



FRANKLIN MURPHY, FEB., 1863.
MUSTERED IN WITH THIRTEENTH N. J. VOLS. AUG. 25, 1862.
MUSTERED OUT WITH REGIMENT JUNE 8, 1865.

VETERAN ASSOCIATION

OF THE

Thirteenth Reg't New Jersey Volunteers,

✻ 1862—1865, ✻

SIXTEENTH REUNION,

HELD AT

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Friday, October 18th, 1901.

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATION.

NEWARK, N. J.

1901.

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Sixteenth Reunion.

PREFATORY.

Full preparations had been made in August to hold this reunion on Wednesday, September 18th, and usual notices to members and invitations to guests were mailed Sept. 7th. On Sept. 14th came the sad tidings of the death of the President of the United States. A conference of the Officers and Executive Committee was held the same day and all decided to postpone the reunion, believing that such would be the desire of every member and guest. Notices of postponement were at once mailed to all. New arrangements were made a month later and new notices mailed to all on October 8th.

After 2 P. M. on the 18th inst. the members of the Association began to assemble in the upper room of Humboldt Hall, and their guests in the reception rooms.

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING.

MINUTES.

At 2.30 P. M. President George W. Lawrence called the meeting of members to order.

Opened with prayer by the Chaplain, Rev. E. Livingston Allen, after which the President said:

Comrades, the time has arrived for us to proceed with the business of this Association. I appreciate the honor conferred on me. It seems to have been the policy in the past to choose of your number for President such as have been actively concerned for its success. The duties devolved on

me during the year have been light. The more serious problems have devolved on the Executive Committee in arranging for this reunion, which may have in it some surprises, but I trust the occasion will be one to be remembered with pleasure by all.

Secretary Delano reported that the minutes of the last annual meeting were printed and copies mailed to each member in December last.

On motion, the reading of minutes at this time was dispensed with.

Treasurer Garabrant reported :

RECEIPTS.

October 13, 1900, balance on hand.....		\$59.87
“ 18, 1901, received for annual dues	63 00	
“ “ “ donation from a comrade.....	25.00	
		<u>88.00</u>
		147.87

DISBURSEMENTS :

Oct. 18th, 1900, J. E. Garabrant, check book and stamps....	2.95	
“ “ S M. Hulin, printing Reports.....	19 25	
“ “ A. Delano, large envelopes and P. O. stamps..	5 50	
“ “ Baker Printing Co., book of bills for ann. dues	4.00	
“ “ S. M. Hulin, for printing notices, badges, etc.	15 95	
“ “ A. Delano, P.O. stamps, cards, telephones, etc.	5.55	
		<u>53 20</u>
Oct. 18th, 1901, balance		\$94 67

On motion, report was accepted and ordered on file.

(The Treasurer subsequently made later report, printed on following page.)

Sixteenth Reunion.

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TREASURER'S FINAL REPORT.

Oct. 18th, 1901, balance reported	\$94.67
Received for annual dues.....	39 00
" 3 dinner tickets.....	2 50
	41.50
	\$136.17

DISBURSEMENTS :

Oct. 18th to Nov 9th, paid S. M. Hulin, printing, notices, etc.	3.00
Paid Chmn. Executive Com. part of cost of Collation..	50.00
Paid A. Delano, P. O. Stamps, etc.....	4.15
" G. W. Lawrence for Stenographer and Postal Cards.	3 00
	60.15
Nov. 9th, 1901, balance on hand	\$76 02

David A. Ryerson, Linus Edwards, Jacob Cubberly and Andrew Edwards were elected members of the Association.

The President appointed as Committee to nominate for selection of place for next reunion, John C. Stansfield, Grant A. Wheeler, Charles Edmondson, James O. Smith and Wm. S. Lambert.

Several comrades spoke, advocating Montclair.

Comrade J. O. Smith of Committee on Antietam Monument, reported that the subject had been brought before the military committee of the lower branch of the Legislature, and a bill reported, passing the first reading without a dissenting voice. Governor Voorhees criticised the form of the bill and himself drew a substitute therefor. This passed the Assembly and was brought to the upper house in the closing hours of the legislative session and passed that body without dissent. It failed to receive the Governor's signature because it carried no appropriation with it, and not from his lack of sympathy with the bill, as he was earnestly in favor of it, deeming it a good measure. It was too late to be placed in the regular appropriation bill. The same

measure can in all probability be passed in 1902, and with it the appropriation of money necessary to make it effective.

On motion the report was accepted and the Committee continued.

President Lawrence reported the deaths of George Faller, William B. Littell, George W. Moore.

Comrade Edmondson reported that his Committee called upon Judge Dodd at Bloomfield last November and presented to him the testimonial shown at last reunion. The Judge received the Committee very cordially, and accepted the memento, expressing his great pleasure in receiving it, and assuring the Committee that it would be highly prized and preserved.

The President appointed, as Tellers of Election, Eugene Begbie and Joseph T. Mead.

Committee on nominating places for next reunion reported all in favor of Montclair.

On motion report accepted and adopted and Committee discharged.

Election of Officers :

Franklin Murphy was nominated for President and although he at first declined and requested the withdrawal of his name, the objections of comrades to this were so overwhelming that Comrade Murphy finally accepted, on condition that the Association hold its reunion next year in Newark and at his house.

Franklin Murphy unanimously elected President.

Gilbert O. Lytle " re-elected Vice President.

James E. Garabrant " " Treasurer.

Albert Delano " " Rec. Secretary.

S. Morris Hulin " " Cor. Secretary.

Rev. Abram M. Harris unanimously elected Chaplain.

On motion the Tellers were discharged with thanks.

Under suspension of rules, on motion: Resolved that previous resolution to meet next year at Montclair be rescinded, and that the Association meet next year at Newark.

James O. Smith read the following preamble and resolution, which was on motion adopted:

“Whereas, This great republic has recently passed through a season of profound grief and mourning, because of the death of our beloved comrade William McKinley, President of the United States—the third victim of assassination within the life of this organization. Therefore be it

Resolved, That the Veteran Association of the Thirteenth Regiment New Jersey Volunteers, in annual reunion assembled, do hereby express their profound grief, and at the same time their indignant protest at the anarchistic condition in our country; the licentious and vile cartooning and reckless denouncing of our public servants by what is known as the “Yellow Press” of the times; and that we earnestly urge our Congress and State Legislative authorities to enact such laws and strictly enforce them, as will drive out and forever keep from among us anarchy in any and every guise.”

President Lawrence appointed as Executive Committee for next reunion:

James O. Smith, P. O. address	54 Burnett St., Newark.
W. H. Van Iderstine,	“ 213 Elmwood Ave. “
Grant A. Wheeler,	“ 131 Steuben St., E. Orange.
Thos. R. Devor,	“ 740 Broad St., Newark.
Wm. S. Lambert;	“ 877 “ “ “

At 4 P. M. President ordered recess, when the ladies and other guests joined with the Association for an hour of social greetings.

Comrades Franklin Murphy, David A. Ryerson, and John Grimes, officers of the regiment and members of the Association, were called upon and made brief speeches, as did also Colonel C. Houghton, of the 60th N. Y. Regiment, Greene's Brigade, 2d Division, 20th Corps.

All joined in singing "The Evergreen Shore," led by Comrade T. R. Devor.

Rev. J. Madison Hare, of Parmley Memorial Baptist Church, Jersey City, was introduced and made an address, referring to his service as Chaplain with the boys of the N. J. Volunteers in the Spanish War. He said he had "never met a better preserved lot of men than the veterans of the Thirteenth," to whom he now brought the greetings of the Spanish War veterans.

President Lawrence read the following selection from some rhymes prepared by a comrade for the annual reunion of D Society of the Thirteenth Regiment, Jan. 16th, 1900:

Years speed by with an arrow's flight;
 Silent as ships that pass at night;
 Vanished another since last we met;
 Glowing with glory its memories yet.

Out of a brief but a bloody fight,
 Our country steps into nations' sight,
 Peer of them all on land or sea,
 To set the enslaved and struggling free.

Where the Maine went down on darkened deep,
 And the waves her shattered timbers keep,
 Breaks for Cuba a brighter day,
 Opening strain in a nation's lay.

Around the isles where the Dewey fleet,
 And the ships of Spain had a May-day "meet,"
 The banner of stars over fort and town
 Floats on the breeze, looking proudly down.

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Insurgent bands in despair, defeat,
To hiding place in the hills retreat,
Unhonored save by a reckless few;—
Contempt and scorn their righteous due.

When serpent's fang and serpent's hiss,
Have ceased to strike or ceased to hiss,
Protecting power will at once provide
For a future just, and wise, and wide.

The blood of a Logan and Lawton shed,
Of heroes humbler, living and dead,
Forbid us to palter or barter away
A right that they guarded, whoever may bray.

But a truce to the stern;
Give our music a turn,
And strike what is brighter before we adjourn.

Let us have a look back,
At our dusty track
That Sunday morning we took our pack.

How Broad street wide,
From side to side,
Followed our column, wonder-eyed.

With smiles and tears,
Good-byes and cheers,
We rattled off amid hopes and fears.

What frolic and fun
From sun to sun,
As train was making that southern run!

How soft the bed,
When at midnight dead
On station floor we pillowed head!

Some snarled, some snored,
All tired and bored,
A homesick, heartsick, hungry horde.

Thirteenth N. J. Vols.

“The Soldier’s Rest!”
That made us guest,—
Its meals not up to Jacoby’s best.

The Sibley tent,
Alas! it went,
As over Potomac sore feet bent.

Antietam soon came,
We won some fame
Where men for powder and ball were game.

In fair Tennessee,
A bit more free,
Hunting and fishing went Company “D.”

On Duck River Banks,
Still at old pranks,
They flirted with girls as natural Yanks.

Which of the mess,
It is easy to guess,
The guilty had better get up and confess.

That march to the sea,
And up the Pedee,
It baffled all Dixie like Irishmen’s flea.

What was left in the rear,
From sparrow to steer,
Must have scouted “right smart” like rabbit or deer.

It was forage and fight,
By day and by night,
Till peace shed on colors its radiant light.

At 5 P. M. all present, about 140 members and guests, proceeded to Wood’s Hall, to partake of collation mostly provided by friends in Jersey City.

After the collation the Harmony Quartette of Jersey City sang “Sea, Mountain and Prairie.”

President Lawrence spoke as follows :

Ladies, Friends and Comradès : Most eloquent and worthy have been your Presidents in the years that are past. We think of them with pride and revere the memory of those that have passed to host on the other side. Our hearts are touched with sadness as we realize that Colonel Harris, Dr. Love, Major Beardsley, Captain Miller and others can meet with us no more. The first two mentioned took great pleasure in the satisfaction it gave this Association to provide for its enjoyment and relate its history, of which they with you were justly proud. The Thirteenth Regiment of New Jersey Volunteers merits the glory in which it rejoices. Its enlistment was quick and opportune. When dark discouragement overspread the North in '62, just after the trying disaster of General McClellan's magnificent army of over 100,000 men on the Peninsula, the Thirteenth was hurried to Washington, just in time to meet the army of General Pope—retreating from another crushing defeat. When General Lee learned of our presence at Arlington he turned off to the west to get around our flank, and we rushed off through Rockville, across the Monocacy, through Frederick City, where, while the booming of cannon was heard at Crampton's Pass and South Mountain, "D" struck up "The Evergreen Shore," to the wonder of on-lookers in the streets of the city. We having no band this song served to dispel the forebodings of the approaching conflict. This was a tonic for men and boys, only two weeks from home, most of whom had not as yet fired a gun or experienced any of the horrors of battle or become used to the life of a soldier. The real soldier began to develop and take on conceptions of the real conflict near at hand—only three days hence, when they entered the deadly struggle,

early on the morning of the 17th of September, 1862, without breakfast or coffee. It was the first, ever memorable and most impressive battle of Antietam, where the regiment, only 17 days old, earned the praise of its commanding general. We were so young we went into battle rear rank first, so green some shot in the air and fired ramrods away. We left our blankets and haversacks in a field over which we marched on the other side, but we obeyed our superior officers, true to our oath! We charged past batteries putting in their deadly work, through cornfield, over dead and wounded, over fences, after our friends in gray. The charges and counter-charges, with shot, canister and minie, cut this cornfield all away, and the carnage on that field, of men and horses, caissons and burning buildings, was sickening to behold. Dead, dying, moaning, sighing; fences torn to pieces and Dunker Church riddled; beautiful farms desolate—it was too awful for all those who went with us (some found a safer place a little further back)—*we* stayed and helped to check that flank movement of Lee. And here let me say that we have always regarded Comrade James O. Smith as *truthful*, but he declares his haversack caught on the fence and nearly caused his capture when chased by the Rebs.

There are numerous events beside this, our first battle, in which we received credit, but I mention this only now, as it comes nearest to our anniversary date. Many of our comrades at these reunions esteem them the most enjoyable events of all the year. I take this time to say our ranks are thinning fast, and it is really a surprise that the men hold on so well. Some seem quite boys yet. Since 1893 our records show that 25 of the regiment have passed away from this life. Let us ever cherish their memories, with those brave and distinguished Generals, Williams, Geary,

Hooker, Slocum and Sherman. May you all enjoy this and many other reunions to come.

Secretary Delano read letters received, which are printed in last pages of report.

All joined in singing "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground."

The President :

Comrades and Friends, we have with us this evening a gentleman who stands high in his own community, who fills the office he occupies with dignity and loyalty; who has been twice chosen by a people to preside over their temporal affairs--the Executive of a city that comes next in importance to the City of Newark in the State of New Jersey. I take pleasure in introducing the Hon. Edward Hoos, Mayor of Jersey City.

Mayor Hoos:

Mr. President, Members of the Veteran Association Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteers, Friends, Ladies and Gentlemen :

I assure you, as Mayor of the City of Jersey City, it gives me great pleasure to be in your midst and welcome you to our city. We feel that you come, some of you from other cities towns and villages, to be among yourselves here tonight. You have honored us, and we assure you, I particularly, that we are proud of your coming to Jersey City. Your president has said that perhaps the City of Newark was a little larger but still Jersey City comes next to it. We have no candidate in particular for the office of Governor; but your city has two.

But coming back to this particular occasion, where you one and all are a unit, when we consider that the men

who are sitting around this festive board, many years ago, when this great Union was in the struggle for existence, you men went to the front and by your efforts and by some giving their lives for the good cause, preserved this Union, I am sure everyone must have the highest respect for them.

The battle is fought, and the Union has been preserved and a great many who have fought for its preservation have passed out of life.

We are all brothers; the South and the North are all one. We are the people of this great country, and everything forgotten: we are brothers in word and in deed.

When our lamented President, only just a month ago, was assassinated by that man whom everybody all over the world despises, the men who fought in the War perhaps had the deepest feeling of sorrow, because he was one of their comrades, and the union of these men, the Grand Army of the Republic and those born in later years, are all of the same feeling, and we deplore personally the untimely taking off of the President. I believe at a gathering of this kind you cement the love you bear among yourselves more closely. While every year your ranks are thinning, time and change will bring closer together those that you love, and we will look upon their records as the greatest this country ever produced.

And now, turning away from the serious part, your President has said the men around this festive board were not now such young knights, and yet allowing the men this, after passing through this assembly and looking upon the faces of the lassies, I am sure that when you men returned from the war you must have selected a sweet girl of sixteen, every one of you, and think that you all, with their kind feeling and attention and the good nursing at home, you no

doubt will many, many times celebrate such glorious festivities as you do here tonight.

I thank you for your kind attention and wish you good luck in the future and happiness at home and wherever you are.

President Lawrence :

History states that more men were killed and wounded on Johnson's Division at Gettysburg in front of the Star Corps by 374 than Picket lost in his famous charge at Highwater Centre-mark, which was 1,499. The contest was fierce, covering less than 30 hours, in which the Thirteenth participated for the most part of July Second, and for a short time on the morning of the Third. Along this line on Culp's Hill, only a few feet apart, stand the monuments of the Third Maryland Union and the Third Maryland Confederates. Do you wonder the Veterans of the Thirteenth are interested in coming together once a year ?

The material of the Thirteenth had a great range of vocation which blended happily in make-up and development as soldiers—its unusual health was due (says eminent authority) to its general intelligence, thrift, and cleanliness—representing the best elements of the volunteer service. The men knew how to protect themselves pretty well in time of peril when possible and look out for each other on the march and in camp—how to skirmish, fight and forage, with or without an officer—how to set up camp and construct comfortable quarters—how in quick time to break away from all this and become progressive citizens : some filling distinguished positions of honor in City and State.

Mrs. King, daughter of Comrade Washington R. Russell, sang "Barbara Freitchie."

Robert Mc Donald, of Jersey City, gave several very excellent humorous recitations.

Mr. Chas. M. Solomon, of Jersey City, sang "Gladys."

President Lawrence :

I will now introduce a man who was associated in that part of the country but later than we. Our experiences in that section were away back in '64. The man I will now introduce to you came upon the scene in later years. He may know of some of the places by research or reminiscences conveyed to him. He probably will not recognize you as the men who made the charge or protected those men that came up with the fagots to destroy those buildings. He may say something about that time that will interest you. I think his place of birth was in close proximity to the Thirteenth in 1864—the Rev. C. S. Dean, of North Baptist Church, Newark.

Rev. C. S. Dean :

Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr. President, Officers and Members of the Veteran Association, Thirteenth New Jersey :

I am indeed honored by this kind courtesy extended to me, a Southern man, born in the City of Atlanta seven years after the siege, to address this distinguished company, representing as it does, the gallantry, chivalry and heroism of the Northern army.

There is an old Persian proverb which says, "Two things indicate a weak mind: to speak when it is proper to be silent and to be silent when it is proper to speak." (Of course the applicableness of this proverb is waived here at this merry banquet.) I think, however, the aptness of that proverb might be enhanced by adding, "And when you have finished speaking, stop and sit down," or as the boys say—"Go away back and sit down."

You know the failing of the cloth, and this is a hard thing for a clergyman to do. I am reminded in this connection of the old, tongue-tied country preacher who was noted for his physical endurance in speaking. He was one of those who doubtlessly believed in the perseverance of the saints, for he would preach as long as the people would hold their seats and not turn out the lights, or sound their alarm clocks on him.

There was a small girl, who, paradoxical to say, was tongue-tied and often was forced to church by her parents to hear this good old preacher. She was well acquainted with his prolixity, to the sorrow of her little heart. One day when the heat filled the church and made it like an oven, the dominie was greeted by a larger crowd than usual on account of some special occasion. He arose in his majesty and said, "What must I thay to this vasth congwegation, Oh! what must I thay?" The little girl spoke up and replied, "Thay amin and thit down." If I trespass too long on your valuable time, I am afraid I might be given the same or some other signal to halt and stop there.

Chauncey Depew, in companionship with a few friends coming from Europe, were whiling the time away by relating anecdotes and pleasantries. There was one man on board who was a stranger to the group. He listened attentively to the narration of every joke but he did not crack a smile, but retained a state of stoical indifference as to appreciation of the sense of humor. Depew became worried over his condition and told his friends he was going to ask him to volunteer some story. He approached him on the day prior to the last night they were to be out at sea and said to him, "My friend, we have one more night at sea before we land in New York; will you not volunteer to tell us a story?" The man replied in a gruff voice, "I am no story teller and I can't lie." "Well," said Depew, "Will you not sing us a

song?" "I can't sing, I am no Niccolini." "Will you not then dance us a jig?" said Depew. "I am no Terpsichore, thank you." "Well do something." The man replied, "Well you have kept at me and kept at me. I will promise to propound a conundrum to-night if you leave me alone."

The time arrived for the man to furnish his quota of entertainment to the company. He said, "Why am I unlike a dead, stuffed turkey?" The men scratched their heads and gave it up. Depew said finally he would give it up. "Well," said the man, "This is why I am unlike a dead stuffed turkey. When you kill a turkey it is customary in the cuisinery to stuff it with chestnuts before you put it on the table. Well, gentlemen, I have been stuffed with chestnuts for the last five days and I am living still." I do not mean to reflect anything upon the bright humor and ability as shown by our story teller and others, but I mean to say that I have fed upon these good things and am living still, have my being and can talk.

A son of the South, after being accused by a young lady of being a talker, said: "Well, my dear lady, I am somewhat of a talker but I came by it naturally. My father was an Irishman, my mother was a woman; they both talked."

I was born in a house in the City of Atlanta that was cannonaded by Sherman's batteries before that memorable march to the sea. It must have been the kind foresight and consideration of the General, who perhaps thought that I desired to be born there, that induced him to leave it standing. This firm, substantial building which was used during the siege, if I mistake not, for federal headquarters, received a rent from a cannon ball thrown from the direction of the Chattahoochee River, piercing the south-western part of the wall, shattering an ink bottle on the table, besplattering the ink on the wall and causing the pen to leave the bottle and

stick in the floor. Whether this was a prophetic omen that the pen was greater than the sword and ink greater than gore I do not know.

I rather think that I was born seven years after this terrible struggle. I am glad to tell you to-night that the people of the South bear to the people of the North nothing but the best and most fraternal feelings.

We emphasize the sentiment of that noble, martyred president, Abraham Lincoln, "With malice toward none and love to all."

We have been brought closer together by the struggle. We have understood each other as never before. Our martyred president, Mr. McKinley, perhaps understood the people of the South like as no other person understood them or no other president understood them, and when he went upon that mission of brotherly love, telling the people of the South that there was no rivalry between the North and the South but the rivalry of Peace and Good Will, they poured the rich tribute of their heart at his feet and he in return said: "There should be no North or South. In this conflict, influenced by National interest and National pride, let us be Americans." Standing before you to-night under the shadow of that great sorrow that has cursed our land, looking into your battle-scarred faces and reverencing you for your heroism as I reverence also the crippled and tattered remnants of Lee's and Jackson's soldiery and although my father had one hundred houses leveled to the ground by the brave but pyrotechnic general who we naturally thought was a little careless with fire, I will state that as a scion of the new Chivalry and the new South, that that section bears to you true brotherly love and affection, and we emphasize the sentiment of President McKinley, spoken just prior to his assassination at Buffalo, when he said, "Let us remember

that our interests are in concord, not in conflict, and that our real eminence rests on the victories of peace; not those of war."

That brilliant son of the South, the incomparable Grady, came to your borders bearing in his princely hand the olive branch of peace, when he spoke to his brothers and fellows in Boston, saying, "There is no North, no South, no East, no West, for we endear with equal and patriotic love every foot of our soil, every State of our Union."

The battle-scarred and sabre-cut General Gordon has come to your section and delivered his lectures, "The Last Days of the Confederacy," in which he states that the ran- sor of civil strife has been lost in the friendship of peace and that the South bears no enmity to the North. My friends, down South we have forgotten that the war ever occurred. It is all over with us. We have silently and tearfully folded up the old suit of gray and placed it in the attic. We have hung the sabre and rusty old gun upon the wall. The old, massive, white buildings still point their columns upward and bathe in the sunlight of God's love. The old cat is purring in the corner, the darkies are singing on the plantations, the bloom of cotton is in the field, the aroma of palmetto and tobacco and pine are wafted in the breeze, your money has helped develop our resources, your ships sail our Southern seas, our cotton and corn supply your markets. Johnnie Reb and Yankee Doodle will no more swap tobacco for sugar and shoes. We both are tired of being mad; we have kissed and made up, we will wipe away our tears with the Star Spangled Banner, Yankee Doodle and Way Down South in Dixie all in one.

This is a common country, as that Fourth of July orator stated: "Gentlemen and Friends: This is the greatest country in all the world. We are bounded on the North

by the North Pole, on the East by the rising sun, on the South by the Everglades of Florida, and on the West by the Aurora Borealis and we are safe." I bring to you love and friendship.

My friends, the city of Atlanta where I was born, has risen Phoenix-like from the ashes of her buried hopes. From a population of 2000 people after the war, she numbers her people at 125,000. She is the centre of the railroad system of the South. Her old red hills have been dotted with manufactories that send their products to all parts of the world. Her skyscrapers erected over the embers of defeat mark the perseverance and thrift of her people. Her electric car system ranks among the best in the nation, her palatial homes are the most beautiful in the South, her people are noted everywhere for their hospitality, generosity and public thrift, her doors have ever been open to her brethren and sisters of the North. The latch string is on the outside, a cordial greeting to all. She has been often maligned by those who did not understand her but not by those who have visited her people and know them and understand her conditions and problems.

I want to say that during the war the Southern women and the Northern women were loyal to our countrymen and it was the soldier in gray or the soldier in blue that were next to their hearts. The honored Grady said at Boston, "I love the colored brother of the South; he was raised by my side."

May the kind Father whom we all worship, bless this occasion. Let us go forth with happy hearts, seeing only one country and recognizing only a common people with God for our Guide.

The President :

I think I speak the sentiment of most soldiers and especially

our own when I say that while we were down in Georgia we bore no unkind feelings towards the inhabitants of that section of the country. We were there because we were ordered there, and as soldiers we always obey orders, and I can say with my friend on the left (Mr. Dean) who spoke such kind sentiments about courtesy, we had courtesy always and kindness, and when some of those men were tired of the service and they came in, we received them gladly.

We all rejoice at the fraternal feeling that exists in our country to-day universally, and realize that it takes time before we change our opinions and our feelings also.

The Harmony Quartette sang "God Bless Our Native Land."

Mrs. Ethel Solomon sang "He laid away the suit of Gray to wear the suit of Blue."

President Lawrence :

Two of the most brilliant events in the history of the Thirteenth occurred close together in July, 1864, when the regiment advanced grandly at midday in two bodies (or two lines), the first with muskets to drive and protect, the other with inflammable material to destroy a number of buildings in front of the forts. The second was the capture of the Confederate picket line in front of Atlanta. The first event was witnessed by many thousands, who sent up a great cheer. Both events were praised by the commanding general, in both, skill and bravery were tested.

We have with us to-night one who was a member of the Southern army. I cannot say whether he was one of those that we came in contact with or not ; but he certainly was there somewhere. The gentleman I refer to is Mr. W. F.

Ryerson, a brother of Major David A. Ryerson of our own regiment—a Captain in Wade Hampton's Cavalry, C. S. A.

Mr. Ryerson :

Mr. Toastmaster, Members of the Thirteenth New Jersey and Gentlemen: When I received a very flattering invitation to be with you tonight no mention was made to me that I would be called upon for any remarks, so I feel somewhat like that soldier felt in his first battle. The shells commenced their solemn requiem in the tree tops and seemed to him like so many balls flying around his ears, when he took to his feet to the rear as fast as he could go. His Captain overtook him and demanded to know of him why he was running, and without slackening his speed in the least or without looking up, he said: "Because, Captain, I can't fly!" I feel myself tonight so surrounded that I cannot run and I have not the ability to fly; consequently I must stand and face the music.

Now there was a time when I would have felt very peculiar, in fact much embarrassed, to have been surrounded by the Boys in Blue, but, thank Heaven, that time has passed, and I feel tonight that I am in the camp of friends, for where is the bond of friendship stronger than exists between the wearers of the gray and the wearers of the blue? A friendship cemented in the hardships of the camp and by all the dangers of the battlefield. I feel tonight that I am among friends and I want to congratulate you, brothers, upon this reunion of your old regiment, and I think I express the sentiments of everyone here when I say that you meet at this reunion with feelings of mingled pleasure and sorrow; pleasure that there are some yet left who can meet around your campfires and rehearse again the scenes of long ago; sorrow that so many of your brave comrades have answered

the last roll-call, crossed the outer breastwork and are tenting to-night beyond the River, and although they are not here in person, I know that they are here in your memory; sweet memory. Deep down in your hearts where time cannot remove or destroy is that memory which each returning year places on their grave a fresh token. Memory's monument is the highest, grandest, noblest monument that can be erected over a soldier's grave.

The two great, important epochs to me in the history of this country are the War of the Revolution and the War of the Rebellion. The first of these events brought into existence the United States, but they were united only in name until after your brave deeds on the battlefields of Antietam and Chancellorsville, Vicksburg, Missionary Ridge, Lookout Mountain and Gettysburg brought the entire Sisterhood of States into one glorious Union, obliterating Mason and Dixon's Line from the map of this country. From the Pine Tree State of the North to the Palmetto State of the South, and from the Empire State of the East way across the prairies to the Golden Gate of the West, we are now the UNITED States.

And from that time a new day dawned for this land, and we advanced in all the avenues of peace and war. With the opening of the 20th Century America stands in the forefront of the nations of the world. The Blue and the Gray have blended into that peculiar brown which is now worn by the soldier boys of the North and South as they march step by step, shoulder to shoulder, to plant the stars and stripes on ramparts of our new possessions, there to remain forever, a guarantee of Liberty and Christianity. So let one and all of us, with love to all and malice to none, fight for the best and noblest in local, state and national politics, and with Theodore Roosevelt in Washington, Franklin Murphy

in Trenton and Seth Low in New York we can rest assured that the outposts are well guarded and that the sentinels are crying out: "All is well."

I want to thank you, for the pleasure I have had this evening. I would like to make some return, so I present to this Association through your worthy President this—the last year's pay while serving with my old command. You can place it among the archives of your Association. It is a \$100 Confederate bank-note received by me for service in the War. You can well say that we were not fighting for the money there was in it.

President Lawrence:

Comrades, I want to congratulate the Association on receiving so large a return for so small an outlay of money, and I think also that we may extend to our comrade of the other side, who is now here with us, our sincere thanks for his large generosity. It is not often we get a hundred dollar note for so small a compensation. Certainly we appreciate this, coming from such a source, and at such a time and I don't think the President will hold that! No doubt our Secretary will look at it very often and refer to this evening with a great deal of pleasure. I am sure that it is quite an event for us. In behalf of the Association I thank you, Mr. Ryerson.

Miss Marion C. Jordan recited "The Baldhead Man."

Comrade Devor read the following portion of a poem written in 1899 for Company D by Lieut. James B. Wilde:

When called out for skirmish no one was lazy,
For fighting that way Company "D" was a daisy.
According to our notion there was never such fun
As to get Johnny Reb on the double quick run,

Or standing behind a goodly sized tree,
 One man with his musket was equal to three
 And when nature threw o'er us the shades of the night,
 Our boys always knew they'd the best of the fight.

From Resaca to Atlanta, fighting there was plenty,
 And the Corps that was foremost was gallant old Twenty.
 While the others did their share, and were good, true and brave,
 The Red Stars were the boys who never were afraid.
 But frequently were called upon to punish Johnnie Reb.,
 Who'd driven back some other Corps Army of the Fed
 We never fell back, nor lost a flag or gun,
 But when skirmishing or charging always made the rebels run,

While marching to the sea, the boys were all hummers,
 And of Sherman's ragged army, there were no better bummers.
 Chickens roosted low, while the turkeys seemed demented,
 For their easy taking in surely made the boys contented.
 And the goobers, and the honey, and Georgia's precious yams,
 Were good enough for Yankees, besides we ate their hams,
 While the darkies shouted loudly at the sight of Union boys,
 For they found that they were hornless, and had brought them freedom's joys.

When Joe Johnston called on Sherman, and said "As how you know,
 "My boys are getting tired, sir, of fighting such a foe;
 "Will you please be kind enough, sir, to draw your forces in?
 "I'll send mine right about sir, and make them homeward spin."
 Uncle Billy said "of course sir," extending his right paw,
 "I want nothing but of right, sir, and the observing of law.
 "Take every man his side arms, his horse and his mule,
 "Let the men and women work, sir, and the children go to school."

Was there ever in the land heard such a hearty shout,
 As when the general officers gave this news so gladly out?
 Generals, Corporals, Privates, Colonels, all unite with glad acclaim,
 Drink with pleasure at the thought of home with loved ones once again.
 No more fighting in the dark woods, no more dying on the plain,
 No more starving in the prison, no more wounds and no more pain,
 No more marching by the star light, for we've home and peace and fame.
 War and hardship, strife and murder, shall no more this country reign.

President Lawrence spoke as follows:

After that march to the sea with its interesting events, (many humorous), and through the Carolinas (most trying in several ways), heavy rains, deep mud, swollen rivers scant food, hard marches by night and day—we confronted our friends with Johnston at Averysboro, where we left some of our comrades—they had their last fight at Bentonville. There we saved the day by repulsing the flank movement of Johnston's force—this was done by the men without official command, and the regiment was complimented by General Williams. It is these relations that bind men together and prompt these gatherings.

On motion, Resolved, that we hereby tender our thanks to the Executive Committee, and to the vocalists and recitationists who have contributed so much to the enjoyment of the occasion.

At 9 P. M. adjourned.

A. DELANO,

Rec. Sec'y.

LETTERS.

Jersey City, Sept. 9, 1901.

A. DELANO, ESQ. Recording Secretary.

Dear Sir :

Please convey to the Veteran Association my thanks for their kind invitation for the 18th, inst. On that day I am obliged to be away and regret my absence will prevent my acceptance.

Very truly yours,

E. F. C. YOUNG.

Jersey City, N. J., Sept. 10, 1901.

A. DELANO, ESQ. Recording Secretary.

Dear Sir:

I regret exceedingly that I will be unable to accept your kind invitation to be present on the occasion of the 16th Reunion of the Veteran Association of the 13th Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers. I expect to leave town on the 14th inst. for Buffalo and the West, for a few weeks vacation. Please accept my best wishes for the health and happiness of each and every member of the Association.

Yours truly,

J. G. HASKING.

Jersey City, N. J., Oct. 14th, 1901.

A. DELANO, ESQ.

Dear Sir :

Your very cordial invitation to a Reunion of the Veteran Association of the Thirteenth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers has been duly received. In reply beg leave to say, that I feel highly honored by the invitation, and accept the same with a great deal of pleasure.

Yours very sincerely,

BENJAMIN EDGE.

Sixteenth Reunion.

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October 11th, 1901.

A. DELANO, Secretary,

Dear Sir:

I would accept with much pleasure your invitation to attend the gathering of the Veterans of the Thirteenth Regiment, but I expect to be absent from the City at that time. The compliment of an election to Honorary membership among the Veterans is one I have never forgotten and which I prize highly.

My kindest and best wishes to all the Comrades, and to every one present who loves the flag under which they fought.

Faithfully yours,

W. H. CORBIN.

Eldred, Pa., October 12th, 1901.

A. DELANO, Secretary.

Dear Sir:

I beg to acknowledge receipt of your esteemed favor of the 8th inst., notifying me of the reunion of the Association on the 18th inst. I hoped to be in Newark before this time, but regret to say that I shall be detained here until the end of this month which makes it impossible for me to be present.

Yours very truly,

JAMES N. DUFFY.

25 Broad St., N. Y. City, Sept. 12, 1901.

A. DELANO, Recording Secretary.

Dear Sir:

I beg to thank you for the cordial invitation to attend the 16th Reunion of the members of the 13th Regiment, N. J. Volunteers. I regret that business engagements will probably prevent my being present, but I hope that the occasion will be a most enjoyable one.

Yours very truly,

H. W. SLOCUM.

St. Louis, Mo., October 11th, 1901.

A. DELANO, Secretary,

Dear Comrade :

I always receive the notice of the Annual Reunion of the old 13th with great pleasure, and deep sorrow. Pleasure that I am, to a certain extent still in touch with those with whom I shared so many perils and dangers, and deep sorrow that fortune does not permit me to drink from the same canteen, nor touch elbows around the festive board. But though I am growing old I live in hopes that some time in the future I may look upon your faces once more. May you have a delightfull reunion, and may the reminiscences be strictly truthful.

Sincerely yours,

JAMES B. WILDE.

A. DELANO,

Dear Sir:

I was much disappointed that illness (a very severe cold) prevented me from attending the 13th Regiment's Reunion yesterday. I am always pleased to be at these gatherings.

W. FREEMAN.

Orange, October 19th, 1901.

SOME NOTES ON OUR SIXTEENTH REUNION

BY THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

The reunion at Jersey City October 18th was remarkable for a large attendance of comrades and their friends, also for an unusual cordiality, enthusiasm and united feeling. The Executive Committee had prefaced the arrangements by a notice sent out to members the purport of which was: Come, and do *your* part to make this a really sociable and memorably pleasant occasion."

Thus appealed to, members of the regiment not often seen at these reunions were present to give and receive cordial greetings and swap reminiscences. Colonel Grimes and Major Ryerson, representing the old regimental Field and Staff, also Lieutenant Murphy, one of the earliest and very youngest of the boy-volunteers at Camp Frelinghuysen, were enthusiastically received. Each was called upon for "a speech," and responded heartily.

Colonel Grimes spoke briefly, expressing his gratification in meeting again so many of the regiment.

Major Ryerson spoke of the great pleasure he had in being present and renewing these old associations, notwithstanding the difficulty of connecting the names with the faces of those he met. He took occasion to remark that he never alluded to himself as an "old soldier." He closed with an appeal to patriotism, in which he said: The feeling one has for the flag he followed, through storm or sun, wet or dry, through hardship and danger, through peril and glory, was a feeling for the flag which no one without this experience could have.

Mr. Murphy's speech was in the nature of a "heart-to-heart talk" with the boys. He prefaced his address by the request that the reporters who were present "lay aside their

pencils." "The Comradeship of the Army" was his theme. The feelings veteran soldiers had one for another—these, he said, were the most precious memories of our younger days. "I am glad, therefore, to be here among you to renew these associations. Thirty-six years ago the regiment disbanded; some as privates and drummer-boys, some as officers, and time has wrought great changes to all." While he had not been present in person at these reunions, he had always been in close touch with the veteran association. He paid a high compliment to the civic virtues of the men of the Thirteenth Regiment. Concluding he said: "And so I greet you all and thank you all for the greeting you have given me."

The collation, the singing, the recitations and the after-dinner speeches were all excellent in their way. The most pleasing episode of the evening, perhaps, was that which enriched the strong box of Treasurer Garabrant with the hundred dollar note (Confederate) presented to the Association by Mr. Ryerson.

But finally, I venture to say, what pleases us most of all at this time, is the result of the State election in New Jersey last month, in which this Association felt a decided interest.

Secretary Delano has attended to the principal correspondence for this reunion. but I will add here two letters written and received since the reunion :

Bloomfield, N. J., Nov. 7th, 1901.

FRANKLIN MURPHY, Governor-Elect,

My Dear Sir and Comrade:

It is with pardonable pride as Corresponding Secretary of our Association, and personal pleasure as well, that I tender you sincerest congratulations upon your election, taking it for granted that it is a case of "so say we all of us" without regard to party lines.

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war,"

and the Old Thirteenth may now assume the right to inscribe on her escutcheon joyous participation in yet another battle: for who of us still surviving and ever ready for "service in the field" as citizens of this glorious old Commonwealth could forego the privilege of being "enrolled" and found "present for duty" at the registration of ballots last Tuesday?

One would not have dreamed that our election of Governor Green an honorary member of our Association some years ago would be followed with the election by the people of one of our own number to the same high office. Some are born great, which is good; some achieve meritorious distinction—which is better; and some have honor thrust upon them by kind fortune—and this has happened to this Association, of which I am prouder than ever to be counted as a member, now that it has given to the State from its ranks a Governor.

Concluding, I bespeak for you in the discharge of the duties and responsibilities of the office the most cordial god-speed of your old comrades of the tent and field.

Very sincerely yours,

S. MORRIS HULIN,

Cor. Sec'y and Historian.

Newark, N. J., November Ninth.

MR. S. MORRIS HULIN,

Bloomfield, N. J.

My Dear Sir:

I am in receipt of your letter and thank you very much for your warm expression of interest in my political success. I fear I have no old army picture that would be useful to Mr. Delano, but I will see if I can find one and will send it to him if I can.

Yours very truly,

FRANKLIN MURPHY.

This correspondence brings the history of the Thirteenth and the annals of the Veteran Association fully up to date,

while the boy-soldier picture in the front takes us away back to the days of 'Sixty-two.

In a postscript I had requested a war-picture from Mr. Murphy, but it was not received. Mr. Delano did the necessary "foraging" which brought to light the frontispiece of this book. It is reproduced from a war-time photo, presented to Captain Harris by Lieutenant Murphy nearly forty years ago, and which quite recently with other mementoes came into the possession of Treasurer Garabrant, who thinks its value has gone up two hundred points in the last month, so that he hardly felt safe in loaning it to us for the purpose.

Bloomfield, N. J. December, 1901.

Officers of the Association,

1901-1902.

FRANKLIN MURPHY, President,

GILBERT O. LYTLE, Vice President,

JAS. E. GARABRANT, Treasurer,

ALBERT DELANO, Recording Secretary.

S. M. HULIN, Cor. Sec'y and Historian.

REV. ABRAM M. HARRIS, Chaplain.

Newark, N. J.

“ “

Cor. Springfield and 13th Ave.

Newark, N. J.

173 Clinton Ave., “ “

Bloomfield, N. J.