

SECOND RE-UNION

OF THE

FIFTEENTH REGIMENT

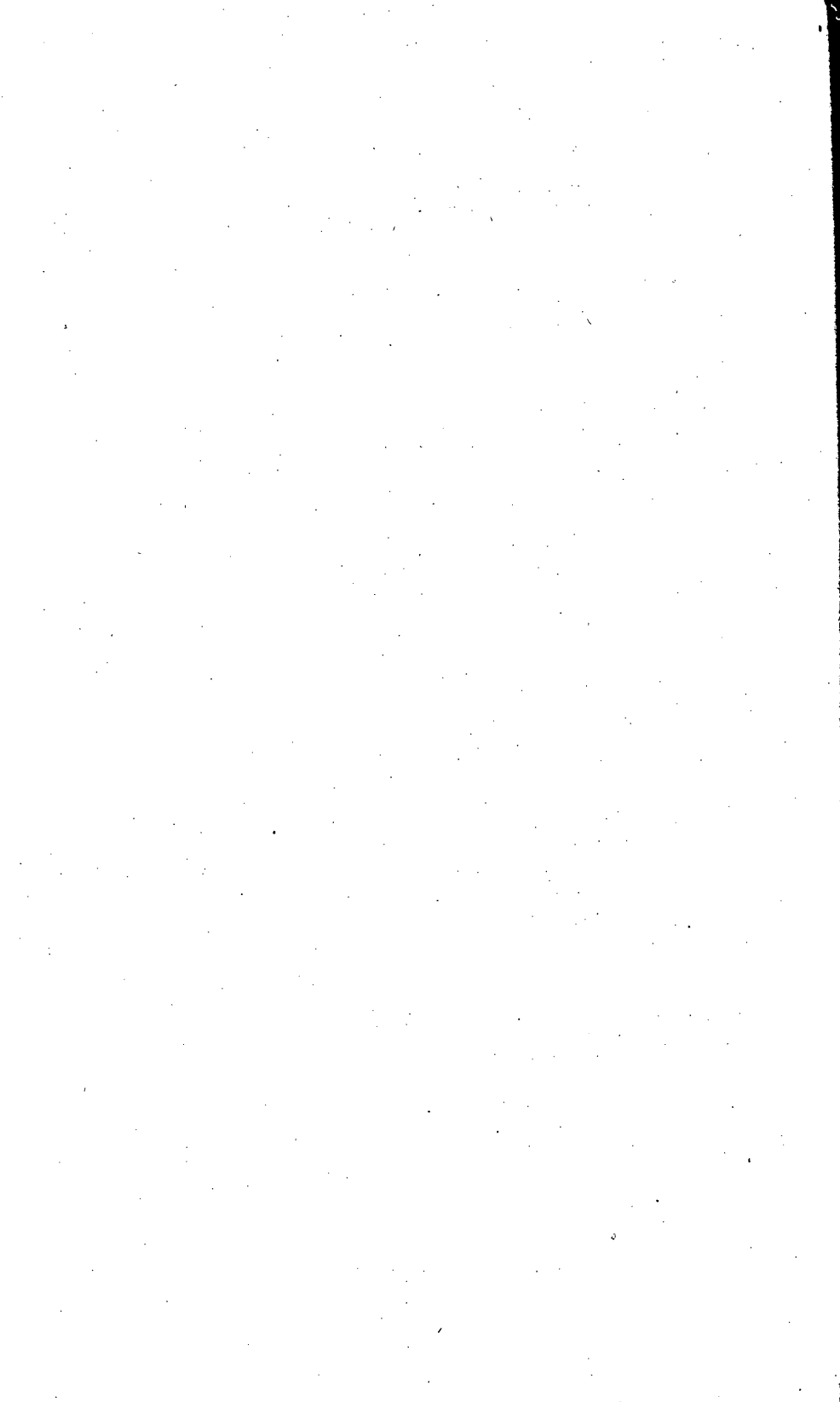
NEW JERSEY VOLUNTEERS,

AT

FLEMINGTON, N. J.,

AUGUST 25TH, 1881.

TRENTON, N. J.:
WM. S. SHARP, PRINTER AND STEREOTYPER.
1881.



PROCEEDINGS

OF THE SECOND RE-UNION OF THE FIFTEENTH NEW JERSEY VOLUNTEERS, AT FLEMINGTON, N. J.

The second re-union of the Fifteenth Regiment New Jersey Volunteers was held at Flemington, N. J., the place of their original muster into the service of the United States, on Thursday, August 25th, 1881, the Nineteenth Anniversary of that event. Early in the day the people of the surrounding country came thronging into the town, which was crowded the entire day with the veterans and their friends—over 5000 people, were in the streets. The town was decorated with flags and mottoes stretched across the streets, and presented a very handsome appearance. Some of the veterans arrived the night before, and every train during the morning brought its quota. On the arrival of the eleven o'clock train from Somerville, bringing the Newark and Morris county delegates, the line was formed at the depot, and headed by the Flemington Brass Band, the procession, under the command of Capt. Manuel Kline, proceeded down through the middle of the town to the residence of John C. Hopewell, Esq., where the regiment countermarched and proceeded to the residence of Mr. Miller Kline, on whose grounds a collation was served by the ladies.

There were one hundred and six members of the old Fifteenth present in the parade, and the Regimental Colors, both National and State—still bearing the crape placed upon them in respect to the memory of Lincoln—were carried, the National color by Sergeant Peter Gunderman, the only man who served his whole time in the color guard and escaped alive, and the State color by Sergeant Wm. H. H. Emmons, who served after July, 1863, in that body, but not without being wounded. Major Angel Post, G. A. R., of Lambertville, attended in a body, and Lambert Boeman Post, of Flemington, acted as an escort to the general parade.

After the collation, the line was re-formed, and the veterans marched to the large hall near Humphrey's hotel. Before entering, the regiment broke ranks, and assembling about the flags, sang the old song "Rally 'round the Flag." The hall was packed, not one-half of those who desired to enter being able to do so.

The meeting was called to order by Gen. Campbell at one o'clock, and was opened with prayer by Rev. R. Johns. The Flemington Quintette Club then sang "America," after which an address of welcome was made by Richard S. Kuhl, Esq. His address, which was listened to with profound attention and elicited frequent applause, was as follows:

ADDRESS OF RICHARD S. KUHL, ESQ.

Surviving officers and men of the Fifteenth Regiment of New Jersey Volunteers:—To me has been assigned the pleasant and honorable task of expressing a word of welcome to you upon this, the occasion of your Second Annual Re-union. Although the years have softened the anguish of our griefs and out of vivid recollections have passed many of the scenes and incidents connected with your history as a military organization, yet in all our memories to-day rests the remembrance of your achievements as a regiment, and your individual deeds of valor and sacrifice. As American citizens, we welcome you, and clasping hands with each one, can only tell how much we honor you as men, and how proud we are in expressing our gratitude for your deeds of courage and bravery in preserving that institution of laws, known as the American Constitution, under whose broad shadows of equality and justice our National interests have been fostered and grown to their present permanent and vigorous proportions.

As friends and neighbors, we welcome you, as those only can who welcome the men who, actuated by pure heroic love, stood shoulder to shoulder with our fathers and our sons, on the many battle-fields of the rebellion, which have established such an honorable, undying record for the brave Fifteenth, and who fighting with them, bleeding beside them, have survived to tell us how brave and true were all those whose absence we mourn to-day, but of whose deeds of manly courage and noble self-sacrifice like your own, we are proud. We mingle with our tears, plaudits of praise and honor to those who braved with you the dangers of the camp, the perils of the field, and secured to themselves, not life, nor ease, nor joy, nor comfort in the homes they fought to save, but that crown of crowns in earthly commendation, "A soldier's death." To you and to them we owe the preservation and the renewal of a "National life"—in the peace of our homes, in the security of our laws and in the protection of as wise and humane a system of legislation, and as glorious an ensign of National life and freedom as God's sun ever shone upon. In all history, barbarous or civilized, there is no period in which men have not done what we are doing to-day—applauded acts of bravery and courage, and sought to record, by substantial demonstrations, their approbation of those who had borne the conflict of arms or died in defence of their homes, thereby renewing and restoring "National life." To the memory of some, columns of white marble will tower toward the arched blue and glitter in the sunshine of a hundred years to come, and "tall, grey, melancholy shafts" will rise—"rise until they meet the sun in his coming, while the earliest light of morning gilds them, and parting day lingers and plays on their summits"—upon its sides will be inscribed in unfailing characters, the record of peril, sacrifice and death which those who sleep beneath had made for home, and friends, and country. For others, a modest slab tells of only one brave act, "Shot in battle." To many, many others, "Unknown" is the only noted record of a courageous life and heroic death, while thousands lay down to die in the solitude of the wood, in the stillness of the mountain top, and in the deep seclusion of unknown glen and deep ravine, nursed only in the lap of

mother earth, over them the great roof of heaven, and around naught but the stillness of nature, broken only by the moan of pain and the afrighted twittering of the birds in the branches overhead, who, returning to their accustomed haunts, after the shock of battle, sought, from the instinct of pure nature, to cheer with songs the gloom which gathered in the hearts of men whose courage rose with the thrilling enthusiasm of the opening conflict, but whose dearest hope seemed to be lost in the gloom of their lonely dying place—"unwept, unhonored and unsung"—and whose only monument to-day is a mother's undying memory for her boy.

Imperial Rome, in whose proud government of the ancient world we find much to commend, and yet so much to condemn, whose bitter rivalry with her sister, Carthage, engendered so many years of desolating war, and caused the intervening sea to crimson with the blood of a devoted populace, strong in all her ideas of ascribing honor to the men who fought or died in battle, upon the return of her victorious armies, would erect across her busiest avenues of trade, great arch-ways of masonry, upon which would be inscribed a record of the names and deeds of those whose courage and death had saved "National life" by maintaining her universal sway of power, and enabled her to retain the glory of her seven hills, from whose throne of beauty she ruled the world; and, causing her soldiers in proud array to pass beneath, with their conquered subjects chained to triumphal cars in every conceivable posture of revolting exposure and torture to be "butchered to make a Roman holiday," would excite the loudest plaudits of the people, in honor of her soldiers, until they thought it true in very deed, "to be a Roman was better than a king." This universal sentiment and what we express to-day springs from different instincts of the American heart—with the uncivilized from a depraved love of cruel sport in human suffering; with the civilized ancients, from a selfish taste for martial glory or the mercenary acquisition of territorial dominion; but with *our* people from that love of man to man, which only the Christian's faith purifies and strengthens into a living principle of true heroic "National life." It is this that brings us together to-day, and secures to you our hearty welcome. Not that you have gratified a morbid taste by torturing, in our presence, the people you had conquered, or exposing in revolting attitude the sacrifices of virtue you had forced to be made, or exhibiting the glittering spoils of gold and treasure taken from cities you had pillaged, but that you have rescued from the danger of dissolution and the horrors of sectional strife our system of government, the Republic of America—upon whose existence the hope of liberty to mankind was anchored—and around which we, as a people, have woven so many recollections of struggle, sacrifice and loss, recent and remote, and by which we have maintained, under the leadership of our nation's God, that which we years ago declared to be the inalienable right of men on these American shores—personal liberty, personal security, and the right of private property. This we esteem better than gold and more enduring than mere extension of territorial limit.

Your devotion to this principle of "National life," and your strict obedience to and execution of authorized commands, teaches us a useful lesson in our relations to the civil power over us. And could all the people be as true and firm as history records you to have been in the execution of the duties you were called upon to perform, there would be fewer disgraceful scenes, such as we have witnessed recently among our prominent men in their fierce struggle for position and power, and fewer blushes would crimson the American cheek at the belittling of American statesmanship. Had all your efforts upon the field been animated by no

higher motive than self-aggrandizement, you would have failed in the accomplishment of a single one of the noble principles which is the ground of our congratulations to-day, which has won our warmest gratitude, and made you the honored of our land. Your resolution was to save the nation, not to conquer a section and devote it to the establishment of your peculiar personal ideas in civil or religious regulations. Your cause was that of the whole Union, and no matter what obstacles intervened—no matter how impossible seemed to you the performance of every required duty—in no single instance is there recorded on your part a faltering in the execution of the order to march or fight. No matter though it seemed to you that which you were told to do was error, you obeyed your orders and strove nobly with stout hearts to accomplish the end; and your depleted ranks, surviving standard-bearers and tattered colors are the proof of your heroism and your courage in submitting to the first great duty of a good soldier, "Obedience to orders;" like the brave men at Balaklava, whom the great moralist and poet has immortalized in "The Charge of the Light Brigade." To them came an order—(some one had blundered)—and which every man understood if executed would result in certain death, yet in all that brave brigade:

"Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die—
In the valley of death."

And so, on many fields of carnage, amid the din and smoke of battle you have gone into the jaws of death, with cannon in front, to right and left, in the performance of a resolution, the grand sublimity of which none fully understood, except those who have taken that duty upon themselves and striven to perform it. Discipline ensures a vigorous National life. Devotion to good principles makes good men—soldiers or civilians. And in this devotion to principle with discipline in the line of duty, we have the reason of the wonderful efficiency of our American soldiery. That which costs us most we value most; that which is acquired with ease is readily relinquished. That which comes to us without struggle we have the least regret in parting with, but that which is the result of labor, long and continued, of effort, through doubt and danger, becomes inexpressibly valuable to us, and we relinquish it only upon the extreme necessity of an overpowering force.

Never were liberties dearer to any people than to the American people, nor secured through severer trials and greater hardships. Knowing what it cost to establish them our forefathers valued them, and we, emerging from the second struggle to maintain them, set a value upon our institutions which none thoroughly understood except ourselves. Our love for liberty feeds upon the very vigils we have been compelled to keep in maintaining it. And I would have it known to all the world that in this rests the reason for the depth and glow of American patriotism. Had this broad land been given to us, instead of won by us, upon the fundamental principle of the right of men to establish for themselves a system of laws by which they should be governed, there never would have been the first grand record made by the men of the Revolution in establishing a free government, nor ours of later date in maintaining the rich heritage. The principles of genuine National life are not the result of talent or genius,

but rest upon the plain, homely precept of "living honestly, hurting nobody, and rendering to every man his due." The great charter of English liberty was not the creation of powerful nobles in conflict with King John, but sprung from that grand primitive right of man to be a free man. Our great declaration of rights rests on no other foundation than the plain truths which we hold to be self-evident, "That all men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." It is this principle of human liberty that gives to our Republic all those qualities of strength and endurance of which the century just closed proves us to be the favored possessors. It was this Star in the West proclaiming this right of man that caused all the nations to look to us, and to acknowledge our land as the land wherein the free have a dwelling place—the persecuted have an asylum, and the brave have their homes. It is the living principle of our "National Life." Take this single quality from the American Declaration of Independence and you rob it of all that is dear to us or acceptable in the sight of God or men. The proof that you have accomplished the first great object of your toil and dangers (the preservation and renewal of our National life,) rests in the present social and business condition of our country. I do not look for proof of assured thrift and prosperity for my country in the professions of political parties, nor in the attitude of political leaders, but in the bearing and conduct of our people, toward every branch of industry and trade, and in the universal devotion of manly energy to toil. The immense traffic by every means of transportation, both sea and land, marks the increase of our cereal products. The tracks of steel which cross the continent at every angle, and the throbbings of the heart of trade over our heads upon the electric wires which encircle the globe and penetrate every hamlet and port within our shores, attest the thrift and energy of the thousand industries that crowd our land. You are entitled to a share in the credit for these assurances of a second "National Life."

I never was one who thought your return would flood the land with idleness and immorality. And when you did return to your homes, to your waiting wives and glad children, to the girls you loved—and again took up the quiet industries of the farm and forge, the mine and mill—I was not surprised. I remembered that with a patriotism as free as air you had fought for the rights of others, for the nobility of labor, had battled that a mother might own her child, and I felt that you would maintain all these vital principles of your nation's life in peace as well as war. Coming home with this life of the nation saved, as the rich trophy of your conquest, you were met upon the very threshold of your return with the vital question, "What of the nation's honor?" "Shall we voluntarily tax ourselves to pay a nation's debt?" And up from your scarred, dust-brown ranks came the response, as the reply of one man, "Our nation's life is naught to us without our nation's honor." In that supremely vital moment of our peril, mocking at reverses, laughing at poverty, you made a friend of toil and worked, wrought with all of labor's royal sons, that every pledge the nation made might be redeemed, and thereby threw round the globe a shining band of friendship—a girdle of clasped hands—which was the assurance of plain honesty on our part, and has given every promise made in war the ring and gleam of gold.

My Friends, to the volunteer soldiers of our army, the defenders of humanity, the saviors of a nation's life and honor, to those alike who sleep in sunken, unknown graves, whose names are only known to the hearts they loved and left, and who in happy dreams oftentimes fancy they hear the tramp—tramp—tramp of veteran feet, and feel their hearts glow with the

ecstasy of a lost love's return, those who died where lifeless famine mocked at want, to the maimed whose scars give modesty a tongue, to those who gave to chance the care and keeping of their lives, let our heartiest welcome flow. To all the living, to all the dead, let the banquet now be spread.

"On the rocks we read the story
Of the Revolution grand,
Which in ages past and hoary,
Swept o'er mountain, sea and land.

"There we trace the mighty stages—
Of the world's historic times,
And we mark the buried ages,
By their monuments sublime ;

"Out of fiery storms of forces,
Out of cycles never calm,
Nature in her mystic courses,
Shapes the mammal and the palm.

"Through the struggles and the burnings,
Through the storm and frantic strife,
Through the nation's fierce upturnings,
Put we on a fresher life.

"Northern lake and Southern harbor,
Cotton field and prairie wide,
Seaside slope and greenwood arbor,
All shall boast the Union's pride.

"On to years of coming glory,
Through a long triumphal prime,
On through paths of deathless story,
Shall the Union live sublime."

After music from the Flemington Brass Band, Gen. Campbell announced that Capt. Louis Van Blarcom, who was to have delivered the annual address, was necessarily detained at home by urgent and important business, and then spoke as follows:

I am called upon by the programme to state the objects of this Re-union. This is not so simple a task as it might be ; there being very little actual business to be transacted. Perhaps it is one of those cases in which one is justified in judging others by himself, and if I give some expression to the thoughts, feelings and purposes which have brought me here, I may in some measure give voice to those of others.

First then, though possibly not strongest in influence, has been the prospect of meeting here my surviving comrades of that glorious band of soldiers known as the Fifteenth Regiment New Jersey Volunteers. This means much to me. It means not only those who are here, but those who are not ; and especially it means those of our comrades whom we left beneath the sods of the battle-field. One face suggests another, and that still another, until the whole gallant band are here—living and dead. Unfading memory completes the picture with almost instantaneous pencil—fills in the lights as well as the shadows, with wondrous strength and faithful-

ness. I could never see the face of Chaplain Haines, for instance, without seeing close beside him, in vivid outlines, the strong, firm, true, warm-hearted features of our gallant comrade, Major Boeman. And so of hundreds of others whom I would be glad to name did time permit. Yes, hundreds—three hundred and sixty-one faces, invisible to human eyes, look in upon us to-day and challenge our recognition—a challenge not in vain. They belonged to us then, they belong to us still.

And what a band that was! I claim to have seen something of soldiers, regular and volunteer. I would make no invidious comparisons among the various New Jersey Regiments it was my privilege to command. Yet I will match the Fifteenth New Jersey Volunteers with any equal number of men who ever carried the standards of their country. Neither in point of material or achievement need it fear the comparison. Let the pages of history be searched—consider in the light of history every quality that goes to make up the perfect soldier—and I believe the lustre of its fame will not be diminished.

It was fortunate in the harmony which existed among its officers. I fear it was even peculiar in this respect. It might be expected that in an organization which is necessarily arbitrary in its government; with so long and severe an experience in the field, the conflict of will with will would have left some traces of unfriendliness behind. Yet, I believe among those who remain, naught can be found but feelings of the most generous and devoted attachment, and I am quite sure the graves of our family household cover not a single heart-burning.

Surely our friends will pardon us the innocent belief that such a regiment of Jersey soldiers, with such a record, deserves that its history should be written—fully and faithfully written. To this end, at our first re-union one year ago, we appointed Chaplain Haines as the historian of the Regiment. He has kindly undertaken the work: We feel a confidence that the good people of Hunterdon, Warren, Sussex, Morris and Somerset, from which the Regiment was raised, will take such an interest in this work, and subscribe with such liberality for the book, as to make its completion and publication a speedy success.

But it is not each other, only, whom we desire to see.

I did not have the pleasure of joining the regiment at its rendezvous. I joined it soon after, at the depot at Washington, on its way to the famous battle-field of Antietam. It was impossible, however, to be associated with it and not become acquainted with the people of Flemington and vicinity. Though I had never visited this place, the names of many of its people became almost as familiar to me as my own. They must have treated the inchoate Fifteenth well. Every tongue was clamorous with their praises. And it was not the cold commendation which just appreciation accords to the full discharge of duty, but the warm, affectionate homage with which heart responds to heart. I never heard a word of criticism which compels me to qualify this statement.

If you will indulge me in a little truthful pleasantry, I will add that all this was especially true of the young ladies. I could astonish many of them—(of course they are *young* ladies still, for perennial charms make perennial youth, and so it is that ladies never grow old)—possibly make them blush a little, by showing how familiar a total stranger could become with their names. But I should claim their forgiveness for this, justly I think, for I really could not have helped it. There probably was not an officer in the line, field or staff, whose conversation was not exuberant with those figures of speech, and whose face was not illuminated at times with that peculiar light which nothing can inspire but the tenderest of all senti-

ments. The same thing was true of the rank and file, so far as my knowledge went. I deem it safe to say that each member of the regiment was dangerously devoted to at least one of the fair ones of this vicinity, whom he had left behind. All human affections are contagious, and it is not certain that I did not catch the subtle inspiration a little myself.

And now, after nineteen years, they return, the few that remain, to testify their appreciation of all this generous kindness—to give expression to the grateful emotions which still live in their hearts like gurgling fountains, needing only to be touched to make them flow afresh.

And then to be received with open arms, as you have received them to-day, to see in your faces the same welcome, to hear in the words you have addressed to them the same tokens of appreciation with which you once cheered and encouraged them, let me assure you it will re-open many a fountain of deep and delicate feeling—re-awaken many an echo which might have been supposed to have died away in the remote recesses of memory.

The claim of locality also, has been operative, in bringing us here.

It is a mysterious tie that binds us perpetually to the place that has been the scene of some event in our lives specially joyous in its associations, triumphant in its trials, or rich in happy experience. I wonder what young man has ever forgotten the precise spot where the loveliest hand in all the world, was first placed in his with a promise to join him in the voyage of life. What mother has ever ceased to love the trees that shade the dwelling, however humble, in which the feeble cries of her babes first unsealed the fountains of her maternal tenderness? What man has not become attached to the locality which witnessed his hardest struggles and greatest triumphs? And now, here we are, to re-visit the spot which witnessed one of the most solemn acts which can ever take place in the life of any man—where the original members of the Fifteenth Regiment were sworn into the military service of their country.

In the early years of ancient Rome, when men were wanted to fill her depleted legions, they were carefully selected from the best patrician stock. None were accepted but those of the best repute and purest character. To whom but to her choicest youth could the honor and safety of Rome be entrusted? They were gathered to the place of rendezvous, and there, with uplifted hands, they took the sacramental oath which thenceforward devoted them to their country—the *sacramentum*, which has given its name to our most solemn religious rite.

So, too, these young men were gathered from the best patrician stock—the patriotic, liberty-loving blood of the land—selected by the searching test of willing response in public peril. Here, they too, nineteen years ago, took that sacramental oath which devoted them to their country—not for three years only, but for life. Here they called God to witness that they recognized and would discharge that duty which every man owes to his country in its hour of peril—that duty which is above all other duties—that tie which is stronger and more sacred than any other tie—stronger than the relations of parent and child, husband and wife, mother and son, and to which all these must yield—that duty, by virtue of which our very lives belong to our country if needed; they called God to witness that they would defend, with their lives, if need be, that institution called “government,” beneath the protecting shield of which all other institutions exist, without the enfolding arm of which, the school-house, the church, the college, the hospital, the family altar itself—every institution which forms a normal part of organic society—must crumble; every relation of private and domestic life, however sacred, must be dissolved.

Well may they be attached to, and re-visit with interest, the spot where they took this solemn oath. They were baptized with a baptism which none but strong, brave men can bear—a baptism of fire and blood. More than one-third of the original men sealed that oath with their lives. The living, as well as the fallen, have kept their oath. Union and Liberty, "one and inseparable," are preserved to us and for all mankind.

The address was frequently interrupted by applause, and was followed by music, after which the roll was called by the Secretary, and the addresses of those present taken.

The following were found to be present:

FIELD AND STAFF.

General E. L. Campbell,	Trenton.
Major E. W. Davis,	Newark.
Chaplain A. A. Haines,	Hamburg.
Surgeon Geo. R. Sullivan,	Flemington.
Adjutant E. D. Halsey,	Rockaway.

COMPANY A.

William B. Dugan, Arlington.	Samuel Case, Flemington.
John Burr, Lebanon.	Wm. P. Bryan, Rockaway.
John W. Parrish, Trenton.	James Mattison, Flemington.
Lewis Snyder, Stockton.	John P. Collins, Newark.
Nahum Cræger, Glengardner.	Theo. B. Bellis, Flemington.
John S. Grum, Lambertville.	Geo. W. Barton, Three Bridges.
H. P. Johnson, Baritan.	J. N. Danberry, Flemington.
John Yorks, Stanton.	Moses G. Housel, Glengardner.
Wm. D. Clark, Plainfield.	Geo. S. Beavers, Bedminster.

COMPANY B.

Lt. Wm. S. Earls, (3d), Morristown.	Henry H. Hoffman, South Orange.
Jacob Redinger, Hackettstown.	John Allen, Trenton.
James McDud, Mt Olive.	

COMPANY C.

Silas P. Genung, Afton.	Jacob L. Mattor, Rockaway.
Israel D. Lunn, Chatham.	John W. Thompson, Morristown.
Charles H. Guerin, Morristown.	John A. Clift, Morristown.
Edward A. Doty, Morristown.	Philip French, White House.
Manuel Johnson, Morristown.	

COMPANY D.

Lt. John R. McCauley, Susquehanna Depot, Pa.	Sgt. Peter S. Gunderman, Hamburg.
	Richard D. Kelly, Vernon.

COMPANY E.

Lt. J. W. Mullery, Warwick, N. Y.	Abraham D. Baird, Flaggtown.
Wm. H. Dolliver, Neshanic.	Jas. V. D. Voorhees, Somerville.
James V. N. Cornell, Readington.	Isaac Porter, Three Bridges.
Benj. T. Moulton, North Branch.	J. V. Van Cleef, Plainville.
Thomas N. Stout, Lamington.	John T. S. Van Doren, Millstone.
Peter C. Peterson, Reaville.	C. V. N. Wilson, Long Branch.
Noah W. Dunham, Passaic.	Peter Hardcastle, Somerville.

COMPANY F.

Lt. John H. Vanderveer, Chester.	John Williamson, Flanders.
Lawrence H. Wise, German Valley.	Daniel Morgan, Rockaway.
Lewis H. Salmon, Hackettstown.	J. L. Larrison, Schooley's Mountain.
Wm. H. H. Emmons, New Vernon.	James M. Engle, Clarksville.

COMPANY G.

Capt. Wm. H. Slater, Washington, D. C.	Wm. Ashcroft, Frenchtown.
Lt. J. J. Lair, Lambertville.	Edward Hill, Somerville.
George Shrope, Jersey City.	Barney Duffy, Everetts town.
Peter Smith, Flemington.	John Boccock, W. Stockbridge, Mass.
F. C. Robinson, Stockton.	Jacob Ulmer, Stockton.
Wm. H. Cawley, Raritan.	Levi Wertz, Hopewell.
Samuel Myers, Frenchtown.	Samuel Statlen, Frenchtown.
James Myers, Frenchtown.	Morris Coyle, Stanton.
Wilson Housel, Everetts town.	Wood Denson, Hopewell.
Harman Bush, Trenton.	Samuel Hoft, Everetts town.
	Thomas Sheridan, Flemington.

COMPANY H.

Lt. Manuel Kline, Trenton.	Leonard Snyder, New Hampton.
J. M. Andrews, New Market.	Lawrence Cravat, Pleasant Grove.
Jacob Snyder, Rahway.	Peter Weyant, New Hampton.
William Howard, Ashbury.	William Forester, New Hampton.
	Henry Alvord, Somerville.

COMPANY I.

1st Lt. C. Anderson, Port Jervis, N. Y.	John D. Space, Dover.
J. C. Chamberlain, Allamuchy.	James P. Kelly, Dover.
N. W. Savacool, Allamuchy.	Jas. S. McCarter, Middlesex, N. Y.
Stephen Gordon, Newark.	Thomas Cole, Port Jervis.
George W. Drake, Newark.	Alonzo Reed, Goshen.

COMPANY K.

David Webb, Hamburg.	Jesse Mullery, Bayonne.
J. B. Robinson, Port Jervis, N. Y.	David Cassidey, Newburg, N. Y.

The Glee Club sang "God save our noble Union," and letters from Capt. Van Blarcom, Quartermaster Lowe Emerson, William S. Seguire, Co. H, Gabriel Demarest, of Flint, Michigan, E. Rynearson, Co. C, and others were received.

Gen. Campbell then said, "There were in the army chaplains and there were—chaplains, (laughter.) I have heard of one who never was known to visit a sick man but once during his term of service, and then he cheated him out of his blanket before he left him. I cannot vouch for the truth of the story, but I can vouch for the man I have the pleasure to call upon now."

Chaplain Haines came forward and was greeted with prolonged applause. He spoke as follows:

SPEECH OF CHAPLAIN HAINES.

I have no address to make you.

But come around me, men, and let me look you in your faces, and listen if you will, to something of my talk.

After nineteen years, we have come again to where we entered the National service and became a part of the army of the United States. It seems but yesterday that we were standing here, when our ranks were full, and more youthful blood coursed within our veins. Fewer, and fainter perhaps, we grow, with the lapse of years, but something of the old fire burns within, and kindles afresh at our re-union.

Our Regiment still survives. It is our glory that we belonged to it. Our hearts rejoice to-day, and fill with enthusiasm as of old, when we gather again.

Comrades! I make you my salutation. I would ever stand with uncovered head in the presence of you, who have empty sleeves or wear wooden legs, whose flesh was torn with bullets and shell, and whose blood dropped on Virginia soil.

We call our Company rolls to-day. But of the thousand who once kept step with us as we marched through the streets of this town, only one hundred and ten answer to their names, while the large majority have crossed the bourne from whence no traveler returns. But we will keep their memories fresh and green. We remember well their expressive countenances, their manly bearing, and their courageous words.

Let us close our eyes for the moment to the immediate present. We will let imagination have play. Again we see the camp of Fair Oaks peopled as of old with a full battalion. There is the long line on the dress-parade, and officers and men in their new bright uniforms. Pipes and drums are sounding on the air, and ten hundred bayonets glisten in the sun. Brave hearts, and loving hearts, and true, are beating beneath those blue jackets. They have bidden farewell to mothers, sisters and betrothed; and sons and brothers hurry to take their places in line and pledge allegiance to freedom's cause.

And now we are here again, the survivors, a little broken band, but the Fifteenth Regiment still. We who pledge love and faith to one another—who treasure hallowed memories, and whose friendship has been cemented by sacrifice, privation and blood. We have stood shoulder to shoulder in the shock of battle, and gone side by side when the wild charge was made. The whistling bullet has often struck our comrades down, and the bursting shell plunged through our ranks; but tell me who can, when was the hour that ever the Fifteenth faltered, or turned in flight before the enemy.

I remember one gallant Company that belonged to the Fifteenth. It is the glory of Flemington that she sent Company A to the field.

Lambert Boeman was its Captain. When at Cedar Creek he fell, leading the Tenth Regiment, which he then commanded; the bullet which took his life, stopped the pulsations of a brave and generous heart.

There was Lieutenant Justice, its first Orderly Sergeant. I recall the bloody charge at Spotsylvania, when brave as a lion, he leaped on the rebel parapet at the salient, and waving his sword, shouted to the men to rally there. A Confederate prisoner picked up a musket and shot him down, and he fell over within the works.

There was dear Paul Kuhl, its second Orderly Sergeant, killed on the same day. Shot in the leg at first, he had bound the limb with his handkerchief, and twisted it with a ram-rod, to stay the flow of blood. But when our forces retired, Confederate sharpshooters riddled his body with bullets.

There was David Eugene Hicks, our first Color Sergeant. I see him now as he stood grasping his colors, and ready to step forth as the order should come. As the sun was going down, into the dark woods of Salem Heights we charged. But through that broad forehead, a bullet pierced him to the brain, and Hicks fell. From his dying hand, Rubadeau caught up the flag, and henceforth bore it, our second Color Sergeant.

Have you forgotten Captain James Bullock, who perished at sea, on the steamer "Gen. Lyon," when his vessel burned off Cape Hatteras; as it was carrying recruits to the South? Who can forget his eloquent words, when the enlisted men of the regiment gave a magnificent sword to Col. Campbell, and chose Bullock for their orator?

There were Voorhees and Jackson, Duncan and Runkle, and all who fell in battle; names more than time permits me to mention. Give us wide space on the records of fame. Make room, I say, for an hundred names. Honor to noble Company A.

There was another Company I cannot forget; and Hackettstown gave us Company B. This one-legged Captain behind me, McDanolds, led it in most every fight, till he could lead it no longer.

Do you see this little hymn book all stained? It was soaked with the red blood that poured from the warm heart of a man from Company B. You must remember well that tall, yellow-haired boy, James D. Baylor. Gallantly he behaved in that forlorn and useless charge we made at Alsops on the evening of May 8th, 1864. He helped me with the wounded when the battle was over, and we were almost captured when we ventured into the enemy's line to find our men among the laurel bushes. Four days later, and Baylor was instantly killed, shot through the heart, on the spot where Justice fell, and Paul Kuhl breathed his last.

There was John L. Young, Corporal of the Color Guard, a lovely Christian boy. Mortally wounded, he crawled behind some trees, and there with clasped hands, in the very attitude of prayer, gave up his youthful life on the same field of Spottsylvania.

There was Joseph Baker, wounded way down on the left, at the second Fredericksburg battle, May 3d, 1863. Swayze and the drummers dragged him from the rifle pits, under fire, and brought him to me, with a wound through the knee. His last words to me were, "Chaplain, don't let them cut my leg off." He suffered amputation that night in the hospital, and expired on the way to Washington.

There was Company C. They are worthy of mention, and Morristown gave them.

Ira J. Lindsley was its manly Captain. Always ready, careful of his men, and attentive to duty. In our first fight he narrowly escaped; one bullet found its way under both arms and across his chest, cutting a line through all his clothing and just marking the skin. But on the night at Salem Heights, another bullet did fatal work, and he fell dead in the woods the enemy afterwards fired.

There was Samuel Rubadeau, our second Color Sergeant, who carried the flag from the moment that Hicks fell, till a bullet from a sharp-shooter penetrated his manly bosom, at almost the same instant that General Sedgwick, a few feet distant, dropped dying from his horse.

What a story might we weave, as we tell how Van Houten fell, and

Brokaw, and Trelease, of Day, Fenner, Gage, Andrew Genung and Hiler; of Storms and Shipman, and of all the rest who made up this brave Company C.

Company D was recruited in the little village of Lafayette, just on the borders of my present congregation.

James Walker was its Captain, and he always went where he was sent, and he carried Company D with him. I found his body where he fell, at Spottsylvania, with his face to the foe, and a bullet in his brain.

Major E. W. Davis was its first Orderly Sergeant, who deservedly rose till he commanded the regiment.

Company D gave us two one-legged Captains, Van Blarcom and McDanolds, who survive, honored men to-day.

I could strew the grave of Sandford Simmons with flowers. So forgetful of self, so ready to help others in need, so willing and brave, I remember him a noble, fair haired boy. The Drummers brought him to me, May 8th, 1864, with his shoulder shattered by a bullet. I opened his jacket, and cut his shirt, and wiped the blood away, as he told me of the love of Jesus in his heart and his readiness to die.

There was Joshua D. Banker, who fell at Salem Heights, tall and handsome, whose soldiery bearing I remember well marching by my horse's side, as we moved to the battle-field, where he received the bullet which instantly killed him.

What a noble roll has Company D, with such names as Wilbur Harris, Watson Chambers, Leonard Decker, Martin Fredericks, and a score of others I could recall, whose early death sent sorrow through our ranks.

Somerville holds the honor of sending Company E to the Union army. Who that ever knew him, has forgotten Captain John H. Vanderveer, who would go into a fight when he had the typhoid fever, as the Surgeon told him; who resigned in consequence of wounds received, and died at home.

Joseph Van Derveer, its first Orderly Sergeant, was the tallest man in the regiment, and every inch a soldier too. Premature death at White Oak Church, cut short a career that promised brilliancy and usefulness.

There was Captain Ellis Hamilton, its first 2d Lieutenant, who not yet 20 years of age, died from wounds received in the Wilderness, with words of patriotism and faith upon his lips.

Well you remember Voorhees Wyckoff, promoted Sergeant-Major of the Regiment, who, to the sorrow of us all, fell at bloody Cold Harbor. All night he lay unconscious at my feet, with a bullet in his brain, and at sunrise expired.

There was Sergeant Nevius, a student of Rutgers College, who left his books to enlist, and fell at Salem Heights.

There was Corporal Van Cleef, who, severely wounded five times in as many engagements, refused to be discharged, and continued in the service until the war was ended.

William C. E. Gulick was foremost when they advanced the skirmish-line on May 10th, at Spottsylvania. I saw when the line moved up the slope, and the Confederate fire was reserved till they could pour their bullets into the very hearts of our Fifteenth men. More than twenty-four hours Gulick lay wounded on the field in front of the rebel breastwork. At night he crawled down a little, and the next day our boys could reach him, and just as Colonel Penrose sent me the order to move the hospital in haste, they brought me Gulick on an old door. Whilst the bullets were flying over our heads, and the rear guard leaving us, I opened his clothing to the wound and said, "Gulick, I think it is mortal." But in a clear

voice he replied, "Chaplain, I am not afraid to die." We hurried him to an ambulance. I told his story to Colonel Penrose, and he issued an order, while Gulick lay dying, that he should be promoted Sergeant for gallantry on the field.

From the village of Chester came that gallant band, Company F. Look at that Confederate flag that hangs behind you on the wall—it was captured by Company F.

Sergeant Carlisle fell dead amid the awful scenes of Cold Harbor. As they laid him in his soldier grave, sharp-shooters fired at the little company, and a comrade fell lifeless upon his body, and they buried them both together.

Sergeant Charles Milligan had been absent on duty, elsewhere. The evening of his return, he came to my quarters and told me of his determination to live for Christ and heaven. In the grey of the next morning we moved out to the battle of Opequan. Almost the first slain was Milligan, acting as Orderly Sergeant. A comrade buried him where he fell, while full in sight the Sixth Corps and General Torbert with his cavalry were sweeping over the plain to the capture of Winchester.

I found the dead body of George D. Folds on the field of May 12th, with Testament and hymn book in his blouse's pocket, and the verse marked,

"No more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done,
I quit the hopes I held before
To trust the merits of thy son."

I remember James Sprague, shot down while we supported a battery way down on the left, at Fredericksburg, Sunday morning, May 3d, 1863. We could only carry our wounded, and left our dead. He lay there in his young manhood, in the bright sun, as we hurried off to our second combat of the same day at Salem Heights.

From the vicinity of the Delaware river came Company G, and Frenchtown claims them as her own.

This one-legged man, Captain Slater, was the first in the regiment to suffer amputation on the Fredericksburg field, December 13th, 1862.

Michael Mulvey was the first man of the regiment who fell by the enemy's fire. They say he shot the man who killed him, and both fell dead at the same instant.

First Sergeant William D. Trimmer was killed at Alsops, Sergeants McKenzie Thompson and Jacob Thatcher, at Spottsylvania. Others fell at the same places and at Salem Heights, Winchester, Middletown, and down to our last combat.

As Company G gave the first man, so I think it gave the last man of our number who fell in battle, John J. Wyckoff, who expired just before Lee's surrender.

All honor to Washington that recruited Company H. In peril and hardship they bore their part.

Orderly Sergeant Brewer was killed at Fisher's Hill, and we buried him at night when the fight was over.

John Mowder was Color Sergeant, and bore the flag of Hicks and Rubadeau, through the Shenandoah Valley. The early morning hour at Cedar Creek, so fatal to many of our comrades, saw him stumble and fall. Right over the flag, he lay, as though he would shield it with his corpse. Almost every one of the Color Guard was slain, and the rest were wounded. Peter Gunderman, of Company D, who was in the Color Guard all through the

three years and never lost his flag, carried the National colors. But the other, covered by Mowder's body, was unnoticed till the line fell back, and Confederates stripped the slain. Then our flag was found by them, but was re-captured, and returned by General Torbert the next day.

Newton gave us Company I.

Its first 1st Lieutenant, Captain Cornelius C. Shimer, was killed at Spottsylvania, in the charge of May 12th, and was buried on the field.

Lieut. William W. Vanvoy was killed in the same action. He was wounded first, ordered to go to the rear, when another bullet struck him in the head, and he fell dead.

Sergeant Jones was killed at Salem Heights. Sergeant Simpson and Corporals Case and Fritz, at Spottsylvania. And wherever the battle raged the fiercest, from the first Fredericksburg to Cedar Creek, Company I left her dead—the truest testimony to their daring.

Company K was raised at Hamburg and its vicinity. It gave the regiment its first Sergeant-Major, John I. Fowler, who refused to dodge the bullets when we were sent to hold the Fredericksburg railroad. Struck by a sharp-shooter's missile, he bled to death December 13th, 1862.

Lieut. John Fowler came back from the Ambulance Corps to join his Company on the eve of a fight, and fell at Salem Heights, and from the dark thicket where he lay we never could find and bear his remains away.

Captain Henry M. Fowler, a boy of 16 years when he entered the service, the bravest of the brave, had a romantic experience, as well as painful, in wounds, capture and escape. He died at New Orleans of yellow fever, from devotion to his trust. He refused to flee the epidemic and remained and worked for others till the foul disease struck him down.

Martin C. Van Gelder, one of my school-mates, was its first Orderly Sergeant. A mortal wound was received by him on May 8th, 1864. They bore him back with a bullet through his lungs, only to linger a few days and die at Fredericksburg.

James Cassidy, Chileon Brown, Monmouth Boyd, Andrew Doyle, are names of men I recall, who shed their life's blood in devotion to their country. Little Johnnie Pittenger was as brave a boy as ever carried a canteen.

I remember once, the order came to Colonel Campbell to name some who had shown special courage in recent battles. He returned answer, "My whole command has done so well, I cannot commend a few without injustice to the rest."

My tongue may weary, my memory fail, my hand tire, but let some better qualified, take up the mallet and the chisel, and blazen on the column of glory a thousand names. Honor to each Company. With equal pride we remember all. Join with them our Field and Staff. What could we ever have done without Lieutenant-Colonel Edward L. Campbell for our commander? If ever I am sick or wounded, I ask no kinder physician or more skillful surgeon than Dr. George R. Sullivan. Adjutant's Clerk, Sergeant-Major, Regimental Adjutant, we had no more hard working man, and faithful and competent, than Edmund D. Halsey.

Then take the Drum Corps, my own particular command in every fight; they carried off the wounded and buried the dead, and went with me everywhere.

These, all together, did their part, and made up the Fifteenth Regiment in all that it was, and in all that it did.

Attention! Listen to orders, men!

By the grace of God I charge you to meet me at the Grand Union which will shortly be held in a better country. Some of our comrades have

already gone up to glory. Meet them at God's right hand. So make your resolutions, so order your lives, that when Jesus Christ, the Captain of our Salvation, shall open the book of life and go over the Roll Call of his own, not one of you shall be left out, but every one shall answer, "Here, Lord, am I."

If never before, decide now, for Christ, for heaven, for life eternal.

Men of the Fifteenth, may the blessing of God rest upon you all. Amen.

At the close of the Chaplain's remarks, Sergeant Peter S. Gunderman, who bore the National colors after the 12th of May, 1864, and who served his whole time in the guard, and Sergeant W. H. H. Emmons, who had served in the guard after July, 1863, except when absent, wounded, were introduced by Gen. Campbell to the audience, and seated upon the platform. The rebel flag, captured by Sergeant Larrison on the 10th of May, was fastened up in a conspicuous position in the Hall and excited great attention.

Dr. Welling, formerly Surgeon of the Eleventh N. J. Volunteers, made a very happy and neat speech, and Col. Curliss, of the Ninth N. J. Volunteers, being called upon, bowed his acknowledgments.

James Dolliver recited Sheridan's Ride, after which Gen. Campbell explained the part the First Brigade took in the Cedar Creek battle—how the line of the Corps was formed and retired—and the false impressions conveyed by that famous ballad. It was here that Major Boeman, commanding the Tenth New Jersey, was killed.

After music by the band, Lieut. Kline offered a resolution that the President, Treasurer and Secretary of the Organization be re-elected, and that the President appoint ten members of the Regiment, one from each Company, who with the officers, should form the Executive Committee, and that the time and place of the next meeting, be determined upon by them, which was unanimously carried. The officers so elected are:

GENERAL EDWARD L. CAMPBELL,	President.
CHAPLAIN A. A. HAINES,	Treasurer.
ADJUTANT E. D. HALSEY,	Secretary.

The Glee Club sang, "Where Liberty Dwells is my Country," which was encored, and the Club sang "Year of Jubilee."

Colonel Davis was here brought forward by the President and received with cheers.

While insisting that there were one hundred and fifteen men present who knew he never made a speech in his life, he made what the audience justly thought a good beginning. He reminded the audience of the speech of Webster at Bunker Hill, to the survivors of the Revolutionary war—"Venerable men, you have come down to us from a former generation." And as we note the gray hairs on almost every head; and the comparative fewness of our numbers, that in a few years this remark could be applied to us. But, said he, no one of the men whose heads have been turned by

the trying scenes of that three years' service, or the sickness or trouble which sprung from it, ever regretted the oath he took. I would not exchange the experience of those three years for a hundred years of common life.

The night before the attack of the 12th of May, four line officers were bivouacking in the same tent. They talked of the prospects of the coming day and the result to them personally. Within a few hours one of that number (Capt. Walker) was killed—two were wounded, and I alone was left. No one could go through such scenes as these and not be an altered man.

The General, at the conclusion of Col. Davis' remarks, brought forward a box containing a handsome sword, presented to him by the men of the regiment, February 22d, 1864. He introduced it with a little pleasantry as to his first experience with the regiment on their first hard march. He said he noticed the tendency to straggle, natural to a new regiment, and believing the first lesson was always longest remembered, determined to make it a good one. "I think the men after it, did not love me for a long time, and in fact, some whispers to that effect reached me. (Laughter.) But I resolved that they should learn that day what they would have to do for three years. The regiment marched into camp the second day with every man in his set of fours. The men soon understood that the lesson was for their good, and as a proof of it—I take it—on an afternoon at Brandy Station, the Adjutant, who had insisted on having a parade that afternoon rather against original instructions, requested permission for the line to remain for a few minutes before being dismissed. The ranks opened and from the centre advanced Corporal, afterwards Captain Bullock, supported by two men, bearing this box and its contents. The Corporal made a handsome speech of presentation on behalf of the men of the regiment, who were the donors. I assure you it was an event to be proud of. Captain Bullock afterwards perished at sea, on board the ill-fated "General Lyon," which was burned off the coast of North Carolina."

Captain Slater, who had lost his leg at the first Fredericksburg fight, here made a short speech, detailing an incident in his experience, when first on picket at Tenallytown. He spoke of the consideration paid the soldier here and at Washington, and how grateful the manifest enthusiasm of the people here was to the battered soldier.

Adjutant Halsey offered the following resolution, which was adopted, and ordered to be telegraphed to Washington:

"As we recall with sorrow the condition of our Chief Magistrate, we express our sympathy with him in these dark days of suffering and trial, and lift our hearts in supplication to High Heaven, that he may be raised up from his bed of sickness, and his life be spared for many years of usefulness in the service of his country."

The resolution was telegraphed accordingly to Col. Rockwell.

Lieut. Kline offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted—but the name of Mr. Miller Kline was added to them, to whom thanks were due for hospitality so generously tendered :

Resolved, That the thanks of the Fifteenth Regiment New Jersey Volunteers be and they are hereby tendered to the Flemington Quintette Club, for their very excellent music on this occasion.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Association be tendered to the ladies of Flemington and vicinity for the fine collation furnished by them.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Association be also extended to John C. Hopewell, Esq., for his many courtesies upon this occasion.

During the meeting, a pamphlet containing the first chapter of the forthcoming history of the regiment, was circulated as specimen leaves, and subscription papers distributed, headed as follows :

“WHEREAS, the Rev. A. A. Haines, of Hamburg, Sussex county, N. J., late Chaplain of the Fifteenth Regiment N. J. Vols., has been appointed historian of that regiment by an Association of the surviving members of the same, and requested to prepare a complete and faithful history thereof for publication ; and whereas, the Rev. Mr. Haines cannot safely incur the necessary labor and expense without some guaranty of the return of the same ; and whereas, said book, when published, is to be sold at a fair trade price, and not to cost more than \$1.50 ; now, therefore, we the undersigned, do hereby agree to take and pay for the number of volumes set opposite our respective names, upon delivery to us when the same shall be published.”

It is expected that members of the regiment will obtain the names of those who desire to have the book, and return the papers, signed, to Adjutant E. D. Halsey, at Morristown. That Chaplain Haines has been willing to undertake the task is sufficient guaranty as to the value the book will have, and no one interested in the regiment will do without it.

It was now half-past four, and the meeting adjourned to Humphrey's hotel, where the annual dinner took place, which was an enjoyable occasion.

After dinner many of the veterans visited the old camp ground, just north of the town, where they were sworn in, and very many paid respect to the memory of Major Boeman by visiting his grave. No man in the regiment was more beloved than he, and no one better entitled to the name of the true Christian soldier.

The whole re-union was a success. The arrangements throughout were admirable, for which too much credit cannot be given Messrs. Kline, Matison and Shrope, and the rest who had it in charge. The greatest enthusiasm was everywhere manifested, and as the evening trains took the veterans to their respective homes, each one felt that the day had been a grand one and one he would not have missed.