



# VETERAN ASSOCIATION

OF THE

Thirteenth Regt. New Jersey Volunteers.

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TENTH REUNION,

HELD AT

NEWARK, N. J.,

Wednesday, September 18, 1895.

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NEWARK, N. J.

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATION.

1895.



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

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“There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours,  
Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers,  
And true lovers' knots I ween;  
The girl and the boy are bound by a kiss,  
But there's never a bond, old friend, like this—  
We have drunk from the same canteen !”



By the voluntary generosity and liberality of quite a number of the *members of this Association* the Committee in charge of preparations for our tenth reunion were enabled to provide for a much more elaborate entertainment than had previously been anticipated, and to secure the use of an assembly room, supper room and separate reception rooms for guests of the Association and of individual members under the same roof, and in accordance with the apparent wishes of all, to arrange to have wives and daughters and other members of our families share fully in the whole. In response to the usual notices of the program for the occasion sent to members September 5th, over one hundred members of the Association, with nearly one hundred guests of members, and of the Association, gathered in the rooms of the Essex Lyceum early in the afternoon of the 18th inst, the ladies and other guests occupying at first the reception rooms while the members held their annual business meeting in the assembly room.





# TENTH REUNION.

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## MINUTES.

Business Meeting, Tenth Annual Reunion Veteran Association Thirteenth Regiment New Jersey Volunteers, September 18, 1895. Over one hundred members present.

President Joseph E. Crowell called the meeting to order at 2.30 P. M., as follows :

"Comrades, you will please come to order, as the time has arrived for our business meeting. Let me congratulate you that so many of us are permitted to be present here this afternoon. The number would be considerably larger if those outside would only step in. Will some comrade near the doors kindly inform those outside that the meeting has commenced? To make it more sociable, and in order that all may hear, it would be better if the comrades occupied the front seats of the hall."

These requests having being complied with, the President said: "Once more, comrades, let me congratulate you that we have such a large attendance. We will now call upon our Chaplain to render thanks to God for this great privilege."

Rev. A. M. Harris, Chaplain, then offered prayer;

"Our Father who art in Heaven, we draw near to thee with gratitude and thanksgiving at this, our annual reunion. We have gathered from our homes and places of business to greet each other and recall the deeds and memories of the past. Gently hast thou dealt with us in the preservation of life and the keeping of us in health and strength. During the year a number of our comrades have fallen in

death; others have passed through sorrows and afflictions. Be near the afflicted, to comfort and sustain, and grant thy richest blessing upon the bereaved. May thy blessing rest upon us as an organization; direct us in our business and make our social intercourse of profit to all. Bless this land of ours. Give our rulers wisdom, and may the spirit of patriotism rest upon them and be the moving principle of all their actions. Be unto us a Guide and Guard. Help us to live for thee, and when thou shalt call us away, receive us into everlasting habitations, where we shall dwell with thee forever. We ask it in the name of Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen."

Secretary Delano reported that the minutes of last annual meeting were printed, and a copy mailed to each member of the Association last December.

On motion, the minutes as printed were approved, and reading them at this time omitted.

Secretary also reported that in consequence of the inability of three of the Executive Committee appointed September 1894, to serve, three others were appointed in their places; the Committee now being, George W. Lawrence, Daniel T. Hendrickson, William H. Van Iderstine, William B. Jacobus and James O. Smith.

He also reported information received of the deaths since last meeting of comrades Thomas Bishop, of Company A., July 1890, at Middletown, O.; William W. Cairns of Company F., March 1895, at Newark, N. J.; Thomas Montgomery of Company A., May 1895, at Newark, N. J.; Joseph H. Pewtner of Company C., September 1895, at Paterson, N. J.; Joseph L. Wade of Company E., September 1895, at Irvington, N. J.

He also read letters from each of our honorary members, and Colonel A. B. Smith, of the 150th Regiment New York Volunteers; George W. Williams, Secretary Veteran

Association, 150th Regiment, New York Volunteers; Chas. A. Hopkins and Joseph B. Wilde of the Thirteenth Regiment New Jersey Volunteers; and notices of annual reunions of 107th New York Volunteers Regiment Association on 17th inst., at Elmira, New York, and 3d Wisconsin Veteran Volunteers Association on 18th, 19th, and 20th inst., at Fond Du Lac, Wisconsin.

On motion, ordered that these letters be read again at the entertainment this evening; and that the Corresponding Secretary acknowledge the letters from the Regimental Association of the 150th New York and the notices of reunions of the 107th New York, and 3d Wisconsin, extending the greetings of this Association.

Treasurer James E. Garabrant reported:

Sept. 19, 1894, Balance reported by Treasurer Wheeler.....	\$ 7.81
Received afterwards by Treasurer Wheeler, annual dues and arrearages for 1894.....	145.00
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Amount transferred to Treasurer Garabrant.....	\$152.81

RECEIPTS.

From Fritz Trepkau, Orange.....	\$ 58.55
Annual Dues for 1895 and Arrearages.....	104.00
Donations from members of the Association toward Expense of Tenth Reunion.....	85.00
For Supper Tickets.....	20.00
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	\$267.55
	<hr/>
	\$420.36

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid S. M. Hulin, printing reports of last Reunion, Badges for same, Annual Notices, &c., &c.....	\$ 97.88
Paid A. Delano for Envelopes, Postal Cards, Stamps, &c. for Tenth Reunion.....	26.26
Paid Strobel, Floral Shield.....	5.00
Paid S. M. Hulin, Badges &c., for Tenth Reunion.....	28.33
	<hr/>
	\$157.47
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Balance Sept. 18, 1895.....	\$262.89

*Tenth Reunion of the*

Motion was seconded and carried, that the report be accepted and spread on minutes.

(Treasurer Garabrant made a supplementary statement October 30th as below):

Balance reported Sept. 18th, as above.....	\$262.89
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## RECEIPTS SINCE.

Annual Dues 1895, and Arrearages.....	\$ 34.00	
Donations from Members toward Expenses Tenth Reunion	45.00	
For Supper Tickets.....	53.00	
	<u>132.00</u>	\$132.00
		<u>\$394.89</u>

## DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid Voss' Orchestra.....	\$ 27 00	
“ for Use of Muskets.....	1.50	
“ for Stamps, &c.....	3.00	
“ G. W. Lawrence, Sundry Bills.....	10.50	
“ Newark L. B. & N. Co.....	3.90	
“ Allen, for Supper.....	205.00	
“ Rent of Lyceum.....	40 00	
	<u>290 90</u>	\$290 90
Balance Oct. 30th, 1895.....		<u>\$103.99</u>

Joseph Colyer of Company D, J. H. Titsworth of Company B and T. J. Marshall of Company A were then elected members of the Association.

President Crowell appointed as Committee to report not more than three places from which the Association might select for the Eleventh Annual Reunion: Comrades J. O. Smith, Grant A. Wheeler, J. C. Stansfield, D. T. Hendrickson and James H. Jacobus. Under a suspension of the rules, the Committee reported unanimously in favor of Jersey City; and on motion, duly seconded and carried, the Association resolved that the Eleventh Annual Reunion be held at Jersey City, and the Committee discharged.

Comrade James O. Smith proposed for honorary membership Mr. J. R. Salmon.

General F. H. Harris cordially endorsed the proposition, referring to the valuable service that in the past years had been freely given by Mr. Salmon as stenographer at our reunions.

Mr. Salmon was unanimously elected.

Comrade George W. Lawrence, for the Executive Committee, made a verbal report of what arrangements the Committee had made. He said that it had become his lot to "take the reins;" that the Committee had endeavored to do their best for the enjoyment of the Association on this occasion. In conclusion he said: "You want a good time, you deserve to have it, and I trust that you will have it."

On motion, Resolved, that the thanks of the Association be tendered to the Committee in anticipation of their discharge at the close of this reunion.

Election of Officers :

President appointed as tellers, Comrades B. Livingstone and J. C. Stansfield.

Thomas R. Devor was nominated for President and unanimously elected.

Being asked if he would accept, said that as he was in the line of promotion, he was not surprised that his generous comrades should elect him to this, the highest position in their gift; and that he would accept the position feeling that he had a very easy task to perform, as the men he had to command were not raw recruits, difficult to control, but were well disciplined soldiers and veterans in right doing.

John T. Denmead was nominated for Vice President and unanimously elected.

James E. Garabrant was nominated for Treasurer and unanimously re-elected.

Comrade James O. Smith addressed the meeting, complimenting the Recording Secretary for his services since the inception and organization of this Association over

nine years ago, and offered a motion, duly seconded and carried, that the Corresponding Secretary cast the vote of the Association for the re-election of A. Delano for Recording Secretary, for the tenth time, and that when the ballot is cast, all the members rise and remain standing until after the tellers announce the ballot cast; which was done.

Secretary Delano acknowledged the compliment, saying:

Such good-will, so heartily and unanimously expressed, is extremely gratifying to me; coming from so many of the acquaintances made on march and battlefield during the service of the Thirteenth Regiment over thirty years ago.

My oldest grandson, nearly nine years old, is quite proud that he can say he is a grandson of a veteran, and every year wants me to tell him all about our reunion.

A short time ago he asked me why they did not elect me President of this Association. I told him because I thought that I could be of more service as Secretary.

He asked me what salary they paid the Secretary.

I answered him, as General Horatio C. King, Secretary of the Society of the Potomac, said that he answered a similar inquiry: "Nothing—and they double it every year!"

I feel at present as though I had been repaid several hundred times over.

S. Morris Hulin was nominated for Corresponding Secretary and Historian and unanimously re-elected.

Rev. A. M. Harris was nominated for Chaplain and unanimously re-elected.

President Crowell appointed as the Executive Committee for next reunion: Comrades John Grimes, Post Office address, Snake Hill, Jersey City, N. J.; Daniel F. Shea, 174 Newark Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.; Andrew Jackson, 65 Bright Street, Jersey City, N. J.; William W. Douglas, 57 Belmont Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.; William R. Neil, 164 Mercer Street, Jersey City, N. J.

At 4 P. M. recess was declared for general social gathering.

ering in the assembly room, of members of the Association, with their wives and other members of their families, and the invited guests of the Association. Nearly two hours were spent in social greetings and renewals of old acquaintances, etc., etc.

During recess Treasurer Garabrant accepted initiation fees and dues, \$2 each, from Frank W. Dennis and Charles M. Dennis, of Company A, for membership, but through a misunderstanding, they were not proposed to, nor elected by, the meeting.

At 6 P. M., the whole assembly, over one hundred members of the Association, with about sixty ladies, and the invited guests of the Association, nearly two hundred in all, repaired to the supper room.

When all were seated, President Crowell said :

Ladies and gentlemen and comrades :

Kindly remain quiet for a few moments while the Chaplain returns thanks for Heaven's graciousness in permitting so many of the old comrades and their friends to participate in this reunion, so many years after the war. Chaplain Harris, will you invoke the divine blessing?

Chaplain Harris :

With grateful hearts we acknowledge thee, our Father, as our Guide and Leader, and we thank thee for permitting us to gather in this reunion. We ask thy blessing to descend upon each one of us individually and help us to receive these bounties with thankful hearts, and in all things to glorify thy name. We ask it through Christ.

The supper, provided by "Allen," was then served, and the utmost good humor prevailed.

After coffee and cigars, at 7.30 P. M., all present repaired again to the assembly room, where the evening entertainment began. Voss' Orchestra was present and favored the audience with some of their finest selections during the evening.

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President Crowell:

Comrades, ladies and gentlemen :

On behalf of the Thirteenth Veteran Association I bid you one and all a hearty welcome here to-night to our tenth annual reunion. We are specially pleased to see so many ladies present, more than ever before. (Applause.)

There are so many good speakers coming to-night that I will not prolong my opening remarks, and simply wish to bid you welcome to the reunion of the old regiment that is growing rapidly smaller year by year, and it will soon be gone entirely.

These reunions cannot last much longer, and each one, as the years pass by, becomes more dear to us than ever before. Those who were not in the army cannot appreciate this, but they can have an idea of it, and they can enjoy the occasion with us, and I hope that one and all will enjoy it with us as much as the old veterans who served under the unlucky number 13.

Of the fifteen hundred men who went with the regiment and were recruited to it, perhaps not three hundred live; about one hundred and fifty come to or belong to this organization; ten or twenty years from now there will be none left.

The regiment served with the Army of the Potomac, under Sherman in the march from Atlanta to the sea, participated in many hundred miles of marches, twenty battles, and no end of engagements, and was finally mustered out. Why? Because its services were no longer required. The war was over. If it wasn't we would have been there yet. (Applause.) And I might add, ladies and gentlemen, comrades, that if we hadn't been there the war might have been going on yet. (Laughter.)

Again welcoming you to our reunion, and hoping you will all have a good time, I bid you welcome. (Applause.)

I will ask the Secretary to read some letters of regret he has received.

Secretary Delano:

We have four letters from our honorary members, and several from other comrades, names that are well known to every member of this regiment.

BROOKLYN, September 6, 1895.

*A. Delano, Sec'y.:*

*Dear Sir:* I regret very much that a previous engagement will make it impossible for me to accept your kind invitation to attend the reunion of the Veteran Association on the 18th inst.

With best wishes for a successful meeting, I am

Very truly yours,

H. W. SLOCUM.

TRENTON, September 10, 1895.

*A. Delano, Rec. Sec'y.:*

*Dear Sir:* I am in receipt of your favor of the 5th, inviting me to be present at the annual reunion of the Thirteenth New Jersey Veteran Association in Newark, on September 18th. I regret to say that I will then be en route to Chattanooga and Atlanta with the Governor and the Legislative party, who go there to dedicate the National Military Park at Chattanooga. Please express my regret to the Committee.

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM S. STRYKER,

Adjutant General.

ELIZABETH, September 16, 1895.

*A. Delano, Rec. Sec'y.:*

*My Dear Sir:* I regret that engagements in Trenton will prevent my attending the reunion on the 18th instant.

The Thirteenth has become famous for good dinners and enthusiastic reunions. I hope the celebration of this year will be as successful as those that have preceded it.

Permit me as an honorary comrade of the Thirteenth to wish good health, good friends, and good rest to every Veteran of the Regiment.

Faithfully yours,

WILLIAM H. CORBIN.

ELDRED, PA.

*A. Delano, Sec'y.*

*Dear Sir:* Your very kind invitation to attend the tenth annual reunion of the survivors of your regiment is to hand. Kindly give my thanks to the Association for this courtesy.

I have for many years past promised myself the pleasure of again meeting the survivors of your regiment, but something has each year intervened to prevent me. Now it is the death of my son, James N. Duffy, Jr.

Thanking you for the kindly terms of your letter and asking you to do me the favor of conveying my best wishes for the health and happiness of every survivor of the gallant Thirteenth Regiment New Jersey Volunteers,

Yours truly,

JAMES N. DUFFY.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., September 11, 1895.

*A. Delano, Sec'y.*

*Dear Comrade:* Permit me to thank you for your kind invitation to your reunion. I hoped to be present and again look into the faces of brothers in the greatest struggles the world has ever known. Our associations were very pleasant and will never be effaced from our memories. I extend my hearty congratulations to you all, and assure you that the marches and combats we were in together hold only the brightest memories of noble, generous, and heroic devotion to the old flag and our blessed country.

Yours truly,

A. B. SMITH,

Late Col. 150th N. Y. V.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., September 10, 1895.

*A. Delano, Rec. Sec'y.*

*Dear Sir and Comrade:* I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to attend your annual reunion on the 18th inst., for which please accept my thanks and the thanks of the 150th New York Volunteer Association. It is barely possible that some of our members may have the honor of meeting with you, although at present I am unable to state for certain. In any event our hearts will be with you and our good wishes for your Association and its members when they meet to call to mind the days of long ago when we all stood shoulder to shoulder for the defense of our Country.

Very truly yours,

GEO. H. WILLIAMS,

Sec'y 150th N. Y. S. Vol. Regimental Association.

BOSTON, September 7, 1895.

*Mrs. A. Delano, Rec. Sec'y.*

*Dear Sir:* I regret very deeply that I cannot meet with the regiment on its reunion on the 18th, but I have to get into camp once a year, and

find that the last of September and the first of October is the most agreeable time. I am very sorry I cannot be in two places at once.

Each year I think I will give up the trip to the woods and meet with the boys. Mean while, if I cannot be with you in person, I will certainly be with you in spirit, and shall wish each and every one of you long life and all possible prosperity and happiness.

With sincere regards to all, and with best wishes for a successful reunion, I am

Very truly yours,

C. A. HOPKINS.

Secretary Delano:

I might take the liberty of adding that Adjutant Hopkins didn't forget to aid us in another way; helped us along on our reunion very considerably.

ST. LOUIS, MO., August 5, 1895.

*A. Delano, Rec. Sec'y.*

*Dear Comrade:* Notice of the Tenth Annual Reunion of the Thirteenth Veteran Association is before me. Nothing would please me more than to be able to say "I will be with you;" but the distance is great; times are hard; business is dull and the family large; so that I shall be compelled to remain at home.

May you march up to the viands with the same spirit of unrest and determination to have all or none that you displayed in the retaking of that battery at Resaca, and may the women and good looking young girls even do as the Commander of that battery did, clasp you around the waist and weep for joy at your presence

May your teeth (original or purchased) be as well able to masticate the bivalves, cake and ice cream, as they were to penetrate the dark recesses of hard tack issued us on Maryland Heights.

May you return from the feasting with a stronger bond of good-fellowship toward each other and a small corner in each one of your hearts for

Yours in memory of other days,

JAMES B. WILDE.

The reading of each letter was greeted with loud applause.

President Crowell:

Ladies and gentlemen: I understand that our old friend, Dr. Love, has a good hammering in for all hands. He will now hammer us.

(Dr. Love was greeted with loud applause.)

Dr. Love:

Mr. President, comrades, ladies and gentlemen: On behalf of that loyal soldier, that good citizen, that unsurpassed bumper, and that genial gentleman, Mr. James P. Howatt (continued applause) of Brooklyn, I have the honor to-night to present to this Association a mallet, a gavel, of which I will read the following history, if I can:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., September 18, 1895.

*To the President and Members of the 13th N. J. Veteran Asso.*

*Comrades:* This gavel is made from pieces taken from the Confederate Gunboat Savannah, which the members of the regiment who were there will remember used to make us get under cover, or as the boys said gopher holes, when she paid her respects to us. She was blown up by the Confederates when they evacuated Savannah; also wood taken from Rebel Ram Merrimac, which was also blown up by the Confederates. The handle is from the Savannah, the head from the Merrimac. I present it to the organization with the understanding that it be passed from one President of the Association to the other while the organization lasts, and until the time when we are all with the great majority under the ground. You can then turn it in to the State Historical Society where it can be looked upon and admired by the coming generation.

Fraternally and cordially yours,

JAMES P. HOWATT,

Who travelled with the members from the time we left Newark until our return, and rejoiced in our victories and was saddened by our defeats.

We have also the proud record as a corps that we never lost a color or a gun; the old twelfth and twentieth corps, our old commander, General Slocum, took much pleasure and pride in this grand record.

J. P. H.

The reading was greeted with applause.

Dr. Love (continuing): The gentleman has very kindly written out the full history of the Confederate States' navy ship Savannah, which will be incorporated within the minutes, and I leave it with the Secretary.

*"The Confederate States' Navy" by Thomas Scharf, A. M., L. L. D. Published in 1887. (In speaking of the blowing up of the Confederate Gunboat Savannah in front of Savannah he says:)*

"When the Federal colors were raised upon the parapet of Fort Jackson, below Savannah, on the afternoon of December 21st, the iron-clad Savannah was still in the river, and at once hoisted her flag and opened fire upon the enemy. She continued this for several hours, shelling the troops in Fort

Jackson with sufficient vigor to drive them from their guns. Their return fire inflicted no damage upon her, and during the remainder of the day she displayed the Confederate colors in the face of the victorious Federals—the last emblem of the Southern Confederacy to float in hostility over the waters of Georgia. After dark Captain Brent ran her over to the South Carolina shore, when he was joined by Com. Tatnall. They and the crew started on the march to Hardeeville, where the retreating Confederates were ordered to concentrate, first applying a slow match to the magazine of the Savannah. A little after ten o'clock she blew up with a tremendous explosion. A flash of light occurred and then an immense column of flames shot up in the air. The concussion shook the vessels lying in Tybee Roads, and made houses tremble for miles around."

\* \* \* \*

"Yet there is nothing in the Confederate naval records in Georgia waters derogatory to the professional merit, the gallantry, or the fidelity of the officers and men of the service. They deserved well of their country, and they were the peers in every honorable attribute of those who worked and fought where more prominent reputations could be made."

I congratulate you, comrades, and ladies and gentlemen, on the privilege of meeting again on this reunion, and hope that the success which has crowned your lives during the past year will be continued for many years to come, and that we may have the pleasure of seeing you together on the first Wednesday nearest to the 17th of September for years to come. (Applause. Handed gavel to President Crowell.)

President Crowell: I believe according to the will that has bequeathed this to us, it is to be handed by the President each year to the succeeding President, and I am happy to say that we have to-day elected one of the best members of our Association as President, Vice-President Thomas Devor. (Applause.) And now I ask him to accept it, to come forward and formally accept it, and at the same time—(loud applause upon President-elect Devor's coming forward on the platform)—and at the same time let him read or recite the poem which he has prepared for this occasion which comes in just here. (Laughter.)

Mr. Devor: Comrades, I hope you will all respond to the slightest tap from this gavel.

A voice from the audience: "Safe on the evergreen shore."

Mr. Devor: In answer to an invitation to a reunion of soldiers, the following reply was received, which is descriptive of the condition of affairs in 1861, and I trust in 1895:

“1861.”

DEDICATED TO D SOCIETY, THIRTEENTH N. J. VOLS.

The drums of war are rolling, the colors waving high;  
 And hearts responsive beating bespeak a struggle nigh.  
 Our quiet highways echo to the soldier's measured tramp,  
 On grassy fields now glimmer the white tents of the camp.  
 A bugle blast is ringing on the prairies and the hills,  
 And one earnest, solemn purpose every loyal bosom thrills;  
 The land must live united, perish whosoever may,  
 The flag by all be honored, if in blood the price we pay.  
 The chill of April lingered, and the skies were wrapped in gray,  
 But the public heart was heated as the sultry summer day,  
 And the tides of patriot feeling surged along as full and free  
 As the swollen brook and rivers that were leaping to the sea.  
 Every boom of hostile cannon on that Carolina shore  
 Woke an answer in the Northland like a sudden tempest roar;  
 Like a crash of rattling thunder burst aloud the awful ire—  
 Like volcano roused to action flashed and flamed the hidden fire.  
 Hushed the student's merry laughter; stilled his bubbling vein of fun;  
 Dropped his books for daily journal; bat and ball for glistening gun.  
 Dull his trade to young mechanic; stale his tasks to farmer's son;  
 Irsome sales across the counter: galling factory grind and run.  
 Tame the toil of hardy fishers on the bleak Atlantic shore;  
 Tame and tiresome delve of miner in the buried coal and ore;  
 Stupid rafting on the river; stupid logging in the pines;  
 Slow the rush of locomotive to the men upon the lines.  
 Restless grew the man of letters as he paced his study floor;  
 Restless grew the man of fortune as he gazed upon his store;  
 Restless grew the quiet preacher as he scanned the daily news  
 And beheld the boys he prayed for slipping weekly from the pews.  
 So they doffed the garb of labor for the uniform of blue,  
 Swore to render troubled country service faithful, hearty, true;  
 Down the streets in glistening columns moved 'mid bursts of parting cheers,  
 Wild hurrahs and benedictions; blaze of cannon, blur of tears!  
 But that summer—how it tested patience, courage through and through!  
 Ah that summer—how it sifted brave and coward, false and true!  
 Ah that summer—how it wasted those alas we ill could spare!  
 Yet that summer—how it welded all to suffer, do, and dare!

Ellsworth, Winthrop, Baker, Greble, bravely fought, and nobly fell ;  
Lyon, chief and prince of leaders, what his loss no tongue can tell !  
Bull Run, Lexington, and Belmont laid the country's banners low ;  
Ball's Bluff, Bethel, Fords of Blackburn flushed with victory the foe.  
Followed fast the "Trent" misfortune ; Britain struck that humbling blow  
When our nation's hand was powerless, and its head was bowed in woe.  
Flashed one star amid the darkness heart of patriot to cheer,  
Dupont of Port Royal triumphed—to his memory a tear !  
So that year of tribulation went at last its lingering way,  
Hopes were shattered, plans were broken as frail images of clay ;  
In a furnace seven times heated wills were tempered, taught to bend,  
Made to trust, and wait in patience through all sorrow to the end.

Comrades and brothers of "Sixty-one,"  
That season is past, and its work is done,  
But it comes through the mists again in sight,  
Greet it with story and song to-night.  
Gone are the barracks, and tents, and drill ;  
Fording of river, and climbing of hill,  
"Reveille," "taps," and bugle call  
Come not with morning, or even-fall.  
Done are watchings, and done are fights ;  
Over are questions of wrongs and rights ;  
Past are nights on the chilling sward,  
Past are days in the fevered ward.  
Melted the solid platoons of steel,  
Hushed are the orders, "Halt," and "Wheel"  
Tumbled and crumbled the flaming forts,  
Opened the sealed and silent ports.  
The Gettysburg field is still to-night,  
On Sherman's route falls the soft moonlight,  
Goldsboro pines catch the rook's lone caw  
And the eagle rests quiet on Kenesaw.  
From embers and ashes Atlanta springs,  
Gently and sweetly the Santee sings,  
Where the swath was cut from hill to sea  
Nature is smiling and man is free.  
The Shiloh bluffs and woods are white.  
The gun-boats silent that saved the fight,  
And Lookout Mountain, and shrub, and tree,  
Gaze calmly down on the Tennessee.  
Where Harney, and Pope, and Sigel led,  
Where Lyon fell 'mid the gallant dead.

*Tenth Reunion of the*

The skylark perches, and spreads its wings,  
And the plowboy turns the sod and sings.

In book and picture, by story and song,  
The tale shall be told through ages long,  
Speak of your part with a proper pride  
As again ye gather side by side.

Spin your yarns, comrades,  
Tell over the tramps  
When scarce were the rations  
And scarcer the "stamps;"  
When you looked a bit seedy,  
And "down in the mouth,"  
And vowed you had seen  
"Most enough of South!"

They give to the sailor  
A bit of a rope,  
When roving is over  
And visions of hope.  
To roam beyond the limits  
Of absolute fact,  
And stretch just a trifle  
Each perilous act.

So no one shall question  
The statement you make  
If you venture to claim  
That all "Dixie" did shake  
When you got into action  
And levelled your gun:  
Or how at your charge  
A division did run.

You may count up the "graybacks"—  
A thousand or so—  
You simply surrounded  
Nor made any show,  
And brought into quarters  
Without any fuss,  
And so helped to settle  
The late little "muss."

Or perhaps as a "bummer"  
You scored a success,  
And came in each night  
With a dozen or less  
Of chickens, or ducks  
That some farmer had lent;  
Under blouses or jackets  
They suddenly went.

Did you ever "skedaddle"  
"Right smart" in a fight,  
And leave all the "Johnnies"  
A mile out of sight?

Did you ever once show  
How the legs of a "Yank"  
Were as good on a run  
As Confederate shank?

A trifle less limber  
Are the joints, and the feet,  
Not as fleet in the race,  
Or as swift in retreat.  
Not as sharp is the vision,  
Not as sure is the aim,  
But the heart is no older,  
It is throbbing the same.

Report, one and all,  
What you did at the mess;  
For there were attacks  
That were valiant, I guess!  
It needed some pluck  
To dispose of supplies  
That affronted the nose  
And affrighted the eyes!

We leave with the past.  
They are over to-night;  
Good-bye to the vanquished,  
The future we sight  
Now a song is the order,  
Ring it out with a will!  
It cheered on the march—  
It may stir us up still;

Let the air be as old  
As the voices that sing;  
Let the strains rise aloft  
Like a bird on the wing!  
Did you sleep on spring bed  
Nicely spread in the tent?  
On the mattress and pillows  
The government sent?

How fleecy and downy  
The rock and the plank--  
On which the head nestled--  
In which the limbs sank!  
But the humor and fun,  
I like the ill and the pain.  
The sunshine and the shadow,  
The loss and the gain,

Year when a nation woke, In tones of thunder spoke, At treason's blow ; Grand is thy written page; Down through each coming age Shall thy great heritage With glory glow !	For blood of patriot shed, For all the gallant dead Of distant days, For Liberty and Law They in the future saw And boldly sword did draw We joy and praise.
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Long may the land they saved  
When the wild tempest raved  
Go on its way.  
Here Freedom's banner bright  
By all its stars of light  
Turn every dreary night  
To radiant day !

T. E. V.

Everybody will sing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

(The singing of this was greeted with applause.)

President Crowell: Ladies and gentlemen, comrades. Nearly every man has some particular qualification in which he is an expert; he may be good in one thing and poor in another, and so on; nearly every man has some good qualifications, but it is very seldom that you find a man who is the right sort of a man in every place, who just says the right thing and does the right thing; and now I am going to introduce you to just such a man, who always fills the place which he is selected to fill as though he was built for that place, who always says the right thing, no matter what it is. I want to introduce you to the Rev. Charles D. Shaw of Paterson.

Rev. Charles D. Shaw: I didn't think Mr. Crowell would have done that. (Laughter.) I didn't think he would have boosted me so high that I would be sure to hurt myself when I fell down. I only hope that you won't be hurt when I come down on you. (Continued laughter.)

There is a French proverb which says: "He who excuses himself, accuses himself." I can never speak in an assemblage like this but I have to accuse myself; my conscience does accuse me, and therefore I always make an excuse. Now, to look at me you might think that I had been a soldier. I am the chaplain of the Second Regiment of the

National Guard of New Jersey, and they tell me that when I have on my uniform and my plumed hat, and when I ride on a horse carefully trained for the occasion (laughter), my appearance is sufficiently warlike to make people believe that I had been all through the war, that I had considerable to do with the settling of the war. Mr. Crowell says if the Thirteenth Regiment hadn't been there the war wouldn't have been settled yet (laughter); I perceive the reason it was not settled sooner was because I was not there (renewed laughter). That is my great fault and blame. The one great mistake I made in my life was that I didn't go to the war. But I will tell you what I did. I sent two of my wife's brothers (prolonged laughter), and another one had to pay nine hundred dollars bounty to get a substitute (continued laughter); and I sent two of my own brothers, so I think I did pretty well. I am sorry that I didn't go.

Mr. Crowell told me in a letter he wrote me the other day that this afternoon would be passed mostly in swapping lies among the veterans. Well, I don't have any chance at you, gentlemen; I don't have any chance at all; I can't come and sit with you and tell you what I did and what you did in those days so long ago. No, I have no story of the camp-fire; I have no story how you ran for gopher-holes when the gun-boat began to shell you. I never was any nearer to a Confederate gun-boat than I am now (continued laughter upon the speaker glancing suggestively at the gavel), and I am mighty glad to be so near as this under such pleasant circumstances. This is the "Savannah" and this is the "Merrimac." (Laughter, the speaker indicating different portions of the gavel.) I am glad it is here in pieces, and glad it is here in peace. But I have to speak to "Our Volunteers."

Well, I want to tell you that if I didn't go to the war, I have the highest and sincerest admiration for the volunteer who did, and it is a remarkable thing in the history of the world that when this government was in its hour of

greatest peril it didn't do as other nations do, fall back upon its standing army, and it didn't do at first, nor for years what eventually it did—cause a draft. But for the first two years, while this country in the hour of peril and extremity, simply lifted up her voice and held out her hands to her sons and said to all, "Who will volunteer?" All over the north the answer was "I will." And it is an old story—we heard it in the poem here to-night—how the student left his books, how the plow-boy left his plow, how the workman left the hammer, and how the people went out from the office and the mill, yes, and from the church, and all sorts and conditions of men answered to that great call of the country and went forth to fight, to suffer, and thousands of them to die for that cause to which they were summoned by their country's voice. Ah, there is nothing like it, there is nothing like it in history, the way our nation responded to that appeal which was made when the flag had been fired upon; and it stands unparalleled and unrivaled. There have been great wars, there have been heroic deeds, and men have shown themselves to be true men, brave men, patriotic men. The virtues that belong to manhood do not belong to Americans alone; they do not inherit these noble qualities alone of all the nations of the earth. All men everywhere have felt the thrill of patriotism, and all men everywhere have answered to the summons of their country, but never, never with a freer will, never with a more heroic purpose, never with a greater unanimity than in those dark days; yes, the hundreds of darkest days when from all over the northland the men and the boys went forth to sustain the honor of the flag and to bring back to their place in the Union the States that thought they had seceded. What a mistake that was! They thought they had seceded; they found out afterwards they had not. They were like the man that started to row across the river with his girl; he was going to elope; the minister was waiting on the other shore. I don't think it was Dr. Frazer (laughter); I have

every reason to believe that it was not Dr. Hollifield (laughter); nobody could tell me that it was Dr. Snodgrass (laughter); I am not sure it was not myself; but the minister was waiting on the other shore. The old folks were not agreeable, but the young fellow got his girl, stole her away from her father's house; I don't know how that was done, but it was managed, and they went down the river and got on board the boat, and he began to pull, and he pulled and pulled, and he didn't know that girl was so heavy (laughter); the weight there was in that boat seemed something tremendous; he thought he had got more than he bargained for; he knew she was a lump of loveliness, but she was a heavier lump of loveliness than he ever supposed. He tugged away and sweated from every pore. She finally said: "Oh, John, we don't seem to be getting along at all." He said, "I think morning is coming myself," but he rowed away and rowed away, and they never got to the other side of the river, never, because when the sun came up he looked astern, and there he had been towing an entire raft to which his boat had been hitched when he started to take his girl across the river—he was taking the raft along. (Loud laughter.)

Well, he didn't get that girl; her father came out in another boat with two brothers, and they took the girl and turned the raft and the fellow and the boat adrift; all they wanted was the girl, and they got her; he didn't. However he went over to the other side; the minister was there; he was a good man, for he had been waiting there all night and was very tired and sleepy. He said, "Well, young man, you have been a long time; where is the young lady?" "Well," he says, "her father come and got her and took her back." "Then you have made a fool of me; I have spent my night here for nothing; it is a very disagreeable occurrence," said the minister. "Never mind, don't be put out," replied the young fellow, "there is a girl living up here in that farm house; I think she will have me; I will go and ask her." (Laughter.)

I started to tell you that the seceding south was like the girl who got brought back; and the seceding states got brought back,—but, ah, at what a cost, at what a cost! We laugh about it now, we laugh about the old adventures, we laugh about the hard old times that you had in the war, the times that we who were at home only read of; but, ah me, what a reality it was—real suffering, real sacrifice, real heroism, real consecration to the country's cause; and do you know, gentlemen, I am astonished; I tell you candidly and truly, I am astonished when I look upon this audience and see before me a hundred and more men who actually belonged to the fighting Thirteenth and who went all through the war. There is a gentleman (indicating Captain Matthews); he will excuse my alluding to him. I said to him "Did you go through the war with the Thirteenth?" He said "yes." I said "Were you with Sherman in his march?" He said "yes." Now, I asked him a very impolite question—I said "Did you steal any turkeys?" He said "No, not personally." (Great laughter.) "Not personally, but" says he, "they got into me all the same." (Loud and prolonged laughter.) And then he was proceeding to tell how it was that these men that went out, you know, to get the turkeys and chickens, they were under regular commissioned officers; they went out with commissioned officers to direct them, and they had instructions not to take all that was on the farm; to leave something for seed, you know, (laughter) and to leave something for the people to eat. Just as he was telling me all about that, I heard my name announced by Mr. Crowell; that spoiled the interesting conversation. But I said to that gentleman, "What was your rank?" because I knew he was an officer; I knew no man ever looked like that who wasn't an officer, and I said "What was your rank?" and he said he was a captain. Ladies and gentlemen, I haven't the honor of knowing his name, but there sits a fighting captain of the fighting Thirteenth. (Continued applause, the speaker again pointing

to Captain Matthews). You wouldn't think there was any harm in him, would you? No, sir; if I wanted a kindness done I would go to that man just as quickly as to any man in this room; if I had a sorrowful story to tell him I would expect him to listen to me; if I said to him, I am in urgent need, I would like to have five dollars to paint my church, I would get that five dollars before I went out of this hall, for that matter, so I would from any of you. What I mean to say is, this gentleman, an honorable, peaceful, respectable, unobtrusive citizen, is just the kind of men that made up the Thirteenth Regiment with its record of heroism which cannot be excelled, and with its story of magnificent deeds that will abide so long as the history of this country is read or written. These men, good citizens, good men, jolly comrades, unexampled and unequalled bummers (laughter); that is what you called yourselves (laughter); these are the men that made up the Thirteenth. Well, now, I don't suppose it was this captain, but there was a captain in the war, and I have no doubt he was a captain of the Thirteenth New Jersey, who was leading a charge; the fire from the enemy was desperately heavy, and the boys were falling all around like autumn leaves; some of them wavered and turned back, when the captain jumped out in the middle of the road, waved his sword, and said to his retreating soldiers, "Come on here, you fellows, come on, do you want to live forever?" (Laughter.)

I don't believe O'Hoolihan is here to-night; I guess O'Hoolihan is dead; I think he must be; but he was one of the Thirteenth, and in a very close fight indeed he ran his bayonet into a Southerner, and the poor fellow fell over dead, and what did O'Hoolihan do but pull the trigger of his musket and discharge the whole load right into the poor fellow. A sergeant standing near said, "What did you do that for?" Says he, "Shure, sergeant, how could I get my bayonet out of him unless I made a hole in him?" (Laughter.)

I will tell you one more story, and then I will have to stop. I want to tell you this, because Mr. Crowell says we will never meet again, perhaps; we may not meet again; I may not be asked to the next annual meeting; by the way, that is very possible; I wasn't asked to the last one, and maybe not to the next. I want to tell you about another fellow put on sentry. If there is any Irishman here he won't take offense, because we all know that the Irish have a fund of natural humor that nothing can excel, and very few stories can be told without an Irishman appearing somewhere in them. This man broke the hearts of all the sergeants in the Thirteenth Regiment; they couldn't do anything with him; he didn't know his left from his right foot; he didn't know anything; but he was put on picket one afternoon and was left there a good while; he got mighty tired; he rested his musket against a wall and sat himself down under the shade of a tree, smoking away at his pipe. Soon he heard a great clatter coming down the road; he just lifted up his head coolly, because he was in no hurry; he gave the challenge "Who come here?" "The round" was the reply. "Pass, round," says he, "and God keep you kindly." The officer drew up his horse—he was a commissioned officer—"Where in thunder are you?" he asked. "Here I am" said the Irishman, "when I am under the tree I am very comfortable. I thank you." "Stand up here, and let me see you!" He stood up. "What regiment do you belong to?" "I belong to the Thirteenth New Jersey, bad luck to thim." (Laughter.) "Well," says he, "is this the way they taught you to salute your officers?" "This is all the politeness they ever taught me." Says the officer, "I should think they would be proud of you." "I am sorry for that," said O'Hoolihan, "because if they are so proud they might be wanting to kape me longer, and I don't want to stay." (Laughter.) "Well, now, look here," said the officer, laughing, "you are a character. Don't you know I could bring you to court-martial?" "You don't mane it?" "Yes, I could, but I will

not do that; I will just tell you now, every time an officer passes here you must present arms." "Is it true what you are telling me?" "Yes, of course; it is your duty to present arms." "Very well, sur, I will." When the officer rode on with his orderly this sentry sat down under the tree again; and an hour afterward, waiting for relief, but no relief coming, he heard the clatter of horses' hoofs again. "I'll be lookin' out for that man," he said, and got up, took the ball from the musket and got ready. Presently the general appeared at a bridge some height above where the sentry was stationed. "He sees me," said O'Hoolihan, "but I'll be first." He pointed the musket at the general and said, "Halt, there." Said the officer: "I am halted; what in thunder are you doing?" "I am presenting arms," replied O'Hoolihan. "Is that the way you present arms?" "Do you want me to fire next?" Says the general, "The fool will shoot me; I shall be killed." "I am afraid of that same; my arm is getting very trembly, sur." (Laughter.) "Ride down and cut that sentry down!" cried the general to his orderly. "You needn't be so particular about that!" Bang, she went off, and the wadding struck the general in the head; the officer fell to the ground; O'Hoolihan threw away his musket, jumped over the wall, and nevermore came back; and that is the reason he isn't here to-night. (Great laughter.) When the roll was called that night O'Hoolihan was neither present nor accounted for; but you are all present and accounted for, gentlemen. God bless you, our volunteers; our volunteers who gave themselves to be their country's guardians, to be the barrier between their country and destruction and dishonor. Volunteers of the Thirteenth regiment, your record is something of which you have a right to be proud; something to which your children and grandchildren can point for generations. You are the men who served, you are the men who helped to save the country. God's blessing be on you and yours, and may He give you happy lives and peaceful deaths and

an entrance into that heavenly kingdom where crowns await the faithful soldiers who have followed unto death the great Captain of their salvation.

President Crowell :

Ladies and gentlemen, comrades : I guess the next time I tell you anything about a man you will believe what I say. (Laughter.) Here is a man I told you would always fit in the right place. He has not been acquainted with Captain Matthews five minutes, and knows all about him. (Laughter.) He will have that five dollars for the church before he goes home. (Laughter.)

I want to tell you, ladies and gentlemen, that there were various kinds of courage manifested in the army ; it was one thing to march up with your comrades in the field of battle ; you had association and fellowship where that assisted you. There was another kind of courage, the strongest kind of courage, and that was for a man to live between the lines of the two armies and be faithful to one side or the other. It is very seldom that a man can do that and hold his manhood ; he may be vacillating, first one side and then the other, but when a man can so live and his folks can so live, that they can be true to the cause from which they are brought up and which they believe, then that is true courage ; and we have with us to-night a gentleman who can tell you all about such an experience as that, in living between the lines in the time of active war. I will introduce to you the Rev. Dr. Winfield C. Snodgrass. (Applause.)

Rev. Dr. Snodgrass :

Mr. President and comrades : I can scarcely tell why I have been called here to-night. I am almost in the position of a friend of mine who was called upon once to address John Wanamaker's great Sunday School in Philadelphia. While he told a story, he observed that the boys laughed before he got to the end or the point of the story, and he turned to one of them and said "What is the matter? What are you laughing about?" And the boy said "There was a

fellow here last Sunday told us that same story." (Laughter.) I had the honor some months ago to be invited to the semi-annual dinner of your Company D, and I told my experience of life on the border; and now I have been asked to tell that experience over again; it will be an old story to Company D, and some of them will be laughing and saying they heard that before; but I can't help it. I will do what I am bidden, for one evidence of good soldiership is obeying orders, and I am here to-night under orders.

It was my fortune or misfortune, I don't know which, to be born south of Mason and Dixon's line. Somebody has said we are not responsible for the place where we are born. At all events, I was born south of that remarkable line, and yet I was not born in a place where there was a southern spirit in the full sense of the term; the spirit of the people about us being partly southern, partly northern. There were many things in which we sympathized with Ohio and Pennsylvania that bordered our State on the north and west; and there were many things in which we sympathized with the south. We were a peculiar people indeed; you could not understand us except by living among us, and I can hardly understand us now as I look back over the thirty years and more. Cowper said something beautiful in regard to how a mountain would sometimes make enemies of people who otherwise had been friends. Now, this was somewhat the case with the people of the two Virginias; and yet it was more than a mountain that divided them, and it is necessary to understand a little about that, as ordinarily we do not understand it or think of it, in order that we may know why there were so many loyal people in the western part of Virginia, and why they took affairs in their own hands, reorganized the government of Virginia after the State had seceded, and by and by gave us the new State of West Virginia. The fact is, in spirit there were two Virginias from very far back, for the people of the western part of the State were not, to any large extent, slaveholders.

They were too poor; they had gone away from the presence of slavery; they were largely self-respecting men who felt that if they lived in the place where there was slavery, and if they worked where most of the labor was performed by slaves, they would be 'discounted' by their neighbors; and not having money enough to buy slaves, they emigrated to the new western part of Virginia. There they could obtain land for nothing. It was not necessary to live on it a long time, but a man could go into Virginia when there was vacant land, survey a certain amount of it and make some little improvement on it; clear a little field and build a rail pen, perhaps—occupy it for a short time and on applying to the State of Virginia get a patent for the land by paying a very small registration fee. In this way the western part of Virginia was peopled. A few persons went into some of the great valleys with wealth and slaves, but at the time of the war only about one twenty-fifth of the population of what is now West Virginia was black, and to this day, I believe, the ratio is about the same. The people of the eastern part of the State having the population and power, as we felt, oppressed us who were in the western part. For instance, they discriminated against us in taxation. There was a law in Virginia that until a slave was twelve years of age he was not taxable at all, and then only to the amount of one dollar. The people who owned other property had to pay tax on it, no matter how little its value. If a pig were two days old on the second day of February, which was the taxing day, the owner had to pay tax on it; but a negro boy might be bright, quick, intelligent, worth one thousand dollars in the market, and if he were only eleven years and three hundred and sixty-four days old on that day, his master would not pay even one dollar of tax on him. And so you can see we felt that there was a discrimination against us, and that gave rise to a great deal of discussion and feeling. We called it robbery and oppression, and the two sections of the State did not love each other.

Now, at the beginning, I think the loyalty of the western part of the State was largely due to the injustice that we had suffered from the eastern part, so that while we had a good deal of loyal feeling toward the Federal government, we had not the State's rights feeling that prevailed in the eastern part of the State and in the other Southern States, because many people complained of the government of Virginia for its imposition upon us. Hence, when the war came on a very large part of the people in what is now West Virginia, said "we belong to the Federal Union, and we are not going out," and when there was an effort made to force them out they said "we will reorganize."

It chanced that just where my father lived was a county line which ran through his farm. We lived on the south side of the line. The lines there are not straight, but follow dividing ridges between streams, and my father's farm was on both sides of the hill, but he lived on the southern side, and accordingly in the southern county. In that county southern influences dominated, and when the vote was taken on the fourth Thursday in May, 1861, as to whether Virginia would secede from the Union, a majority of more than one hundred and fifty was given in that little county for going with the south; but in the other county in which most of our interests lay—for church and school and our neighborhood centre were in the northern county—there was a majority of more than three hundred and fifty in favor of remaining in the Union. That vote, however, was never counted and declared in Richmond; but only in the counties. Under these circumstances the people in the loyal counties began to say as soon as an effort was made at Richmond to take the State out of the Union: "We will protest, we will hold conventions in the counties, we will send delegates to a convention that we will hold in Wheeling in June, we will refuse to go out of the Union, we will reorganize the government and appeal to Congress and the President to recognize us." And it was done. We elected

a Governor and other State officers, and until the State of West Virginia was organized in June, 1863, we had a loyal Governor, of Virginia, Francis H. Pierpoint, recognized by President and Congress. We send our representatives to Congress from the districts that were within that loyal section, and sent two United States Senators who were recognized and sat in the Senate. And so we had representative power at Washington. Then after the State of West Virginia came in, Governor Pierpoint gathered up the State of Virginia, moved it over to Alexandria and kept it there until the capitulation of Richmond enabled him to remove thither.

Under these circumstances you can understand we were in a pretty hot place when the war began. Our nearest neighbors were Rebels; they sent a son to the war—not until the fall of 1862—but their young men were swaggering around and saying how they wanted to fight, and we did very much want to fight them. I was only eleven, but I often wished I was strong enough to trounce those Hall boys, who were always talking about rebellion. The talk we used to have there was something amusing. The discussions when the women would meet men at their wool pickings and quilting parties, and corn huskings would surprise you. If anybody spoke of being loyal to the government some long faced old woman, who sympathized with the South, would turn upon her and say: "Do you want your daughter to marry a nigger?" (Laughter.) I remember some of the discussions that took place among the men also. My father was what they called the crier of election in our precinct, at the time that we voted on the ordinance of secession in 1861. I remember going with him. My grandfather made a speech for the Union, and different men made speeches for secession from the same store box; I recall how the hot words passed from one to the other. I was almost afraid of a fight. I can remember yet how exceedingly sorry I would be when a man I loved

would go up and vote against the Union. It was known how every man voted, for we had viva voce elections there then: I remember also the discussions as the war cloud darkened, and what the people there believed of you people up here—why, some of us children honestly believed that the people up in Connecticut really obtained a large part of their living by making wooden nutmegs and wooden deer hams, and passing them off on the people for the genuine article. I wondered that such counterfeiters could be Union people; but in some way we felt this Union must be sustained. I remember a speech made by a loud mouthed Democratic politician who went south in search of his rights and never returned. He said, "Three old women—three old women can whip a whole regiment of Yankees;" and the wife of our nearest neighbor, to whom I have already referred as sending a son to the Confederate army, upon one memorable occasion in my father's house, when the ladies were gathered together picking wool in 1861, said that she herself could raise a party of a dozen women who could whip a whole company of Yankees. (Laughter.)

Now, gentlemen, under such circumstances you can imagine that I, a very timid boy by nature, was very considerably afraid of those fighting Rebels. We hardly knew what to do. The fact is, the first time the news came to us that the Rebels were coming in any force we people shut up our house, took all the children, cattle and horses, and started toward the north. We did not know where we were going; we went about two miles and staid with neighbors over in the other county, got angry, turned around and went back, and staid from that through to the end of the war. Many a night during the war my mother has remained awake with a faithful watch dog while we lay with guns by our sides not knowing but we might be raised out of our sleep at any moment to fight for life, home and country. Very early in the war we organized a "home guard" company, and I have absolutely no language to

portray to you what a Virginia home guard company looked like. In those days every man was dressed in his own primitive, peculiar country style. No two guns were alike. Some of the men had small-bored squirrel rifles; some felt there were deer yet in the mountains, and they had big deer guns; some of the guns had percussion caps, some had the old fashioned flint locks, some were long and some short; and when that body of men got together and elected officers they suggested the idea of that man who declared that it confounded an Englishman when he came to this country to hear a man called Colonel who looked as though he didn't know how to cock a cannon. (Laughter.)

But our company went into the fight with great determination; we held together, mustered occasionally, threatened vengeance on the Rebels, and held our loyal neighborhood for several months. Then the State of West Virginia, by legislative act authorized our organization. We were sworn in, and became the servants of the State and indirectly of the general government. Some time later uniforms were sent out at the expense of the State, the general government sent us arms and ammunition, and then we began to look a little like soldiers; but there was a sort of free democracy among us, and the officers never had much control. If an officer told a man to do a thing he would do it if he pleased and if he didn't please he wouldn't do it. We would stay at home most of the time—except summer; then we had one continual alarm. We could hardly work our farms. To this day it is a wonder how we managed to live. In the fall our Rebel neighbors would have their crops and we would go and buy of them. I am glad to say we did not steal, we bought; but where in the wide world we got the money I do not know, for we were so afraid our cattle would be driven off that we sold almost everything in the way of cattle and horses and eked out a mere existence. I can only explain it by saying that somehow our living was provided by the devoted women and

girls and little boys who turned out into the field and planted and cared for the crops and gathered them in the fall of the year; and then we bought of the Rebels to piece out.

I have vivid recollections of the alarms and terrors that we had in those days. We would go out on a June day to exterminate the weeds from the corn, and about nine o'clock would hear a tremendous screaming in the road. It is a hilly country, and going to the brow of the hill and looking down, we would see a man riding as hard as he could, using whip and heels, his hat hanging by a string behind his head, and screaming at the top of his voice: "The Rebels are coming! the Rebels are coming!" "Where are they, and where does the company meet?" my father would ask; and he would tell us. Then we would drop our tools and start for the company meeting place. Some men would say: "I am not going to meet with the company; I am going scouting," and would start out to find the enemy. Sometimes they did find them. If they did not they would come to the place where we were to meet, probably in the afternoon of that day, and we would thus learn it was all a false alarm. Not much work done that day, and probably the next day would be like it, perhaps two alarms in a day.

You may say that a home company did not amount to much. But we knew the country, and knew the roads, and we were determined to fight for our homes. The first time we had an opportunity we made a good record, and made the Rebels afraid of us. They found they couldn't come that way without somebody getting hurt. Then we were at a strategic point, able to guard a considerable line of railway that lay north of us some miles. We had the encouragement of the Governor of the State. He would say: "Don't go into the army; hold your part of the country; you are doing as important a work as any company in the general service."

We lived and worked and toiled along in that condition through the terrible years of the war. It was not a very pleasant experience at the time, but as I look back upon it I would not have it blotted out for a considerable part of such a fortune as I have—five hundred old sermons.

Just south of us the processes of law were suspended many months at a time. Then the government would send soldiers in and they would hold a section of the country for a while, and the people would say: "Well, it is time to reorganize the government," and they would get together and elect their magistrates and sheriffs and judges and get the machinery of government going, and then the soldiers would be ordered away, we could never tell why, and again there would be anarchy in that section. So we went on to the end of the war. North of us in the other county, where we, by holding our section, kept most of the country in comparative security, the processes of law went on as usual. Through circumstances like these I was permitted to spend the years of my life from the age of eleven to that of fifteen. At fourteen I joined that company and had the privilege of serving the State of West Virginia for a year and a half, and but for absence from town in the first organization of the Grand Army of the Republic, would have been permitted to enter that body. As it is, I am a sort of Grand Army man outside.

There are two things that have especially impressed me in connection with my experience on the border. One is the power of self-government in the American people. I have referred to the fact that in the county in which we lived, and south of us, for various periods during the war there were no civil processes, and the people lived in a condition of no government at all, and yet I am able to declare to you that with very few exceptions the regular citizens were law-abiding people, whether they sympathized with the rebellion or with the federal government. Here and there

roving bands of Rebels would come in and plunder, and here and there were thieves, but in the main, person and property were respected, and very few old grudges were fought out among neighbors. Domestic and personal virtue was honored and men bought and sold and collected and paid debts without process of law. I am moved with admiration toward those simple-minded people who, through much of four years, had no civil processes nor civil officers, yet lived there obeying the law of right that was written in their hearts, and the ideas of good government instilled into them from their cradles. (Applause.)

The other idea is one that is common to our country, but which I had a special opportunity of seeing exemplified there on the border, that the real safety of a government of the people is not in a standing army, but in a patriotic citizenship, ready upon occasion to take up arms as one of the duties of that citizenship. And when peace has been secured, to subside into quiet and peaceful citizens of the common republic, leading in all the ways of peace to work out the problems of our great country. (Applause.)

President Crowell:

Comrades, we have heard speakers tell us about our side of the lines; we have just heard another one tell us how it went between the lines. Now I am going to introduce to you a speaker who will tell us about the other side of the lines; and by the way, this speaker was a boy when the Thirteenth New Jersey was marching through Georgia, and was in the village or town of Sandersville, as I understand, at the time the Thirteenth regiment got there with the advance skirmishers. He was on the "other side of the line," and will now tell you some interesting facts about *that*. I introduce to you the Rev. Dr. A. Nelson Hollifield.

Dr. Hollifield:

Ladies and gentlemen: Mr. President, officers and members of the Thirteenth New Jersey:

I esteem it no small honor to stand on this platform on this auspicious occasion, and address by invitation the surviving members of the gallant Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteers, for I love the old flag, the Union, and its noble defenders.

The subject upon which I am to speak to-night is "In Dixie, or on the other side of the line." I was raised in Dixie, and I will try in an informal manner to tell you something about it. Many years have elapsed since I left the old home, embowered in green, and rendered sacred by the most tender associations of life, but

"Oft in the stilly night  
Ere slumber's chains have bound me,  
Fond memory brings the light  
Of other days around me,"

and I realize that the South of to-day is very different from the South of my boyhood.

The magnolia, the palmetto, the pine, the oak, flourish in their old time majesty; flowers of every hue still pour their fragrance on every passing breeze; the plumage of the birds is as bright, and their songs are as melodious as ever; orange groves, peach orchards, fig trees, and pomegranates still dot and beautify the landscape; the lakes continue to mirror on their unruffled bosoms the arching skies; rivers still go singing to the sea, and the tides of old ocean still beat upon its shore; but there rests a cloud upon this vision of entrancing beauty; many and great changes have come to the South, the sirocco of war has passed over it, and it has been reduced from plenty to poverty, losing hundreds of millions in property, and been called upon to face new conditions in its social, political and industrial life. And grandly has it confronted and not only overcome, but utilized the grave difficulties that beset it, and learned in the school of adversity lessons of self-reliance, and industry, so that a new and better era has dawned brightly upon it,

and made it the peer in many respects of the most prosperous States of the east.

But I am not here to dwell upon these features of our Southland; you desire to hear something about the South during the period of hostilities.

I presume there was a striking similarity in the experience of the two sections in everything relating to war. There was a tendency, at first, on both sides of the line, to sneer and make light of what proved to be one of the most prolonged and memorable wars of modern times.

The North confidently counted on putting down the rebellion in ninety days, and with this expectation enlisted troops for that length of time; and the South looked upon the men of the North as an easy prey. I heard a prominent Confederate officer on the eve of the war say: "Why, I can take a company of southern women armed with broomsticks, and whip the biggest army of Yankees that can be sent against us."

Both sides, however, had ample reason to change their opinion in this matter before the conflict had been waging long. The Confederates proved themselves foes worthy of your steel, and struck many a blow under which the northern army staggered. A member of the Christian Commission while going the rounds among the wounded, approached the bed of a soldier suffering from a severe wound in his leg. "Ah, my dear brother, war is a dreadful thing," said the minister. "If you had my leg you would think so; but I had the satisfaction of killing a few of the Rebels before they hit me," said the soldier. "Yes, but you must remember that the Rebels are not our only enemy, Satan is our greatest enemy, he is the enemy of our souls," said the preacher very solemnly. "Satan is a pretty bad fellow," replied the soldier, "but he can't give us worse than we got at Chickamauga."

And why should not the Confederates have proven equal in their valor to the bravest of the Northern army?

Were they not Americans by birth? The descendants of the heroes of the Revolution?

But in the end the South learned in its sad experience that it had also underrated the courage of the men who marched under the flag of the Union, and were led to victory by such heroic souls as Grant, and Sherman, and Thomas, and Meade and Sheridan.

We are now a united people, and if the occasion should ever arise when we shall be called to meet a foreign foe in battle, the Blue and the Grey would fight under the Stars and Stripes as valiantly as they once fought under different flags, a generation ago, and trusting in the God of battles, would prove invincible.

Shoulder to shoulder they stand to-day to battle for human freedom until the enslaved of every land, inspired by our example, shall rise in their might and strike off their shackles, and

“Great liberty shall catch the sounds  
And wake to newer, brighter life,  
And summon from earth's utmost bounds  
Her children—to the glorious strife.”

One great factor behind the Southern, as behind the Northern army, was the women. Though we all condemn the cause which they espoused, we must admire their remarkable devotion to it. From the beginning the South was the battlefield and camping ground of the contending forces, so that the lands that yielded so plenteously soon became great barren wastes, and those who once lived in ease and affluence were reduced to want.

When the plantations were stripped by the Federal troops of their stock, and of all supplies for man and beast, as was frequently the case, the women, in the absence of the men of their households, were in sore straits indeed to procure food for themselves and their children, but nothing daunted by these trying circumstances their “Courage rose with danger,” so that they never faltered for a moment in

their devotion to the cause for which their husbands and sons and fathers and brothers were perilling limb and life; they prayed and sacrificed for its success, as long as there was a vestige of hope. The soldiers of the South experienced the truth of Sir Walter Scott's lines:

"O woman in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
And variable as the shade  
By the light quivering aspen made;  
When pain and anguish wring the brow  
A ministering angel thou"

She not only watched tenderly over the sick and wounded, and nursed them back to health and strength again, transmitted messages to loved ones far away, and wrote last words for the dying, but she was busily engaged at home carding and spinning wool, weaving jeans on hand looms, knitting socks, plaiting palmetto into hats, and cutting out and making up clothing of every description for the boys at the front.

Just a word with reference to slavery and the slaves. We can never be too thankful to God for the abolition of slavery from our land. The American people owe Abraham Lincoln a debt of infinite gratitude for wiping that foul blot from our national character, and should hold in everlasting remembrance the men who fought on storied fields of battle for the freedom of the four million bondmen of the South. The South no less than the North rejoices over this outcome of the war.

The slaves, as a rule, at least so far as my observation extended, were well treated and contented. The attachment between master and slave was often very close and touching, and is faithfully represented in the popular ballad entitled "Massa's in the cold, cold ground." They were well fed and clothed, and sang sweetly as they worked in the field, and after the labors of the day were over, they frequently gathered on the green and courted, and sang and danced

until late in the night. They were a very religious people, though, to tell the truth, many of them disregarded the marriage relation and would steal.

I remember to have heard of a minister from the North being invited to preach in a colored revival, and during his sermon he said that he had been informed that stealing chickens was a very common sin with their race, and that he wished to warn them against it. At this point the old pastor whispered to him: "Brother, if you don't want to throw a wet blanket on this meeting you had better not say anything about stealing chickens."

But with all their faults, which were due in a large measure to their servitude, they were devoted and loyal to their masters and their families. Throughout the war they toiled patiently, raising supplies for the army which was fighting for their continuance in bondage, and though many opportunities offered, when they might have massacred defenceless women and children, and struck a blow for their freedom, they refused to avail themselves of them, preferring to trust God, and quietly abide his time for their emancipation.

The history of the South will never be complete until the proper tribute is paid to the fidelity and patience of its dusky sons. In fact there is no more pathetic picture in American annals, than that presented by the conduct of the slaves from 1861 to 1865. One thing peculiar to the South during the war was the Conscript Act, of April 16th, 1862, by which all white males between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five were enrolled in the military service for three years, and ultimately it was amended so as to enroll all white males between the ages of sixteen and sixty-five. Those subject to service under this act were allowed thirty days in which to volunteer, and at the expiration of that time those who had failed to report for duty were arrested and assigned to a company at the front. There were certain exemptions under this law. Besides physical disability, the overseeing

of thirty able-bodied slaves employed in agricultural pursuits exempted one from the operation of the act. Ministers of the gospel and certain public officers were among the favored classes.

During the entire period from the passage of this act in 1862 to the termination of the war, trains were guarded and carriage roads picketed by conscript officers, who demanded and examined the papers of every white male, so that it was impossible to escape from serving in the army if one was liable to conscription. Scores of times I have seen the officers go through railroad trains, inspect the papers of passengers, and if the furlough, or military pass or exemption papers were not considered legal, the holder was immediately placed under arrest and taken before the proper authorities, who passed upon the sufficiency of the papers. And from their decision there was no appeal to the courts, the writ of habeas corpus being suspended. Substitution was a common thing, and men sought by every means in their power to escape service. Among the excuses offered for exemption some were very amusing. For instance it is said that in Virginia one man on applying for exemption, wrote opposite his name as a reason for it, "One leg too short." The next man that came in, noticing this excuse, and deeming it pretty good, thought he would make his better, and so wrote opposite his name, "Both legs too short." But the authorities were so vigilant that very few of those who were fit for service escaped.

The experiences of the Southern camp were very much like your own. The Confederates had the army mule, thehardtack, and shoes so large that it seemed as if their legs had been turned up; and they gambled and drank whiskey, when they could get it, and played tricks, and had nicknames for one another and lastly could do their share of swearing. As an illustration of the latter accomplishment of Camp life, it is said that one day the Colonel of a South Carolina Regiment was making a round of inspection. Sitting lazily

on a rail fence, whittling at a piece of wood; he found a man whose face was not familiar to him. Approaching the loafer he called out to him with all severity, "Who the blank are you, sitting there in that fashion?" "I, Sir," responded the man on the fence, continuing his whittling, "am the Chaplain of the Tenth Regiment. Now who the blank are you?" The boys were always particularly pleased when they could get a joke on the Yankees.

It is said that the Chaplain of the First Connecticut, in anticipation of a Federal victory at Manassas Junction, spent days and nights preparing a sermon to be preached the Sabbath following the expected victory, taking for his text a part of the seventh verse of the sixtieth Psalm: "And Manasseh is mine." On Saturday the fight came off, and the Confederates won the battle. The boys in blue were routed, horse, foot and dragoons, and among other losses was the Chaplain's satchel containing the sermon. The Confederates who picked it up saw the joke and handed the sermon over to one of their own Chaplains who preached it, with a few minor alterations in commemoration of a victory of the Southern armies, to the great delight of his hearers.

One class deserving of a word on this occasion are the Union men of the South. Not only did the Southern States furnish over 50,000 soldiers to the Northern Army, but thousands of noble men and women throughout the South sympathized with, and prayed for the success of the Union arms. They were loyal to the old flag under circumstances of grave peril, for it was worth a man's life in the South in those days to express sympathy for, or give aid to the Union cause. But so far as they dared, they gave comfort and assistance to Federal prisoners, and they watched with keen anxiety the ebb and flow of the crimson tide of battle, and earnestly longed for a sight of the Stars and Stripes floating over a united and happy people. It is said that an old man was found dead in San Francisco, and

taken to the morgue, where a young man claimed the body as that of his father, and ordered an undertaker to give it respectable burial. When the body had been placed in the casket, the young man took a last look at the remains, and discovered that the lower jaw had fallen, exposing a set of false teeth. "Here," said the young man to the undertaker, "this is not my father; he had no false teeth," and refusing to pay for the casket he walked away. The undertaker with disappointment written all over his face, seized the body and pulled it out of the casket, and slammed it down upon the slab, saying: "There, you plaguey fool, you. If you had only kept your mouth shut you might have had a first class funeral." The Union men of the South had sense enough to keep their mouths shut, as they did not desire anything but first class funerals.

Now, thank God, all this has changed. And every man in the South is a Union man. Time has healed the wounds, and cured the fierce fever on both sides. The people of the two sections are coming more and more to know and trust and love one another. We have evidence of this better feeling in the warm welcome accorded the Grand Army of the Republic last week in Louisville. No words of welcome could have been more hearty than those of Kentucky's gifted son, Henry Waterson. To-morrow Chickamauga Park is to be dedicated with impressive ceremonies, in which the Blue and the Gray will join. The principal orations of the day will be delivered by General John M. Palmer of Illinois of the Union Army, and General John B. Gordon of Georgia of the Confederacy. And year by year it is becoming more and more popular in the South, to decorate the graves of both Northern and Southern soldiers.

"Sadly, but not with upbraiding,  
The generous deed is done ;  
In the storm of years that are fading  
No braver battle was won.

Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Under the blossoms the Blue;  
Under the garlands the Gray.  
No more shall the war cry sever,  
Or the winding rivers be red;  
They banish our anger forever,  
When they laurel the graves of our dead.  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Love and tears for the Blue;  
Tears and love for the Gray."

Blessed are we who have been spared to witness this happy termination of our civil conflict; under its inspiration let North and South rally around the old flag in unbroken ranks, and bear it on without the loss of a single star or the stain of the least dishonor to still grander conquests and a far more glorious future.

President Crowell:

We will now sing, and all will join in the singing, that good old song, "Marching Through Georgia," led by President-elect Devor.

After this song President Crowell said: Not being personally acquainted with the next speaker, I asked one of the members of the committee what I should say, and he said, "All that it is necessary for you to say is "Ladies and gentlemen, I now have the honor to introduce to you Rev. Dr. D. R. Frazer." (Applause.)

Rev. Dr. Frazer:

Mr. President, members of the Veteran Association, ladies and gentlemen. A young mother sat beside a cradle that contained her first born babe, whose mortal existence measured scarcely three months. She gazed with intense anxiety upon the face of the attendant physician, who was making a very careful examination, and from the report of the doctor the mother expected to draw inspiration or be

bowed down with deepest grief. The investigation ended ; the doctor turned to the mother and said, in tenderest sympathetic tones : "Madam, I can do nothing for your child." "Nothing," doctor, says she, "nothing?" "Absolutely nothing," said the doctor. The child turned its languid eye upon the attendant physician, and said—absolutely nothing. (Great laughter and applause.)

Now, that is not a remarkable story at all. What would you expect a three months old child to say? (Continued laughter.)

When I received the invitation from the Veteran Association to come here to-night and say a few words on behalf of "The Noble Home Guard," for that was the theme assigned me, if you please, (laughter) I just felt to myself, I have intense sympathy with that baby ; (laughter) I have absolutely nothing to say ; (renewed laughter) because I feel always when I come into the presence of Veterans, or when some G. A. R. Post asks me to preach a sermon, why I feel just like Dr. Shaw—the fact of the business is—I am glad you are there—I thought you were there—(turning and referring to Dr. Shaw)—I was busy taking care of him.

I will speak a few words concerning the friends at home between 1861 and 1865. Now, that home guard was composed of two very distinct classes, the men who could go and wouldn't, (laughter) and the men who would go and couldn't ; the men who could go and wouldn't, the Copperheads. (Voice in audience : "Give it to 'em.") The traitors, the critics, the men who knew just how to map out campaigns on paper and criticise everything that was done—I haven't any word to say for them, not a word.

There was another class of stay-at-homes. They were the men who were so busily engaged in caring for themselves that they had no time to care for the country, and an illustration was afforded by some patriotic department clerks who were very busily engaged patriotically writing up the books when a Jack Tar happened in. He had got

a little leave of absence and concluded he would go see how things were run at Washington. The clerks were very busily engaged in writing; he walked in; they didn't look at him; didn't pay any attention; hadn't any time to spare; the needs of the country were great; and so Jack Tar stood a little while and looked at these patriotic clerks, and finally thought he would attract a little attention by saying "Ahem;" but they were too busily engaged saving the country. I don't say this, mind you, in disrespect of clerks; we had to have them; I am not saying it impeaching their patriotism. But they didn't pay attention to the Jack Tar, and he concluded he would give them a second blast, and he said, "Ahem;" but yet the work of saving the country went on. Finally he went in his pocket and pulled out a gold eagle, put that eagle in his eye, and then said "Ahem," whereupon the patriotic gentlemen looked at him and instantly dropped their pens and said "What could we do for you, what could we do for you?" "Well," said he, "could you oblige me by guessing a conundrum?" They said they would be very happy to try to accommodate the gentleman. "What is the conundrum?" "Can you fellows tell me why you remind me of Balaam's ass? (Laughter.) Now, think of it. That is not the nicest biblical similitude that could be used; I think almost any man would prefer to be compared to a little lamb, or a lion, but Balaam's ass! "No," said they, "we couldn't guess, we will have to give it up." "Well," says he, "the reason why you remind me of Balaam's ass is, neither you nor the ass could speak until they saw the angel. (Great laughter.)

"No, William Baker, you can never marry my daughter until you own a hundred thousand dollars spot cash." The young man went out from the old man's presence depressed and disheartened; but twelve months afterwards he came in and threw down a great roll of greenbacks upon the table. "There, said he, "old man, there is the cash, give us the girl." Says he, "But, William, how did you get this?"

"Well," he said, "I secured a contract for supplying General Grant's army with beef; and I bought all the disabled cavalry horses I could find." "Yes," says the old man, "and they make capital beef too, capital beef." "Yes," says William, "and the profits are immense," but says he, "there is the cash; I claim the girl." "Take her," says he, "take her, my boy, be happy, my children. But stay, look me in the eye and tell me truly, in all this have you been loyal to the country?" (Laughter.)

Such were some of the stay-at-home fellows that I haven't anything to say about. But there were other men who stayed at home and stayed because they had to. I shall never forget the impression made upon my mind when first the possibility of disunion confronted me as a fact. I was down yonder at Princeton College. It was my fortune or my misfortune, like Dr. Snodgrass, to be born south of Mason and Dixon's line, and when the discussion was carried on, sometimes I thought one way and sometimes I thought another way. I tell you, our environment had a good deal to do with our position and views, and it was a pretty hard thing for a boy who had been trained with those boys down yonder who were rampant for the fight, to avoid saying, "Well I don't know but that after all there may be something in this." However, when at Princeton College one day there was heard the booming of Sumpter's gun—but just a little before that booming came, we had a flag-raising by the students. On that old historic Nassau Hall they prepared to float a magnificent silk banner and we boys took a holiday, and the announcement was made, when that flag is unfurled the hat that doesn't go off voluntarily will be taken off, I made up my mind my hat wouldn't go off, (laughter;) not the slightest objection to take it off to Old Glory, but to have a fellow tell me he would take it off for me, inclined me to feel that I would let him take it off. I was parading around there with another Southern boy, and by and by they began to sing the Star Spangled

Banner, and the blood began to crawl; I said that is a Baltimore tune. It celebrates the fight at Fort Mc Henry; so he and I joined in singing the Star Spangled Banner with all the force we had. Just as we came to the line, "The star spangled banner, oh long may it wave," they began to pull on the halliards and out came that magnificent silk flag to the breeze, and I looked around to see what had become of my fellow; his hat was higher than mine and mine was as high in air as I could get it. (Continued applause.) That cured me of rebellion and of all sympathy with anything that happened south of Mason and Dixon's line except on the score of humanity.

Now. I was not in the army. I faced that subject just as honestly and squarely as mortal man ever did, but I want to say simply this, I have the endorsement of Secretary Stanton that I hadn't any business there; that is enough, and old John C. Smith is dead now, or he could prove it; I confess that I faced that question honestly. During my summer vacations I went into the Judiciary Square Hospital and during the Wilderness battles, when they were sending back the wounded men to Washington and the churches were turned into hospitals, I worked all one livelong night, carrying those wounded men into that hospital, cutting off those garments stained with sacred soil, washing the wounds, preparing them for the incoming visit of the surgeon. I did good loyal work, and I wish I could have done more, but not of that kind, if you please; I had all I wanted of that.

Now, it is said that when Billy Wilson's regiment went from New York, they felt—there is nobody here that belonged to Billy Wilson's regiment, is there?

(A voice) "We were not that kind."

I didn't believe you were; only I didn't want to hurt anybody's feelings. It was said when Billy Wilson's regiment went from New York they felt they had cleaned out all the pickpockets and thieves of New York, and rather rejoiced at the fact that they had gone, so they were allowed

to depart without very much demonstration. But after they were gone some of the New York people said, "That was a very shabby way to let those people go; we have given grand demonstrations to the other regiments, and we just let them march off and have paid no attention to them; so let's make up a little purse and send it down to the regiment at New Orleans." As there was a gentleman from New York going to New Orleans just about that time they got him to bear the purse. He went into the camp and asked to see the Colonel, and was ushered into his tent at headquarters, and he said, "Colonel, I have come from New York, and some friends, feeling that the regiment had been somewhat neglected in their departure, commissioned me to bring a little purse down and ask you to see that its contents were divided among the regiment (feeling in his pocket for the purse,) and to give it to the soldiers (feeling in all pockets vainly) with the expression of interest that the people of New York feel in them. Hang it, Colonel, I had that purse when I came into camp," (giving up the search for it in despair; great laughter.) Says the Colonel, "Don't distress yourself, my friend, don't distress yourself; I see that the friends for whom the money was designed are dividing it among themselves." (Prolonged laughter.)

Now, I was asked to say something of the friends of '61 and '65. Bless you, don't you know that that speech meant the ladies? Why, what were the men good for that were home in '61 and '65, and what could have been effected without the loyal courage and determination of the women? but Hollifield has got all that in his admirable paper; so I say you have that which was designed for you, just divide it among yourselves, ladies. (Laughter.) With this simple addition, we are very prone to think that courage displays itself simply and solely in confronting danger, but there is a potency and a succor and a support in the enthusiasm and in the excitement, in the exhilaration of an overt act or an accomplished deed that makes it a comparatively easy thing

for even a man that may be lacking in courage to go into the midst of the most trying ordeal. But to sit at home, to wait, to think, to hear the tidings of an awful battle, to gaze with deepest anxiety upon the list of the killed and the wounded and the missing; to find there the name of a father, or a husband, or a brother, or a lover, to have the tenderest sensibilities of the heart wrung and stretched to the utmost tension, and then to say, "Let the war go on," then to say, "Let it cost what it may, it must terminate only with victory for the Union, victory for the right." I tell you that is the highest and the noblest and the truest kind of courage. (Continued applause.) Not simply the doing; any man can do if he have ability; but the enduring, with the consciousness of absolute inability to modify, to alter, in a measure even to relieve, and then stand loyal to a cause, and give inspiration to the men who are supporting the cause, that is courage, and that is the simplest formal statement that can be made of the attitude of the women of the United States during those bloody war days. (Long applause.)

Now, I don't believe the ladies like to have a man get up and give them all sorts of taffy. (Laughter.) I wouldn't like it if I were a lady any more than I like a minister to be construed as a sort of a half man and half woman, and the other half nothing. (Laughter.) I think a minister ought to be a manly man, and I think a woman ought to be a womanly woman, and what is to be the sequel to the outcome of the new woman I don't undertake to say. (Laughter and applause.) I think if she wants to vote she may vote, so far as I am concerned, with the distinct understanding—she can't make a worse mess of it than we men have (laughter); if she wants to ride a bicycle, let her ride a bicycle (applause); if she wants to have a bike, let her have a bike. But I am persuaded of one thing—let the emergency arise, let the crisis come, let the demand be made, and the women who were the inspiration between

'61 and '65 will be found equaled in inspiration to-day, and if they are resting in their graves their daughters will make good the mothers' place. (Applause.)

It is said that a woman, above all other beings, ought to appreciate Christianity, for Christianity has done more for woman even than it has for man. Let that go for what it is worth; I want to add another factor to that. The women of America and American Christianity deserve the highest place, and the American women ought to be the most grateful of all women for American Christianity. It has been my privilege to traverse a good part of the earth. Over yonder in the Orient you will find women secluded entirely from all external association, women shut up from the world. That is Mohammedanism. You can go to Christian Europe, where the great standing armies gather in all the men and you will find a woman and a dog hitched to a cart. Christian Europe, that is. But in Christian America we give woman her place, and every manly man will say, give her the highest and the best place that her necessities require or abilities can fill. (Great applause.) So that when the next need comes—and the great God forbid it should ever come again in our day—this generation has surely seen enough of war—but when the next need comes, in addition to the men who will march loyally to the front as you men did in the dark days of '61 and '65, and dared to do and to die; in addition to the men who in the call for the country's needs will ever arise, in addition to them the home guard that is made up of the women of the land, true to American instincts and American impulses, will defend this land in future conflicts, even as that same potent army did defend it in the days that are past. The friends of '61 and '65 who were at home, really the only friends worthy of honorable mention, were the women; and whenever an emergency arises you may rest assured, that those same friends of home and liberty and country will be found equally loyal and equally true. (Prolonged applause.)

President Crowell :

On account of the lateness of the hour we have cut out several musical numbers and will proceed with the speakers. I have the pleasure now of introducing to you one of Sherman's original bummers : Comrade James O. Smith.

James O. Smith :

Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen and comrades: Why I should be paraded before this assemblage as one of the original bummers of Sherman's army, perhaps the members of the Thirteenth will understand. A bummer under the general acceptance of the term, is not considered a good citizen, but one of Sherman's bummers is proud of the appellation and is considered one of our best citizens, and as a representative of that element I am very proud to be called one of Sherman's bummers.

When Sherman left Atlanta with his army on the 18th of November, 1864, he started on a march that to the army at large none knew where they were going. All sorts of surmises were given as to our destination, and the story is told that Sherman, while passing with his staff closely by one of the regiments on the road, overheard the boys discussing the situation, and one of them made the remark, "I don't believe Uncle Billy himself knows where he is going." He looked down at the soldier from his position on his horse and said, "My man, if I thought that my shirt knew where I were going I would take it off and burn it."

When we left Atlanta we left with ten days' rations of hard bread, sugar and coffee, started out into the enemy's country, cutting all communications with the North, with the purpose of subsisting on the country. In order to carry this into effect, details were made from the several regiments and placed under command of a commissioned officer; each of these details were to forage in the country, procure supplies and supply the troops; they were to go out in the morning and return at night, with sufficient forage in the way of supplies to furnish the troops with eatables. They

started afoot, but they didn't remain foot soldiers long. In a few days they were mounted on mules, horses, anything that would carry them, and it became a sort of pride with them to array themselves in as grotesque form as was possible under the circumstances, and the circumstances contributed very largely in that direction. They would come in dressed in all sorts of outlandish costumes. At times you could only discern the head and rear end of the mules and the horses, loaded with turkeys, chickens, hams and a great bundle of fodder fastened on to feed the animals at night. Illustrative of some of the proceedings of these bummers I will tell a little of my own experience.

Comrade Duncan—I think he is present here to-night—and I started off one day by ourselves on a foraging expedition. We rode over the country and could discover no plantation but the foot soldiers had got there before us. We finally reached a very fine plantation, and upon inquiry we found that a doctor resided there.

No one was at home and the house was deserted; even the slaves had left the place; we went all through the house and could discover nothing that was worth carrying away, and we each took a box of pills out of the office; we didn't know what kind of pills they were or what they were for, but we took them just the same. (Laughter). Passing through the parlor I saw a handsome accordion lying on the parlor table, and being of a musical turn of mind, thought I would take that with me; so I fastened it to the back of my saddle and we started off down the road. About a mile and a half from there we struck another plantation, and as we rode up there were four young ladies sitting on the front porch. It seems they had gathered from the neighboring houses for mutual protection, as they thought. Duncan and I rode up and entered into conversation with the ladies and were having a very pleasant little talk with them, when I noticed one of them crying as though her heart would break. Turning to her I asked:

"Little girl, what is the matter with you?" She says, "You have got my accordion." (Laughter). "Why," I said, "does this accordion, belong to you?" "Yes, that is my accordion." "Well," I said, "where did I get it?" She said, "you got it over to Doctor So-and-So's." I said, "you are right; I guess this is your accordion; now I will return this to you on one condition; if you play America or Yankee Doodle I will return it to you." No, she wouldn't; she was a Southern girl and she wouldn't play any Yankee tune. After considerable persuasion, however, I turned the accordion over to her without any conditions whatever, and she immediately began to play The Bonnie Blue Flag, and then she played My Maryland, and then she played Dixie, and then she played Star Spangled Banner. So I left the accordion in her hands.

The Rev. Mr. Hollifield speaks of the Southern women, of their writing to their brothers, husbands and lovers in the Union army. On one of my scouting expeditions as a bummer I came one very rainy day down in central Georgia to a house where there was quite a gathering of the bummers, and as I went into the yard one of the boys came up to me and handed me a package, tied with a pink ribbon, and he says, "Smith, this is in your line; you better have this." I opened it and found it was a package of letters, belong to a young lady that lived at the house from her lover in the Army of Northern Virginia. I used some of those letters, slightly altered them, and sent them to some of the young ladies in the North that I was in correspondence with. (Laughter).

Stories are told of the bummers, some of them, I think, very unjust and very untrue. I have heard of one soldier who was said to have gone into a house where a woman with two small children was left apparently with nothing in the house for the children to eat. He searched the house thoroughly and he could discover not the slightest thing in the house worth carrying away until he picked

up a jug. He turned the jug up and found it was full of molasses. He asked, "where did you get that?" She said, "one of your's left it here for me." He turned his canteen around, slung the jug over his arm and filled his canteen. Then took a cud of tobacco out of his mouth and crammed it down in the mouth of the jug and set it on the floor. She asked: "What did you do that for?" "Well," he says, "the next Yankee that comes along here, will try to fill his canteen out of it, and when he tries to fill it he will think you are trying to poison him, and he will burn your darned old house down." I never met with such a case as that. I have seen foragers and been a forager myself, but I never saw any imposition on the people in the South other than soldiers taking things at times of no use to them whatever. I myself have been guilty of chasing a rooster under a bed in order to get some particular rooster that I wanted, but that was a part of the duty of a forager. (Laughter.)

One of the adept things that the foragers learned to do was to capture a beehive without getting stung; and the boys in Sherman's army had that down to a fine point. (Laughter.) They could pick up a beehive with impunity, and I will tell you how they would do it. They always traveled in pairs when after bee honey, one with a rubber blanket and the other with a bunch of cotton. When they came to the beehive they would tilt it up a little bit and slide the rubber blanket under. Then it was twisted up, hive and all enclosed in the rubber blanket. They lit the bunch of cotton, opened it carefully and stuffed it in and smoked them out. That settled the question. Then the beehive was spread out and the sweets obtained.

The hour is late, but I wish to relate a story which I have recently learned, in fact, have read it, it having been written by one of the historians of the regiment, of a certain German who I believe belonged to K. C. P, or X. Company. The story is that he was on picket for the first time,

and when he was placed on post he was very carefully instructed by— I don't vouch for this, gentlemen, I am only telling it as I heard it—when he was placed on post he was very carefully instructed by the captain as to how he should conduct himself upon the approach of the grand rounds, and he was also given the countersign, and the countersign, it happened, was "Brandywine." The German recruit says, "That is all right, I will remember that it is something to drink," sure he wouldn't forget that. When the grand rounds approached him he halted him in the usual way, but he says, "you can't come by here unless you say "Lager Beer." (Laughter.) "Lager Beer?" "Yes, you must say Lager Beer or you don't go by here; the captain told me it was Lager Beer." The officer says: "Didn't he say "Brandywine?" "Oh, that is it; I knew it was something to drink." (Laughter.)

I have been pretty thoroughly acquainted with the history of the Thirteenth New Jersey, being with it from the time it left Newark until it returned, and I never yet heard of this man O'Hoolihan. I am rather led to believe that our ex-President Crowell has been talking to the Rev. Mr. Shaw and telling him some fables; because if any such character as O'Hoolihan and any such occurrences as he has related ever took place in our regiment, I think some of us would have known about it, and I think our friend O'Hoolihan's experience is a good deal like some of the stories the man called "Truthful James" sometimes tells. He is a myth.

President-elect Devor:

I want to say to our friends here before they go that most of the Thirteenth New Jersey regiment were not only patriotic, but they were religious, and they not only sang patriotic songs, but they sang religious songs as well, and the piece that is on the program to be sung now is a religious piece. I am not accustomed to singing solos, but I

will sing the verse of this hymn and you will join in the chorus, and, comrades, let us sing it as we used to sing it, eighty thousand strong, while we were marching through Georgia. (Applause.)

Song, "Evergreen Shore."

President Crowell: We will now adjourn, comrades, hoping to meet you all in 1896.

Captain Matthews: Before this reunion disperses, I think a resolution ought to be passed thanking the local committee for this vigorous old-time reunion of the Thirteenth New Jersey, which has been so happily held in this hall; and I move you, sir, that the thanks of this regiment be given to the local committee for the pleasures we have enjoyed this evening. Seconded.

James O. Smith:

I wish to amend by including thanks to the reverend gentlemen who have so eloquently addressed us. Amendment accepted. Carried as amended.

On motion, adjourned.

A. DELANO,  
Rec. Sec'y.

OFFICERS ELECT.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1895.

THOS. R. DEVOR, *President*, P. O. Address, Newark, N. J.  
 JOHN T. DENMEAD *Vice-President*, Fire Dep't Headquarters, Jersey City. "  
 JAS. E. GARABRANT, *Treasurer*, Springfield and 13th Aves., Newark, "  
 A. DELANO, *Rec. Secretary*, 173 Clinton Ave., Newark, "  
 S. M. HULIN, *Cor. Secy. and Historian*, Bloomfield, "  
 REV. A. M. HARRIS, *Chaplain*, Port Oram, "

HONORARY MEMBERS

OF THE ASSOCIATION.

MAJOR GENERAL H. W. SLOCUM, Com. 12th and 20th Army Corps	)	Elected Sept. 1887. Died April 14, '94.
HON. ROBERT S. GREEN, Ex-Governor of New Jersey.	)	" " " May, 1895.
HON. WM. S. STRYKER, Adjutant-General of N. J.	)	" "
COL. J. N. DUFFY, President Gettysburg Battlefield Com.	)	" "
HON. WM. H. CORBIN, Secretary Gettysburg Battlefield Com.	)	" "
HENRY W. SLOCUM,		" Sept. 19, 1894.
J. R. SALMON,		" Sept. 18, 1895.