



VETERAN ASSOCIATION

OF THE

Thirteenth Regt. New Jersey Volunteers.

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

SIXTH REUNION,

HELD IN

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Wednesday, September 16th, 1891.

NEWARK, N. J.

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATION.

1892.

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

INTRODUCTORY.

The Executive Committee appointed at the last annual meeting, held at Jersey City, Sept. 17th, 1890, in the rooms of G. Van Houten Post No. 3, G. A. R., to arrange for next annual reunion, had several conferences at Bloomfield, in June, 1891, and learning that many citizens there desired to tender and participate in a public reception to the surviving members of the Thirteenth Regiment on this occasion, the following circular was prepared and sent to a number of public-spirited residents of the town:

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., JUNE 19, 1891.

Mr. _____:

Dear Sir: At the suggestion of several leading citizens of Bloomfield, we take this method of inviting you to meet the officers of the Thirteenth Regiment Veteran Association, in the Town Committee Rooms, No. 27 Broad Street, on Friday evening, June 26, 1891, at 8 o'clock.

The object of this meeting is to consider arrangements for the Reunion of Survivors of the Thirteenth Regiment, voted to be held in Bloomfield, on the sixteenth of September next.

It is desirable that representative residents of the town confer with the Regimental Committee in regard to the Reunion, and take such action as may be thought necessary.

Please attend the meeting.

Respectfully,

ROBERT MADISON,
GRANT A. WHEELER,
S. MORRIS HULIN.

Resident Survivors of Thirteenth Regiment.

At the meeting so called, the Executive Committee of this Association met about twenty prominent citizens of Bloomfield. Mr. Geo. W. Cook spoke of the character and importance of these reunions, and believed that the event would be recognized by all as an occasion for a suitable welcome to the visiting veterans.

Sixth Reunion of the

CITIZEN'S EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The Township Committee was suggested as the proper foundation for a Citizen's Executive Committee, and a resolution was adopted, requesting it to act as "the nucleus of a Committee that should make all necessary arrangements for the reception of the Thirteenth Regiment Association and other visitors on September 16th."

At the meeting of the Township Committee June 29th, Mr. Gilbert, the Chairman of the Committee, stated that at a meeting of the Thirteenth Regiment Association officers and a number of citizens on Friday evening, June 26th, the members of the Township Committee and three additional citizens had been appointed to co-operate with the officers of the Regiment in arranging for the reunion of the Regiment in this town in September. The Committee had power to add to its numbers and Monday evening had been fixed as the time for doing so. Mr. George W. Cook, of the Citizen's Committee, was present and Mr. Gilbert asked him if any selection of additional Committeemen had been made.

Mr. Cook read a list of twelve names as follows: Messrs. N. H. Dodd, Thomas McGowan, Theodore H. Ward, Frank G. Tower, Amzi Dodd, George W. Pancoast, James C. Beach, G. Lee Stout, T. E. Hayes, E. W. Sutton, E. A. Smith and A. G. Darwin. Mr. Samuel G. Hayter proposed the following additional names. Alexander C. Marr, Thos. Flannery, Joseph A. Peloubet, Charles A. Clark, Henry K. Benson and Thomas Oakes.

The full list was adopted and a meeting called for Saturday evening, July 11th, in the Township Committee room, at which the Committee were to organize and divide into Sub-Committees.

At this meeting, July 11th, Judge Dodd was chosen President of the Citizen's Committee; Mr. Geo. W. Cook, Vice President; Mr. Frank G. Tower, Treasurer; Capt. Sam'l. G. Hayter, Secretary.

Subsequently a General Committee of Preparation was organized as follows: Hon. Amzi Dodd, President; George W. Cook, Vice-President; Samuel G. Hayter, Secretary; Frank G. Tower, Treasurer; Entertainment Committee, Theo. H. Ward, Rev. J. M. Nardiello, Chas. H. Halfpenny; Reception Committee, Edwin A. Rayner, Edwin A. Smith, Seymour P. Gilbert; Finance Committee, Hon. Thomas McGowan, Chairman; Decoration Committee, T. E. Hayes, Chairman. These gentlemen formed the Executive Committee, though the nominal Citizen's Committee was much larger, including about one hundred representative residents of Bloomfield. The full list of contributors to the expense of the entertainment—about \$1,185—will be found elsewhere.

There was from the start a lively public interest manifested, and in all the detailed work of the Citizen's Committee commendable wisdom, liberality and harmony displayed. The necessary funds, in amounts large and small, were readily given or pledged, and weekly meetings of the Executive Committee were held in Judge Dodd's library. The most serious matter that at first presented itself was to find a room in town of sufficient size for the proposed banquet, but the prompt offer of the new Catholic Church for the purpose by Father Nardiello was accepted with feelings of pleasurable surprise. His act was regarded as genuinely catholic as well as patriotic. Practically it relieved the Entertainment Committee of a difficult problem, and united all for enthusiastic and harmonious work.

The Regimental Committee was relieved from almost every care or duty in making the arrangements for this reunion. There seemed to be no need of its holding any further meetings, but simply to leave all the details in the hands of the Citizens, and as the time approached the circular printed on the following page was, with much gratification, mailed to the members of the Association.

Sixth Reunion of the

Veteran Association, Thirteenth Regiment New Jersey Volunteers.

NEWARK, N. J., SEPTEMBER 1, 1891.

The Sixth Annual Reunion of this Association will take place at Bloomfield, N. J., on Wednesday, September 16th.

The regular annual business meeting will be held at the rooms of William S. Pierson Post, No. 58, G. A. R., 306 Glenwood Avenue, promptly at 1.30 P. M.

Members are specially requested to be present *early*, as the meeting will be interesting and important to all.

The people of Bloomfield are making generous provision for our welfare and entertainment, and it is hoped that every survivor of the THIRTEENTH who can make arrangements to do so will attend.

There will be a short parade after the business meeting, particulars of which be announced.

The banquet, tendered us by the citizens of Bloomfield, will be served at 7 P. M. in the new church building, corner Broad and Liberty Streets.

Members are requested to wear light-colored soft felt hats, with red star, as heretofore. Hats will be furnished to those not provided with them, at a low price.

Trains by D. L. & W. Road run to Bloomfield from Newark at 11.03 A. M., 12.03, 1.03, &c., during the afternoon. Trains by Greenwood Lake Road from Chambers Street, New York and New Jersey, at 11.00 A. M., 12.50, and every hour later.

Members can return to the cities by D. L. & W. Road as late as 1 A. M.

In order that Citizen's Entertainment Committee may know how many of regiment to provide for, members will please sign and mail promptly the enclosed postal card, if expecting to be present.

J. J. H. LOVE,
JACOB WHITE,
GRANT A. WHEELER,
S. MORRIS HULIN,
A. DELANO,
E. LIVINGSTON ALLEN,
ROBERT MADISON,
A. M. MATTHEWS,
GEO. W. LAWRENCE,
W. B. JACOBUS.

Executive Committee of Association appointed. September 17, 1890.

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING.

By 1 P. M. on the 16th of September members of the Association began to assemble at the rooms of Pierson Post No. 58, G. A. R., in Bloomfield, where the usual congratulations and hearty greetings were exchanged for an hour or more previous to the formal business meeting.

SECRETARY'S MINUTES.

Sixth Annual meeting, held in rooms of Wm. S. Pierson Post No. 58, G. A. R., at Bloomfield, New Jersey, Sept. 16th, 1891.

Meeting was called to order about 2.30 P. M. by the President, Dr. J. J. H. Love, with appropriate remarks.

Chaplain E. L. Allen offered prayer.

The presence at the door of General F. H. Harris being noticed and announced,

Motion, that he be escorted to a seat on the platform by the side of the President, was unanimously carried; affording an opportunity for enthusiastic expressions of welcome and regard by all present.

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

Motion, that reading of minutes be omitted, was carried.

The President appointed as committee to select place for next annual reunion,

Daniel F. Shea, of Jersey City.

John C. Stanfield, of Paterson.

Wm. S. Lambert, of Newark.

Abram Garrabrant, of Newark.

Bennett Livingston, of Orange.

Sixth Reunion of the

The Treasurer's report was submitted, as follows:

		BLOOMFIELD, SEPT. 16, 1891.
Grant A. Wheeler, Treasurer, in account with the Veteran Association of the Thirtieth Regiment New Jersey Volunteers.		
Sept. 17, 1890.	To Balance, last year's Report.....	\$273.40
	Received for Dues.....	141.00
Sept. 16, 1891.	“ “ “ Since.....	14.00
		\$428.40
Sept. 17, 1890.	Paid for Rent of Hall and Janitor.....	\$ 30.00
Oct. 28, “	“ A. Delano, Stationery, &c.....	8.25
Nov. 7, “	“ S. Morris Hulin, Letter Heads, &c... 9.00	9.00
Dec. 16, “	“ “ “ “ Annual Report....	60.00
Dec. 20, “	“ A. Delano, Envelopes and Stamps... 7.15	7.15
June 26, 1891.	“ S. R. McAllister. Care of Monument. 6.00	6.00
Sept. 12, “	“ S. Morris Hulin, Printing notices &c. 6.09	6.09
“ “ “	“ Grant A. Wheeler, Stamps & Stationery 3.50	3.50
Sept. 16, “	Balance on hand.....	298.41
		\$428.40

Respectfully submitted,

GRANT A. WHEELER, Treasurer.

Approved September 14, 1891:

JNO. J. H. LOVE,

A. DELANO.

Comrade Robert Madison, for the Executive Committee, made verbal report explaining the arrangements made by the Citizen's Committee for the reception and banquet in the evening.

Motion, that the President appoint a committee of three, to enquire of Quarter Master G. S. Byrne if he has in his possession the original regimental, or brigade headquarters flags, and if so, to invite him to present them to this Association, was carried.

The President appointed as the committee, Wash. R. Russell, Jas. P. Howatt, Jas. Bishop.

Motion, that the President telegraph replies today to the telegrams of congratulation from the 27th Indiana, 2nd Massachusetts, and 3rd Wisconsin Regimental Associations, was carried.

(See telegrams and replies in full on pages following.)

Secretary Delano reported letters received from a number of invited guests, and from absent comrades, some of which were read.

(See letters in full on pages following.)

Committee on place for next reunion reported in favor of Paterson, and requested President to appoint members residing in Paterson on the Executive Committee. Report accepted.

President appointed as such committee, Joseph E. Crowell, Capt. W. H. Miller, J. C. Stanfield, Jacob Berdan, Jas. H. Peterson.

Motion, that the President, Dr. Love, with two others to be appointed by him, be a committee to arrange with any other committees appointed by the other regimental associations of the Brigade for a Brigade Reunion at Washington in 1892, was carried.

The President appointed Joseph Soden and Captain A. M. Matthews.

Election of Officers.

President appointed as tellers John T. Denmead and Joseph T. Mead.

Tellers reported votes cast for President :

Colonel John Grimes, 38 ; Jacob White, 85 ; Dr. Love, 1 ;
Blank, 2 : total, 98.

President declared Jacob White elected President.

On suspension of rules, carried by motion :

Sixth Reunion of the

Daniel F. Shea of Jersey City was elected Vice President by acclamation.

Grant A. Wheeler, of Bloomfield, was elected Treasurer by acclamation.

S. M. Hulin, of Bloomfield, was elected Corresponding Secretary and Historian by acclamation.

A. Delano, of Newark, was elected Recording Secretary by acclamation.

Rev. E. Livingston Allen, of Camden, was elected Chaplain by acclamation.

The Treasurer stated that about \$140 in dues had been paid in so far at this meeting.

Motion, that the thanks of this Association be hereby expressed to William S. Pierson Post, No. 58, G. A. R. for the use of their rooms and for courtesies shown to-day, was carried unanimously.

Resolved: that the Secretary be instructed to convey the thanks of this Association to the Town Authorities and through them to the citizens of Bloomfield for the courtesy and hospitality shown, and for the inspiring music and elaborate banquet given to us at this Reunion.

Adjourned.

A. DELANO,

Recording Secretary.

TELEGRAMS.

DANVILLE, IND., SEPTEMBER 16, 1891.

To Thirteenth New Jersey Regiment Association, Bloomfield, N. J.:

The Twenty-Seventh Indiana in Reunion assembled sends greetings and wishes you may enjoy many more Reunions.

JOHN MESLER, Secretary.

Thirteenth N. J. Vols.

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BLOOMFIELD, N. J., SEPTEMBER 16, 1891.

Thirteenth New Jersey Veterans in Reunion assembled acknowledge the greetings of the Twenty Seventh Indiana, return the same with many wishes for the prosperity of your Association.

JNO. J. H. LOVE, President.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., SEPTEMBER 16, 1891.

The Veteran Association Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteers in their Annual Reunion assembled send greetings to the Second Massachusetts Infantry Association, and rejoice that as time rolls on, the bonds of fellowship between men who served in the old Third Brigade grows stronger.

JNO. J. H. LOVE, President.

BOSTON, MASS., SEPTEMBER 17, 1891.

To J. J. H. Love, President:

The Second Massachusetts Infantry at their Reunion return your cordial greeting and wish you many happy returns.

JOHN C. METCALF, President.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., SEPTEMBER 16, 1891.

The Veteran Association Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteers in their Annual Reunion assembled, send greetings to the Third Wisconsin Infantry Association and rejoice that as time rolls on the bonds of fellowship between men who served in the old Third Brigade grows stronger.

J. J. H. LOVE, President.

MADISON, WIS., SEPTEMBER 17, 1881.

A. Delano, Esq., Secretary:

In remembrance of this day, upon Antietam field before the Dunker Church, the Third Wisconsin Infantry sends kindly and fraternal greetings.

W. F. GOODHUE, Secretary.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., SEPTEMBER 16, 1891.

The Veteran Association Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteers, in their Annual Reunion assembled, send greetings to the 107th New York Infantry Association, and rejoice that as time rolls on, the bonds of fellowship between men who served in the old Third Brigade grows stronger.

J. J. H. LOVE, President.

THE PARADE.

At about 5 P. M. the Regiment formed in line on Glenwood Avenue, for the parade, which had been planned by the Citizen's Committee. Bayne's Sixty-ninth Regiment Band supplied the music, and the escort of the Regiment was by William S. Pierson Post No. 58, G. A. R. The Bloomfield Fire Department, consisting of Essex Hook and Ladder Company No. 1, Phoenix Hose Company No. 1, Active Hose Company No. 2, Excelsior Hose Company No. 3, and the Scheutzen Bund also participated in the parade, which was through Bloomfield Avenue, Park Avenue, Broad Street, Franklin Street, Orange Street, and thence by Bloomfield Avenue to the Post Room for dismissal. Everywhere along the line of march flags and bunting were displayed. At several places the decorations were exceedingly elaborate, and the welcome accorded the Regiment everywhere most cordial.

THE BANQUET AND SPEECHES.

At 7 P. M. the members of the Regiment again assembled in line and proceeded to the place of the evening's entertainment, which was in the newly-built Church of the Sacred Heart, on Broad and Liberty Streets, fronting the southwest corner of Bloomfield Park. Other invited guests had by invitation of Judge Dodd, previous to and during the parade, met at his residence on the Park, where the same was viewed.

Upon entering the church building, a beautiful sight was presented. The interior was profusely decorated with flags, banners and flowers, and artistically illuminated by innumerable jets of gas in lines and arches. Five long tables, filling most of the audience room, had been set, while another table for the speakers and distinguished guests was

arranged upon a platform built along the north side. On the west was another platform with about two hundred chairs, occupied mostly by ladies of Bloomfield. In the organ loft over the entrance on the east side Bayne's Sixty-ninth Regiment Band was stationed. Soon after seven o'clock one hundred and forty members of the Regiment sat down at the central tables, with about one hundred and twenty of the citizens of Bloomfield and the invited guests seated at the additional tables.

Hon Amzi Dodd, as Chairman of the General Committee, called the assemblage to order, and the Rev. George A. Paull invoked the divine blessing. All being seated, the banquet began, according to the following menu :

OYSTERS.

Blue Points, Half Shell.

SOUP.

Cream, Celery.

FISH:

Salmon Chops. Hollandaise Potatoes.

ENTREES.

Chicken Patties, French Peas,
Macaroni Croquettes, Lima Beans.

ROAST.

Filet of Beef, Mushroom Sauce,
Asparagus.

PUNCH ROMAN

Roast Chicken, Roast Duck,
Apple Sauce, Potato Croquettes.

RELISHES.

Chicken Salad, Lobster Salad,
Olives, Celery, Potato Salad.

DESSERT.

Fancy Creams, Assorted Cake, Salted Almonds,
Eclairs, Confectionery, Mottoes,
Assorted Fruits,
Coffee.

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While the good things provided and excellently served by Davis were being discussed, a fine concert of instrumental music was given at brief intervals by the band, many of the numbers being heartily applauded. The following was the musical programme :

1. Overture,	"Apollo."	<i>Bosisio</i>
2. Grand Selection,	"Martha."	<i>Flotow</i>
3. Valse,	"Daughter of Love."	<i>Bennet</i>
4. Potpourri—American Melodies.		<i>Tobina</i>
5. Cornet Solo, by Mr. Petit.		<i>Levy</i>
6. Selection,	"Bohemian Girl."	<i>Balfe</i>
7. Viola Gavotte,		<i>Resch</i>
8. Cosmopolitan Melange,		<i>Brahm</i>
9. Valse,	"Love's Dream."	<i>Roeder</i>
10. Bolero di Concerto,	Sovindir di Cadiz.	<i>Bossio</i>
11. Vaudeville Medley,	"The Night Owls."	<i>Recker</i>
12. Galop,	"Champagne."	<i>Wiegand</i>

Among the invited guests present were Congressman Herman Lehlbach of Newark; Colonel Andrew Derrom, Ex-Mayor of Paterson; General Joseph W. Plume of Newark; Colonel Floyd Clarkson, Past Commander G. A. R. Department of New York; Colonel John R. Howard of Montclair.

After the banquet, Judge Dodd addressed the assemblage as follows :

Ladies and Gentlemen: Of the forty regiments furnished by New Jersey to the War for the Union none rendered more effective service and none acquired more honorable distinction than the THIRTEENTH, whose associated veterans are here as our guests to-night—and I have thought it due to them and to you to present, in the introductory words I am expected to say, a brief outline of their eventful historical career.

The ten companies of one hundred or thereabouts each that composed it were drawn from the young men—many of them the bravest and best—of Orange, Newark, Jersey

City, Paterson, Caldwell and Bloomfield, which then included *Montclair*. They were enrolled and organized at Camp Frelinghuysen, Roseville, on the 25th of August, 1862. They were disbanded at Washington, after the close of the war, on the 8th of June, 1865—a period of two years, nine months and fourteen days. During this period they were in the greatest battles of the war, in its longest marches, its most trying labors, its severest privations. The Regiment moved—from time to time—in thirteen different States, working, camping, marching, fighting. During the first year in Maryland and Virginia, excepting the few weeks in Pennsylvania, before, at and after the tremendous battles of Gettysburg it was engaged in, on the 2d and 3d days of July, 1863.

Returning to Virginia, and subsequently crossing the Blue Ridge and Alleghanies, it went west and south into northern Alabama and southern Tennessee. Completing several months of service there, it moved eastward, in the corps of Sherman, in 1864, along the Cumberland Mountains, sometimes in their valleys, sometimes on their summits, encountering and repelling rebel forces under Hood, making its way into northern Georgia toward the stronghold of Atlanta, co-operating in the taking of that city, and from Atlanta in the great historic march to Savannah and the Sea.

Starting northward from Savannah in January, 1865, traversing South Carolina, making roads, building bridges, crossing marshes and rivers, it shared in the capture of Columbia, the capital of that misguided and unhappy State where the Secession flag on its state house was supplanted, amid the playing of bands and the cheering of soldiers, by the Stars and Stripes of the Union.

Passing into North Carolina, whose capital, Raleigh, was similarly entered, it met a final and desperate resistance from the army of Johnston, at Bentonville, North Carolina,

where on the 19th of March, in a fierce and sanguinary conflict, it is recorded in the histories and is familiar military knowledge, that the Thirteenth New Jersey Regiment, Lieutenant Colonel Harris, a son of Bloomfield commanding, bravely and immovably held ground against the onslaught of rushing outnumbering foes, drove them back in utter rout, turned threatened disaster into decisive victory, receiving on the field from the General and army the quick plaudits of admiration due to its firmness and valor, then and there in its last battle adding another wreath to, and making forever safe the imperishable laurels of its fame.

The fall of Richmond, the surrender of Lee and of Johnston soon terminated the war. The Thirteenth, marching from Raleigh across Virginia to Alexandria, a distance of 275 miles in twenty days, was in Washington on the 24th of May to witness and be part of the scenes of that day when the assembled army of Sherman was passed in review. Arriving at Newark on the 10th of June and marching through Broad street, it stacked arms at the United States Hospital in Centre street, where the disbanded men separated for their homes.

When the regiment first moved out of camp it numbered 38 officers and 889 men. When disbanded it numbered 27 officers and 300 men.

In its 19 historic battles and numerous skirmishes 103 had been killed and over 300 wounded. From excessive fatigue, poor water and food, exposures by night as well as by day, in swamps, in storms, in unaccustomed climates, many were in hospitals sick, and many disabled at home, so that twenty-one years later, in 1886, it is not strange that the number of survivors was found to be greatly reduced. In that year the Veteran Association was formed to collect and preserve information and materials for the history of the regiment and its members, to cherish the fraternal

affections and strengthen the attachments inseparable from connection as comrades in such an interesting past. Its well-devised methods for accomplishing this purpose have produced records of exceeding interest and value, increasing with successive years. The *personnel* of the regiment was notably high. Men of intelligence and culture, of exceptional moral and religious character were in the ranks as privates as well as among officers, and made their influence felt for good. Of these many are still living, and some are among the dead. Of the latter I must mention Samuel Toombs, whose reminiscences of the war, a well-written volume, giving a detailed account of the experiences of the Regiment in camp, on the march and in the field, also another equally well-written on the Gettysburg Campaign, will well repay an attentive perusal by those who wish to see what manner of men were they who suffered and died in their country's cause.

The annual reunion of the Association occurs on the Wednesday nearest the 17th of September, the date of the battle of Antietam, where the Regiment in less than three weeks after first quitting camp was in the thickest of the fight, and where James M. Taylor, one of its members, a youthful son of a Bloomfield home gave up his life for the nation.

At the first annual reunion in Orange in 1886, one hundred and sixty members were present. Subsequent meetings were in Paterson, Newark, Montclair and Jersey City. It is here to-night with one hundred and forty members attending; and I say that no community has anticipated its coming with more complete and cordial unanimity than ours. We have counted it a privilege and pleasure to show by a hospitable reception that we are not unmindful of what we owe to those who nobly served and helped to save our country. Happy in the circumstances of time and place, discarding political, social, sectarian distinctions, coming as lovers of our country—our whole united country, we meet

with united hearts and minds within the ample enclosure of these newly-built walls—opportunistically ready for so fitting a primal use—to be consecrated in due time to the worship of Him who is the Almighty Ruler of nations—the one God—the common Father of us all.

Thirty years ago the population of Bloomfield was relatively small, though its area was relatively large, extending from the Belleville line on the east, to the Caldwell line on the west, including our beautiful sister, Montclair. The township gave its full quota to the war. The Twenty-sixth Regiment was being formed at the same time with the Thirteenth. To the former Bloomfield supplied an entire company of over one hundred men; to the latter twenty-six men, including Captain Harris and the noted surgeon, Dr. Love, skillful, untiring, beloved. Others had gone before; one whose name is a household word in our midst—William S. Pierson—who, while on a visit to friends in Minnesota, joined a regiment there in the bloom of his promising youth, to die in a few days after being wounded at Bull Run. I recall also the names of two from this township in the Thirteenth Regiment, who were killed at Chancellorsville: Thomas Doyle and John B. Munn—both gallant and good men.

I must not omit to remind you that the Thirteenth Regiment was formed in a dark and critical time: in the dispiriting summer of 1862: sixteen months after the firing of rebel guns on Fort Sumter, when the illusion that the rebellion would be easily or swiftly suppressed had been dispelled. The Peninsular Campaign, from which so much was expected, had been disappointing. The brave and magnificent army of the Potomac, after terrible battles before Richmond, had retired from the rebel capital and come back for the protection of our own. The dreadful havoc of war, the immense waste of property, the fearful numbers of the wounded and the dead, had brought mourning and woe into

thousands of once happy and prosperous homes. The Rebel Confederacy had become a recognized belligerent *Power*, and was expecting speedy recognition as a *Nation* by the governments of monarchical Europe, where even in England, it was widely and exultingly proclaimed that the great Republic was no more. Confidence and hope in many hearts were giving way to apprehension and gloom. Opposing counsels as to slavery and the conduct of the war were vehemently urged. Enormous difficulties confronted the Administration. Open or secret enemies in the North were giving sympathy and aid to enemies in the South. Distrust seemed tending to despair. In this dark and critical time it was that the President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln, whom the Providence that guided our fathers in colonial and revolutionary years had raised up for such a time as that, declared his unshaken purpose in his own clear and manly words: "I expect," he wrote, "to continue this contest till successful or I die, or my term of office expires, or till Congress or the country forsakes me."

He did not believe that the country would forsake him, and appealed to it for 300,000 volunteers, and the men of the Thirteenth Regiment, among the foremost to answer to the call, enlisted in the contest to stay in it to the end, however long it might last. They were in it from that day to its triumphant close.

What a service was that! What immeasurable interests at stake! What imagination can conceive the evils to be averted and the good to be secured by the success of our arms! They were contending for a Union essential as well for the South as the North: for the destruction of a rebellion that if successful would have been *its* ruin as well as ours: a rebellion having for its pretext the greatest of political heresies for the extension and perpetuation of the greatest of human wrongs. Never was a war so necessary, so just, so beneficent, as the War for the Union. Success under Providence came when only it could come, with the

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extirpation of the wrong that caused the war; a wrong for which both sides suffered because both were involved in the guilt. We rejoice that the twenty-six years now passed away in peace have been years of increasing goodwill, of relations between all parts of the land growing more cordial and close. The North and the South, the East and the West, are now bound together in a new, perfected, purified Union, under the one protecting banner of the great Republic; the vast, free, invincible, indissoluble Republic.

Ladies and gentlemen, beside the associated veterans, we have here as their guests and ours, distinguished military officers and public-spirited citizens who honor this occasion with their presence, who are held in grateful remembrance for what they did in that national struggle, and I stand here for the people to bid them each and all an unfeigned, unstinted, heartfelt welcome. (Hearty applause.)

To the above address Dr. J. J. H. Love, responded as follows:

Mr. President: I thank you most heartily for the cordial greeting so eloquently and elegantly expressed to the Veterans of the Thirteenth, and beg to tender to you, and to the Citizens of this Town our deep appreciation of the magnificent reception which has this day been given us. When a year ago at our gathering in Jersey City it was decided to meet in this place, I assured the gentlemen of a warm welcome, but the reality far exceeds our most sanguine anticipations.

If some gray-haired Sergeant should to-night call the rolls of Company I of the Eighth, or of Companies A and E of the Thirteenth, or Company F of the Twenty-Sixth, or Company C of the Thirty-Third New Jersey Volunteers, you and our friends here would recognize many Bloomfield names: Ball, Beach, Baldwin, Cadmus and Cockefair, Dodd and Davis, Morris and Madison, Pierson and Ward. Names of once young citizens of this town, who went cheerfully to

the field of war in '61 and '62, and made a noble record for themselves and their native place.

On May 6th, 1862, as the coming rays of the rising sun drove away the shadows of night and storm from the battle-field of Williamsburg, Virginia, the first dead soldier I recognized was a citizen of Bloomfield, "Nicholas Braddle." As the same sun broke through the clouds of smoke on the battle-field of Averysboro, North Carolina, March 15th, 1865, it lit up the countenance of a gallant, wounded Bloomfield boy, who joined his voice in the glad shout of victory that went up from the veterans of Sherman's army: "Robert Erpenstein." So from the beginning to the end of the war, sons of this loyal town were ever found in the front of battle.

Mr. President, the Veterans of the Thirteenth congratulate themselves that to-day they have been permitted to once again look one another in the eye, and rekindle friendships formed 29 years ago on the historic battle-fields of Antietam, of Chancellorville, of Gettysburg, of Resaca, of Peach Tree Creek, of Atlanta, of the March to the Sea, of Averysboro and Bentonville.

They look like quiet citizens now. They were "bold, soger boys" once. They are a trifle older, a trifle sterner than on September 17th, 1862, when they received their baptism at Antietam. Their ranks are thinner. War and time and disease have made deep gaps in their lines. Many manly voices are still, whose steady "Here" once rang out with the boldest.

They followed the fortunes of the red star of the Twelfth Army Corps under the leadership of the gallant General Henry W. Slocum through seven States of this Union. They have floundered in Virginia mud and double-quickened on the plains of Georgia, in the face of shot and bullet and shell they have scaled the mountains of Tennessee, and built corduroy roads in Carolina rice swamps. They have cursed Jeff Davis, consumed army whiskey and plundered secesh hen roosts in half the States of the Confederacy.

They have faced storms of rebel lead and exchanged badinage with opposing pickets in the very valley of the shadow of death. They have been scorched with heat, almost frozen with cold, parched with thirst and faint with fatigue, and emerged from a score of hard-fought battles with their flags proudly waving, their honor untarnished, and a record to which their descendants for years to come can point with pride, whenever and wherever the history of the War of the Rebellion of 1861 to 1865 shall be read. Long, very long may it be ere the hearts of the citizens of this county shall thrill at the brave deeds of another Thirteenth Regiment.

And now, Mr. President, in behalf of the Regimental Association, I have a pleasant duty to perform. Here is a cane, historic in its composition, elaborately wrought and carefully finished by that gallant soldier and genial comrade, James P. Howatt, which I am instructed to present to that citizen of Bloomfield who has done the most to make this Reunion a success. The wood of the cane is from a hickory butt cut on Culp's Hill, at Gettysburg—the metal of the handle is from the propeller of the old United States Ship "Minnesota," which vessel took an active part in the naval battle of Hampton Roads, Va., March 9th, 1862. It therefore represents in its composition two great historic events:—The battle of the Merrimac and Monitor, which caused a radical change in the construction of war vessels in this country—and the great battle of Gettysburg—the turning battle in the War of the Rebellion. The gun on the head of the cane is an exact imitation of the new gun recently adopted by the United States Navy. In behalf of my comrades here assembled I have the honor to present it to Judge Dodd.

Judge Dodd:

Ladies and Gentlemen: I can only say that I have received this most interesting memento with sentiments of complete surprise. I must complain of Dr. Love that sit-

ting by his side he gave no hint of this most unexpected part of this evening's performance. But if I had had any idea that such a surprise was in store for me I should have been disabused of that idea when I heard him say that this cane was to be given to the gentleman who had done the most to make this reception complete. I disclaim that distinction, but I beg to assure you that I shall prize to the utmost, as long as I live, this cane; but I hope it will be long, ladies and gentlemen, before I shall be obliged to use it—I have never used a cane, but if I ever do have occasion to use it I shall make many a person tired of hearing how I came by it. (Applause.)

Ladies and Gentlemen: I have the toast: "The Army of the Potomac." We have with us a distinguished military gentleman, General Horatio C. King, (applause) from the State of New York, who was a distinguished staff officer under General Sheridan, and I call upon him to say to us what he has to say of the Army of the Potomac.

General King:

Mr. Chairman, Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen: I am somewhat embarrassed by the very handsome introduction given me by your honored Chairman. Occupying but a very humble position in the service, doing what little I could for three years to help along the good cause, I am quite surprised, from time to time as I appear before new audiences, that my fame, instead of growing less, appears each year to grow greater with my increasing years. It recalls an incident in Brooklyn, where I happen to be a member of the Board of Education. The principal of one of the schools, a lady, has the embarrassing habit when I go around to inspect the school, of saying to the pupils: "This is General King; he is a real soldier; he was in the War of the Rebellion." So on one occasion when one of the teachers was examining a class in modern history, she asked, among

other questions: "Who was the principal hero of the Rebellion?" One little girl raised her hand. "Well, my dear, who was it?" "Why, General King." (Laughter.)

I thank you very much for the honor for the third time of being your guest this evening. I confess when I came into this church a little late and discovered this magnificent audience, flanked as it is upon one side by such a handsome group of Bloomfield ladies, that I was quite taken aback and felt very much like retreating or hiding myself; but having promised to be here and to speak, I felt that I was somewhat in the position described by the private at Gettysburg, who sometime after the battle in explaining to a friend the heat of that great engagement, the terrific struggle for three days, and the magnificent charge of Pickett's Division, which we repelled so handsomely, his friend, with open-eyed wonder asked—"Why didn't you get behind a tree?" "Get behind a tree!" said the private, "why, there weren't trees enough for the officers." (Laughter.)

Yet if I have not already said it I want to say now, that though personally I may be a stranger to most of you, I was by no means a stranger to your regiment when it came into the service. I went in just a little before you did and was assigned to duty in Washington on the staff of General Casey. Yours was one of the regiments among others that it was my duty to equip prior to its movement to the Army of the Potomac to take part in the battle of Antietam. So you see, if I am not of the Thirteenth Regiment, I at least may be regarded as a very close relation.

At the risk of repeating myself I may say this, that when I am in the presence of comrades anywhere, I feel as much at ease as was Mark Twain, who, when asked whether he would rather go to heaven or to that other place which has been eliminated by the "Revised Version," said he wasn't at all particular, as he had friends in both places (Laughter.)

I remember being in Washington at the time of Pope's defeat. I remember, too, the gloom that there was cast over the country, over the army particularly, by the death of that gallant, noble soldier from New Jersey, Phil Kearny. (Applause.)

Now, it is quite natural that upon the eve of the anniversary of the battle of Antietam, when so many of our comrades are gathered upon that consecrated field to renew the pleasant associations of the war, and with appropriate ceremonies to dedicate a monument there, that our thoughts should revert to that occasion of the Army of the Potomac's victory, and to recall with sweet memory that gallant soldier, the adopted son of your own State, George B. McClellan. (Applause.)

Whatever may be thought or said of George B. McClellan, and there has been much defamation, much loose, partisan and unwarranted talk, I think I may safely say that in the hearts of the Army of the Potomac he bore a place that no General that succeeded him ever surpassed. We loved him. We may concede that he was not perfection, but we have to remember this, that in the early part of the war every soldier was learning his lesson. We knew nothing about war. Why, our army in the Mexican war altogether did not muster in any battle as many men as one Corps of the Army of the Potomac. We were novices; we were feeling our way, and as General Sherman said to me one day, "It cost this country two hundred thousand lives and two hundred millions of money to learn the art of war," and it was not for more than two years that we began to understand what it was to be veteran soldiers.

I am limited, and properly so, in my time, and will hurry along. You will recall, or some of you do certainly, that campaign of mud that we had at Fredericksburg. It wasn't pleasant in the winter season, in the camp and in the mud, to play the part of a soldier with heroism and dignity.

The story is told of a private who was badly out at his toes, badly off for pantaloons, and equally badly off for an overcoat, who was doing picket duty one night, and one of his comrades overheard him as he was pacing up and down his beat, mumbling to himself somewhat in this style :

“Yes, I love my country, but just look at those shoes !”

“I love my country, but look at those pantaloons, all out at the knees !”

“But I love my country. But see this overcoat, all played out, and on such a night as this: but I love my country; but,” said the patriot, “If I ever get out of this scrape I’ll be hanged if I will ever love another country.” (Continued laughter.)

Some one asked me the other day—I will digress a little—how a fellow felt when he first went into action. Well, I know how I felt; I know how you felt, too, that there was many a time you wanted to go home, when the fighting began. I think the feeling is graphically illustrated in a little incident which is said to have occurred at Gettysburg. During that famous charge of Pickett, when that magnificent line advanced over a mile of open field, almost as though on dress parade, and when, as it approached our lines and was being enfladed by the terrible fire of our batteries on Cemetery Hill, when they closed the gaps and still pressed on, shoulder to shoulder, a rabbit was started from its warren and naturally enough, as rabbits will do, made a hasty retreat to the rear. A Confederate Colonel (I am told it was Vance of North Carolina,) seeing it, waved his sword toward the demoralized rabbit and shouted, “Go it, old molly cotton tail! I would be with you if I dared.” (Laughter.)

As I walked up the street to-night I was both surprised and delighted to see with what unanimity the citizens had decorated their homes and their places of business. The buildings seemed fairly hidden from sight by the banners, flags and bunting. It came to my mind that the Society of the Army of the Potomac had just such a reception at

Buffalo, where the people did us great honor. At the close of the banquet, which was somewhere along about one o'clock Sunday morning, a suggestion was made by the Chairman that something ought to be said for the Recording Secretary,—which lucrative office he has held now for fourteen years: The salary is nothing and they double it every year (laughter,) and the Chairman called for a vote of thanks. That brought me to my feet of necessity and I had a word to say of thanks of course in the first place, and then followed this remark—that while so much had been said about the magnificence of the decorations, one thing seemed to have escaped their attention. Certainly they could not have had as good eyes as my own—that was that while I was riding up Delaware Avenue, which is their most famous street, I passed a large building very beautifully decorated. I asked my friend who was with me, what it was. He replied that it was the county jail, and I observed that it bore in large letters the somewhat touching, but suggestive motto: "Welcome, Comrades." (Loud laughter.) The Mayor of Buffalo, who sat at my side, a very jolly fellow, said in a sort of stage whisper, "King, that is a lie." I said, "Bishop, I know it is, but it is a very good one for this occasion." (Laughter.)

Now, in conclusion, let me congratulate you upon one thing. Last year when we met you know the occasion was somewhat marred by the absence of one whom you dearly loved, and who at that time it was supposed you might never meet again. It gave me exquisite pleasure, and I know it gives you great delight to see before you your old commander, Colonel Harris. (Applause.)

And now let me again thank you for this honor and this pleasure. I cannot expect that you will go on inviting me every year to these reunions, but I hope you may live to enjoy many more such, and that none who are here to-night will be absent next year. Your attendance has grown each

year and it delighted me to see such a large increase this year. As time goes on this feeling of comradeship will not only not die out, but it will increase until the last few men shall gather around the table, if it is but a small one, to say something of the glorious history of the Thirteenth New Jersey. (Applause.)

Judge Dodd :

The Thirteenth Regiment, I understand, had abundant reason to appreciate in camp and on the field the services of their chaplain, and I need not say that the influence and the value of the clergy in our civil war was great. We have with us to-night a distinguished clergyman, and I call upon him—the Rev. Dr. Shaw—to respond to the toast : “The Clergy in the Civil War.”

Rev. Dr. Shaw :

Mr. Chairman, and Ladies and Gentlemen : On an occasion like this I have always one deep regret. Dr. Pierson came to me just now and said, “Your regiment is set down as the 136th New York.” I was obliged to say to him, “Doctor, I never was in the army.”

For ten years I have been the Chaplain of the First Battalion in Paterson. I have tried hard to make myself believe that I was a veteran ; I have succeeded in making a good many people believe that I was a veteran, but I am constrained to confess to you the sorrow in my heart that I am not a veteran of the war and that I never was in the army. I am sorry for it.

If I could call you comrades to-night ; if I could stand here and talk about Gettysburg and Chancellorsville and the March to the Sea, and Sherman's Bummers, and the great review in Washington, there is not a man here to-night, proud and happy as you all are, who would be so proud and happy as I should be. But I have no such record ; I have no such memory ; I have no such rights, and

I am sometimes almost ashamed to think that I was not in the army and was not in any such active sense a participant in the war; and yet the toast to-night, "The Clergy in the Civil War," gives me the opportunity to say something which I am glad to utter.

There are many people who suppose that all lawyers are liars and scoundrels; there are many who suppose that all merchants are cheats and robbers. We know that is not so. We know that there are lawyers whose honorable career bears witness to integrity and probity and justice. I mean the Judge, but he doesn't hear me. (Laughter.)

We know of merchants whose career in business has been altogether the career of just, honorable and upright men. The popular estimate of a lawyer is a mistaken estimate. The popular estimate of a merchant is an entirely mistaken estimate, and so there is a popular estimate of a clergyman which supposes him to be a dainty, dapper little man, fit to adorn a Dorcas Society or conduct a church sociable, but shrinking from the great and bitter conflicts of life.

In behalf of myself and my brother clergymen I disclaim any such characteristics, or any such conduct. Gentlemen, though we serve the Lord Jesus Christ, we are men, and there beats in the breasts of the clergymen as honest a heart, as brave a heart, as patriotic and faithful a heart as in the bosoms of any other class of men. (Applause.)

And it was proved in the civil war; it was abundantly proved in the civil war. Let us look back a little. What was the civil war, first? It was a contest between two theories of government; on one hand State Rights; on the other hand the theory of the Federal government, the Union to be preserved at any cost and forever. That was one of the phases of the conflict, the strife of two political

opinions; it was also the struggle of two civilizations. The civilization of the South was antique, it was medieval, it was feudal. The civilization of the North was modern, it was the Nineteenth Century, it was progressive; it was the achievement of the present time; it was cutting loose from the past; and the conflict between these two civilizations was, in the nature of things, inevitable.

But more than that, it was not only a question of politics, and of civilization, it was a question also of morality. We were a mighty and glorious nation, but on our bosom there was visible to all the world a black and dreadful ulcerous spot; in the very heart of the nation there was a lesser nation of slaves. We called ourselves free men, and so we were, but linked in with the very life of the nation was this poisonous and deadly fact of slavery permitted and maintained. Here was a country boasting itself as the home of the free, yet within whose borders millions of men were held as chattels, who were bondsmen and who had no rights that white men were bound to respect.

Gentlemen, whatever may be our politics now, or whatever may have been our politics then, we cannot but admit that the reproach cast upon us by the other nations of the world was a true reproach, and merited.

English soil freed any man who set his foot upon it; if a slave touched English soil, that moment he was free. The same could not be said of American soil then. Thank God it can be said of American soil to-night. (Applause.)

In the settlement of those great questions it was inevitable that there should be strife; it was inevitable that there should be bloodshed; and let me remind you of what was true, that there were a number of clergymen in this country who saw that fact clearly, and who with unflinching courage preached and taught that slavery was a sin and an evil, that it must be corrected, that it must be abolished, and that if it were not abolished peacefully then it would be swept

away by the mighty hand of God. They bore their part in the civil war, in that they showed men plainly what their duty was and urged them to do it. And the time came when the South denied and derided the Union, and insulted the national flag. Then the North rose, rose like one man outraged, determined to avenge that insult and to right that wrong. And the clergymen of the North, standing in their pulpits declared the duty of the hour; they uttered words of the highest patriotism. The clergy of the North upheld the starry flag, the emblem of our American Union and insisted that the honor and the glory of that flag and of the nation must be preserved. (Applause.) And over all the North, from every church, from every denomination, from every religious creed the answer went up, "It shall! The flag shall float over a free land and the Union of our fathers shall be maintained." (Applause.) Even the Quakers agreed in this; though it is against their principles to fight or carry on war. The Quaker boys in Philadelphia ran away and enlisted in the army. The precepts of their fathers could not hold them back; patriotism was more than parental teaching, and from all the pulpits of the North there went out the words of encouragement and truth that sent forth thousands and tens of thousands of men into the field who felt they were going not only for their country but their God; the blessing of heaven was invoked upon them, and the blessing of heaven went with them, with you, with your gallant Thirteenth with whom I am proud to be to-night. The blessing of Almighty God went with you. Through many a march and peril the hand of our Father was upon you, and brought you through them all with glory and honor, and brings you here to-night. God bless the Thirteenth Regiment for ever, say I. God bless the Thirteenth Regiment and give its members every joy and every comfort that human heart can wish; and now in the winter of their years, while any members of the regiment shall be upon the earth, give them honor and glory for their portion

while they live, and a sacred and holy memory for them when they shall have passed away.

But, gentlemen, the clergy of the civil war were in the field as chaplains; they did not stay home, but went out and marched with the soldiers and suffered with them and endured with them. They were exposed to the fire of battle; and yet I apprehend that there were no more chaplains that got behind trees than there were general officers. (Laughter.) I suspect that there were just as many colonels got behind hollow logs as there were chaplains, and I know of one chaplain who was riding with his Colonel, as he always did with his regiment, when a general officer rode up on the eve of battle and asked who that officer was; upon being told that it was the chaplain of the regiment, he said to him, "Chaplain, your place is in the rear." "General," said the chaplain, "my place is with my Colonel; I ride with my Colonel,"—and so he did in every march and in every battle; and there were many like him that went forth in the fight shoulder to shoulder with their men and took the risks of war; and chaplains were wounded, chaplains were killed, chaplains were taken away and shut up in the prison pens of the South. I think the spirit of heroism shown by chaplains of the army of the United States was something worthy of commendation.

I did hear of a chaplain who thought he had planned the entire Vicksburg campaign for General Grant; he was under the impression that he had planned it all out, and communicated it to General Grant. General Grant is dead. That chaplain is still alive. We have the chaplain's word for it, and I never heard General Grant say anything to the contrary, so I suppose it must be so. (Laughter and applause.)

And then permit me to refer to another matter—the care of sick and wounded. The Young Men's Christian Association were in that, the pious women were in that. These good men and women labored in the Christian Com-

mission for the relief and benefit of wounded soldiers. The comforts of this life and the consolation of religion were taken to many a suffering and dying man by members of that Commission. And perhaps there is some comrade here to-night who in some hospital, weak and wounded and suffering, received the blessed ministrations of the Christian Commission and remembers from that hour to this the good works and kind deeds of that noble organization.

I have in my mind the memory of a gallant chaplain who went out with Colonel Derrom in the Twenty-fifth New Jersey Regiment. There was a military movement of some kind, there was a fight, and men of the Twenty-fifth Regiment were wounded and lay in the open field under the fire of the enemy. This heroic chaplain started to go to the relief of his wounded comrades. He was urged not to go, but he said, "I must; I must go over and see those poor, wounded fellows and see what I can do for them." He left the shelter and went out in the open field. The fire of the enemy rained upon him and the chaplain was stricken with a bullet and fell upon the field. They got him back; there he lay until the next day and then he died, died for his country, died for his regiment, died for his fellow men; and the name of Chaplain Butler is the name of a hero and martyr, a clergyman who was a soldier, a clergyman who lived a man's life and died on the field of honor.

Gentlemen, they only ask that it shall not be thought of them that they skulked at home. They thought of you, they prayed for you, they looked after the comfort of your dear ones left at home, and when the history of this great nation and of its greatest war is all written up and revealed and made known before the mighty armies of earth and heaven, it will be seen and known that side by side and shoulder to shoulder with the gallant soldiers who went down in the fight were the ministers of religion who prayed for them and served with them. The clergy were with them, and the work of freedom that was wrought, the work

of unity that was accomplished, was in part due not merely to the soldiers of the great war, but also to the clergy of the civil war. (Applause.)

Judge Dodd:

Ladies and Gentlemen. We are all familiar with the influence of the newspapers in the war, before the war, and since the war, well named "The Press," and I call upon Mr. Noah Brooks, editor of the Newark Daily Advertiser, to respond to the toast. (Applause.)

Mr. Brooks:

Mr. President: The lateness of the hour encouraged me with the belief that I would be excused from speaking. A brigade was once crossing a river which had overflowed its banks and it seemed to be a very wide and shallow stream. One of the soldiers who had fallen three or four times and had got a very severe ducking, struggled to his feet and said: "Well, it seems to me we have struck this river lengthways." It seems to me I have struck this programme lengthways.

The Press, as your Chairman has very properly, and I think justly, remarked, did have some influence in the War of the Rebellion. One kind of printing press was very necessary, as I remember, to the soldier. I was in the Army of the Potomac one day with the President, Mr. Lincoln, and his wife and boy, Tad. We were with Hooker, just before the battle of Chancellorsville, and as we were leaving his headquarters in the morning to go to Acquia Creek to take the steamer for Washington, the soldiers, drawn up in line, saluted and cheered. They gave three cheers for "the President of the United States." Before these cheers died away, one fellow looked up in the face of the President, who was just ahead, and said: "And send along the greenbacks." Little Tad said to his father, with some degree of asperity for a little fellow. "What did that man mean by saying that?" His father answered him, "The Army of the Potomac has

not been paid off for six months and there are a great many hundred thousand dollars due them, and I don't know exactly when we are going to get money to pay them." "Well," said the boy, decisively, "why doesn't Mr. Chase print 'em?" In those days the greenback, as you know, was a very common article of print, and the press furnished the soldiers of the army with their rations and with the necessary sustenance for their families at home.

On another occasion, a tugboat, going up the James River, was hailed by a sentry on the shore, who shouted, "What have you got on that boat?" And with great indignation and wrath the officer on board replied, "We have got Major-General Foster, on a tour of inspection," to which the sentry rejoined, "We have got Major-Generals enough up here; why don't you send us some newspapers?" (Laughter.)

So you see we of the Press did feel that we had many friends in the army, as well as you had with us who remained behind, to preach patriotism and to encourage those who were ready to volunteer. But now that the war is over and we of the Press and other civilians who did not take part in the war—but some of us perhaps were very near it and saw much of it—feel that we have a common sympathy, a common sentiment with you, when on an occasion like this you revive those glorious memories and thrill our hearts once more with the patriotic echoes that then floated through the land. And the Press, then, as now, I am sure, is patriotic, although divided, as not then, by partisan lines and by little things that divide neighbor from neighbor. After all, should another exigency come, I am sure the Press, pulpit, forum, shop, office, will be once more, as then, if necessary, as one man, flocking to the defence of the country and defence of the flag. We shall be with you heart and soul until the necessity of war is no more, until nations shall learn war no more:

"When the war drums throb no longer, and the battle-flags are furled,
In the parliament of nations, the federation of the world."

Judge Dodd :

We have with us a gentleman who served with great distinction from the State of New York, as Colonel of the One Hundred and Thirty-sixth Regiment, whose eloquent voice is not unknown to us, and which we wish to hear again. I call upon Colonel Edward E. Sill.

Colonel Sill :

Mr. President, Comrades of the Thirteenth, Ladies :—I never declined an invitation to a banquet of the Thirteenth New Jersey. I have done a soldier's full duty at this end of the table to-night, and I only rise, quite unexpectedly I must say, to simply express the gratification I feel in again meeting these comrades and to congratulate them that their lines have this year fallen in such pleasant places; that they and we are the guests of such a hospitable and loyal people as those of the village of Bloomfield. (Applause.)

I congratulate the people of Bloomfield, Mr. President, in having as their guests to-night these veterans of the Thirteenth Regiment, and I speak as one who knows them. Long ago they were neighbors of mine. I heard the crack and the roll of their muskets at Culp's Hill, at Resaca and Dallas Woods. I know the men, and I know they are worthy of all the honor the people of Bloomfield can pay them. It rejoices my heart as their comrade to witness this entertainment which you have provided for them; and that the doors of your village have been thrown open so hospitably and such an entertainment has been given them. But I say to you, people of Bloomfield, you have wrought for yourselves to-day and to-night as much as you have for them. Here is a happy lesson for your children which they will not soon forget, and one of the best lessons in the education which those children can have is to witness the gatherings of such men as these who upheld the flag of their country.

We are all familiar with the words in which England's Poet-Laureate has immortalized the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava. It was a brave charge, and yet it is well, perhaps, to remember that bravery did not die in the Crimea, and that scenes of equal bravery and greater sacrifice occurred during our own war. When Lord Cardigan was ordered to take his six hundred and seventy-three men and charge on the Russian batteries at Balaklava, like a soldier he and they obeyed. Of them one hundred and thirteen were killed and one hundred and thirty-four wounded, and wherever the English language is spoken or English literature is known there dwells in the minds of reading and thinking people the history of that brilliant fight. Thirty-seven per cent of those brave men who charged upon the Russian batteries fell upon the field.

Let me give you a little incident at Gettysburg. The rebels saw a gap in Hancock's line. With soldierly instinct they sent a column to try and pierce that gap, and which, had they succeeded, would have been disaster to us. A column of their troops was in motion toward that vital spot. The First Minnesota was marching not far away, crossing that field; they were ordered at once in the gap and responded like soldiers. Two hundred and fifty in number, officers and men, they entered that gap and charged upon the head of that advancing column. When that charge ended there were fifty dead and one hundred and fifty-five wounded,—eighty per cent of the total of that regiment were lying dead or wounded upon that field. One single company had a total present of thirty-five, and of those in the charge thirteen were killed and seventeen wounded.

Where is the Poet-Laureate to celebrate the deeds of such men as those of the First Minnesota, or of the Second United States Cavalry at Gaines Mills, or a score of similar incidents that took place on the different battlefields of our war? Where has been properly celebrated the deeds of the Fifth New Jersey, where in one battle they lost in killed

and wounded sixty per cent. of their entire number? And they are only two or three, those I have named. I could name a score of the regiments of New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Minnesota, Massachusetts, Maine and other States where from fifty to eighty-seven per cent. fell dead or wounded in a single engagement. The time is coming, though you and I, comrades, will not live to see it, for the time is not yet ripe for it, but the time will come when in history and literature will be contained the grandest epic which the world has ever known, and its theme will be the matchless suffering and deeds of the Armies and Navies of the Union. (Applause.) And it rejoices our hearts, comrades, even though we know we will hear none of the pæans which will be sung. These ears will be stopped in death and our eyes will no longer look upon the dear old flag, yet we do know, and there is inspiration and joy in the thought, that there will go down to our children and to others who follow after us, inspirations of heroism and patriotism as they read the record of the days and times in which we lived and had our humble part.

I am glad again to be with you to-night around this banquet table, and to look again in the faces of the men who wore the old Red Star. (Applause.) I honor it. I know what it meant in the field; I know what those who wore it mean in their lives when at home.

Mr. President, in closing let me express the joy of my heart in connection with this festive occasion in hearing and witnessing such evidences that in this refined and cultivated village, without distinction of creed or politics, or any of the differences which arise among men, the people of Bloomfield in their patriotic love for these, our comrades, have done what they have for them.

And it is a gratification that we have met within these walls, tendered as a graceful Christian courtesy by the priest of the parish, giving to you and to us for this joyous occa-

sion the use of these walls which are soon to be dedicated to the service of Almighty God.

I am sure we all rejoice in meeting here to-night under just such auspices, and the spirit of this occasion calls back in memory the words of "Private Miles O'Reilly" as he sung:

"By communion of the banner—
Crimson, white and starry banner—
By the baptism of the banner,
Children of one Church are we,
Creed nor faction can divide us,
Race nor language can divide us,
Still, whatever fate betide us,
Children of the flag are we."

(Applause.)

Judge Dodd:

We all wish to hear from some representative of the Grand Army of the Republic, and we have with us Department Commander Col. J. R. Mullikin, from whom we would be glad to hear. (Applause.)

Col. Mullikin:

Mr. President, Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:—
More than a quarter of a century has now elapsed since the thunder of the last gun fired in the War of the Rebellion died away amid the hills of a restored Union. More than a quarter of a century has passed since that army of veterans, the like of which the world has never before seen, made that final march past in the capital of the nation, and then quietly melted away and became again that higher type of manhood—peaceful, law-abiding citizens of the greatest republic God ever permitted to exist. Do we realize that this disposition of this vast host was emphasizing in a practical object the poet's words: "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war?" We all know now—for it is a matter of well-authenticated fact, that the great War Secretary, Mr:

Stanton, and that greater man, Abraham Lincoln, differed as to the wisdom of at once, and without reserve, discharging the volunteer army of the United States at the close of the war. It is true that a respectable force of the veteran soldiers of the Union was to be retained in service, but it was not because of any fear on the part of President Lincoln that the men who had conquered the Rebellion could not be trusted to return to the duties of citizenship, but because of the international questions that had grown out of the occupation of the neighboring republic of Mexico by the troops of a foreign nation, in contravention of the principle enunciated by Monroe. Abraham Lincoln had an abiding faith in the patriotism, industry, thrift and patience of his countrymen, and his faith seemed akin to prescience; his untimely taking-off forbade his seeing the fulfillment of his prophetic vision.

I remind you, my comrades, of these facts, to point out not only the abiding faith of the great President in his fellow-citizens, who had voluntarily taken up arms that the nation might live, but to recall the fact that many of you were of the class who, it was feared, on the one hand, would not again return without compulsion to the quiet walks of peace; and on the other, you were trusted implicitly, with the same faith in your fidelity to duty as citizens you had exhibited as soldiers. Why, some of the very men before me were the boys who fired the last gun in the Civil War, and they are boys still, albeit the silver tinge of hair bespeaks the middle-aged sire. They are boys in the very prime of life, and no better citizens exist anywhere, under the folds of "Old Glory," than the boys who helped to make it the proud ensign of a reunited country, loved at home and respected abroad. You are some of the men who saved to the world a republic, whose marvelous growth and prosperity is the wonder of the Nineteenth Century; and of just such men as you is the Grand Army of the Republic comprised; men, who, setting aside the distinction of rank necessary to

actual service, voluntarily assume a solemn obligation, based on their record as soldiers of the Union, to recognize in a fraternal spirit every man who honorably wore the blue—no matter what his rank was or is, whether on his shoulder rested lightly the star of the general, or heavily the indentation of the musket-barrel; no matter if he live in a palace surrounded by all the luxury that wealth and station can give, or exists in an humble cottage and maintained by the wages of his honest daily toil—so long as he proved his manhood in the service of his country, and followed faithfully the flag of the Union. In your Veteran Association you have a miniature type of what the Grand Army of the Republic is: An organization of old soldiers, projected to maintain the association formed in active service; to strengthen the fraternal ties of common dangers shared, of triumph won; to secure by organized charity the impossibility of a modern type of Belisarius begging for a penny; to prevent the possibility of any soldier looking at his country's greatness through the windows of the county almshouse; and to keep ever present before them the measure of duty "to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and for his orphan."

But this is not all the comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic pledge themselves to do, calling upon God to witness the sincerity of their vow. The crowning principle of the organization is Loyalty, and every one of the five hundred thousand honorably discharged soldiers or sailors in its ranks has solemnly promised to encourage honor and purity in public affairs, to maintain true allegiance to the United States of America, and to protect the flag of his country as the emblem of liberty, equal rights, and national unity. How well it has succeeded, or may succeed, in its self-imposed mission, history will record; but it will not deserve to succeed if, grown arrogant with its vigorous manhood, it assumes to wield its power as a political dictator, or departs in any manner from the purposes of its founders

from the cardinal principles which have brought it to its present zenith of power—Fraternity, Charity, and Loyalty.

And now a word or two to my comrades of the Thirteenth Regiment. Foster, in his "New Jersey in the War of the Rebellion," asserts that no troops in the Army of the Union fought with more persistency or exhibited greater courage and intelligence, or bore more uncomplainingly the dangers, toils and hardships of a soldier's life, than did the soldiers of the State of New Jersey. And his testimony has been verified by every officer who had the honor to command any of the eighty-eight thousand men this State sent into the service of the United States in the War of the Rebellion. It was my misfortune not to have had the honor of being enrolled in any of the organizations of my native State, but I served for a time in the same Department with the old Thirteenth, and, wearing the blue acorn of the Fourteenth Army Corps, I formed a high opinion of the soldierly qualities of my fellow-Jersey men, who wore the red star of the Twentieth Corps. Just when I learned to love and respect the Thirteenth boys, I cannot recall, but I am proud of the fact that, as I now feel, could I have selected my service, it certainly would have been in the ranks of the Thirteenth.

And you, my fellow-citizens, who, by your presence and your welcome to these brave survivors of one of the model regiments of volunteer soldiers this little State furnished the general government, you honor yourselves in honoring them. You, who did not win comradeship with them through the baptism of fire and blood, may well envy them the opportunity they take of proving that their love and devotion to the country, for which they were willing to give the last full measure of service, was not stronger than their friendship for their comrades living, nor their love and respect for those who are keeping the ceaseless comradeship of soldiers' graves.

Let us each do our duty as God gives us the light to see it. Let us be sincere and honest patriots, and keep in its glory, its purity, and its power, the great Republic for which those men gave the strength and vigor of their manhood, and for which so many of their comrades gave the last full measure of devotion—their lives.

This closed the entertainment, about 11.30 P. M., when the gathering dispersed, the veterans of the Thirteenth Regiment departing for their homes warm in their praises of the generous hospitality of the citizens of Bloomfield.

Following is a list of the contributors to the expenses of this reunion :

Thos. Albinson,	Sam'l. G. Hayter,	E. A. Rayner,
F. C. Aucott,	C. H. Halfpenny,	Geo. Roubaud,
C. E. Breeden,	Frank M. Hinkle,	Leonard Richards,
J. M. Bancroft,	Geo. W. Hopping,	H. E. Richards,
T. B. Baxter,	Benj. Haskell,	J. Banks Reford,
F. H. Baker,	M. N. Higgins,	Jno. Rassbach & Son,
J. W. Brereton,	T. E. Hayes,	Wright C. Stout,
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S. H. Baxter,	C. H. Johnson,	Jno. Sherman,
Wm. Baldwin,	Arthur J. King,	G. Lee Stout,
H. K. & F. S. Benson,	Thos. W. Langstroth,	J. P. Scherff,
H. M. Barrett,	Linder Bros.,	H. B. Sheldon,
Robert Belloni,	A. J. Lockwood,	R. M. Stiles,
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Jas. Crisp & Co.,	Jno. Lawrence,	P. Shoenthal,
Wm. Colfax,	Henry Lindenmeyr,	Arthur Spragg,
D. B. Coe,	E. G. Lewis,	Geo. B. Smith,
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Combination R. & R. Co.	Jno. Mellor,	E. A. Smith,
C. G. Clark,	T. Hill Mansfield,	L. Sherwood,
Fred. Crane,	J. Merrihew,	G. H. Sedgwick,
Jas. D. Cooper,	J. C. Morris,	Frank G. Tower,
W. S. Cooper,	A. C. Marr,	Wm. Thompson,
Geo. W. Cook,	C. W. Martin,	Jno. Terris,
Amzi Dodd,	Thos. McGowan,	Wm. Ford Upson.
L. K. Dodd,	J. M. Nardiello,	J. M. Unangst,
R. N. Dodd,	A. H. Olmsted,	J. S. Vale,
N. Harvey Dodd,	J. K. Oakes,	H. Van Tassell,
A. Day,	Thos. Oakes & Co.,	Theo. H. Ward,
Adrian Dickerson,	Edward Oakes,	E. G. Ward,
E. F. Farrand,	Malcolm Peters,	J. E. Wilson,
Thos. Flannery,	Geo. W. Pancoast,	Wm. H. White,
W. S. Freeman,	Geo. S. Porter,	Geo. M. Wood,
D. G. Garrabrant,	Geo. Peterson,	W. H. Young.
Seymour P. Gilbert,	Nathan Russell,	
Peter Geib,	Wm. J. Raab,	

LETTERS.

BREMEN, September 7, 1891.

Dr. J. J. H. Love:

Dear Friend and Comrade: From this land of military will I extend the hand of comradeship to you. and through you to my old comrades in arms upon this, the twenty-ninth anniversary of our first baptism in blood at Antietam. Although absent in body I am present with you in spirit. A sojourn of one month in this city has taught me, through optical experience, to more thoroughly appreciate the institutions of our own dear country and the more fully to realize the value of the preservation of that beneficent government over which Old Glory still triumphantly floats, the symbol of the freedom and equality of man. "Long may it wave over the land of the free and the homes of the brave." I wish to join the boys in their vote of thanks to the good citizens of Bloomfield who are voluntarily entertaining the Thirteenth Regiment on this anniversary occasion.

Fraternally yours,

JNO. R. WILLIAMS.

CHICAGO, ILLS., September 11, 1891.

A. Delano, Secretary:

Dear Comrade: It is a great disappointment to me that I shall be unable to attend the Regimental Reunion at Bloomfield, not only because I know the patriotic and hospitable citizens of that town will give you a royal reception, but rather, that these annual gatherings of old comrades involve too much to be lightly missed, and too soon will cease forever.

If possible, it were well worth the journey from Chicago to renew for one night, more vividly in such companionship, the memory of the grand events in which we participated in '62 and '65.

For myself, I can never feel sufficiently grateful that I was permitted to make some sacrifice and bear some humble part in helping to maintain the Union, that cause which involved the freedom and happiness of millions of our own countrymen not only, but the hopes of the oppressed throughout the world.

Old John Brown thanked God he was called to *die* for a *cause*, and not merely to pay the universal debt of nature.

More blessed than he, it was permitted us to share in upholding one of the grandest causes for which the blood of man was ever shed, and yet *live* to see it magnificently triumphant.

With kindest regards to every member of what Colonel Bachelder would call the "late" Thirteenth, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

S. DUNCAN.

NEW YORK, September 12, 1891.

S. Morris Hulín, Corresponding Secretary:

Dear Sir: I am in receipt of an invitation addressed to Mr. G. A. Beardsley, announcing the Sixth Annual Reunion of the Thirteenth New Jersey

Volunteer Veteran Association. As Mr. Beardsley is at present in the West on his vacation, and will not be home until the middle of October, probably, I am authorized to send regrets, although, I can safely say, from what he has already told me, were he at home, it would give him great pleasure to be with you on this interesting occasion.

This is the third such gathering, he tells me, that he has been unable to attend, and was in hopes this year nothing would come between his meeting his old comrades, but fate seems to direct otherwise. I remain,

Very respectfully,

J. A. WHITTAKER, JR.

ELMIRA, N. Y., September 1, 1891.

A. Delano, Rec. Sec'y.

My Dear Comrade: I have received from your Corresponding Secretary an invitation to the sixth annual reunion of your association on the 16th inst.

It appears that the Second Massachusetts and Third Wisconsin meet on the seventeenth inst, so the old Brigade will again be in camp at about the same date.

Comrade Goodhue, Secretary of the Third Wisconsin, suggests that the different Associations take steps at the reunions this year toward a brigade reunion at Washington in 1892. I shall bring it before our meeting and I am sure it will be received with favor. It would be feasible and yield much satisfaction to have representatives of each regiment meet and renew old acquaintances and bivouac together at that historic place.

Our old Colonel Diven promises us some historical papers on Antietam and Chancellorsville the seventeenth. I will mail you copies of papers. Please send me paper with account of your meeting.

Very sincerely yours,

A. S. FITCH,

Secretary.

TRENTON, August 31, 1891.

S. Morris Hulin, Corresponding Secretary:

Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your kind invitation to attend the Sixth Reunion of the Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteers, on September 16th, prox. I regret very much that previous engagements will prevent my being present. Please accept my thanks for your kind remembrance.

Very respectfully,

RICHARD A. DONNELLY,

Quartermaster General.

TRENTON, August 25, 1891.

Hon. Amzi Dodd:

Dear Sir: I have your favor of August 22nd and the very kind invitation which you give me to come to your house on the occasion of the Reunion of the Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteers. I cannot say yet whether I shall be able to present that day. I have made a partial engagement to be in another part of the State September 16th. but I shall try to cancel it. In the meantime please accept my thanks for your cordial letter, and I trust I may be able to be present on the occasion.

TRENTON, September 15, 1891.

My Dear Sir: I find at this late hour, as I feared when I wrote you, that I will be unable to be in Bloomfield to morrow on the occasion of the Reunion of the Thirteenth Regiment New Jersey Volunteers. I have not been well for the last ten days. and some business of a very important character will necessarily prevent my being in that part of the State on that day.

I regret this the more because I know more of the men in this regiment, I think, than of any other in the service. My trip to Gettysburg a few years ago. was a most enjoyable one and I formed many pleasant friendships.

I desire again to express to you personally my thanks for the very kind offer of hospitality which you gave me.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM S. STRYKER,

Adjutant General.

HON. AMZI DODD, Bloomfield, N. J.

ALEXANDRIA BAY, N. Y., August 24, 1891.

Hon. Amzi Dodd:

My Dear Sir: Your favor of the twentieth has been received. If I am at home on September 16th I shall take great pleasure in accepting your kind invitation. I intend making a visit to Colorado and fear I shall not return in time to be present.

Yours sincerely,

H. W. SLOCUM.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., September 9, 1891.

S. Morris Hulin, Corresponding Secretary:

Dear Comrade: I regret exceedingly that I cannot be with you on the sixteenth at your reunion. Please accept my warmest thanks for your kind invitation, and assure Dr. Love and all the other comrades that remember me, of my sincere hope that you may have a grand time of genuine comradeship.

I am faithfully in F. L. and C. your Comrade,

A. B. SMITH,

Col. 150th N. Y. V.

270 BROAD STREET, ELIZABETH, N. J., September 4, 1891.

Hon. Amzi Dodd:

My Dear Sir: I have received your kind favor of the third instant.

I am much pleased to hear that I have the good opinion of the heroes of the old Thirteenth Regiment. If the little I have done has won their regard, it is only another proof that brave men are also generous and kind.

I take great pleasure in accepting the invitation of the General Committee.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. CORBIN.

* * * * * September 15, 1891,

My Dear Sir: I am obliged, very reluctantly, to inform you that I cannot be present at the banquet to-morrow evening.

I have for some weeks been suffering from a severe cough which I hoped would abate sufficiently to make it safe for me to attend, but in this I am disappointed. It would be highly imprudent for me to come.

Four years ago to-day I was enrolled as an honorary member of the Thirteenth Regiment Veteran Association. Never in my life have I received so distinguished a compliment or one which touched me more deeply.

And now after four years of service as an Honorary Veteran, every *real* veteran seems to me an older brother, and the glory of the old regiment seems to shine a little on me as one of the children of the family.

Please tell the comrades that in June last I visited their monument at Gettysburg and found it in good condition with the grass growing green where their colors stood. Arrangements were made to cut the grass fortnightly and to make some needed betterments in the sodding and approaches, I shall visit the place again in October to see that all is in order.

I sincerely wish all the veterans a joyous reunion, good appetites for the banquet and good health afterwards.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM H. CORBIN.

ELIZABETH, N. J., August 29, 1891.

S. Morris Hulin, Esq.:

Dear Sir: It would give me great pleasure to accept your kind invitation to the banquet on the 16th of September, but my public duties that day are such that it will be impossible for me to be present.

I always look back with pleasure to the opportunity I had while Governor, of being with the Association. Please present my best wishes for long life to all.

Yours truly,

ROBERT S. GREEN.

Sixth Reunion of the

NEWARK, N. J., August 24, 1891.

Hon. Amzi Dodd :

Dear Sir : Your invitation to my father to be present at the Banquet given to the Thirteenth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, on Wednesday evening, September 16th, given by the General Committee, is received ; also your personal invitation to respond to a toast. I beg to say, that my father is at present on his farm in North Dakota, and he does not expect to return until the 1st of October ; so it will be impossible for him to accept your very kind invitation ; and I thank you for him on this occasion.

I will mail your note to him, and he will write you personally in regard to the matter.

Trusting that the Sixteenth will prove to be an enjoyable occasion, I remain,

Yours very truly,

EDWARD EVEREST.

26 HALSEY STREET, NEWARK, September 11, 1891.

My Dear Sir : I received your invitation to attend the reunion of the galling Thirteenth with gratification, but circumstances are such that I cannot possibly be present.

I regret this all the more because it is the second time I have been obliged to deny myself the pleasure of being at your reunion.

I hope the future will be more gracious.

Respectfully, your friend and comrade,

EDMUND L. JOY,

Late Judge Advocate N. J. Vols.

S. Morris Hulin, Corresponding Secretary.

112 PARK AVENUE, ORANGE, N. J., September 2, 1891.

S. Morris Hulin, Corresponding Secretary :

My Dear Sir : Your kind invitation requesting my presence on the occasion of the Reunion of the Veteran Association, Thirteenth Regiment New Jersey Volunteers, and the banquet to be tendered them by the citizens of Bloomfield, September 16th, reached me promptly, as did also one from Hon. Amzi Dodd, Chairman of Citizen's Committee, and to which I have just replied, conveying my regrets of my inability to accept, owing to a trip West, I contemplate making, leaving to-morrow, and not returning until the latter part of the month. I esteem your cordial invitation, and would much like to join you at the happy Reunion, as I know it, will be, were it possible.

May I ask you to express my thanks for the kind remembrance, together with my regrets.

Sincerely yours,

EDWIN W. HINE.

ORANGE, N. J., September 16, 1891.

Hon. Amzi Dodd:

Dear Sir: I regret exceedingly that an unforeseen circumstance will make it impossible to be at the Reunion to-night. I had expected to come up to 6 P. M. to-day.

Hoping that you will have a very pleasant time, I have the honor to be, Sir,

Yours very respectfully,

EDWARD W. SNYDER.

NEWARK, September 4, 1891.

Hon. Amzi Dodd, Chairman.

My Dear Sir: On my return home after an absence of about two months the invitation to the banquet to be given by the citizens of Bloomfield to the Thirteenth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, for which I am indebted to your committee, came to my hands. I beg to acknowledge the favor done and compliment paid me in the invitation and in your kind note by which it was accompanied. I would be glad to be present on the occasion and to aid if I might in giving the proposed well merited honor to that band of the defenders of the Union, but I am sorry to say I find that my engagements for the time are such as to put it entirely out of my power. Repeating my acknowledgements,

I am yours truly,

THEODORE RUNYON.

PATERSON, September 14, 1891.

Hon. Amzi Dodd, President.

Dear Sir: I have been quite unable until the present hour to say whether I could accept your much appreciated invitation to be present at the reunion of the survivors of the Thirteenth Regiment New Jersey Volunteers, and I regret exceedingly to find now that I cannot accept. Be assured of my sincere regrets and of my gratitude for your very kind invitation. I know the occasion will be greatly enjoyable.

Very truly, &c.,

JOS. W. CONGDON.

PATERSON, August 27, 1891.

Hon. Amzi Dodd:

My Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your kind invitation to attend the Reunion and Banquet of the Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteers. I always took great pleasure in mingling with those who bore arms in defence of their country with me. I am sorry that circumstance will hardly admit of my attending, as I am busy with a Reunion of my own Regiment in this City. Hoping you will have a pleasant time,

I am yours truly,

GEORGE B. SENIOR.

Sixth Reunion of the

ORANGE, August 29, 1891.

Hon. Amzi Doad:

Dear Sir: Your esteemed favor of the twentieth inviting me to meet the survivors of the Thirteenth Regiment and their friends came duly to hand.

I esteem it a great honor to be invited to this gathering and would gladly accept the same were it not that I am expecting to be absent from home about the time specified.

I regret this the more as it would give me great pleasure to testify my warm appreciation of the services of those who bared their breasts in the deadly struggle to maintain the integrity of our common country.

All honor to them and may their noble example be a stimulus to those who shall come after them, and may future generations point to them as co-equal with the Heroes of 1776.

Thanking you for your kind attentions, I am

Very truly yours,

A. CARTER.

September 10, 1891.

S. Morris Hulin, Esq.:

I have the pleasure to acknowledge the invitation of the Veteran Association of the Thirteenth Regiment New Jersey Volunteers to attend their reunion on next Wednesday. Nothing would give me more pleasure, were I able to avail myself of your invitation, than to meet with you and renew my pleasant acquaintance with the officers and members of your Association; but unfortunately I am compelled to be away from home on that day, and will therefore be unable to attend. Hoping for you and for every member of the Association a successful and pleasant reunion, and with the wish that your numbers may long remain unimpaired, I remain,

Yours very respectfully,

JOHN W. GRIGGS.

PATERSON, N. J., September 11, 1891.

S. Morris Hulin, Esq., Corresponding Secretary:

Dear Sir: I regret extremely that a positive engagement elsewhere prevents my acceptance of your very kind invitation to attend the banquet in honor of the Veteran Association of the Thirteenth Regiment New Jersey Volunteers on the 16th inst. With cordial good wishes to yourself and comrades for an enjoyable reunion, I am

Very truly yours,

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

S. Morris Hulín, Sec.:

PATERSON. September 14, 1891.

Dear Sir: Your very kind invitation to attend the banquet of the sixth reunion of the Veteran Association of the Thirteenth Regiment New Jersey Volunteers. to be held at Bloomfield on Wednesday, September 16th, was duly received. Would like very much to be with you, but on account of a previous engagement I will have to forego that pleasure. Hoping you will have a pleasant reunion and a good time, I am

Very respectfully yours,

C. A. CADMUS.

S. Morris Hulín:

NEW YORK, September 9, 1891.

My Dear Sir: Your courteous invitation of the 2nd inst to be present at the Sixth Reunion of the Veteran Association of the Thirteenth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, is received.

I regret exceedingly my inability to make one of your number on the 16th of September, by reason of official and personal engagements on the afternoon and evening of that day, which cannot be postponed.

Among the members of the Old Thirteenth were many of my boyhood friends, some of whom will doubtless be with you at the Reunion, and whom it would give me unbounded pleasure to again take by the hand. Among the absent of those friends now marching in the ranks of that invisible army in the silent land is John Munn, the playmate earliest in my recollection, whose memory as a friend and gallantry as a soldier I revere and honor.

Believe me I am thoroughly in touch with the Veteran Organizations of the Old Army, and glad at all times of the companionship of those who kept step to the music of the Union.

I trust it may be my happy lot to meet you upon the occasion of a future reunion.

Kindly convey to your Association my warmest thanks for the invitation and my best wishes for the happiness of each gallant soldier of the gallant Thirteenth Regiment of New Jersey Volunteers.

Yours sincerely,

E. M. L. EHLERS,

Late Brevet Colonel Volunteers.

VETERAN ASSOCIATION
OF THE
Thirteenth New Jersey Vols.
1862-'65.

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S. MORRIS HULIN, <i>Cor. Sec. and Historian</i> , P. O. address, Bloomfield, N. J.	
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Bock, Michael.....	Newark, "
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Cobb, James D.....	Newark, "
Crawford, Isaac.....	Newark, "
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Cadmus, Abraham.....	Bloomfield,	"
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Carlough, W. J.....	Paterson,	"
Carlough, John J.....	Paterson,	"
Costello Patrick.....	Paterson,	"
Crowell, Joseph.....	Paterson,	"
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Combs, A. B.....	Brooklyn,	L. I.
Carman, James L.....	Jersey City,	N. J.
Devor, Thomas R.....	Newark,	"
Dodd, Wm. H.....	Orange,	"
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Edmonson, Chas.....	Brooklyn,	L. I.
Foxcroft, Ogden.....	Newark,	N. J.
Force, Sam'l S.....	Newark,	N. J.
Faller, Geo.....	East Orange,	"
Farlow, John.....	Paterson,	"
Flanagan, Thos.....	Jersey City,	"
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Harris, F. H.....	Newark,	N. J.
Hendrickson, Daniel T.....	Newark,	"
Hoyt, Edwin.....	Newark,	"
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Hardy, Thomas.....	Paterson,	N. J.
Jacobus, Wm. B.....	Newark,	"
Jarvis, E. C.....	Newark,	"

Jeroleman, Wm. H.	Newark,	"
Jacobus, James H.	East Orange,	"
Jeffries, Jacob.	Mountain View,	"
Kain, James.	Montclair,	"
Knox, John.	Woodbridge,	"
Lawrence, George W.	Newark,	"
Lambert, Wm. S.	Newark,	"
Lewis, John.	Newark,	"
Littell, Wm. B.	Newark,	"
Lorman, Francis	Newark,	"
Loweree, E. D.	Newark,	"
Lynch, Daniel.	Newark,	"
Lytle, G. C.	Newark,	"
Love, J. J. H.	Montclair,	"
Livingston, Bennett.	Orange	"
Latourette, David.	Hoboken	"
Lafurge A. W.	Hempstead, L. I.	
Murphy, Franklin.	Newark, N. J.,	
Miller, John.	Newark,	"
Montgomery, Thomas.	Newark,	"
Mills, Elias B.	Newark,	"
Morehouse, I. B.	Orange	"
Matthews, A. M.	Orange Valley,	"
Madison, Robert.	Bloomfield,	"
Miller, Wm. H.	Paterson,	"
Messenger, John N.	Paterson,	"
McCall, Arch'd.	Paterson,	"
Miller, John R.	Jersey City	"
Moore, Geo. W.	Plainfield,	"
Manning, R. B.	South Plainfield,	"
Mead, Joseph T.	Rahway,	"
Miller, Henry.	Elizabeth,	"
Nichols, Henry.	Newark,	"
Norwood, Henry.	Orange,	"
Neild, John.	Paterson,	"
Neil, Wm R.	Jersey City,	"
Paige, James C.	Newark,	"
Paige, Wm. H.	Newark.	"
Pierson, Joseph W.	Newark,	"
Pewtner, Joseph H.	Paterson	"
Perry, T. S.	Paterson,	"
Peterson, James H.	Paterson,	"
Parker, Wm.	Paterson,	"
Post, John A.	Bayonne,	"
Reilly, Thos. P.	Newark,	"

Raymond, John W.....	Newark,	“
Russell, Washington R.....	Newark,	“
Riker, Ellis O.....	Orange,	“
Simmonds, Robert.....	Newark,	“
Sloan, Joseph E.....	Newark	“
Soden, Joseph.....	Newark,	“
Soden, James.....	Newark,	“
Smith, Thomas B.....	Newark,	“
Smith, Lemuel.....	Newark,	“
Struble, Francis A.....	Newark,	“
Scull, David.....	East Orange,	“
Strobert, Valentine.....	East Orange,	“
Stevens, Joseph C.....	Bloomfield,	“
Stansfield, John C.....	Paterson,	“
Speer, Henry H.....	Paterson,	“
Sharp, Edwin.....	Jersey City,	“
Shipman, Joseph C.....	Milburn,	“
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Terhune, A. H.....	Newark,	“
Townsend, Geo. M.....	Newark,	“
Townley, Stephen E.....	Newark,	“
Tunnel, Chas. S.....	Kearney,	“
Van Arsdale, C.....	Newark,	“
Van Horn, James.....	Newark,	“
Van Iderstine, W. H.....	Newark,	“
Van Winkle, Jacob.....	Jersey City,	“
Williams, John R.....	Newark,	“
Williams, Cyrus C.....	Newark,	“
Wilson, Theo.....	Newark,	“
Wrightner, David A.....	Orange,	“
Weber, Chas.....	Jersey City,	“
Warren, Edward.....	Jersey City,	“
Wade, Joseph L.....	Irvington,	“
Wagner, Ernest.....	Brooklyn, L. I.	
Wanamaker, D. S.....	Ramseys,	N. Y.

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