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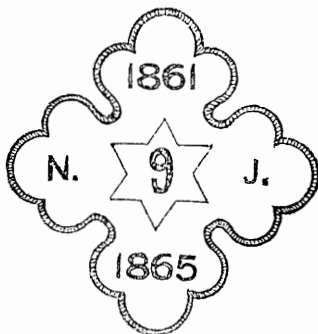
Secretary,

CAPTAIN J. MADISON DRAKE, Elizabeth, N. J.

Treasurer,

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM E. TOWNLEY, Elizabeth, N. J.

SECOND REUNION
OF THE
NINTH NEW JERSEY



Veteran Volunteers

AT THE ROOMS OF

AARON WILKES POST, No. 25, G. A R.,

TRENTON, N. J.,

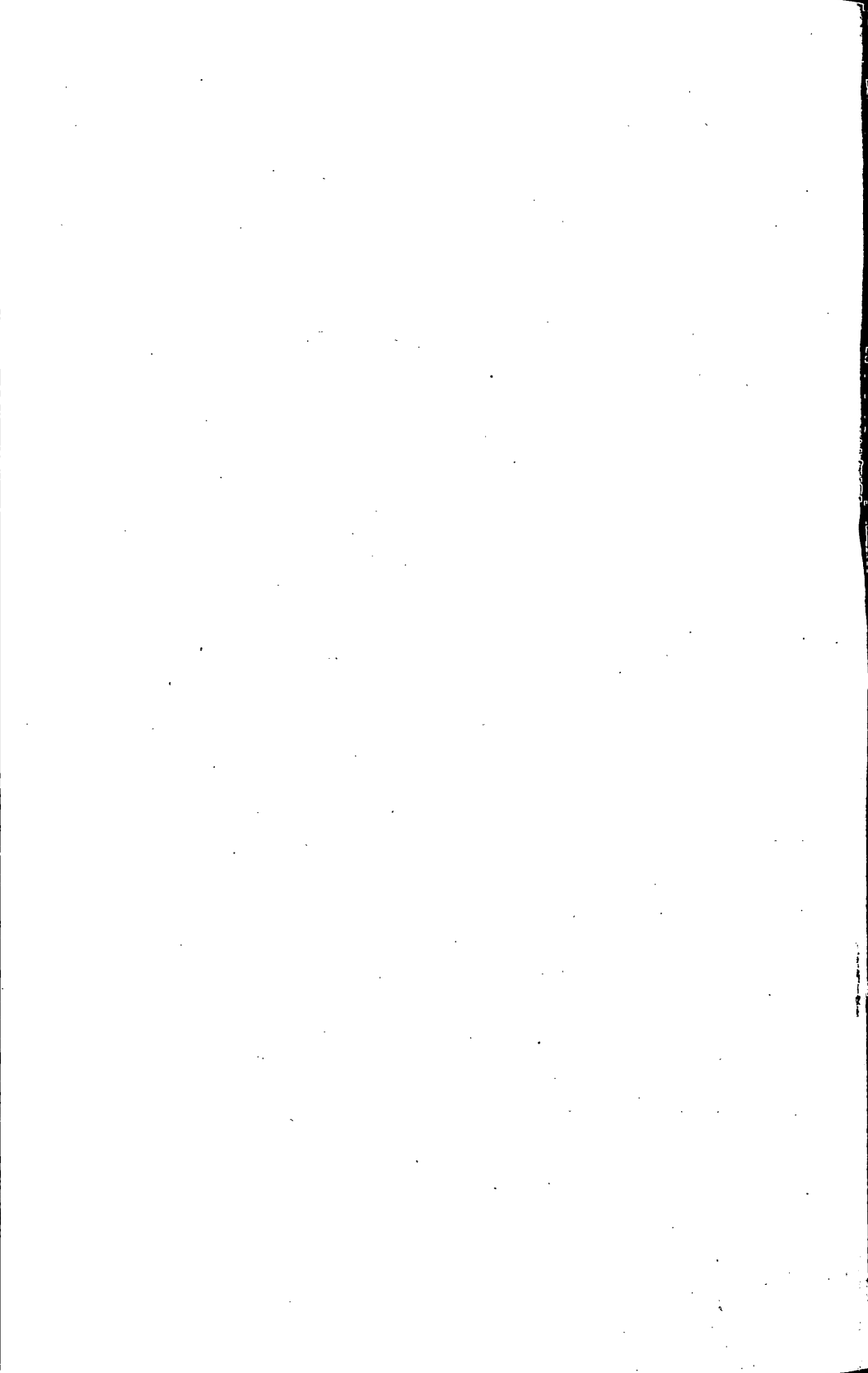
Tuesday, September 13, 1887.

STATE LIBRARY
OF NEW JERSEY.

ELIZABETH, N. J.:
COOK & HALL, BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS.

1887.

9749



Twenty-Sixth Anniversary

OF THE

MUSTER-IN OF THE REGIMENT.

SECOND REUNION

OF THE

Ninth N. J. Veteran Volunteers

AT THE ROOMS OF

AARON WILKES POST, No. 23, G. A. R.,

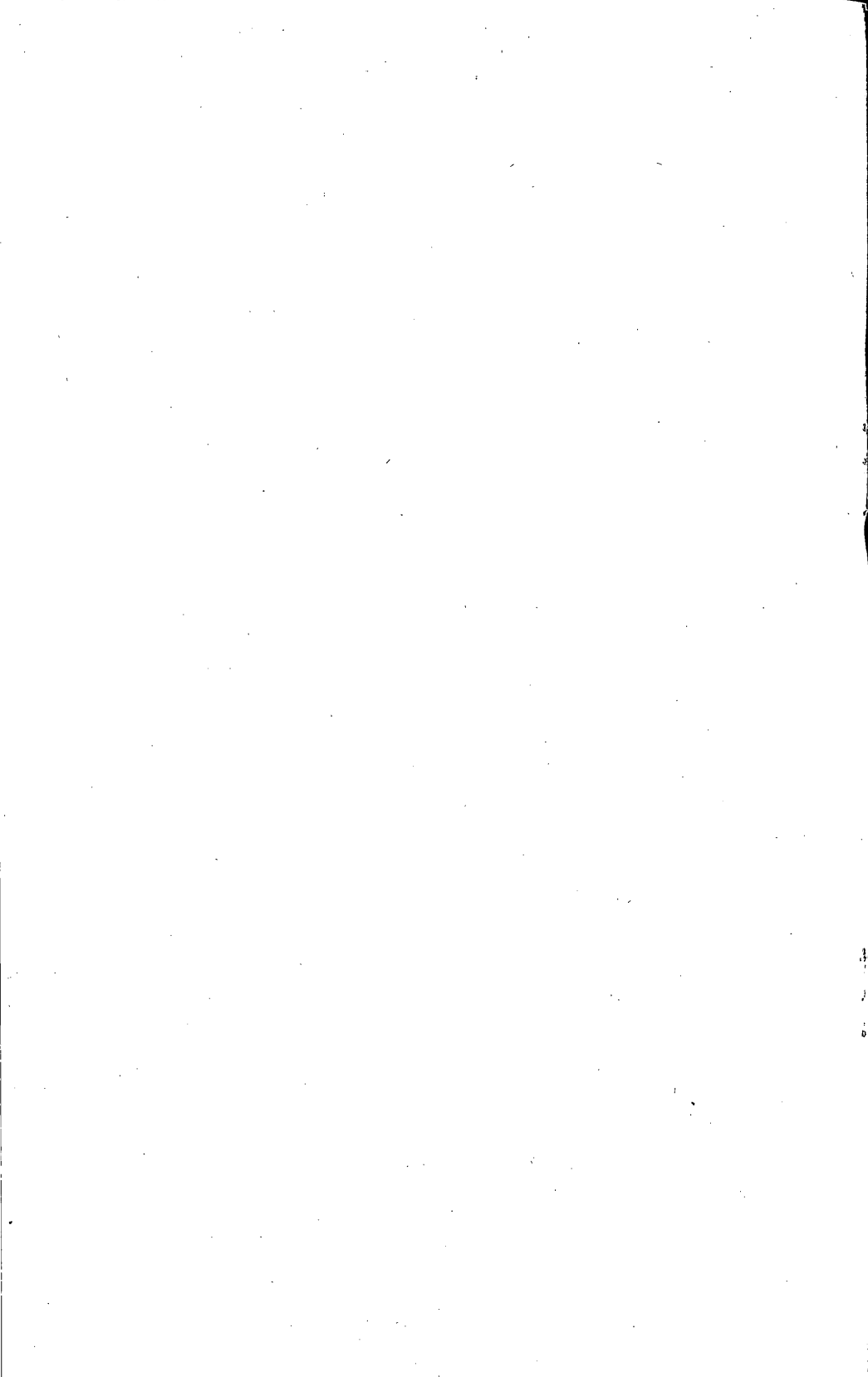
TRENTON, N. J.,

Tuesday, September 13, 1887.

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THE REUNION.

TRENTON, N. J., Sept. 13, 1887.

In accordance with the resolution adopted at the February meeting (first reunion), the survivors of the Regiment assembled at the Clinton Street Station of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, Trenton, at eleven o'clock A. M., Tuesday, September 13, 1887, the twenty-sixth anniversary of the muster-in of the command into the service of the United States.

The Battalion was formed by Captain J. Madison Drake, and turned over to Brig.-General James Stewart, Jr. (its last colonel commanding), who assumed command, and interchanged courtesies with Aaron Wilkes Post, G. A. R., commanded by Lieut. Manuel Kline, which, headed by a fine band, escorted the column through the principal streets, to the Post rooms, where the men of the Ninth listened with great pleasure to the following address, delivered by Hon. Frank A. Magowan, Mayor of the city :

Veterans of the Glorious Old Ninth :—I esteem it one of the proudest duties I have ever discharged as Mayor of this city to extend a cordial welcome and greeting to the survivors of the gallant and glorious old Ninth. Your numbers would have been larger if your patriotic sense of duty had been less keen, and your courage less heroic or less sacrificing.

It was to this devotion to duty, this invincible bravery on the part of the gallant Ninth and the other brave soldiers of New Jersey, that we are largely indebted for the salvation of the Union and the inestimable blessings of a free government.

There were no braver or better soldiers than the Jersey boys in blue. They displayed on the fields of battle in defense of the flag of the Union, the same sturdy, manly qualities that distinguish Jersey men in all the activities of life, and the glorious old Ninth stands in the very first rank of that noble galaxy of noble men.

In time of special trial and emergencies it became the custom of Union commanders during that terrible struggle for Union existence, to call upon this reliable, invincible regiment for services of great peril and moment, and you never failed, you never disappointed the high expectations that were fixed upon you.

Whether struggling through the horrible swamps of Pamlico charging through mud, pit falls, or deadly storm of hail at Roanoke Island and Newbern, or in that long and terrible ordeal before Petersburg, this gallant regiment performed its full measure of duty with a sturdiness and dash that won the admiration of the whole Union army, and they will be the proud boast of Jersey men through future ages.

Gallant Jerseymen, survivors of the noble and brave old Ninth, I cordially and with heartfelt emotions of gratitude and admiration, welcome and greet you.

The Mayor was frequently interrupted with applause, and when he had concluded three old-time cheers were given him.

When quiet had been restored, General Stewart replied substantially as follows :

Mr. Mayor :— On behalf and in the names of these, the survivors of the veteran Ninth Regiment, I thank you, sir, for your kindly words of welcome. Twenty-six years ago, in obedience to what they conceived to be a high sense of duty, this body of men left your historic city and marched to the seat of our National Government. Our country at this period was in the throes of a bitter civil war, and the patriotic sons of the North left all that was dear to them far in the rear, that they might push farther to the front to form themselves as a barricade against the would-be destroyers of our national unity. For four years these men bore aloft the national and state colors, side by side, in many a desperate conflict with the enemy, and never in a single instance were they allowed to droop or lower without the hand which bore it was disabled, and then there was always another intrepid Jerseyman near to seize the falling standard and hold it defiantly aloft to cheer and encourage its followers. After four years of active field service, having performed their full measure of duty, they returned to this city, lay down their arms, and once more assumed the duties of citizenship, and with a spirit, too, so typical of the true American volunteer soldier.

Twenty-two years later we again invade your goodly city, but this time for a different purpose and with different intent. We meet to-day in reunion—to clasp hands, renew old acquaintances—swap camp lies, and try to imagine ourselves as young as we were a quarter of a century ago. It is a long, long time, since many of these men saw the inside of a guard house, but I trust, your Honor, that during our brief stay with you that you will not be called upon to exercise your official prerogative and show any of them the inside of a station house. However, if you will deem it sufficient security I will stand sponsor for them, as I have done many a time before in the days of Auld Lang Syne, and when we get through with our festivities and leave for our homes, we shall carry with us most grateful recollections of the royal reception accorded us by the city of Trenton and the charming manner in which it was extended through her chief executive.

Hearty outbursts of applause greeted the speaker, and before he could take his chair, the veterans make the welkin ring with cheers, which were immediately supplemented with nine more for the intrepid General Heckman.

The minutes of the first Reunion were then read by the Secretary and unanimously confirmed. The report of the Treasurer, Lieutenant William E. Townley, was referred to the Executive Committee, who reported the same as correct in every particular. The amount received by him for first reunion from all sources was \$145.58 ; expenditures, \$134.60 ; balance on hand, \$10.98.

The report was accepted and ordered to be filed.

The following letters were read :

UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY, }
WEST POINT, NEW YORK, }
September 7, 1887. }

GENERAL J. MADISON DRAKE,
Secretary Ninth N. J. Veteran Volunteers' Association :

General.—I am in receipt of the very kind and cordial invitation to attend the second reunion of your Association at Trenton, on Tuesday, September 13.

I remember with great pleasure the Ninth N. J. Regiment. It is always most gratifying to meet our comrades of the war, but my duties here are such that I am compelled to deny myself that pleasure on this occasion.

Please convey to Generals Heckman and Stewart, and to all the members who may be present my kindest regards.

Very truly yours,

JOHN G. PARKE.

STATE OF NEW JERSEY, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, }
TRENTON, September 6, 1887. }

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

My Dear General.—If I can possibly do so it will give me pleasure to attend some part of the reunion services of the Ninth N. J. Veteran Volunteers' Association, but I do not think I can be there at the hour named—12 M.

Yours truly,

ROBT. S. GREEN.

STATE OF NEW JERSEY, OFFICE OF ADJUTANT GENERAL, }
TRENTON, September 6, 1887. }

GENERAL J. MADISON DRAKE,
Secretary Ninth Regiment Veteran Volunteers' Association,
Elizabeth, N. J. :

General.—I have your very kind invitation of September 1st to attend the Reunion of your regiment on Tuesday next. I hope my official duties on that day will enable me to be present.

I thank you very kindly for your very pleasant mention of me.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM S. STRYKER,

Adjutant General of New Jersey.

KEARNY, N. J., September 8, 1887.

GENERAL J. MADISON DRAKE :

My Dear Sir.—I am in receipt of your kind favor inviting me to attend the reunion of the Ninth N. J. Veteran Volunteers' Association.

I am afraid that my engagements in Philadelphia in connection with the Centennial celebration will prevent me from accepting. But if I find that I can do so, I will certainly.

I beg to thank you for the cordial terms in which the invitation is couched, and I can assure you of my full appreciation of it.

I am, very truly yours,

JOHN WATTS KEARNY.

NEWARK, September 7, 1887.

My Dear General.—Please accept my sincere thanks for your complimentary letter and the very kind and agreeable invitation which it conveys, and be assured of my appreciation of the friendly spirit by which they are prompted. I am sorry I cannot avail myself of the invitation, but my engagements for the time are such as to put it entirely out of my power.

Repeating my acknowledgments and regrets, I am

Yours very truly,

THEODORE RUNYON.

GEN. DRAKE.

FREEHOLD, September 2, 1887.

My Dear General:—Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to meet the survivors of the Ninth N. J. Volunteers at Trenton on the 13th inst., but I will be obliged to decline. The Gloucester County Courts will convene at Woodbury on that day, and my official duties will require my presence there.

I am much gratified by the complimentary terms of your note of invitation. If, during my administration as Governor, I was instrumental in adding to the comfort of the soldiers of this State, I have my reward in the reflection that I did my duty.

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

Yours, &c.,

JOEL PARKER.

DIVISION HEADQUARTERS, NATIONAL GUARD OF PENN'A, }
PHILADELPHIA, September 5, 1887. }

GENERAL J. MADISON DRAKE:

Dear General:—Your very kind invitation to meet with the veterans of the old and gallant Ninth New Jersey has been received, and it would be a very great pleasure to accept the same were it possible. On that day, September 13, a road jury for the assessment of damages views the same in Montgomery County in which my interests are such that I must be present. Many thanks for your kind remembrance of me. Hoping that you will all enjoy the reunion, I remain,

Yours, very sincerely,

Kind regards to General Heckman.

J. B. HARTRANFT.

STATE OF NEW JERSEY, OFFICE OF QUARTERMASTER GENERAL, }
TRENTON, September 3, 1887. }

GENERAL J. MADISON DRAKE,

Secretary Ninth New Jersey Veteran Volunteers' Association:

Dear General:—Your kind invitation on behalf of the survivors of the Ninth New Jersey Veteran Volunteers to attend their reunion at Taylor Hall, Trenton, Tuesday, September 13, came duly to hand. In reply, I beg to return my thanks for your complimentary letter, and if it is in my power to be present I will attend.

Present my regards to General Heckman and others of the Association, and believe me with esteem,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

LEWIS PERRINE,

Quartermaster General N. J.

STATE OF NEW JERSEY, OFFICE OF QUARTERMASTER GENERAL, }
TRENTON, September 3, 1887. }

GENERAL J. MADISON DRAKE,

Secretary Ninth New Jersey Veteran Volunteers' Association:

General:—Your letter of the 1st inst. in relation to the reunion of the Ninth New Jersey Volunteers at Trenton has been received. The colors of the regiment will be delivered to Lieut. H. B. Lanning, by an agent of this department, who will remain in charge of them during the day.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

LEWIS PERRINE,

Quartermaster General N. J.

Captain Amos H. Evans, of Keokuk, Iowa, announced that he had received a communication from the secretary relative to certain moneys which were left in his hands at the time the Regiment was mustered out of the service in

1865, and as soon as he could ascertain exactly what the amount was he would be glad to turn it over to the Association. This would be at an early day. [Applause.]

On motion of Major Appleget, a vote of thanks was unanimously tendered Captain Evans for his care of the funds.

Under Sergeant C. F. Preston's resolution, adopted at the February meeting, for the appointment of a committee of one from each county, whose duty it shall be to obtain the name and address of any member of the Ninth Regiment, and send the same to the Secretary, the following were appointed:

Mercer—Lieutenant Henry B. Lanning, Trenton.

Passaic—Sergeant David J. Senior, Paterson.

Cumberland—Private Samuel R. Mills, Greenwich.

Union—Private George R. Townley, Elizabeth.

Hudson—Private John R. Jurgens, Jersey City.

Ocean—Private Samuel W. Brinley, Toms River.

Cape May—Sergeant Charles F. Preston, South Seaville.

Salem—Lieutenant Daniel Whitney.

Essex—Lieutenant R. E. Cogan, Newark.

Bergen—Lieutenant Frederick G. Coyte, Englewood.

Morris—Lieutenant Collins B. Weir, Morristown.

Hunterdon—Corporal J. V. M. Sutphin, Three Bridges.

Camden—Private R. G. Sheppard, Camden.

Gloucester—Corporal John B. Mitchell, Gloucester.

Monmouth—Private Simeon Stults, Asbury Park.

Warren—Private Allen G. Hauck, Phillipsburg.

Sussex—Private Henry Raher, Stanhope.

Burlington—Private Isaac Roberts, Bordentown.

Somerset—Private John W. Hulsizer, East Millstone.

Middlesex—Private Frank Cahill, New Brunswick.

On motion of the secretary, officers were elected as follows: General Stewart moved that without further formality, General Charles A. Heckman be re-elected President, and it was unanimously agreed to.

Major Appleget moved that as the by-laws called for a ballot that the secretary cast the same. Agreed to, and General Heckman was declared elected.

Captain B. W. Hopper and Lieutenant Henry B. Lanning were appointed tellers.

The following were nominated as vice-presidents :

Brig.-Gen. James Stewart, Junior, Lieut.-Col. William B. Curtis, Lieut.-Col. Samuel Hufty, Major Thomas B. Appleget, Captain Benjamin W. Hopper, Captain Robert D. Swain, Lieut. Henry B. Lanning, Lieut. Richard J. Berdan, Lieut. Richard Van Brunt, Corporal J. V. M. Sutphin.

There being no other nominations, the secretary cast a ticket, when the gentlemen above-named were declared elected.

Captain J. Madison Drake was unanimously re-elected secretary.

Lieutenant William E. Townley was re-elected treasurer by a unanimous vote.

General Stewart offered the following, which was adopted by a rising vote :

Resolved, That the survivors of the Ninth New Jersey, acknowledge with thanks, the courtesy so handsomely extended us by the city of Trenton, through Mayor Frank Magowan; the kindness of Aaron Wilkes Post, No. 23, G. A. R., in tendering us the honor of an escort, and the hospitality of their camp-fire, and the labors of the Ladies' Relief Corps (headed by Mrs. Lieutenant H. B. Lanning); also are our thanks due and hereby tendered our old comrades, Captain M. C. Runyon, Lieut. H. B. Lanning, Corporal Thomas Horn, Privates Phineas Randolph, S. B. Foster and others of the local committee who have prepared so well for our reception and entertainment.

On motion of the secretary, five hundred copies of the proceedings of this Reunion were ordered to be printed and sent to the members.

Lieutenant C. E. Blackwell moved that the next reunion be held on the second Tuesday in September. Carried.

General Stewart moved that the place for holding the Reunion be not selected at this time; that those who wish to arrange for the same correspond with the secretary, who shall in due time consult with the Executive Committee, who shall decide upon the place. Agreed to.

T. W. Lavake, 27th Massachusetts Volunteers, was elected an honorary member of the Association.

General Stewart nominated Major Appleget as the orator for the next Reunion, and the motion was agreed to amid applause.

There being no further business, and the committee having

notified the President that the banquet was in readiness, the men fell into line, and preceded by Mrs. Captain A. H. Evans, Mrs. W. W. Wendell, Mrs. Dr. Gillette, Mrs. John H. Good, Mrs. Lieut. W. E. Townley, Mrs. J. Madison Drake and daughter—Miss Gussie Secor Drake—Miss Mary Jane Hopper, and other lady guests, marched into Taylor Hall, where all sat down to long tables, sumptuously filled by the Ladies' Relief Corps.

THE BANQUET.

The Divine blessing was asked by Rev. Mr. Lucas of the Baptist Church, after which a very successful attack was made on the edibles, and when the wants of the inner man had been amply satisfied, a feast of reason followed.

Patriotic speeches, complimentary to the valor of the officers and men of the Regiment during its four years of service in the Carolinas and Virginia, were made by Congressman Buchanan and General James F. Rusling, of Trenton.

General Heckman, being loudly called for, rose in his place at the head of the center table, and said:

ADDRESS BY GENERAL HECKMAN.

Veterans of a Quarter of a Century :—When in your youthful days you hazarded everything in your country's cause, your fondest hopes did not stretch forward to an hour like this. At a period of national prosperity unprecedented, you have met to enjoy the fellowship of old companions of the march, bivouac and battle, and to receive the overflowings of grateful hearts, for peace and good will seems to beam from every face. I rejoice with you in that your lines have fallen in pleasant places.

This wonderful country, without a parallel in the world's history, with resources unlimited, the rich depository of a bountiful benefactor, was unknown to civilization until a few centuries ago a voice in the olden lands cried out for liberty, and afterwards sung pæons of victory at the birth of a new Republic, christened America. The new nation opened her arms to the oppressed of all lands, and planted her might on the tyrannies of all ages. She has popular representation founded on the equal rights of all her people, and this is the up grade engine in her prosperity. America, by a written constitution, has erected a defense around the temple of liberty, which the divisions and variety made by river and mountain, and the strong passions of hostile armies could neither sever nor overcome. It has defied the tempests of the past century, and under God's guidance will defy the storms of centuries to come. Having experienced terrible struggles in the past, it would be unreasonable to expect exemption from trials in the future. Let us then, my comrades, learn to set a due value on the imperishable privileges of human liberty.

The fourth of March, 1861, was a dark day—a day never to be forgotten. For the first time in the Republic, a chief magistrate is installed under

the protection of artillery charged with grape and canister. Soon the States having a common interest and origin, baptized in the same patriotic blood, were arrayed against each other in deadly strife, and the happiest land the sun ever shone upon became drenched in fraternal blood, and filled with sighs and lamentations.

More gallant foes never met on the field of battle than these men of the same race, who had so long lived under the ample folds of the same flag; more desperate battles were never fought than those from Moultrie to the Appomattox. There the military virtues of patriotism, patience, endurance, self-abnegation and heroism received their most striking illustrations.

The advance and the retreat, the charge and the countercharge continued for four long years, when the weaker party being exhausted the Stars and Bars were furled forever, and the Star Spangled Banner waved triumphant over every city, town and hamlet in our broad domain.

More than two decades have passed away since the conclusion of that stupendous struggle. The veterans of the blue and the gray assemble in blessed concord. Chancellorville and Gettysburg meet together; Shiloh and Antietam, Bull Run and Roanoke, Moultrie and Appomattox salute each other. The old soldiers talk over by-gones in peace and brotherhood. The war has left no scars with the just and honorable warriors. The channels of wrath are filled with the waters of Lethe. Old foes shake hands and learn to understand each other, and recognize their common interests and fraternity. Memorials of the soldiers of that war are reared all over the land. Every year, with the coming of the flowers of Spring, arises the grateful fragrance of American hearts towards those who fell in battle for and against our Federal system and social order. Time should not deaden this annual act of remembrance, but rather should this interest grow, because each year reveals more and more the value of the nation for which the war was waged. The popular heart North and South has for two decades dwelt proudly upon the deeds of the war. But it is no new thought, it is a longing as old as Roman civilization, that the trophies of war do not survive forever. It is an old adage which came from the same seat of authority and wisdom—Ancient Rome—that amid civil tumults, the State should build a bridge of gold for the return of its insurgent enemy. This adage proceeds from the self-evident truth that there is nothing so disastrous to society as belligerent dissensions in the State. Thanks to a kind and all-wise Providence, the thunderbolts of internecine war have passed away forever. The reconciliation is complete. It is made between men who have met in deadly combat in many fields, and who fully comprehend the necessity of a broad American patriotism that shall know no dividing lines from the lakes to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Only men who could nobly risk their fortunes and their love for a cause they held to be right could clasp hands when the struggle was over with forgiveness so true and complete.

Where, my comrades, where shall we find our "more perfect Union," the establishment of justice, domestic tranquility, provision for the common defence, promotion of the general welfare, and the security of the blessings of liberty to ourselves and posterity? Honoring the words of our world renowned chieftain, as he lay upon his death couch and voiced the desire of his heart, "Is it not our duty to see that His prophesy is fulfilled," he said, "I feel that we are on the eve of a new era, when there will be great harmony between the Federal and Confederate. I cannot stay to be a living witness of the correctness of this prophesy, but I feel within me that it is to be so."

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thy self." This is the very essence of the true democratic republican creed.

And now my comrades, I would fain inculcate the teachings of the Prince of Peace—Him who spake from the mountain of Judea, as never man spake. Him who subdued Pilate by His calm dignity, but who also ministered to the happiness of a village festival. He pronounced the doom of Jerusalem with lofty sternness, but He wept as He thought how it had

neglected the things of its peace. His judges quailed before Him, but he forgot His dying agonies, to commend His mother to the life-long care of a friend. He gave us the magnificent dowry of a faith in our common father of the whole human race, and thus of a world-wide brotherhood of all mankind. Men wonder at the conquests of Alexander, but here is a conqueror who draws all men to Himself for their highest good; who unites to Himself, incorporates into Himself, not a nation, but the whole human race. The mountains of our scriptures are full of inspiration for our guidance. Their teachings may well be carried into our political ethics. The first Napoleon, who strode the world in his day like a Colossus, a man of gigantic intellect, conversing one day at St. Helena with one of his suite, said: "The Gospel is no mere book but a living creature, with a vigor, a power, which conquers all that opposes it. I do not tire of reading it, and do so daily with equal pleasure."

Along with these teachings and to the same good end, are the teachings of history, patriotism, chivalry, and even economic selfishness. Yet these worldly teachings are often blind guides to duty. They are but mole hills compared with the lofty mountains whose spiritual grandeur sheds the light of peace, order and civilization to a suffering world. When these principles obtain in our hearts, then will come a glorious era for the world. Then, the reminder of our sad and bloody strife will not be in vain, if they cause the nation to rise in supernal dignity above the party passions of the day. Then, that party which vindicates right against might, freedom against force, popular will against lust of power, rest against unrest, and God's goodness and mercy around and above all, will, in that sign, sway and direct the destinies of America.

The old hero, when the men who had so long and faithfully followed him, gave way to their enthusiasm, was at times visibly affected.

General Stewart, who supported the president on the right, was then called for, and as he never "flunked" in time of danger, he elevated over six feet of his magnificent frame above his chair, and smiling at the *furor* which he had created, said:

GENERAL STEWART'S ADDRESS.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, and Comrades:—I think I can now understand what "warming the cockles of the hear." means, for the presence here of so many of our old comrades stirs up the heart as only the presence of such as you can stir it. Twenty-six years ago most of us assembled on Skirms' Farm, just outside of this historic city, and there the initiatory steps were taken which bound us into an organization which it was our loyal duty and pride to uphold, and which was maintained so long as the authority of our government was menaced, and until that authority was reestablished throughout the length and breadth of this fair land. While encamped at Camp Olden, the novelty of our new life, the beautiful surroundings, all tended to reconcile us to our changed condition, though we did guard duty, and drilled as though we might at some future time be called into active service. These were the days when we studied our tactics and blue book earnestly and construed them bitterly. I was lieutenant in "H" Co. at this time, and when acting as officer of the guard I felt morally certain I should be court-martialed and shot, did I close my eyes in sleep during my tour of duty or allowed an enemy to pass one of our sentries. 'Tis true, the Delaware, the Susquehanna and the Potomac separated us from the foe, but we never gave that a thought, but kept our vigils as faithfully on the east banks of the Delaware as we were subsequently compelled

to do on the south banks of the Appomattox. The members of the Ninth Regiment always had a warm feeling for the good people of Trenton; the hospitality and kindnesses showered upon us during the time we were encamped here lives in our memory to this day, and the ladies—how they did try to spoil us. Do you recall to mind as the weather began to sharpen up in November, how they knit woolen mittens for the entire command to protect the men's hands from the frosty gun barrels? And how they measured them from the size of their dear, large hearts, and as a consequence the men wore them on their heads instead of their hands. All the same, we appreciated the motives if we couldn't the misfit. No regiment ever left for the front better equipped than was the Ninth. Her arms, accoutrements, uniforms and Sibleys were all of the very best. While encamped on Meridian Hill, Washington, our boys felt the least bit jealous of their brethren in the First and Second New Jersey Brigades, for the latter were on the other side of the Potomac and we expected the historic "quiet" of that stream would be broken. A battle fought, the war ended, and we should be sent home without any startling experiences to relate. Ah, we were veritable "innocents abroad" in 1861.

Leaving Trenton, our first encampment was on the Bladensburg Pike. In a few days we were assigned to General Casey's Division, and our camp moved to Meridian Hill. When General Burnside saw our regiment of twelve companies and carrying 1,152 muskets, he persisted until he succeeded in having us attached to his expedition.

Our rough sea voyage from Annapolis to Hatteras, the loss of our colonel and surgeon in the inlet, the battles of Roanoke Island, Newbern and Fort Macon which followed in quick succession, and the many engagements in North Carolina and Virginia subsequent thereto, have all been spoken of and written about, and always to your credit. The Ninth fought her first battle (Roanoke Island), and her last (Kingston and Goldsboro') in North Carolina. Following our very severe struggle before Kingston in the spring of 1865, a struggle which lasted for several days and entailed severe losses on both sides, we pushed on for Goldsboro', which was the objective point for the forces under General Terry from Wilmington, and General Schofield from Newbern. We were to take Goldsboro', and hold the crossing of the Neuse River for General Sherman, who was then moving northward with his army from Savannah. When within about two miles of Goldsboro', a cavalry regiment from some other command which had been on the advance, fell back and reported the enemy in strong force in their front. I had the right of the column with my brigade, and at once detached the Ninth and deployed it in skirmish line and pushed forward. They soon struck the enemy and began to force him back. At this time Colonel Cox came riding forward with orders to me from the commanding general that I push forward as rapidly as was consistent with good judgment. I recall to mind well the message I returned, to wit: My compliments to the general, and say to him that I have the Ninth New Jersey on the skirmish line, and her colors will float from the steeple of the Court House in Goldsboro' by the time he can ride there to salute them—and it was done, too.

As Jerseymen we feel a commendable pride in the good record made by Jersey soldiers, and it is only natural for us when speaking of New Jersey's splendid soldiery that we claim for the Ninth an equal share of credit along with our sister regiments. We ask no more, and in justice will be satisfied with nothing less. The Ninth never flunked, for like Bill Bludsoe, "I reckon she didn't know how." She was well drilled and disciplined and ready at all times, either for parade or forced march, and those of us who survive can live upon the memories of our old association, which become dearer to us as time creeps on and death thins our numbers. No lapse of time or loss of records can obliterate the feeling of affection which soldiers who have served together feel one for the other, and, with growing years, this feeling is intensified until toward the last as we approach the sunset of life, like the old veterans of the first empire, our proudest boast will be, "I, too, have served."

Interesting speeches were made by Major Appleget, Captain Amos H. Evans (who had come from Keokuk, Iowa), Lieutenant-Col. Curlis, Surgeon F. B. Gillette, Sergeant Preston, "Orderly" Jacob Voght and others, and with old-time cheers, the gallant men who had so often stood shoulder to shoulder in battle, again parted, pledging themselves to attend the reunion wherever it may be held on the second Tuesday in September next.



LIEUT.-COL. WILLIAM B. CURLIS

Was born in Burlington County, New Jersey, December 15, 1830, and when of suitable age attended a district school at Mount Holly, subsequently graduating at the private school of William Burr. The subject of our sketch, after learning the trade of a tailor, established himself in that business at Pennington. In June, 1861, Mr. Curlis was appointed postmaster of that village, which position he retained until his return from the army in 1865, when he resigned. Desiring to render the country more service than was possible in the little post-office at Pennington, at the solicitation of Governor Olden, he raised a company for the Ninth Regiment, into which he was mustered September 23, 1861. On the eighth day of January, 1863, Captain Curlis was promoted to the majority, and in June, 1864, his shoulders were graced by silver leaflets. Colonel Curlis, notwithstanding his ill-health, which caused him much suffering, was never absent from duty, however irksome or dangerous. It was said by his men, who were fondly attached to him, that Colonel Curlis often exposed himself to danger, hoping thereby to be "picked off," and thus, while dying a soldier's death, be relieved from the ills his flesh was heir to. At Kingston, he greatly distinguished himself by leading his company (with the colors) across the burning bridge over the Neuse river, in the face of a murderous fire from the Confederates lining an earthwork on the opposite side. His gallantry on this occasion, as on others which speedily followed, no doubt gained him golden leaflets. Colonel Curlis always enjoyed the confidence of his superiors, and of the men whom he at times commanded. It was enough for him to know that his services were appreciated, and that consciousness never made him forget himself.



CAPTAIN MORRIS C. RUNYON

Was born January 11, 1837, near Chester, Morris County, New Jersey. His grandfather, with whom he lived until he was seven years of age, served in the New Jersey troops of the Continental army, and died at the age of eighty-seven years. Perhaps the martial spirit which possessed young Runyon at the outbreak of the rebellion, was engendered by hearing his patriotic grand-sire narrate soul-thrilling stories of the war for American liberty. At all events, young Runyon, at that time engaged in the mercantile business at Princeton with his brother, sacrificed his pecuniary interests on hearing the tocsin of war, and hastened to Trenton, where he offered himself in any capacity under the three months' call. Like many other brave and noble-hearted men burning with patriotism, he arrived too late—the quota had been filled.

Returning to his home, he settled some business affairs, and when the government called for a regiment of twelve companies of picked men to serve as riflemen, he went to Camp Olden and joined Company F, of the Ninth. Captain Curlis, observing his strict compliance with all orders, and noting his pride in everything he undertook, promptly made him first sergeant, and never regretted the choice he made in 1861. Sergeant Runyon, one of the handsomest fellows in the regiment, gave high hopes of promise at Roanoke and at Newbern, and all the battles of that year in which the command participated, justified the expectation, his shoulders being speedily graced with a pair of straps. Captain Runyon never disappointed his superiors—neither did he ever lose the respect or confidence of the men he commanded.

But, perhaps, the most difficult duty which this gallant officer performed during his four years of service in the army, was when with his company (G); in obedience to orders from Maj.-Gen. J. D. Cox, he proceeded from Greensboro, N. C., to Charlotte, where, although he found the town filled with Confederate soldiers, just paroled from Johnston's army, he took possession of the place, and despite the drunkenness which prevailed,

speedily restored order. Learning that immense stores, belonging to the late Confederate government, were in large warehouses, Captain Runyon placed the buildings under guard, and making an inspection, found a vast supply of medicines, machinery, and many boxes containing the colors of Union troops, which the Confederates had captured in battle. Had not Captain Runyon arrived as he did by forced marches, instead of waiting for a train, and had he not acted with heroism, combined with caution, the warehouses would have been sacked if not destroyed by the reeling Confederates, who were in no humor to reason or respect authority. Captain Runyon's capture and preservation of the archives of the Confederate government made him the envy of the army, and if he had not fought valiantly in a hundred battles, this alone would have been sufficient to stamp him as a brave and skillful officer. The secretary takes pleasure in bearing testimony to this act of gallantry on the part of Captain Runyon, who, as a member of the local committee, materially assisted in arranging for our reception and elegant entertainment at Trenton on the thirteenth.

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