old Thirteenth Regiment because we Orange boys went with them.

Now among those here in Orange who has been one of the most loyal and steadfast to the Thirteenth Regiment, and to the memory of the boys who from Orange never came home, there is a gentleman who I will now introduce to you, and who will say a few very pleasant things to you: the Hon. Elias M. Condit. (Applause.)

Mr. Condit:

Ladies and gentlemen: I believe that is my name; but I believe the gentleman made a better speech in introducing me than I can make myself. But it is true that I remember the Thirteenth when it lay in Camp Frelinghuyzen in the city of Newark, and I remember some of the dear friends that were members of that regiment, and I think the nearest and the best friend of my boyhood days was one of the first who laid down his life for his country in this regiment, George R. Harrison. (Applause.)

I did not come here to-night expecting to be called upon; but I like to be with you at your reunions and listen to you in your reminiscences of the past, rehearsing your joys and your sorrows.

I remember of being on the battlefield of Gettysburg, and I saw where you occupied the right of the line at the high water mark of the Rebellion, where upon this regiment depended in a large degree the salvation of the Union Army. Am I not right? (Cries of "That is right.")

I remember of reading the story how the rebels came down the gap—that open space in the slough of the run. I saw your monument there, and, gentlemen, I can appreci-

ate how you felt upon that day, when you were deciding the question between freedom and slavery; for it was a question in the progress of the world's history. You were deciding upon that day the nationality of the United States, whether it should be a nation or a fragment of States.

But gentlemen, you will have to excuse me. I cannot speak to-day. (Applause.)

President Smith:

Comrades, I shall now introduce to you one who should need no introduction to any member of the old regiment; but, as I told the boys to-day, I am President this year, and I am going to take the privilege of introducing him to you in my particular way. He was an officer in our regiment that we all learned to look up to and respect, and not only respect, but admire. Now, we admired him for some qualities peculiar to himself. He was a soldier who never knew what it was to retreat without orders, because I have known him to say, when the odds seemed all against us: "But we have not had orders to retreat." And then again, when on some occasion the boys questioned the orders that he gave, and they would say to him: "Well, I don't think"—(laughter) he would say: "You have no right to think! I am here to think for you!" (Continued laughter.) And then again, when they would persist, in his quiet, fatherly way, he would say: "But you must." (Loud laughter.) Colonel Harris.

Upon rising to speak Colonel Harris was greeted with prolonged applause, and three cheers, after which he spoke as follows:

Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen, and comrades: I can scarcely command my voice after your delightful greeting. There is only one condition upon which I am allowed to attend these reunions, and if I should violate that agree-

ment I presume I should never be able to attend another one. Often you have heard me speak at your reunions; often I have rejoiced with you, but the time is past for me to make speeches. The malady from which I suffer will not permit it. The only thing I can say to you is that I want to attend these reunions as long as there is one member of the regiment left. (Applause).

I am proud of the record of the Thirteenth New Jersey. No New Jersey regiment has a prouder record and no State presents a prouder record than the State of New Jersey. (Applause).

I appreciate your kind greeting. I thank you for it, and with that I must say good-night. (Applause)

President Smith:

Comrades, it has been suggested to me that I call for our President-elect, but I don't think so; I have heard him speak, (laughter) and he will have this all to do himself next year, so I think that we will leave that matter over. But as next year the duty will not devolve upon the Lieutenant-Colonel-elect, I think it but fair that he should say something to the boys to-day. Lieutenant-Colonel Devor, I call upon you to explain yourself. (Applause).

Cries of "Song, song."

Mr. Devor:

That is all that is expected of me, comrades, and unfortunately I came away from home to-day without my manuscript. (Laughter). I was asking Comrade Giles if he had a list of the songs we sing. He said "yes"; he felt in his pocket and said they were in his other coat; (laughter) and my memory isn't good enough to sing or speak without manuscript.

(A voice: "Evergreen Shore").

There is one piece, however, that will never be effaced from my memory, will never get out of my mind; neither will it get out of the minds and hearts of the members of the Thirteenth New Jersey. That is the song we always sing: as I have often said, it didn't relate to General Grant, nor General Lee—was not a war song—but it relates to the Great Commander of us all, the piece entitled "The Evergreen Shore." (Applause). I will try to sing the verse, and Comrade Trepkau and all the rest will join in the chorus. (Laughter).

Captain Matthews: "All the rest"; understand that, please.

The singing of this song by Vice-President-elect Devor was greeted with enthusiastic applause.

President Smith:

Comrades, while we are in a musical vein, I would like to have Comrade Fritz Trepkau sing that beautiful song entitled "The Army Bean." (Great laughter).

Mr. Trepkau: We had almost too much weather today to sing. (Laughter).

Mr. Trepkau sang the song, the assembled company joining heartily in the chorus. Mr. Trepkau's singing of this comical song in his own inimitable way was greeted with roars of laughter.

President Smith:

Comrades; While we are on the question of rations, I would like to call your attention to a letter I have here in my hand. Perhaps the great majority of you do not remember Captain John C. Livesey. The most of you do remember Captain Knight. Captain Knight was our Brigade Commissary, and as you perhaps all recollect, I was what you termed a "government beat" and was a clerk for those two officers. (Laughter).

Mr. Fritz Trepkau: And the German girl. (Great laughter).

President Smith:

I have visited Captain Livesey. He lives away out in New Castle, Indiana. I have visited him two or three times and my family have visited him. So you see we have kept up our old army connections.

I took the privilege to ask Captain Matthews to kindly send Captain Livesey one of our souvenir badges, and this is his response:

"My dear Captain" (Mr. Smith: I don't know whether he means me or not; I was only a brevet corporal. (Laughter).

Mr. Smith read the letter, and after reading "Remember me kindly to Lieutenant Duncan," he remarked: "They used to divide the profits." (Laughter).

The reading of the epistle was applauded.

President Smith:

Now, comrades, we have not begun to get through yet. It is not dark yet. We never can hold a reunion, it seems, but that Dr. Love comes to it, and we never hold one but that we want to hear from him, and I hope we never will hold one but that we see him. Dr. Love, will you say something to the boys?

Dr. J. J. H. Love:

Mr. President, comrades, ladies and gentlemen: My voice has been heard at so many of these reunions that I feel great delicacy in coming to the front so many times. Looking over these tables I am reminded somewhat of that story of General Sickles, about the Irishman down at Duck River, or some of those posts. He was assigned to duty at a stockade where they had little to do, and one afternoon

he was lying on the grass in front of his tent, smoking his pipe, and the Captain came along. He saluted the Captain and said: "Captain, may I ask you a civil question?" "Certainly," replied the Captain. "I want to know, sor, if this is war?" "Of eourse it is war." "Then I don't ever want to see pace." (Laughter). So I think we might turn the good Irishman's axiom and say: If this is peace we never want to see any war. I am glad to see so many of my comrades here on this stormy day. I know it is a red letter day in the calendar of all the members of this regiment, and that we always look forward to it with a great deal of pleasure, and I assure you that I congratulate them that they climbed to the top of Orange Mountain under the storm and fog to shake one another by the hand on this anniversary occasion.

We have looked back to this period for thirty-two years, and it is surprising to me that so many of our men are looking so well, and so young and vigorous; almost as they did more than a quarter of a century ago.

The gentleman on my left has referred in eloquent terms to General Slocum. As Secretary of the Twelfth Army Corps, I came in contact with General Slocum more or less during the war and since the war, and I always was impressed—to say nothing of his skill and judgment and valor and all the deeds that go to make up a great commander—but I was impressed with his justness, his charitableness toward all men and all things. I heard him say once: "The soldier is the central figure in all wars, because historians turn the light of their pens and history on him. But there are other agencies that are just as much to be respected and deserve just as much honor in the war as the soldier."

I remember a little incident which I think I might tell here with reference to General Slocum. During the McClellan campaign on the Peninsula, a son was born to the

the General, and when he read the letter from home announcing the birth of the boy, they asked him what he should call it. "Well," he said, "we expect to get into Richmond in about ten or eleven days, and if we get into Richmond you can call the boy 'Richmond,' but if we don't get there you can call him 'Chickahominy.'" (Great laughter).

Another time we were in camp at Leesburg, as you all remember. If there were any Confederates stationed there they didn't stay in that town while we were there. So one night there was quite a demand for a doctor's services. Dr. McNulty was Surgeon in Chief then and Medical Director of the Corps. We said to him, "Doctor, you had better go with that gentleman." After awhile he came back. We were all sitting there playing cards. "Well," we asked, "is it a boy or girl?" "Well," said he, "it is a girl," and added: "I tell you what I think we had better do. We had better christen that girl Henrietta Slocum. So before we left town we got a baptismal clergyman and baptised that child Henrietta Slocum. I hope she is living to-day. She must be a good healthy woman by this time.

The gentleman to my left has also referred to the trouble at Washington about the pensions. When I think of that I always think of Artemus Ward's report of what was the matter with the Army of the Potomac at the time Mr. Lincoln sent him down there, as he said, to see why the army didn't move. He said when he got back there was a quarrel between the teamsters and the mules, and ninety times out of a hundred, he said, the mules were right. (Laughter.)

Gentlemen, I will not take up any more of your time. I am very much obliged to you, sir, and the gentlemen for listening to me for a few minutes. I congratulate you on the fact that you have been permitted to meet together on this your ninth reunion. (Applause).

President Smith:

Comrades, we all have very distinct recollections of our old Chaplain, our first Chaplain, Comrade T. Romeyn Beck. He is now living in California. He has sent us a very kindly letter, but it is very long, and it will appear in the report, so that you can all read it. We have thought it best not to have it read here to-night.

Now, Comrades, we have with us here to-night an old comrade of the regiment who I know is filled with pent-up eloquence. He has been watching me for some time to see why I did not call him up. We will now give him an opportunity to exploit himself. Comrade T. P. O'Reilly. (Applause).

Comrade O'Reilly :

Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen: I thank you for this undeserved compliment. Really I didn't expect to be called upon to say anything here to-night. I had hoped to enjoy the good things of the occasion free from the nervousness and embarrassment I now feel in being called upon to say something. There is pleasure and pain in being called upon to make a speech—pleasure in the thought that some one thinks you are capable of doing it, and pain in the consciousness that you are not. The worst of it is the pleasure is only momentary, while the pain is apt to be more lasting. I am sure if I attempt to go on my digestion will be bad for a month. You know it is said that when a man turns forty-five his best days are behind him, and this is undoubtedly true in respect to some things, in many cases. For instance, we know it is the limit of age for enlistment in the army. After forty-five, men are not considered competent to perform efficient military service in the ranks; but as to their best days being behind them, I think that is altogether another question. The rule may apply to most men, but judging from what I have seen and heard in veteran and Grand Army circles I do not think it applies to them at all;

for since I have joined the Grand Army, now about three years ago, it seems to me they are having their best days right along, and looking for better ones all the time. You cannot go into one of their Posts or Association meetings but that you find them enjoying a picnic or spree of some kind, or getting ready for one. (Laughter). They don't confine themselves to days, either, but have many a good night of it—and as for marching and parading to church, you know—why, the streets are not long enough nor the churches grand enough to accommodate them sometimes. In fact, take it all in all, I have come to the conclusion that this gay, festive and cocky existence they lead is the principal advantage of membership in the Grand Army. It serves to keep you fresh and young, it keeps your spirits up, and enables you to resist the ravages of time.

Now, in this regard, I am happy to be with you to-night. In these years since '62-5 we may not have traveled as far in degree or quality but I assure you, Mr. President and gentlemen, that change our coats as we may, I believe all of us have the same good hearts in our bosom, and in spite of a little frosting about the head and a little frailty about the toes, as it were, we are all able to welcome and enjoy the old jokes and the old songs and tell old campfire stories.

Now, I don't know what particular purpose Comrade Smith had in calling on me to-night.

President Smith: Why don't you tell them how Mosby's men came near hanging you once, and give your experience as safeguard with those ladies near Fairfax?

Mr. O'Reilly: Oh, that is it, is it. I begin to suspect that this is a shrewd move on the part of Comrade Smith to draw me out. I have reason to believe from that remark that in some way or other it has come to his knowledge that I am about writing a book, giving my experience as a safeguard between the Union and Confederate lines at Fair-

fax Court House during the winter of '62. The fact is that the material is now in the hands of my publisher, (looking hard at President Smith, who is connected with a publishing house.) (Laughter.) Therefore I do not propose to allow Comrade Smith to get advance pages of the story here for the purpose of booming the New York Advertiser, which he edits. (Great laughter.) This article or matter will appear in one of the greatest papers in the country, I suppose, within a year. If it don't, I promise if I live another year and am able to attend a reunion of the Thirteenth, I will tell you the whole story, about the ladies and all, and Comrade Smith may then publish what part of it he seems fit.

But I am glad to see so many ladies with us to-night. In fact, it is the first reunion of the regiment I have attended when the ladies were present. I am sure you all enjoy their coming here very much to-night, and are proud of it. God bless them; we owe them so much. As for myself, I am under lasting obligations to them for the care that was taken of me in that dreary winter of '62 at Fairfax. But independent of that, sir, I love the sex; I love all the women, irrespective of age or color. (Laughter.) Human intelligence cannot estimate what we owe to woman. She sews on our buttons (laughter); she mends our clothes; she ropes us into church fairs; (laughter) and she confides in us; she gives us good advice, and plenty of it (continued laughter); she gives us a piece of her mind, too, sometimes—sometimes all of it (laughter); in every relation of life I think it is but fair to say of her that she is a brick. (Laughter.)

Wheresoever you place woman, sir, in whatever position or state, she is an ornament to the place she occupies and a treasure to the world. Look at the women of history, sir. Look at Desdemona; look at Joyce Heth; look at Florence Nightingale; look at Lucretia Borgia; look at Cleopatra. Suppose we let *her* slide,

(A voice: How about Eve?)

Well, look at Mother Eve, then. Eve was ornamental particularly before fashions changed.

I repeat, look at other illustrious women of history. Look at Lucy Stone; look at the Widow Machree; look at George Francis Train, (great laughter); look at the woman on a bicycle. (Continued laughter.) I repeat, sir, in whatever position you place woman, she is an ornament to the place she occupies and a treasure to the world. As a sweetheart she has few equals and no superior. (Laughter.) As a cousin she is convenient; as a wealthy aunt she is precious; but as a young and blushing bride she has no equal among men. What would the people of this earth be, sir, without woman? They would be scarce, sir; almighty scarce. (Loud laughter.)

Then let us cherish woman; let us protect her; let us comfort her; let us give her our sympathy, our support, ourselves, if we get a chance.

But jesting aside, gentlemen, woman is lovable, gracious, kind of heart, amiable, worthy of all esteem, all respect, all deference, and not any one here, I am sure, will refuse to respond to that sentiment right cordially, for each and every one of us has personally known, loved and honored the very best of them all, his mother.

I know we men are apt to think that we are the ones who do all the toiling when we furnish the funds to keep the family going. Now I venture to say there is not a man here who has begun to do the amount of work his patient little wife has done. I fear we are not always as considerate of them as we ought to be. How many of you men here ever practiced economy as your wife has? How many of you know how to make a dollar go as far as she will? How many of you watch for Hahne's three-cent bargain sales as she does? (Prolonged laughter). In the heart of every

man is the image of a true, good, noble woman, the dear woman whom we call wife, she who has borne the heat and burden of the day in our absence, and who welcomes us when we get home. Her greeting is what every good man looks forward to. God bless every one of them, and He who holds the winds in the hollow of his hand be kind and considerate to the ladies always. (Applause).

A query: Comrade, are you a widower?

Mr. O'Reilly: I am glad to say I am not.

President Smith:

The arrangement has been made for the stages and cars to be in waiting at seven o'clock; so take your watches and see how much time you have left.

Now, among all the themes we have talked about and sung about to-day, there was one name that was in the mouth of not only every soldier, but every citizen of the country, north and south, sometimes with laudation, but on this side of Mason and Dixon's line just the opposite. We used to sing as we marched nights how we would "Hang Jeff Davis Davis on a sour apple tree." Comrade Wambold has a song which I never saw in print, but is indelibly stamped on his memory, and which I think you will enjoy listening to. Comrade Wambold, will you tell us about Jeff Davis and his Irish friend?

Mr. Wambold:

Mr. President, comrades, and ladies and gentlemen: As an honorary member of Company D of the Thirteenth New Jersey Regiment, I have sung this song, I think, for the last fifteen years, twice a year, and they have not tired of it. I have never had an opportunity to sing it before the Association of the Regiment, and so it needs a little explanation on my part so you can understand it as I go along. It is the wail of a poor Irishman during the war, who, having tried every resource possible to get something to do and

something to eat, finally breaks out in this wail, as the song illustrates. (Mr. Wambold's singing caused much laughter and applause.)

President Smith :

I shall have to call for volunteers. Is there any comrade who has a reminiscence he would like to tell? If not, I can fill in the time very profitably up to the time when the stages will be ready. Comrade Hulin, our Corresponding Secretary, has a very interesting paper reciting a part of the Thirteenth's experience, and if the comrades would like to listen to it, I am sure he would like to read it to them.

Comrade Hulin :

Comrades and friends :

The paper our President refers to is a brief journal of the famous march from Atlanta across Georgia. In looking over the historical reminiscences that we have so far preserved in our published proceedings of these reunions, I find that the Georgia campaign has occupied very few pages. It may not be tedious, therefore, to occupy your time for a few minutes with some of the leading incidents of that great manœuvre of the war, which more than any other has immortalized the name of General Sherman. You will recollect that the 15th of November, 1864, found the Twentieth Corps under marching orders, but whither you were going—back in retreat over the ground you had contested mile by mile from Chattanooga; south to the Gulf; eastward to Augusta, Charleston or Savannah, no one of us could conjecture.

Being myself a somewhat privileged rover, on that morning I remained in the central part of Atlanta some time after the troops had marched out. There were cavalrymen and guards posted here and there. Otherwise the city was a very lonesome place, for you will remember that a month before this evacuation Sherman had issued and

enforced his famous order, sending all civilians away. The great railway depots and shops were crammed with every kind of military equipage, wagons, harness, tents, camp furniture. Supplies in prodigious quantities had to be left behind, and it was the duty of the guards, immediately after the evacuation, to set fire to these buildings and their contents. The conflagration that consequently occurred was a grand sight, yet those of us who witnessed the destruction from hills overlooking the town were more interested that morning as to our destination. As the smoke and flames arose amid the singing of

“John Brown’s knapsack is strapped upon his back,”

we turned our faces away from Atlanta and took the road to Decatur. In the level country before us Stone Mountain loomed up as a landmark toward which we were marching, and at the foot of which we camped that first night. The next day our Brigade received its initiation in the work of tearing up the railroad. I need not describe the process. With this task before us our progress from Social Circle to Madison was slow, but we pushed forward and found ourselves in the midst of a land of plenty where we had expected to go hungry. Our forage parties, which had been carefully organized, came in at night loaded with provisions of every kind. We were not exactly a horde of prodigals wastings our substance in riotous living, but we were faring sumptuously at the expense of the Confederacy, not recklessly but deliberately destroying, not only what we did not want, but the ability of our providers to produce more. The cotton and the cotton gin went up in smoke, the horses and mules were taken, and the slaves, they left the plantations and came along with us; so that every officer and some privates had willing servants to carry their luggage and cook appetizing dinners when we got into camp at night. In fact the Contrabands came with us in such

force that they became an impediment and were ordered to keep apart from the marching column of troops, and we saw them in a line of march of their own, day by day, straggling along through the fields on either side of us.

Such are my recollections at this late day of how we marched through Georgia. I will quote more accurately from notes taken down at the time on that memorable campaign.

November 20th.—Halted for dinner on the road to Eatonton. As the division wagon train was being parked a party of Rebel cavalry appeared in the field; and seeing the troops, wheeled and galloped away, taking one man prisoner.

November 21st.—Passed through Eatonton, a small but wealthy town. The contents of the stores had been removed to the streets and burned before we arrived.

November 22d.—In the vicinity of Milledgeville. Halted for dinner about noon, and made preparations for a somewhat imposing march. At three o'clock the Corps was put in line, our Brigade in the advance. The column was led by the Division Commander and staff, followed by Colonel Carman and staff, commanding Second Brigade. Next came the Brigade Band, playing its liveliest airs, and then the Thirteenth Regiment, first to march through the capital of Georgia. The formation in Green Street was by company front, our State and battleflags floating to the breeze. Crossed the Oconee river by a covered bridge and encamped one mile from Milledgeville.

November 23d.—Remained in camp. Our forage parties went out and scoured the country to provide us with Thanksgiving dinners the next day. No thanks-giving on the part of the planters, but much taking without thanks by our foragers and bummers. Wagons came in loaded down with turkeys, chickens, meat for roasting.

vegetables, sorghum and everything essential to good living.

November 24th.—Expected to keep Thanksgiving Day in camp, but were ordered out to march, bright and early. Halted for the night at Hebron.

November 25th.—Crossed Buffalo Creek and swamp by pontoon, the enemy having burned the bridge before us.

November 26th.—Our Brigade, at the head of the column, encounter Wheeler's cavalry, who are driven through the town of Sandersville. Quite a lively skirmish here. Several buildings, including the Court House, burned before we left.

November 28th.—Reached the Ogeechee River, the bridge having been burned. Crossed by pontoon and corduroy road.

November 29th to December 3d.—Monotonous and tedious marching through swamps and many small streams. Being in the vicinity of Millen, many visited the stockade, but the guards had fled and the prisoners had been removed.

December 4th.—Heard the first cannonading in the direction of Charleston.

December 10th.—After uneventful marching, making about ten miles a day, found ourselves six miles distant from Savannah. Encountered the enemy behind rifle pits and holding three small forts commanding the road.

December 11th.—Considerable cannonading in our front, a battle expected, but no movement of importance made.

December 12th.—Geary's Division in position on the river bank. Artillery posted ready to dispute the passage of any vessel that might dare to leave the invested city or approach it from above. Three steamboats endeavor to run down but are compelled to put back. One of them, getting aground on the bar, was obliged to surrender. Saw

her about a mile distant up the river with the white flag still flying.

Across the river are seen the low rice plantations of South Carolina, with their mills and villages of negro houses:

December 13th.—Besides more or less cannonading nothing of moment occurred. The 15th Corps are endeavoring to open communication with our fleet in Warsaw Sound. As foraging has stopped, our provisions are running short and hunger stares us in the face.

December 14th.—Some picket-firing, plenty of empty haversacks, and much grumbling among the soldiers. Saw one man who paid twenty-five cents for two ears of corn. Rice has become the staple article of food. Our soldiers on Argyle Island are running the threshing and milling mills to obtain a supply.

December 15th.—General Sherman's order read announcing the capture of Fort McAllister and opening of communication with our fleet. Bands playing and everybody in better spirits.

December 19th.—Our Regiment, with the Brigade, ordered across the river to the South Carolina side. Rebel gunboat came up the river from the city and shelled us furiously. She mounts two 64 pounder Blakeley guns, as one of the shells, dropped near Brigade headquarters, indicated.

December 20th.—Regiment still in the rice fields across the river. Geary established on Hutchinson's Island. Rebel gunboat took advantage of the tide to steam up the river within a mile of us and open fire. Men and officers not much alarmed but interested in watching the bombardment. Could not see the vessel, but could see her guns puff smoke, now toward us and then toward Geary's line, as she fired quite impartially. The nearest shot made to us was one that went through a house nearby, entering at the

roof and bursting just as it came out of the corner, scattering splinters in every direction, but hurting no one. She let us alone after that but kept pegging away at Geary on the Island until after midnight.

December 21st.—Hurrah! Savannah surrendered at 5 o'clock this morning. Orders have come for the Brigade to recross the river and report at Savannah. Thus endeth the campaign of Georgia. The army under Hardee has escaped, but the plunder left behind is prodigious in quantity. The gunboat which has made it lively for us almost daily for two weeks was burned last night.

President Smith:

That very interesting reminiscence of Comrade Hulin's lacks just one incident of that fracas on Savannah River —

(At this moment the band struck up "Marching through Georgia," and what President Smith meant to say was lost to posterity).

(Speeches reported Stenographically by J. R. SALMON.)

At 6.45 P. M. adjourned.

A. DELANO,

Rec. Secretary.

An outline of this Annual Reunion was published in "The Call" of Paterson, closing as follows:

"After the election of officers and the transaction of some other business the vets sat down to a bountiful and well spread banquet. An excellent band played patriotic tunes inside while the rain played a vigorous tattoo outside, and the mist that over-shadowed the mountain made it almost as dark as night. There were a large number of ladies present at the banquet. During the dinner each member was presented with a magnificent souvenir badge, to which was attached a medallion portrait of General Slocum, the old commander of the Twelfth and Twentieth corps, to which the Thirteenth was attached. When cigars were served, President James Smith rapped the assemblage to order, and the speechmaking, songs, etc., were begun and continued for an hour or so.

The addresses were far above the average in eloquence and interest, and loudly applauded. This part of the programme was most satisfactory and interesting. Altogether it was a very successful reunion, and had it been clear weather would have been the most interesting since the first one held in Paterson, which all acknowledge it will never be possible to equal.

As the storm continued and the prospects were that it would be a dark and wild night, the Paterson contingent started on their homeward ride about 6 o'clock. Little did they know the experiences before them. The stages were good, the horses in fine condition and the drivers experienced and careful, but the storm was a good deal worse than had been imagined. It was desired to return by the Montclair and Notch road route in order to drop Comrade Theodore S. Perry at his home, but in coming through Montclair the roads were so flooded with water that the party had to turn back and take another road. And then they got lost. The rain put the stage lamps out and one could not see the heads of the wheel horses in the four horse team. A blacker night could not be conceived. It was unsafe to go faster than a slow walk, and every once in a while it was necessary to light matches and look for the road. In many places the road was covered with water, and the roaring of the swollen mountain brooks in the darkness was terrible. In the darkness crossroads were lost, and for two mortal hours the party was groping helplessly over the mountains in the dark. About 8 o'clock they came up to a big building, and found it was the Essex County Penitentiary at Caldwell. The "pilots" got lost again between Caldwell and Singac, and got off the main road, and for six or eight miles wandered over another mountain road, in a direction opposite from Paterson. But about nine o'clock they saw some distant electric lights, which, being followed, were found to be at Singac. From then on it was plain sailing—"sailing" is rather the right word, owing to the condition of the roads. Shortly after ten o'clock, after a dark ride of four hours and covering about 25 miles, the cramped limbs of the tired Patersonians were untangled at THE CALL office. It was a night ride that will never be forgotten by those who took it, and all laid it to the number of passengers in the big stage being just thirteen. But when it was all over the party rather felt that they had enjoyed the adventurous journey, and altogether their memories of the day will be very pleasant."

LETTERS.

HAYWARDS, CALIFORNIA. Sept. 4, 1894.

Brother Comrades of the Old Thirteenth :

It is with pleasure that I respond to the kind invitation of Comrade Delano to say a few words to you on paper. I had hoped to be able to meet you once more in the flesh at this reunion. But circumstances have prevented and I must content myself with being with you in spirit on this happy day, as so often before on similar occasions.

My heart beats warm and true to every member of the regiment. It always will. For as long as life lasts I carry with me the memories of those army days,—now separated from us by what an interval! So will each one of you. For who of us can ever forget those scenes,—a few merry, many sad,—or those comrades who for so many years have been sleeping on southern battle-fields? Who of us amid the hurry and cares of business, or in the bosom of family and friends, does not often review in thought the events of those four years,—the muster in Camp Frelinghuysen, the march to the depot and long farewell to loved ones, the march through Washington and over the long bridge, the encampment on Arlington Heights within the shadow of the Capitol, the battle of South Mountain and the bloody spectacles on the road to Fredericksburgh, Antietam with its gains and losses, Maryland Heights and Sharpsburgh. Later on the first winter at Stafford Court House, the hurried march to Chancellorsville and return, the battle of Gettysburgh and the fields around that little town heaped up with the dying and the dead,—the subsequent campaigns in Tennessee and the March to the Sea? I need but mention these events in the order of their sequence in the most meagre outline, and the chord is struck in your own hearts. Your memories supply the rest and many a picture, I doubt not, rises up before your minds of weary marches, of bloody battle-fields, of dying comrades, of jovial tent life,—the sorrowful and the joyous strangely intermingling like the lights and shadows of this outer world.

To myself these memories often come back as present realities. I suppose it is always so as one grows older. They have been very vivid as I have read from time in California the reports of your reunions, so kindly sent me, and again in far-off Japan, during a sojourn there of six years, as I re-read many times old army papers and letters written by the hands of army friends long mouldered in the dust,—or as I glanced often at the noble face and form and traced the characters in the bold autograph upon my New Jersey certificate of honorable discharge of that friend of the soldiers, Gov. Ward, whom I was proud to reckon among my own personal friends.

Pardon, my dear comrades, the length of this letter, which, I fear, detains you from speakers and writers whose words are far better worth hearing than mine. But I cannot close without speaking of the future as well as of the past.

My loving interest in each one of you as well as my profession will excuse what may at first seem out of touch with festivities like the present.

We are growing old. Many heads are silvered, which, when I knew them, were fresh and youthful. Of those of you whose faces look out upon me from the late gathering at the dedication of the regimental monument which Dr. Love kindly sent me, I can recognize but two or three. Time is doing his work slowly but surely. Our numbers are rapidly dwindling. To one or more each future reunion will, no doubt, be the last. How stands it, my brother comrade, with your soul? Is the account made up? When the summons comes will you be ready, in the words of the poet,—

“Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

May God grant that when the great Captain of our salvation calls the roll in the presence of that mighty host of men and angels, every one of us with confident assurance shall answer *Here!*

Your Comrade and old Army-Chaplain,

T. ROMEYN BECK.

P. S.—I enclose a reminiscence of war times in the shape of a fac-simile of the last impression of “The Daily Citizen,” a paper published at Vicksburg, July 2, 1863, two days before the surrender to Gen. Grant. The ‘notice’ at the end of the last column, you will observe, explains the circumstances and is in striking contrast to the tone of the preceding. May our children and children’s children never hear or read such words except as a reminiscence of far distant days!

MIDDLETOWN, O., Sept. 15th, 1894.

Capt. A. M. Mathews, Valentine Strobert, Jas. H. Jacobus and William H. Dodd, Committee.

Comrades: It is with a great degree of regret that I am compelled to say that I shall not be able to report for duty on the occasion of our Ninth Annual Reunion on the 19th, at Orange. As the years go by, and the increasing cares of life surround us, we are not at all times enabled to do as we would like; and it is the misfortune of some, myself among the rest, to find ourselves so far outside the picket line, as not to be able to return for all of the annual roll calls.

We content ourselves with the fact that when in the hour of need and we were in the service of Uncle Sam then we were always on hand, and ever ready to do all that was required of us, even to destroying Beans and Hardtack. But seriously, while the war is over and the ranks of the comrades are fast being depleted, it is meet and proper that these reunions should be kept up, and as they become smaller by reason of old age and death, the bond of fraternity will only

be cemented closer. We do not want to forget that there was a civil strife, and that we braved exposure and even death in the defence of the most sacred thing—except the scheme of Man's Redemption—that could come to any people, namely, the maintenance of "a government of the people, by the people and for the people." This sacred heritage we have handed down to future generations, and we are not among those that believe the Nation is ungrateful.

As we were true and loyal in the hour of danger so now let us be loyal and true in the hour of peace. Our work did not cease with our discharge as soldiers, but in the memories engendered by these reunions we are telling our children the story of the war, and thus burnishing into their lives a stronger love for their country. Let us constantly get into closer touch with our comrades, so that in our declining years, as we become infirm and decrepit, we may stand shoulder to shoulder in each other's defense, as we did when arrayed in line of battle. Hoping that the occasion may be a joyous one, even coming up to the anticipation of "Fritz," I am sincerely yours

In Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty,

THOMAS BISHOP,

of Co. A. Thirteenth N. J. V.

ORANGE, N. J., August 18, 1894.

My Dear Old Comrade, Captain Matthews :

I was glad the Thirteenth New Jersey Regiment have a reunion, and I am actually very much obliged that I was called on to help such a noble cause to success. Not in all my remaining days shall I forget the pleasure I had when I went with the Thirteenth New Jersey to the battle-field of Antietam, where I had been myself thirty years before, with the Artillery, throwing shells into the enemy's line with the Battery's big Parrott guns, and they broke altogether.

Now, comrade, a man must not be supplied with a heart if he forgets Antietam and other glorious days of battle and of victory. I am glad I came to this country just when you needed a man like I am, and a thousand times glad to contribute towards the expense of your entertainment on Eagle Rock of my old soldier comrades.

Yours in F. C. & L.,

FRITZ TREPKAU.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., Sept. 6, 1894.

James O. Smith, Esq., Pres. 13th N. J. Vet. Assn., Newark, N. J.

Dear Sir and Comrade: Permit me in behalf of the Association of the Third Regiment, Wisconsin Infantry, Veteran Volunteers, to express thanks for the kindly letter received to-day, in which you extend so cordial an invitation to all and to myself to attend your forthcoming reunion. I assure you that

we fully appreciate the invitation and the generous spirit of comradeship it conveys. It would be a great pleasure to greet again the Thirteenth New Jersey—our comrades of those by-gone days of glorious memory, but as we cannot be present we must be content with the gratifying thought, on the 19th inst., that we shall be remembered by the survivors of that brave regiment who so gallantly held our left in that memorable line of fire and smoke, just thirty-two years ago. All the regiments of our good old Brigade hold reunions on Antietam week and it is meet and proper that this should be the time for our pleasant gatherings, because it was upon this week many years ago that we first learned to know, love and esteem each other as soldiers of the Union. Time has but hallowed our associations of those days and the kindly greetings which come to me as Secretary of the Third Wisconsin bring tears to the eyes of those men who once you heard cheer so lustily when a field was won.

Wishing yourself and the Association a pleasant, happy reunion, I remain

Sincerely and Fraternaly,

W. F. GOODHUE, Secretary.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, ELMIRA, N. Y. August 24, 1894.

S. Morris Hulin, Secretary, Etc., Bloomfield, N. J.

My Dear Comrade: Accept my sincere thanks for your kind invitation to the annual reunion of the Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteers on the 19th of September, and my honest regrets that I cannot be with you.

No events of the year attract me with more interest than these annual regimental reunions. I have on my desk as I write invitations from the grand old Third Wisconsin, the Twenty-third New York Volunteers of the First Corps, the Eighty-sixth New York Volunteers of the Third Corps, and the One Hundred Forty-first New York Volunteers of the First Brigade, First Division, Twentieth Corps. There are none, however, that 'pull' me more than the familiar regiments of the old Second Brigade, the Thirteenth New Jersey in particular.

The Thirteenth New Jersey and the One Hundred Seventh New York are more nearly twins as to service than any of the others. The One Hundred Seventh began its career by leaving Elmira for Washington on August 13, 1862; your departure must have been about the same date. Our experience was almost identical for three years thereafter. And what an experience! I once tried to sum up the service of the One Hundred Seventh as to marches, battles, etc., and in that summary, among other things, I wrote: "Number of miles marched, 2,580. Campaigned in Pennsylvania, Maryland, West Virginia, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, and passed through Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky by rail." This fits the Thirteenth New Jersey as well.

The battles, too, are the same. Your dead and ours are buried under the same sod throughout these several States. Your flags and ours waved in the same smoke of battle. The survivors of your regiment and ours heard the same din of conflict and exulted or sorrowed over the same victories or defeats. Through three long years of trials unparalleled the men of the Thirteenth and the One Hundred Seventh knew only this, "one country and one flag."

Such a "union of hearts" and of hands and purpose nothing but death can sever, and in this spirit I send in behalf of myself and my comrades of the One Hundred Seventh, to you and the comrades of the Thirteenth New Jersey fraternal greeting and the countersign, good till the last taps are sounded—"Comrades—brothers."

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

ARTHUR S. FITCH, Sec'y 107th N. Y. V. Assoc.

ELIZABETH, September 13, 1864.

James O. Smith, Esq., 81 Plane St., Newark, N. J.

Dear Sir: Nothing would give me more pleasure than to meet with the Veterans of the Thirteenth at Eagle Rock on the occasion of their annual reunion. My public engagements are such that it will be impossible for me to attend and I am consequently forced to deny myself the gratification of coming.

Yours truly,

ROBT. S. GREEN.

TRENTON, September, 18, 1894.

J. O. Smith, Esq., President, No. 81 Plane St., Newark, N. J.

Dear Sir: I have kept your very kind invitation of September 4th until to-day, hoping I might be able to be with you to-morrow, but a very important business engagement in New York will, I find, prevent me. I thank you very kindly for your courtesy and hope the association of your splendid regiment will have a pleasant time at Orange to-morrow.

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM S. STRYKER, Adjt. Gen.

ELDRED, PA., September 6, 1894.

James O. Smith, Esq., Pres.

Dear Sir: Your esteemed favor of the 4th inst. is to hand.

An accident that seriously interferes with our getting about will compel us to again deny ourselves the pleasure of joining you on the 19th inst.

Thanking you and through you all the members of the Association for the many courtesies we have received, and wishing all a most enjoyable reunion,

Yours truly,

J. W. DUFFY.

AUGUST, 18, 1894.

To Capt. A. M. Matthews.

My Dear Son: I am glad to respond with check to give the survivors of the regiment nearest and dearest to my heart an entertainment again in Orange.

There is nothing too good for them, nor can we ever feel sufficiently grateful to them and many thousands of other veterans, whose valor overcame, after many weary years, a gallant enemy, subdued the great rebellion, and who alone may truly claim to have saved the country.

Affectionately your mother,

E. MATTHEWS.

ORANGE, N. J., August 20, 1894.

Capt. A. M. Matthews.

My Dear Sir: I am very glad of the opportunity you have given me to contribute toward the expenses of the coming reunion of the survivors of the Thirteenth New Jersey Regiment, and send the enclosed with great pleasure. I have taken a peculiar and continued interest in this organization from the day, I, as a boy, saw the first recruits examined by my brother at Camp Frelinghuysen until the day of its muster out at the close of the war, and since, as a body of veterans. I hope it will be many years before its ranks shall be so thinned out by the great Destroyer as to make it impossible to continue its annual reunions.

Very truly,

WILBERFORCE FREEMAN.

AUGUST 23, 1894.

Dear Capt. Matthews:

Inclosed you will find my contribution to the fund for the entertainment of the Thirteenth Regiment.

I am glad to know that the reunion of the regiment is to be held in Orange and I esteem it a privilege to be able to aid in giving it a cordial welcome. Personally I have a lasting affection for the Old Thirteenth, for among its members have been enrolled many dear friends. Dr. Freeman was one of my students in medicine, a dear friend and whose memory I shall always delight to cherish. The kindness the Rank and File ever extended to my brother during his connection with the regiment, and the respect and affection with which it has regarded his memory can never be forgotten.

Extend to the regiment and especially to each member of Cos. E and D my kind regards. Hoping the reunion may be a joyful one I am

Yours sincerely,

WM. PIERSON.

ORANGE, N. J., Sept. 7, 1894.

Capt. A. M. Matthews.

Dear Sir: I am glad to see the reunion of the old Thirteenth is to be at Orange this year. I recall the last one here, and hope this one may be as enjoyable as that was, yet I have no doubt but the absence of some that were present then will be noticed, and will be a reminder that the rest will soon pass away, but their deeds I hope never will. I recall the time when the regiment was forming at Roseville Avenue, Camp F. I had returned from the Western Army nearly dead, but had recovered so that I was around again. I visited cousin Dick in camp, and he took me off by himself and asked me to give him all the points of Army life. He was so anxious to be a good captain, and the future proved him so, as there are those still alive who will gladly testify it, noble fellow he was. With kind regards to all the remaining survivors of the old Thirteenth, I remain

Yours truly,

A. F. PIERSON, formerly of Co. K, 20th Ill. Regt.

Capt. A. M. Matthews

Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your invitation to be present at the reunion of the Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteers. I beg that you will convey to the members of the same my thanks for their kind remembrance of me and my bereaved family, with regrets that we are unable to accept. I know that the General was much attached to the regiment and I am deeply touched by your tokens of regard for him, and I feel sure that each member of the regiment will ever honor and revere his memory. I wish to add that the beautiful floral piece sent at the time of the burial was much appreciated by me.

Gratefully and sincerely,

CLARA R. SLOCUM.

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, N. Y., Sept. 4, 1894.

Dear Mr. Matthews: The badge came for Mrs. Kingsbury. She was exceedingly pleased to get it, and to know that the veterans, who are with him famous, do remember now so pleasantly and so kindly the memory of their old Commander.

I remember with pleasure my meeting and conversation with you at the Lafayette Post.

It is going to be impossible for Mrs. Kingsbury to come, and I emphasize the "impossible," because she would be glad to come if she could.

Did you know that General Slocum had another son, Clarence R. Slocum, now over 23 years, and with Coombs, Crosby & Eddy, a big Commission firm in New York? I feel sure you will send him a badge, for I know he will treasure it very much,

I think your badge a beautiful tribute of affection.

As the years roll on, the veterans who served under the General will remember more affectionately the enduring qualities which endeared him to them.

Did he ever with his soldiers lose a gun or a flag? History says not. Whatever record leap to light his and his veterans' shall never be shamed.

Mrs. Kingsbury sends her sincere thanks for your kindness and courtesy and wishes for your annual reunion success and much pleasure.

Very truly yours,

H. P. KINGSBURY, Capt 6th Cavalry.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 9, 1894.

Capt. A. M. Matthews.

My Dear Sir: I beg to thank you most warmly for your kind invitation to attend the reunion of the Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteers on the 19th inst, and also for the very handsome badge which was duly received.

I shall be present if it is possible to arrange my business engagements. I met Gen. Horatio King yesterday, and we agreed to go together. With renewed thanks, I am

Very truly yours,

H. W. SLOCUM.

BRIGHTON HEIGHTS, NEW BRIGHTON, S. I., Sept. 19, 1894.

Captain Matthews.

My Dear Sir: I was much disappointed with the weather to-day. I had made all my arrangements to go with Gen. King and be with you at the reunion, but the storm was so violent at noon that we gave it up.

I wish to thank you again for the invitation and for the very handsome badge, which I shall carefully keep.

With best wishes, I am

Very truly yours.

H. W. SLOCUM.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 1, 1894.

Capt. A. M. Matthews.

Dear Matthews: Thanks for the beautiful badge and the invitation. The photograph also came this morning. I shall do my best to be present and to keep the day clear of other engagements.

Fraternally yours,

HORATIO C. KING.

EAST ORANGE, N. J., Aug. 28, 1894.

Capt. A. M. Matthews.

My Dear Comrade: Yours of the 25th inst., also copy of the Orange Journal of the 23d inst. received.

With great interest did I read the history of the gallant Thirteenth New Jersey. Its history is a glorious one and of a Grand Regiment, and it is one that not only every member of the regiment but also every citizen of the State should be justly proud of.

In its coming reunion I wish them hearty cheer and trust that every surviving member of the regiment will be present to answer roll call.

Permit a member of the Old Army of the Tennessee to pop in his mite to assist in the entertaining of such a noble body of soldiers as those of the Thirteenth.

With fraternal wishes for yourselves and to each and every member of the regiment, I remain

Cordially yours, in F. C. & L.

A. H. RYAN.

NEWARK, N. J., Aug. 22, 1894.

Capt. A. M. Matthews.

My Dear Captain: In response to your favor of August 18th inst., I beg to enclose my check to your order, which please accept as my contribution toward defraying the expenses of the reunion of the Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteers, September 19th.

Trusting the occasion may be one of unalloyed enjoyment to the Old Thirteenth, I remain

Very truly yours,

E. O. DOREMUS.

NEW CASTLE, IND., Sept. 17, 1894.

Jas. O. Smith, Pres.

My Dear Captain: I am in receipt of the Souvenir Badge of your reunion, and I cannot express the feelings of pleasure it brought with it. Not for its intrinsic value but the kind remembrance behind it. As years have come and gone, memory often has carried me back to my first connection with the First Brigade, First Division, Twentieth A. C., and an unwilling member I became. Just a school-boy, I wanted to stay with the boys I was raised with, but like many other things in life, I could not see far ahead. But the friendships I formed there are dear to me yet—"While many of them answer not to our invitations to reunions here any more." I was a green "Hoosier boy." You took me in and done me (not "up" as I expected) but good, and I have a warm spot in my heart for the Thirteenth New Jersey. Remember

me kindly to Lieut. Duncan if the Old Coffee Cooler is still around. May you have many reunions yet, and each one of you try to be the last one to hold them here is the wish of

JOHN C. LIVEZEY,
Capt. and C. S. 1st Div. 20th A. C.

ORANGE, N. J., Aug. 21, 1894.

Capt. A. M. Matthews.

Dear Sir: Please find enclosed my check, which I gladly contribute toward defraying the expenses of the reunion of the Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteers to be held in this city, Sept. 19, 1894. I hope it will be successful in every sense of the word.

Yours truly,
AUGUSTUS W. CONDIT.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20, 1894.

Mr. A. M. Matthews.

Dear Sir: Your letter of the 18th inst. reached me in due time, and I very cheerfully enclose a check which I think perhaps you will consider my fair share of the expense of the reunion, Sept. 19th, coming.

I regret very much that I will be unable to attend the meeting of the association. I do not forget that I had some good friends in that regiment, and anything which will pay any respect to their memory that I can do I will always consider it my pleasure to do.

Yours very truly,
J. E. REYNOLDS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 7, 1894.

Capt. A. M. Matthews.

My Dear Sir: Absence from the City has prevented an earlier reply to yours regarding the coming reunion.

I am unable to make any very substantial contribution, but send the enclosed check with pleasure.

Yours very truly,
C. G. KIDDER.

Sept. 11, 1894.

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

My Dear Captain: On my return to my house I found your letter of the 20th ult. calling my attention to the reunion of the Thirteenth New Jersey Vol.

Ninth Reunion

unteers at Orange, and asking me to aid somewhat in meeting the expenses for their entertainment. Enclosed I send you check toward that purpose.

Yours truly,

E. M. COLIE.

ORANGE, N. J., Sept. 4, 1894.

Mr. A. M. Matthews.

Dear Sir: Inclosed please find check, our contribution toward paying expenses for the reunion of the Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteers.

Yours respectfully,

P. D. ROMER & SON.

NEW YORK, Aug. 23, 1894.

Capt. A. M. Matthews.

Dear Sir: I enclose check for the reunion fund and wish I felt able to make the sum larger. This year demands are heavy and profits light. I dare say you know how it is yourself.

Yours truly,

BLEECKER VAN WAGENEN.

NEW YORK, Aug. 23, 1894.

A. M. Matthews, Esq., Highland Ave. Station, Orange, N. J.

My Dear Sir: In reply to your letter of August 20th, you will please find my check to assist the boys in having a good time.

Yours truly,

W. H. WILLIAMS.

ORANGE, N. J., Sept. 3, 1894.

My Dear Capt. Matthews: Enclosed please find my check to help you entertain the "Boys," and sincerely regret that I can not make it more. By all means give the Boys a good time, and should you run short of money call on me again and I will do my share. Hoping all will turn out well, believe me to be your well wisher,

JOE DAVIS.

SEPT. 3, 1894.

A. M. Matthews.

Dear Sir: I take pleasure in contributing my mite towards the expense to be incurred in entertaining the union veterans. Should your committee fall short please let me know, that I may double the amount.

Very truly,

R. C. BROWNING

SEPT. 6, 1894.

Capt. A. M. Matthews:

My Dear Sir: Yours of the 20th ult was duly received. At the present time I do not feel able to make any substantial subscription to the fund for the entertainment of the Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteers, but the enclosed indicates my willingness to do what I can.

Yours truly,

J. R. GRANT.

ORANGE, N. J., Aug. 23, 1894.

A. M. Matthews, Esq.

Dear Sir: Enclosed please find check to assist in defraying expenses of the reunion of the old Thirteenth. With kindest wishes for yourself and all the veteran soldiers, I remain

Respectfully yours,

GEORGE SPOTTISWOODE.

ORANGE, Aug. 21, 1894.

Dear Captain: Yours of the 20th inst. received. I hope you will have a nice time at your reunion, and gladly contribute my little mite to help making it a success. In the battle of life the ranks are thinning out, and it must be pleasant for those who are left to meet each other and enjoy the past with a good hand shake and God bless you.

I am yours truly,

JAMES BELL.

ORANGE, N. J., Aug. 18, 1894.

A. M. Matthews, Esq.

Dear Sir: It gives me pleasure to be able to contribute. I have not forgotten how much interest we took in the Regiment during the whole of its very honorable career.

Very truly,

JNO. L. BLAKE.

ORANGE, N. J., Aug. 21, 1894.

A. M. Matthews, Esq.

My Dear Captain: It needs but the mention of the names of some of those gallant comrades who "went out" with you in '62 to touch a responsive chord in the hearts of those who were privileged to call them friends in ante bellum days, or of those who have known the survivors of the "clash of arms" that called them to the front.

It always quickens my blood when I recall that certain Sunday morning in July '62, when the Thirteenth broke camp at "Frelinghuysen" and marched down Broad Street in Newark to take hasty transportation to Washington.

There were hearty cheers, not unmingled with unbidden tears, from the multitude of friends who had gathered to bid your brave regiment a cordial Good-by—to some, alas, it was a farewell.

Matters were not at the best with our struggling armies at that crucial period, in fact the outlook was very cloudy indeed. The day of large bounties had not come, and it required the highest type of patriotic courage to take three years' outing under the flag.

But you were all equal to the urgent requisition, and those who come after us should be taught to bear in living, grateful remembrance, the courageous sacrifices made, and the grand perils overcome, that hallow the graves of the dead, and honor and adorn the survivors.

Enclosing a trifle that I wish I could make larger, I am

Very sincerely yours,

C. G. WILLIAMS.

OFFICERS ELECT.

SEPTEMBER 19, 1894.

JOSEPH E. CROWELL, <i>President</i> ,	P. O. Address,	Paterson, N. J.
THOS. R. DEVOR, <i>Vice-President</i> ,	1189 Broad St.,	Newark, "
JAS. E. GARABRANT, <i>Treasurer</i> ,	Springfield and 13th Aves.,	Newark, "
A. DELANO, <i>Rec. Secretary</i> ,	173 Clinton Ave.,	Newark, "
S. M. HULIN, <i>Cor. Secy. and Historian</i> ,		Bloomfield, "
REV. A. M. HARRIS, <i>Chaplain</i> ,		Port Oram, "

HONORARY MEMBERS

OF THE ASSOCIATION.

MAJOR GENERAL H. W. SLOCUM,	} Elected Sept. 1887. Died April 14, '94
Com. 12th and 20th Army Corps	
HON. ROBERT S. GREEN,	} " "
Ex-Governor of New Jersey.)	
HON. WM. S. STRYKER,	} " "
Adjutant-General of N. J. }	
COL. J. N. DUFFY,	} " "
President Gettysburg Battlefield Com. }	
HON. WM. H. CORBIN,	} " "
Secretary Gettysburg Battlefield Com. }	
HENRY W. SLOCUM,	" Sept. 19, 1894.