

# VETERAN ASSOCIATION

OF THE

## Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteers.

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PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

### THIRD REUNION,

AT

NEWARK, N. J.,

On Wednesday, Sept. 19th,  
1888.

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“Give us a brigade of these Jersey men, and we’ll beat the enemy still.”  
(SENATOR WADE, at 1st Battle Bull Run.)

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NEWARK, N. J.:  
PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATION.  
1889.

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S. MORRIS HULIN,  
BOOK AND JOB PRINTER,  
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

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## INTRODUCTORY.

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The State of New Jersey, by its constituted authorities, had during the sessions of the Legislature of 1887 and 1888, made generous appropriation toward the erection of suitable monuments on the battlefield of Gettysburg, Pa., for the Infantry, Cavalry and Artillery organizations from this State that participated in that battle of victory, to perpetuate their heroic deeds on that historic field.

The Regimental Association of the Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteers was the first organization to avail itself of the appropriation of one thousand dollars made by the Legislature of New Jersey. They raised among their own members and personal friends nearly seventeen hundred dollars additional, and had erected on the ground where they fought an elegant regimental monument, costing over two thousand dollars, which was dedicated by many of the surviving members of the regiment, and numerous invited guests, including the Governor of this State and his Staff, on July 1st, 1887.

Stimulated by the generous aid of the State government and by the action of this Association, the veteran organizations of other New Jersey regiments had, during the years 1887 and 1888, decided to carry out the same purpose, by the erection of monuments to perpetuate their heroic service to their country upon that field, to be dedicated July 1st, 2d and 3d, 1888, the twenty-fifth anniversary of that great event.

The success of these efforts was so fully assured, and the desire of the State authorities to show their appreciation of the soldiers who took part in that battle was so strong, that an additional appropriation was made by the Legislature of 1888, and approved by the Governor, to provide transportation and subsistence to enable New Jersey veterans to attend the dedication of those monuments. This action was hailed with joy by the veterans from all sections

of the State, and brought many together to greet each other with a warmth of affection, a glow of enthusiasm and a fervent reunion sentiment that twenty years of separation only could develop.

The following circular was issued by the Gettysburg Battlefield Commission of New Jersey:

OFFICE OF THE COMMISSIONERS  
IN CHARGE OF THE  
DEDICATION OF NEW JERSEY MONUMENTS,  
ON THE  
BATTLEFIELD OF GETTYSBURG.

TRENTON, April 24, 1888.

CIRCULAR.

An act of the last Legislature of New Jersey, approved March 7, 1888, directed that all surviving officers and men who were actually present at the battle of Gettysburg; attached to New Jersey regiments or batteries, shall be invited in the name of the State to attend the dedicatory exercises upon the battlefield, and that the State shall provide for the cost of their transportation and subsistence.

The dedication of these monuments will take place on the battlefield, on the morning of Saturday, the 30th day of June, next. Trains will leave Pennsylvania railroad depot at Jersey City on the morning of Friday, June 29th, at an hour to be hereafter announced, stopping at the principal stations between Jersey City and Trenton, and at Philadelphia, and running through to Gettysburg without change.

Surviving soldiers actually present at the Gettysburg fight, attached to New Jersey organizations, may obtain blank applications at the nearest Grand Army Post in this State, or at the Adjutant-General's Office in Trenton, or of any member of this Commission. Applications must be filled up, signed and transmitted to the Adjutant-General at Trenton, prior to June 15th. No applications will be considered after that date.

Upon receipt and approval of the applications, orders for transportation and subsistence will be issued and mailed to the applicant by the Quarter-Master General of the State.

Subsistence and quarters in tents will be furnished at Gettysburg, by the Quarter-Master General.

The New Jersey trains returning will leave Gettysburg Saturday evening, June 30th, but soldiers will be at liberty to return on any regular train within the time expressed on their tickets.

After mature deliberation the Commission has been thoroughly satisfied that it would be impossible to carry out the program incident to such a dedication as is proposed on either July 2d or 3d, the anniversary of the battle, as the village

of Gettysburg affords but limited accommodations, which will be greatly overtaxed on those days, by the Society of the Army of the Potomac and its many invited guests.

The Commission has therefore fixed upon a date prior to the anniversary for the dedication of the State monuments, and have named a day which will be specially appropriated to the soldiers of New Jersey.

ROBERT S. GREEN, Governor.  
WILLIAM S. STRYKER, Adjutant-General.  
EDWARD J. ANDERSON, Comptroller.  
JAMES N. DUFFY, Newark.  
GOTTFRIED KRUEGER, Newark.  
WILLIAM H. CORBIN, Elizabeth.

Commissioners.

At a meeting of "D" Society of this regiment, held in June, 1888, at the residence of Captain A. M. Matthews, Orange Valley, N. J., the subject of accepting the invitation of the State to attend the dedicatory exercises of these monuments on June 29th and 30th was discussed, and a committee, of which Comrade G. W. Lawrence was chairman, was appointed by them to confer with the officers of this regimental organization, and, if practicable, to make arrangements for all the members of the regiment to attend in a body, and to wear a distinctive badge and uniform. Conference was held with the officers of this Association, and the following circular was issued by them and mailed to the members :

#### VETERAN ASSOCIATION

OF THE

THIRTEENTH REGIMENT, NEW JERSEY VOLS., 1862-'65.

NEWARK, June 15, 1888.

The dedication of New Jersey Monuments, at Gettysburg, Pa., will take place on the 30th inst. The Legislature has provided for the transportation and subsistence of veterans from this State who were actually engaged in the battle.

This Association feels a peculiar interest in these exercises, and we desire to participate with our comrades throughout the State in doing honor to the occasion.

Company "D" Society of our Regiment has resolved to attend.

A committee consisting of Comrades George W. Lawrence and Albert Delano, of Newark, and Samuel Toombs, of Orange, has been appointed to arrange for our Association to occupy one or more cars from Market street depot, Newark,

*Third Reunion of the*

on the Gettysburg train, on the morning of the 29th inst., provided a sufficient number of our members can be secured at this point. Hence the necessity of a prompt reply with reference to self, ladies or friends. We therefore desire that members, and all veterans of the "Old 13th Regiment," who design attending the ceremony, should without delay send their names and addresses to either of the above mentioned Committee. It is requested that each of our veterans will wear a light colored, soft hat, with a red star on the front.

The President of the Association regrets his inability to accompany his comrades on this occasion, but is happy to announce that Capt. A. M. Matthews, Vice-President, and the other officers will be with them. Anticipating a good time for those who are present, we remain,

Yours truly,

ALBERT DELANO, Secretary,

F. H. HARRIS, President.

GEO. W. LAWRENCE, 611, Broad street.

Arrangements were made with the railroad company for two cars for the use of the veterans of the Thirteenth Regiment. A large banner inscribed "Thirteenth Regiment New Jersey Veterans," with the Red Star in center, was prepared and secured to the outside of the cars.

Nearly all the officers and members of the Regiment, about one hundred and twenty-five in number, were present, wearing light-colored soft hats with our much-cherished Red Star on the front, presenting a specially neat and attractive appearance and making the Red Star conspicuous. Joy and gladness beamed from their eyes and was proclaimed by their voices.

The Association participated on the following day with the other New Jersey veterans in the dedication of their several monuments. Vice-President Matthews (in the absence of the President) responded for this Association in a graceful speech, which was enthusiastically received, and the members visited the various places of historic interest about the battlefield.

## THIRD REUNION.

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The Executive Committee, consisting of the "Officers of the Association and Comrades G. A. Beardsley, Williams, Murphy, Lawrence, Lambert and Hoyt, appointed at Paterson, September 14th, 1887, to arrange for our next annual reunion," accepted the generous offer of Lincoln Post No. 11, G. A. R., Newark, for the use of their excellent rooms for the annual business meeting of the Association, on September 19th, and the meeting was accordingly held there.

Liberal contributions toward the necessary expenses had been made by the officers and other members of the Association and some personal friends, and arrangements were made for a banquet on that evening. Copies of the following notice and invitation were sent on September 11th to every member of the Association whose address was then known by the Secretary:

### VETERAN ASSOCIATION

OF THE

THIRTEENTH REGIMENT NEW JERSEY VOLS., 1862-65.

NEWARK, N. J., Sept. 11, 1888.

The annual business meeting of the Association will be held at the rooms of Lincoln Post, No. 11, G. A. R., 840 Broad Street, Newark, N. J., on Wednesday, Sept. 19, 1888, at 4 o'clock P. M.

A. DELANO,

Rec. Secretary.

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You are cordially invited to attend the Reunion Exercises and Banquet of the Veteran Association of the Thirteenth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, at the Academy of Music, Newark, N. J., Wednesday, September 19th, 1888, at 6:30 P. M.

F. H. HARRIS, Pres.,  
A. M. MATTHEWS, Vice-Pres.,  
J. J. H. LOVE, Treas.  
SAM'L TOOMBS, Cor. Sec.  
A. DELANO, Rec. Secretary,

GEO. A. BEARDSLEY,  
JOHN R. WILLIAMS.  
FRANKLIN MURPHY,  
GEO. W. LAWRENCE,  
WM. S. LAMBERT,

EDWIN HOYT,

*Executive Committee of Arrangements.*

## MINUTES OF BUSINESS MEETING.

In response to the foregoing, about one hundred and twenty-five members of the Association were present at the hour stated for the annual business meeting. Others arrived later.

Considerable time was occupied in personal greetings and congratulations, and by the payment of annual dues to the Treasurer, Dr. J. J. H. Love, and about 5 P. M. President Harris called the meeting to order and said:

Comrades of the Thirteenth New Jersey Association, the time has arrived for this meeting to come to order. It is not the time for speaking, and we will, therefore, proceed at once to the business of the organization. Your order of business as laid down in the by-laws of the Association require first the reading of the minutes.

Secretary Delano reported that the minutes of the last annual meeting had been printed and distributed among the members of the Association last March, and moved that inasmuch as the minutes of that meeting had been so distributed, the reading at this time be dispensed with.

A comrade remarked that there might be some of the members here that did not receive copies.

President Harris stated that copies of those minutes could be procured from the Secretary.

The motion that the reading of the minutes be dispensed with was adopted.

President Harris:

The next business in order is the report of the Treasurer.

The Treasurer read his report, as printed on the following page.

THE TREASURER'S REPORT.

JOHN J. H. LOVE, TREASURER, in account with the Veteran Association of the Thirteenth Regiment New Jersey Volunteers, from Sept. 14th, 1887, to Sept. 18th, 1888.

DR.

To balance as per last report.....	\$11.60
" cash from Gettysburg Monument Fund.....	116.60
" cash from picture of monument sold.....	75
" Annual dues and initiation fees, 1887.....	137.00
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Total receipts.....	\$265 95

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By cash paid as follows :

September 10, 1887, MacGowan & Slipper, 250 sflk badges..	\$20.00
October 6, " Wm, Jacobus, postage stamps.....	2.00
November 10, " A. Delano, printing and stationery.....	6.94
June 2, 1888, A. Pierson, printing 300 copies proceedings	72.00
" 2, " M. Plum, stationery.....	6.25
" 4, " A. Delano, stationery and printing.....	5.83
" 20, " A. Delano, stationery and printing.....	6.25
October 5, " Treasurer, stamped envelopes.....	1.45
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Total Expenditures.....	\$122.72
Cash Balance on hand.....	\$143.23

JOHN J. H. LOVE, Treasurer.

Montclair, N. J., September 18, 1888.

Examined and approved:

F. H. HARRIS, President.  
A. DELANO, Secretary.

It was resolved that the report be accepted, approved and entered on the minutes.

The Treasurer reported that ninety-eight members had paid their dues at this meeting.

The President appointed the following Committee to select place of next meeting :

Captain A. M. Matthews, James P. Howatt, Chas. Weber, Grant A. Wheeler, Joseph E. Crowell.

Reports of committees were then called for, and the Chairman of Banquet Committee reported everything in readiness for the evening entertainment and banquet, which report was accepted and approved.

President Harris said :

It would be interesting for us, perhaps, at this time, to hear the Secretary read letters that have been received, which will also be read at the banquet to-night. We have a letter from our old friend who we hoped might be with us to-night, one of the last officers of his rank now living, which I am sure you will be greatly delighted to hear. I refer to General William T. Sherman.

General Sherman's letter was read by the Secretary and received with great applause. Also letters from Adjutant-General Stryker; Hon. Joseph Greaves, of Paterson; Hon. Wm. H. Corbin; Hon. Edwin E. Hine, Sheriff; Col. Joseph W. Congdon, Paterson; Lieutenant-Colonel John Grimes; Major-General George S. Green, Morristown; Colonel James N. Duffy; Thomas Bishop, Middletown, Ohio; and Colonel Derrom, of Paterson. The reading of each of the letters was greeted with applause.

The following telegram from the Fourteenth Regimental Association, in session at Asbury Park, was read and greeted with loud applause :

" To GENERAL F. H. HARRIS, President,

Thirteenth Regiment New Jersey Volunteers' Reunion:

The Fourteenth Regiment New Jersey Volunteers, holding its tenth annual reunion at Asbury Park to-day, send greeting to their comrades of the Thirteenth Regiment at Newark.

May you have a glorious reunion and live in the prospect of a country re-united forever by the aid of Jerseymen's valor.."

*Resolved*, That Comrades Wheeler, Duncan and Smith be appointed a committee to prepare a reply to the above telegram and to send the congratulations of this Association to the Regimental Association of the Seventh New Jersey

Volunteers, now in session at Jersey City. The Committee made the following report, which was adopted, and the telegrams were forwarded:

“NEWARK, N. J., Sept. 20, 1888.

The Thirteenth Regiment New Jersey Volunteers Veteran Association accepts with pride the greetings of their comrades of the Fourteenth Regiment, fully reciprocating their kind wishes, and hope that they are having a right royal time at their reunion by the sea. We, with all Jerseymen, are justly proud of the Fourteenth New Jersey.”

Telegram to the Seventh Regiment Veteran Association, Jersey City, N. J.:

“The Thirteenth Regiment New Jersey Volunteers Veteran Association, holding its third annual reunion to-day, send greetings to their comrades of the Seventh Regiment New Jersey Volunteer Association.

We congratulate you on your magnificent record during the late war and the enjoyment of present peace and happiness of our glorious country.”

*Resolved*, That the Secretary arrange to have the above letters and telegrams read at the banquet, as that occasion will be the more formal part of the reunion.

Committee on selection of place for next reunion reported in favor of Montclair as the next place of meeting.

Report accepted and adopted.

Next business in order was the election of officers.

Several comrades nominated Gen. F. H. Harris for re-election as President.

President Harris said:

In this connection, and at this time, I trust you will permit a word from me. I have been honored by you and have endeavored to serve you for three years. I appear before you this afternoon, in response to my duty to you, although I am scarcely able to occupy this position, for I am quite ill. This fact and advancing years admonish me that I must decline a re-election.

I make this statement because some of the friends have made the suggestion that I should be continued in this position. I therefore wish that comrades will please not consider my name in connection with the election.

Regrets were expressed at the declination of President Harris.

Vice-President Matthews was nominated and unanimously elected President.

President Harris said :

It is a matter of regret, I am sure, to all the members of the Association, as it is to me, that Captain Matthews is absent on special duty at this time.

Comrades, in saying officially farewell, permit me to express to you my thanks for the honor conferred upon me by electing me President from time to time, for the courtesy which you have always shown to me, and for the success which through your co-operation has attended our efforts to perpetuate the name and fame of our beloved regiment.

Permit me also to congratulate you that you have selected so worthy a gentleman for President. He is a gallant soldier and an honored citizen of this State. I shall ask and can only expect that you will give to my successor in office the same courtesy, co-operation and cordial support that you have shown to me. I bespeak this for him, and this I believe you will give.

For Vice-President, Jacob White, of Paterson, was nominated and unanimously elected.

Dr. John J. H. Love, Treasurer, unanimously re-elected.

Samuel Toombs, unanimously re-elected Historian.

Albert Delano, Secretary, unanimously re-elected.

The appointment of an Executive Committee of five on next reunion was referred by President Harris to President-elect Captain A. M. Matthews.

President Matthews appointed the following as such committee :

Gen. F. H. Harris. Dr. J. J. H. Love, Grant A. Wheeler, S. Morris Hulin, Robert Madison.

New business. Suggestions about future reunions were made, and the subject referred to the Executive Committee on next reunion.

Adjourned.

A. DELANO, Secretary.

## THE BANQUET.

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The members of the Association then formed in line, preceded by Voss' Band, and marched to the Academy of Music, in Washington Street, where at seven o'clock they sat down to a sumptuous banquet which had been prepared by Messrs. S. & J. Davis, Caterers, with the following

### MENU.

#### OYSTERS.

Blue Points, Half-Shell.

#### SOUP.

Cream,

Celery.

#### FISH.

Salmon Chops, Lobster Sauce,  
Potatoes, Hollandaise.

#### RELEVE.

Chicken Patties with Truffles,  
French Peas.

#### ENTREE.

Sweetbread Croquettes,  
Lima Beans.

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#### ROMAN PUNCH.

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#### ROAST.

Spring Duck, Spring Chicken,  
Asparagus.

#### RELISHES.

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

#### DESSERT.

Fruit Creams, Macaroons, Eclairs, Assorted Fancy Cakes,  
Confectionery, Salt Almonds.

#### FRUIT.

Grapes, Bananas, Pears, Peaches.  
Coffee. Cigars.

## TOASTS.

- "Atlanta to the Sea." Judge Henry A. Gildersleeve.  
 "New Jersey in the War." Governor Robert S. Green.  
 "Thirteenth Regiment." Captain George M. Hard.  
 "Our Friends at Home." Noah Brooks, Esq.  
 "Gettysburg" Hon. W. H. Corbin.  
 "Patriotic Women of the War." Rev. W. S. Crowe.  
 "Army of the Cumberland" Colonel E. E. Sill, Lieutenant-Colonel W. F. Fox.  
 "Antietam." Dr. J. J. H. Love.  
 "Our Heroic Dead." Rev. Dr. W. W. Boyd.  
 "Our Hospitable Neighbors." Judge Joseph Greaves, E. E. Hines, Esq.  
 "Our Guests." Colonel J. W. Congdon.

Throughout the banquet instrumental music was rendered by Voss' Band, and vocal selections by the Mendelssohn Quartette.

Among the invited guests present at the banquet were :

MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY W. SLOCUM, Commander of the Twelfth and Twentieth Army Corps.

HIS EXCELLENCY ROBERT S. GREEN, Governor of the State of New Jersey.

BREVET-MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE S. GREEN.

HON. WM. H. CORBIN, Secretary Gettysburg Battlefield Commission, State of New Jersey.

COLONEL HENRY A. GILDERSLEEVE.

COLONEL ED. E. SILL.

REV. WM. W. BOYD, D. D.

REV. WM. S. CROWE.

NOAH BROOKS.

JOHN Y. FOSTER, State Historian of New Jersey Soldiers in the War.

After the Invocation by Rev. Wm. W. Boyd, D. D., Captain Ambrose M. Matthews, the newly elected President of the Association, addressed the assemblage as follows :

PRESIDENT MATTHEWS :

I regret, comrades, to announce to you that our President, Colonel Harris, has been taken ill and has been compelled

to retire. We all regret his sudden illness and his inability to remain and enjoy the evening with us.

Now, I shall not occupy your time two minutes.

We have with us here to-night our old friend, General Henry W. Slocum, (applause), General George S. Green, and His Excellency, our most particular friend, the Governor of the State of New Jersey, Robert S. Green, (applause) with many comrades of the Army of the Potomac and the Army of the Cumberland, and also representatives and prominent citizens of the city of Newark, as well as of Orange and Paterson.

Now, in good time, if you will keep order, you will hear from them something that will make you very glad, glad you joined the army and more glad that you got home again safely.

I have the honor to introduce to you the toast-master of the evening, our friend John Y. Foster, Esq. (Applause)

MR. FOSTER:

I have, gentlemen of the Thirteenth, several telegrams and letters which will very properly initiate the feast of reason and flow of soul.

First, I have in my hands the following telegram from the Fourteenth Regimental Association, addressed to General Harris, President of the Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteers.

"The Fourteenth Regiment New Jersey Volunteers, holding its tenth annual reunion in Asbury Park to-day, send greeting to their comrades of the Thirteenth Regiment at Newark. May you have a glorious reunion and live in the prospect of a country reunited forever by the aid of Jerseymen's valor."

Also a telegram from the Seventh Regiment Association, dated at Jersey City:

"Your comrades of the Seventh salute you and send kindly greeting. May we long enjoy the peace won by the valor of our departed comrades.

E. F. McDONALD, President Seventh Association "

A letter from General William T. Sherman to the Association, dated September 14th, 1888, and one to Hon.

George A. Halsey, dated September 18th, 1888, were read as follows, amidst the greatest demonstrations of approval:

“General W. T. Sherman presents his compliments to the members of the Thirteenth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, and regrets that a positive engagement will prevent his acceptance of their kind invitation for Wednesday, September 19th.

75 W. 71st St., New York, Sept 14, 1888.”

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75 W. 71st St., NEW YORK, Sept. 18th, 1888.

*Honorable George A. Halsey, Newark, N. J.*

*My Dear Sir:* I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your friendly favor, reminding me of the near approach of the banquet of the Thirteenth New Jersey Regiment, and urging my acceptance of the invitation to be present.

It is with sincere regret that I am compelled to decline this great courtesy, but so many calls of this nature are made upon me that life is rendered simply miserable.

The date also falls on that of the Depew Reception at the Union League Club, where my attendance is imperative.

I will be obliged if you kindly make my excuses to the members of the regiment, in whom I feel an especial pride, and assure them that they have my best wishes for a very pleasant evening.

With great respect,

Your friend,

W. T. SHERMAN;

General.

The following letters were greeted with applause:

TRENTON, Sept. 18, 1888.

*Mr. Albert Delano, Secretary, 173 Clinton Avenue, Newark, N. J.*

*My Dear Sir:* I wrote you August 27th in response to your very kind invitation to be present at the third annual reunion of your regiment on Wednesday evening next. I informed you at that time that an engagement would probably prevent my being with you. I now write again to say that I find it impossible to change my engagements in any way that will enable me to join in the festivities connected with your reunion. You have my best wishes for a very pleasant affair.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM S. STRYKER,

Adjutant-General of New Jersey.

NEW YORK, Sept. 15, 1888.

*Albert Delano, Esq., Secretary.*

*Dear Sir:* I greatly regret that I am unable to be present at the reunion of the honored veterans of the distinguished Thirteenth Regiment New Jersey Volunteers on Wednesday evening, in acceptance of your kind invitation.

I know you will have a most enjoyable occasion, and I envy my Paterson friends who may attend. My warm regards to General Harris *et id omne genus.*

Very truly,

JOSEPH W. CONGDON.

ELDRÉD, PA., Sept. 17, 1888.

*Gen. F. H. Harris, President Veteran Asso. 13th Reg't. N. J. Vols.*

*Dear General:* I have your invitation to attend the reunion and banquet of your Association and thank you for it.

It would be a great pleasure to me to again meet the survivors of your gallant regiment, and up to this moment I hoped to be able to do so, but I find that my engagements will render it impossible.

Again thanking you, and through you, the survivors of your regiment for the honor you have done me, and wishing all a most enjoyable reunion,

Yours truly,

J. N. DUFFY.

SNAKE HILL, N. J., Sept. 16, 1888.

*General F. H. Harris, President Veterans' Association Thirteenth Regiment New Jersey Volunteers.*

*My Dear Comrade:* I regret my inability to participate in the reunion of the Old Thirteenth, on account of an attack of rheumatism, which has kept me in the house since August 29th. I trust you will assemble in strong numbers and enjoy the pleasures of such a meeting as I have done on former occasions.

May the lives of the old comrades be spared for many such anniversaries, is the wish of

Yours fraternally,

JOHN GRIMES.

MIDDLETOWN, OHIO, Sept. 17, 1888.

*F. H. Harris, A. M. Matthews, J. J. H. Love, Samuel Toombs, A. Delano, G. A. Beardsley, John R. Williams, Franklin Murphy, Geo. W. Lawrence, Wm. S. Lambert, and Edwin Hoyt.*

*Comrades:*

I am in receipt of your kind invitation to attend the third annual reunion of the Thirteenth Regiment, to be held at Newark on the 19th inst., and very much regret that I am compelled to decline the same.

As the years advance and the distance between the time of service and the

*Third Reunion of the*

present is increased, every recurring anniversary will become of greater interest to us. There is no organization, or body of men, whose hearts and sympathies are so closely knit and cemented together as the survivors of the late Civil War, begotten, as I verily believe, of the love of country that burns in the heart of every old soldier. It has been my privilege this year to be at two great soldier gatherings, that brought me all the pleasure that my heart could desire; one at Gettysburg in June last, that was of especial interest, in that it permitted me to meet so many of the Thirteenth Regiment for the first time since our discharge in 1865; the other at Columbus, at the largest soldier meeting I believe that the world has ever known. And I could not but be impressed with the fact that while at present we appear to be many we are daily growing less; and but a few years, at the farthest, and we will have finished our reunions; we will have held our last anniversary; and instead of listening to the taps of earthly reunions, it will be ours, I trust, to hear the reveille in that land where there are "no wars, or rumors of wars."

As you gather round the festive board and bring to mind the scenes and incidents of Antietam, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Cassville and Atlanta, and of Sherman's March to the Sea; of Hooker and of Slocum; of Williams and of Geary, may great happiness and enjoyment be yours, and may you all live to have many annual reunions, and to enjoy the gratitude of this great people.

Respectfully,

THOMAS BISHOP,

Company "A," 13th Regiment.

PATERSON, N. J., Sept. 18, 1888.

*A. Delano, Esq.*

*Dear Sir:*—I am in receipt of your very kind invitation to be present at and participate in the annual reunion exercises and banquet of the Thirteenth Regiment New Jersey Volunteers.

I sincerely regret that a prior engagement which I made some two weeks ago will prevent my acceptance of the same.

I have the honor of being the Grand Master of a certain order in this State and made an appointment for an official visit to Phillipsburg on the evening of the 19th inst.

As an old soldier you can readily understand that orders must be obeyed, even by the commandant.

I assure you, however, that I will be present with you in spirit and that I extend to you and the members of your gallant and historical regiment my heartiest congratulations.

I remember with a great deal of pleasure your memorable reunion in Paterson, and judging from what I then saw and heard I am satisfied that you are as sociable in reunion as you were valiant in battle.

Please remember me in kindness to the veterans of the Thirteenth, and express to them my regrets that I am unable to be with them.

If during your social reunion you feel an extra inspiration of patriotism, if at any time you feel like shouting for our glorious Union, and "the Flag that made you Free," please count me in, and if in addition to that you should give three hearty cheers for the Army and Navy in general, and the Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteers in particular, just imagine that I am shouting the "tiger" with you.

Yours very respectfully,

JOSEPH GREAVES.

NEWARK, Sept. 17, 1888.

*Albert Delano, Esq., Secretary.*

*My Dear Sir:*—I am in receipt of the kind invitation of your Committee of Arrangements, Veteran Association Thirteenth Regiment New Jersey Volunteers, for the occasion of their reunion to be held at the Academy of Music Wednesday, 19th inst., and the banquet that is to follow; also your polite note of the 14th, advising that I had been selected by the Committee to respond to a toast (mentioned).

I desire to express to your Committee my deepest appreciation of their kindly recognition, and to say it will afford me no inconsiderable degree of pleasure to be present if my health will permit. I may say I am suffering from a very acute attack of sore throat, that aside from being annoying is very painful. I accept the invitation to be present, contingent upon my obtaining relief that is adequate, but I shall have to ask you to substitute some other and abler guest to serve you at the "feast of reason," for if my modesty did not prompt me to decline, I would be absolutely unable, owing to my present disability. With expressions of high regard and esteem for your marked distinction and that of your Committee,

I am yours, very truly,

EDWIN W. HINE.

NEWARK, N. J., Sept. 19, 1888.

*Gen. F. H. Harris, Veteran Association Thirteenth Regiment New Jersey Vols.*

*My Dear Sir:* I received your kind invitation to be present at the banquet to-night. I regret to say, having to go out of town, I will be unable to be with you. Hoping you and your comrades will have a pleasant and enjoyable evening, as all those who serve their country ought to have, and thanking you for your kind remembrance of me, I remain

Yours very truly,

THOMAS B. PEDDIE.

PATERSON, N. J., Sept. 19, 1888.

*Gen. F. H. Harris, President Thirteenth Regiment New Jersey Volunteers, Veteran Association.*

*My Dear General:* I received the kind invitation of your Committee to attend the annual reunion of your regiment to be held at the Academy of Music

*Third Reunion of the*

Newark, N. J., Sept. 19th. Express my thanks to your Association. My health will not permit me to be with you in person, but I will be with you in spirit, and hope you may have a pleasant reunion, as good as that of last year.

Faithfully yours,

ANDREW DERROM,

Late Col. 25th N. J. V., Pres. Vet. Asso.

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PATERSON, N. J., Sept. 14, 1888.

*Col. Fred. H. Harris, President Veteran Association Thirteenth Regiment New Jersey Volunteers.*

*Dear Colonel:* Your kindness in sending me an invitation to your third annual reunion is much appreciated. Will make an effort to be present with you. It is always a pleasure for me to gather in a social way with the heroes of the late war, to realize I am in the presence of true men, whose record stands out upon the pages of history, a living epistle, reminding succeeding generations of the great price that was paid for the perpetuity of the Union.

Yours very truly,

SAMUEL V. S. MUZZY,

Major Commanding First Battalion.

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MR. FOSTER:

Now, perhaps, gentlemen, before I introduce the speakers of the evening, I may be permitted personally to felicitate you upon the very happy circumstances under which we have convened to-night.

It is something, I think, to have belonged to the Grand Army of the Republic, something to have touched elbow to elbow in the great crisis of our nation's peril, and it is a good thing, now and then, to come together and rehearse the old story, and look one another in the face, and thank God for the privilege of living under one flag in a united republic. (Applause.)

The Thirteenth New Jersey is one of those regiments participating in the late war which never yet has had historic justice done to it by any man. It is fortunate in this, that whatever may have been its unfortunate conditions at the outset, it had in it inherent patriotism enough, inherent pride enough to surmount all difficulties and to write its

name big and large in the history of the war and in the history of the country. (Applause.)

It is the New Jersey regiment which in seventeen days from the time it broke camp in Newark had its baptism of fire; and it is the only New Jersey regiment that was permitted to participate in the last battle of the war, and to save the day, and to write "BENTONVILLE" upon its successful flag. (Applause.) You know what General Hawley said to you on the field of Bentonville, when you had saved the day in the hour of disaster. Yours is the only New Jersey regiment that belonged to the only Corps of the army that never lost a gun and never lost a flag. (Great applause.) These are things of which you may well be proud. As the gentleman said a moment ago, the time will come after this when the last survivor of these scenes will have gone; when to the drum-beats there shall be no response. But I am one of those who believe the time will never come when the people of this country will fail to honor the memory of those men who stood up for liberty and for the rights of all in the hour of her danger; and I am sure that here in New Jersey every loyal man will at all times salute with profound respect every man, no matter what his regimental rank or color, who did what he could for his country in the hour when the nation needed defenders and when liberty was assailed.

I have the honor to give you, as the first toast of the evening: "The Twelfth and Twentieth Army Corps," and ask General Slocum to respond. Rise and greet him.

(General Slocum was greeted with great and long-continued applause, and three cheers for him were proposed and given with great enthusiasm.)

GENERAL SLOCUM:

Comrades: I received an invitation from your committee about five weeks ago to be present on this occasion. I either accepted it or gave the idea certainly that I would be present. And a week ago I received notice from the New York Commission having charge of our Gettysburg monuments

that there was to be a meeting of that Commission to-day, when the representatives of different regiments would be heard, and the contractors for putting up the monuments would have a hearing. I made up my mind at once that I was booked for a two or three days' job on that business and sent word to your committee that I could not be present here. To-day, as good luck would have it, we finished our business just in time to enable me to join my friend, Captain Hard, and come here.

Now, I would not advise you to pursue the tactics that I did, accept an invitation, then decline it, and then come at the last hour. But I want to tell you what I gained by it. I escaped from being put upon the regular list here of toasts, and am allowed to be a sort of free lance; I am allowed to talk about what I please.

In the first place, it gives me an opportunity of speaking first, and I assure you that I shall listen to those who are to make the speeches of the evening with a great deal more pleasure than I should were I to follow them. It has been my experience that after I have finished my own work I enjoy listening to other people a great deal better.

Again, it gives me the right to take up this list of toasts here, pick out what I want and infringe on others' rights.

Here I could without any impropriety speak about "New Jersey in the War." That would be a very congenial toast to me, because I know a great deal about the Jersey boys in the war. But then I have heard Governor Green speak on that subject once and I know he is going to again, and I am not going to place myself in contrast with him. He does full justice to that subject.

Captain Hard is assigned to another subject that would be pleasant to me—that is, your own regiment. If any man in the world knows the Thirteenth, I ought to know it. But I know the Captain has got something good for you, and I am not going to infringe on his work.

I might drop all this military matter and talk to you for an hour or two on the tariff; (laughter) but I am inclined to think you have heard something of that during the last month

and are quite likely to hear more for the month to come.

Then, inasmuch as your State has furnished, in the person of a very good soldier, a man who had a very good record as a soldier, the Prohibition candidate for the Presidency; I might talk on that subject; but the fact of it is, when I get started on Prohibition I am likely to give offense to gentlemen who have bottles in front of them, and I think I will drop that. (Laughter.)

I want to talk with you, without infringing upon the toast that is assigned to Judge Gildersleeve, one or two minutes about something that I think I ought to know something about, and that is as to who planned the campaign of the March to the Sea. I sometimes think we know very little about who were the authors of any of the great works that are written, who were the inventors, who were the writers of our best songs or the composers of our music. We do not to-day, it appears, know who wrote Shakespeare's plays; the authorship of some of our best songs is in dispute.

Sherman told me a few days ago a very funny incident, illustrating the point that I would make, as to the uncertainty of the composers of music. It was brought to my mind by the band playing that song, or that tune which is so popular at all soldier gatherings, "Marching through Georgia." The words of that song were undoubtedly written in honor of Gen. Sherman, and I believe the General knows who the author was; but the General was always under the impression that the music was also written in his honor, to accompany these words.

He was over in London some time after the war, stopping at a hotel, and he heard a band coming down the street playing "Marching through Georgia." The General said he thought that that band must certainly be coming to serenade him. (Laughter.) He made his preparations to go down and respond to the honor that was to be paid to him; but the band marched right by the hotel, to Sherman's great chagrin and annoyance, and he went to the hotel-keeper and he said: "What tune was that that band was playing?" The hotel-keeper said: "I don't know what tune it was;

it is an old Irish air, more than a hundred years old." (Laughter.)

But I did suppose that as a general rule we knew who planned battles; and yet there has been a bill pending before our Congress for more than ten years, appropriating \$100,000 to a woman for planning Grant's battle against Vicksburg. That has actually been considered in the military committee year after year. The lady claims that she suggested to General Grant the idea of passing the batteries at Vicksburg in boats.

And so you will find as time rolls around that most of the great victories will be claimed by somebody who was not known at the time they occurred; but you won't find many who will claim any of our reverses.

It has been claimed and it has been written by an author of considerable distinction, that Sherman did not originate the idea of the March to the Sea. I want to tell you how I happen to know that he did.

When you gentlemen were lying down on the Chattahoochee River I was telegraphed to go there and take command of the Twentieth Corps. General Sherman had left written instructions to me telling me what to do. He was going around south of Atlanta, and he wished me to watch my opportunity and if possible get into the city. You know what happened. Sherman cut their line of supplies, fought the battle of Jonesboro, and they were compelled to leave Atlanta, and we marched in unopposed. The day after Sherman came back to Atlanta he took me into his room and said to me that his plan was to entrench Atlanta, build a line of works that could be defended by a division, and get in a large amount of supplies, and then pitch in against the enemy, his expectation being that they would remain in his front. You know that we commenced that work, and I guess there are a good many men here who helped build this interior line of works, a line that could be defended by one-tenth the number that would have been required for the outer line, the one that was built by the Confederates. When Hood passed around Atlanta and went up to strike

our line of communications, Sherman said to me: "I hope he will keep on. Let him go, and when he gets well up *there* we will go down *there*, and we will see which can raise the devil the most." (Laughter and applause.) Hood did do just what Sherman wanted him to do. He went west, and Sherman started east. Now, gentlemen, the last message that came over the telegraph line before we cut it on leaving Atlanta, was shown to me. It was from General Grant, saying to General Sherman: "The President consents to your making that march."

It appeared that it had been a matter of discussion in Washington as to whether he should be allowed to do it or not. To attempt at this late day to rob a man of the glory of that march seems to me to be cruel. It has not succeeded up to this time, it has made no impression, but you cannot tell what may happen in the future, and one of the advantages of these meetings is that we, the living actors, are enabled to put in print exactly what occurred. (Applause.)

Now, I am going to speak of the importance of that march. The world recognizes it, the world recognizes the boldness of the conception, and the world recognizes that it was one of the great instruments, perhaps the greatest, in bringing the war to a close.

Why, gentlemen, I don't know that all of you knew what was going on there on that march, but there was not a day from the time we cut loose from Atlanta that our men were not out grabbing the post-offices, arresting mail-carriers and bringing the mails to my headquarters to be read by my staff officers, and anything of importance handed to me to forward to General Sherman. There never was a mail come after we left Milledgeville that did not contain from fifteen to fifty letters from soldiers in Lee's army to their families, telling them of the demoralization that was taking place in the Army of Northern Virginia on account of our raiding through their country.

How well you did your work, how effectually you destroyed their railroads, that you know; I need not reiterate it. How little you left behind you to supply an army is

best illustrated by what some soldier said on the march. He said that if a chippie-bird was to fly over the country that Sherman's army had marched over he would have to carry a haversack with three days' rations in it or starve to death. (Laughter.)

The importance of the march I am going to leave to others to speak of. The importance of the part played by your regiment I have already spoken of. In that last battle of the war which has been so eloquently alluded to here by your Toast-Master, certainly no regiment could claim honors higher than those that have been bestowed upon you and to which you are well entitled. (Applause.)

TOAST-MASTER:

As a fitting supplement to the address already had, the next on the card is: "Atlanta to the Sea," to which Judge Henry A. Gildersleeve will respond. (Applause.)

JUDGE GILDERSLEEVE:

Mr. Chairman, Veterans of the Thirteenth Regiment, my Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:

After a long campaign, full of toil and danger, involving numerous battles and the loss of many valuable lives, on the night of the 1st of September, 1864, the Confederate forces were obliged to leave the City of Atlanta. The following day the Twentieth Army Corps, led by General Slocum, who does us all honor by his presence here to-night (applause), marched into the City of Atlanta. Comrades, you remember that day. Of all the long days of the long and terrible war, that was one of the grandest days for the regiments of the Twentieth Army Corps. As I recollect it, it was the only time that in my humble capacity as a soldier I felt really like rejoicing, like exulting over the defeat of our enemy. We saw them at Gettysburg hungry, pale, thin, ragged and uncleanly, running into our ranks and surrendering, and we felt, though we cheered, not much like rejoicing; we felt like pitying the poor, misguided men.

When we saw them fall in our front we felt that great, noble men were dying for an unrighteous cause, that they had been misled, that they were fighting to sustain an erroneous idea, and time has proved that such was the case. The war which was a victory for us and a blessing; was a much greater blessing to the conquered enemy; but we had been so long about Atlanta, we had dug so many trenches, had undergone so many hardships, and it seemed so difficult to get hold of the place, that when our bands marched down the street that afternoon, playing the national airs, and we were told to look upon the city and call it ours, it was a proud day and one upon which we might very properly rejoice. (Applause.) It was not only a great day for us, it was a great day for Sherman's army, it was a great day for the whole country. At no period during the war was a victory more needed, unless it was when the victory of Gettysburg was achieved. At that particular time there had been but little success in the east. Winter was approaching and a victory was greatly needed.

I have said it was a great day for the country. Let us see how it was estimated by President Lincoln. On the third day General Sherman received a message from President Lincoln, and it concluded with these words:

"The marches, battles, sieges and other military operations that have signalized the campaign must render it famous in the annals of war, and those who have participated in this campaign are entitled to the applause and the thanks of the nation." (Applause.)

We remained in Atlanta, you will remember, something more than two months, and much of the time was expended, as Gen. Slocum says, in building this interior line of earth-works. You remember the details which you used to go through to throw up these earth-works, and we could not understand exactly how it was necessary. We were feeling pretty strong and bold and confident about that time. We didn't care to have works much higher than this table; that was good enough for us. Even if the whole Confederate army was coming down upon us, we felt able to beat them off,

and yet we had to build up tier after tier. I remember up there one day I was in charge of a detail of a hundred men. It proved to be a very rainy day, and the officers in command wanted to be very kind and generous, and extra rations of whiskey were issued. Then, as now, there were some prohibitionists, some teetotalers, even among the hundred men. Others, not prohibitionists, glad to get a nip of whiskey, asked of those who did not partake and got more than they ought to have had. I remember, when I got those men into camp that night they were a good argument in favor of prohibition. (Laughter.)

On the 15th of November it appears that the officers in command considered everything in readiness for the march that was to us an unknown march, and that day the Army Corps moved out from Atlanta.

You will recall with me some of the language of the general order that was read to the troops before we started. This much of it I remember caused the soldiers to look from right to left, and brought a smile to the dullest face: "You will be expected to live principally upon the supplies that the country affords. You will take liberally from the rich—they are generally our enemies. Be kind to the poor, for they are often our friends."

That was nearly the language of the order. It was observed, perhaps, but as I recollect, not very religiously. A bummer in Sherman's army could not stop to inquire into the financial condition of the planter who happened to be supplied with some fine sweet potatoes, some good fat pigs, chickens and turkeys. (Laughter.) And I must stop here to repeat, and no doubt it may be familiar to you—in fact I don't expect to tell you anything new to-night—I am only telling you of what you had the same opportunity of learning that I did, and what I have no doubt many of you remember much better.

It appeared that one plantation had been pretty well stripped of what it contained, but a few chickens had been kept in the cellar, when some persevering forager discovered their whereabouts and was carrying off the last ones. He

was remonstrated with by the good lady who remained at the house, who told him that these last few had been left by the soldiers who preceded him and she hoped that they wouldn't take all her chickens. It is said that this soldier did have a little sympathy for her just for a moment, but he held onto the chickens and said: "Well, madam, I am sorry for you, but this rebellion must be put down if it takes the last chicken in the Confederacy." (Laughter.)

And it was the 15th of November, comrades, when we received the order to march; we had moved just far enough from the city to reach the high ground outside of the city limits, when looking back, you will remember we saw the principal buildings that had been left in Atlanta in flames, black smoke rolling high into the heavens. That was the last we saw of Atlanta, and as we hurried on, still in sight of this smoke, don't you remember how the boys started up that grand old tune:

"John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave,  
But his soul is marching on."

(Applause.)

And then the—

"Glory, glory, Hallelujah!"

Oh, with what spirit they sang that song! At that time the beautiful words by Julia Ward Howe, which we now often hear sung to that tune, had not been written. Had they been it occurs to me that one line certainly would have been very appropriate, viz.:

"He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat."

If the soldiers of that army had one feeling uppermost over every other it was, "We shall never retreat." How could an army like that fail? Hardened by service, experienced by battles, honest, sanguine of success, we did not know where we were going and we cared less. We were not long in getting to Milledgeville; we were all glad to see Milledgeville. We had learned in our geographies what relation that bore to the State, and some of us (I say some

of us—I have no doubt a number here were there) visited the State building or House of Representatives and were not long in organizing a representative body. Who of you here participated in that debate? The question of State Rights never was discussed with more zeal or with more freedom, and certainly a resolution to the effect that the Southern States did not have a right to secede was never carried more unanimously or with louder applause. (Applause.) (General Slocum here spoke to the speaker.) And the General remarks that after the adjournment of this impromptu Legislature they were all liberally paid in Confederate money. (Laughter and applause.) That was one of many pleasant instances in that campaign.

General Sherman says we had not long been out of Atlanta, when, all curious to get a tip as to whither they were bound, a private accosted him and said: "Uncle Billy, I guess Grant's waiting for us at Richmond," and remarks like this were continually passing around.

We found a number of Southern papers at Milledgeville; not only letters, as the General has stated—we never saw the letters, we low-down soldiers—but we got hold of the papers sometimes, and you all remember that these papers were full of statements of confidence on the part of the Confederate government: "Now we have got this Yankee army just where we want them," and such statements as that. Davis himself in a speech was quoted as saying that the Yankees were rapidly digging their own graves. While we were living on the fat of the land, better than we had ever lived since we had entered the army, we were reading in these papers how we were "starving to death," "we would soon be in such an emaciated condition that it would be impossible for us to proceed any further," "we would then immediately become the victims of the Southern army," etc. It was amusing, very amusing.

During this period, however, our friends at the North, not only our friends, but the government officials, those highest in position, were unaware of just where this army was or how it was getting along, and President Lincoln himself

manifested much uneasiness. He felt so uneasy that he went down to City Point to have a talk with General Grant, and he said: "Now, General, what do you think about this? This is something very unusual in war to have an army undertake such an enterprise, cut loose entirely from the base of supplies, marching into the enemy's country, relying upon the supplies of the country for their support. I feel very uneasy." Grant, in his cool way said to the President: "Oh, they are all right, they're all right, Mr. Lincoln, with such an officer as General Sherman, with generals of such experience as he has under him, and with such an army, why, no harm can come to them, they are sure to get along all right. If they can't get to the point of destination for which they have started, they can come back, they can come back where they started from."

Lincoln felt very much encouraged, and when he got back to Washington he was telling all his friends. He says: "I have seen Grant and Grant says it's all right. Why, with such a general as Sherman, with such an army, they can crawl out of the hole they went in." (Laughter and applause.)

On the 10th day of December this pleasant picnic approached its end. We came up then in sight of Savannah. It was my lot on that day to be in charge of a foraging party. I omitted to tell you that not far from Milledgeville, on a similar duty, I had an experience which reminded me of the day on the breastworks in Atlanta. The foragers got into a cellar of peach brandy, and instead of loading up the wagons that afternoon with pigs and potatoes we had to load in our unfortunate comrades who had imbibed too freely of the peach brandy. I hope none of you were there. We had a very narrow escape, too, as Wheeler's Cavalry was not far off, if you remember.

The day we approached Savannah you may recall an elegant plantation on the river; it was one of the richest we struck on the whole march, as far as my experience went. There were elegant sugar-houses that had not been disturbed, the mounds of potatoes in the garden were like the

haystacks on your salt meadows between here and New York in the winter time; chickens and turkeys roaming about with freedom and in abundance; the outbuildings in good order, there had not a board been torn off—fences all standing, everything prosperous, and what was still quite unusual also, there was the old planter himself. Too old to go to war, he was at home looking after things, and he received us very kindly and very cordially. "I recognize the situation," he said, "of course, gentlemen, of course I see that I must give up most of my property. Here is the key that opens the sugar-house. I wanted to be a little careful about not letting it run to waste. I make no objection to your helping yourselves to the chickens." We got well supplied, and he bade us good-bye and seemed to be well satisfied to think he had gotten along so nicely, and we didn't let him know anything to the contrary, but among ourselves we did laugh a little bit to think how he had fooled himself. He believed that it was all over, for the army had passed. He had lost his horses, chickens, most of his hogs, most of his sweet potatoes. All that made him a little sore, but his buildings had not been disturbed. We knew that in less than three days there wouldn't be a board on the house he lived in. After we got into Savannah I went up there one day to see how the old plantation looked, and there was not a shingle on the roof, and that was the same experience of many others. But, gentlemen, that very sort of thing was the lesson the Confederacy needed. It was Sherman who first taught the rebels that their famous boast that they would die in the last ditch might prove true; and above all things it was the March to the Sea that furnished unmistakable evidence that the day for that kind of a demise was near at hand. (Applause.)

As has been said, this March to the Sea, grand in design as it was splendid in execution, was in conception and accomplishment one of the grandest enterprises of which there is any record. Well may we rejoice to-night, comrades, that it was our proud privilege to participate in such a campaign. But the task was not light, nor expected to be. Though

we did not encounter the strong forces that it was expected might be encountered, and the bloody battles of the Peninsula were not repeated. in Georgia, all of our comrades did not live to make that march. Every day some good fellow was pierced by a rebel bullet. His bones to-day are bleaching in Georgia. Alas that it cost so much. Let us not forget those who did not live to come together and rejoice as we can to-night, and let us not forget their representatives, and let us constantly be reminding those in authority of the great obligation of the Government of the United States to the representatives of our dead soldiers. (Applause.) It was a great war and for a great cause. For no greater cause did patriots ever fight, for no nobler country did heroes ever die. (Applause.)

The Mendelssohn Quartette, Messrs. Henry D. Northrop, Frank Hodson, T. M. Ward, and William R. Williams, at this point entertained the company by singing "Honor to the Soldier," which was greeted with great applause. They then sang another song, "The True Sword," also greeted with prolonged applause.

TOAST-MASTER:

I ask you to rise and drink to "New Jersey in the War," to which Governor Robert S. Green will respond.

GOVERNOR GREEN:

General Slocum, Veterans of the Thirteenth New Jersey Regiment:

The history of New Jersey, glowing with glorious memories of the Revolution, full of patriotism and devotion to the country, has no brighter beam than that which writes the part she took in the war for the integrity of the Union. Before the echo of the first hostile gun had died away, New Jersey sent the First Brigade to the defense of the Capital of the country. (Applause.) The first call made by President Lincoln for troops to hasten to the defense of Washington was on the 15th of April, 1861. Governor Olden received

information that the request upon New Jersey would be for four regiments. He received official information of that fact on the 17th of April, and on the 17th of April issued his proclamation detailing four regiments of the militia of New Jersey to that service. In fifteen days—and in those days we were not prepared as we are now—but in fifteen days four regiments of New Jersey troops were mustered into the service of the country in the city of Trenton and brigaded under General Théodore Runyon. (Applause.)

The Government was not in the condition to furnish these troops with all that was required. Gov. Olden was not at that time fully prepared in a pecuniary way to furnish these requirements to the troops, but the loyal citizens of New Jersey, the banks, to their credit, and wealthy citizens of the State, placed at his disposal half a million in cash to be used as he saw fit. (Applause.) And the State at her own expense furnished these four regiments with what was needed, placed them upon transports in Trenton on the 3d of May, and they arrived in Annapolis on the evening of the 4th and reported for duty at once. They served their time in and about the city of Washington and discharged their duty well.

The next call was made on the 3d of May, and New Jersey's response in the first place to that call was by sending the First, Second and Third Regiments to Washington. Following them soon afterward came the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh and Eighth, with Batteries "A" and "B." The Fourth Regiment was placed in the First Brigade, and also Battery "A," and the others were brigaded and formed the Second Brigade.

In September authority was given to raise a regiment of riflemen, and the result of that was that grand Ninth Regiment under Colonel Allen, which went from New Jersey to Roanoke. (Applause.)

In the fall of 1861 the people of New Jersey, not waiting for any call, raised two regiments, one of infantry and one of cavalry. They were afterwards by order of the war department, placed under the charge and authority of the State.

On the 7th of July, 1862, another call was made, and in response to that the Eleventh, Twelfth, your own regiment, the Thirteenth, the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Regiments were raised. That call was on the 7th of July, 1862, and you were mustered in on the 25th of August, 1862, a little over a month after that call.

On the 4th of August, 1862, the call for three hundred thousand men for nine months was made, and this call was to be filled, as you may recollect, by a draft, but the people of the State of New Jersey requested the authorities in Washington to allow them to send volunteers, and that privilege was accorded them if it was done within a limited time, and that call made on the 4th of August, 1862, required New Jersey to furnish 10,478 men. On the 3d of September, one day less than a month after that call, New Jersey had in camp in Trenton 10,800 men, (applause) composing the Twentieth, Twenty-second, Twenty-third, Twenty-fifth, Twenty-sixth, Twenty-seventh, Twenty-eighth, Twenty-ninth, Thirtieth and Thirty-first Regiments. The Second and Third Cavalry were afterwards raised, and after that came the other regiments, the Thirty-seventh Regiment being mustered in for 100 days.

The State also raised additional batteries "C," "D" and "E." Now, these do not of course include the contribution which New Jersey made to the armies of the Union of men who enlisted in organizations in other States, and those were not a few. I know that in Rahway there was a battery which was called Martin's Battery, and that was not taken to the credit of New Jersey, but was afterwards accepted as one of the New York batteries; and I think that companies were enlisted in this State which were organized and which were afterwards mustered into the Excelsior Brigade. I know that contributions which New Jersey made were mustered in in New York and Pennsylvania.

The result of the whole was that New Jersey sent to the war thirty-seven regiments of infantry, three regiments of cavalry and five batteries of artillery. Not only this, but when there was an emergency in Pennsylvania, two of our

regiments had served out their time and were being brought home to be discharged. This emergency was great, men were required, they were needed at once, and the Twenty-third and Twenty-seventh Regiments of New Jersey Volunteers re-enlisted for the purpose of meeting this emergency. (Applause.)

The State furnished 88,305 men; she was called upon to furnish 78,248; so that she actually sent to the front in New Jersey organizations 10,057 men more than the country called for. (Applause.) Of these, 218 officers and 6,082 men, 6,300 in all, were either killed in battle or died in the service. This, gentlemen, is the record of New Jersey's part in the war.

No one can think of New Jersey's part in the war without calling up the dashing figure of the chivalric Kearney (applause), beloved of his men, not only for his bravery and his dash, but for the care and thoughtfulness he always showed for their comfort and their wants. She sent also Mott, with his commanding figure, every inch a soldier (applause), who by his military genius received, as he deserved, the promotion to the position of Major General.

McAllister, modest, with no pretensions to the brilliancy of others; still, always the steady, earnest, unflinching, successful fighter. (Applause.) Young George D. Bayard, cut down in his youth, as brave a Jersey boy as ever drew the breath of life, and as gallant a soldier as ever drew his sword from the scabbard. (Applause.) Kilpatrick (great applause), irrepressible, thorough organizer, a man who, wherever he was, was bound to be in the front rank. (Applause.)

It seems invidious, almost, to call up names. The record is full of those who distinguished themselves by their bravery, their skill and their heroism; but what of the men? Officers can do little, I imagine, unless they have got the men behind them to carry out their orders. (Applause.) It is a matter of necessity that the war historian, in giving an account of the achievements of the brigade and the division or the corps, hands down to posterity the name of the commander of the organization; but what of the men? Why,

that great roster of the army can have no individual place in history, but they live in their achievements. The granite and the bronze here and there upon the village green may record the names of the few who have gone from that particular spot; but for the great mass, a re-established country, the supremacy of the National Government, a restored Union is their monument, more enduring than marble or than brass. (Applause.) And the blessing of a free, united and prosperous people is now and forever will be the crowning glory of the Union Soldier. (Great applause.)

**TOAST-MASTER :**

I remember the bright Sunday when the Thirteenth Regiment passed down from Camp Frelinghuysen through Broad Street to the Chestnut Street Depot and departed for the war. It was a hot day and a hot march, but from that time on you made a march in the history of your country which showed that the endurance you displayed in your first march was characteristic of you as an organization.

I have stood under the lee of the little church at Antietam, in the edge of the woods where you got your first initiation into the meaning of war. I wandered among those cedars where you were tossed and torn, and looked across into the cornfield on the other side of the way where there was so much slaughter.

Now the toast is to this regiment, the "Old Thirteenth," and Captain George M. Hard will respond.

**CAPTAIN HARD :**

It often happens that people are most desirous of doing those things for which they are least fitted, and the operation of that rule is probably the reason why I stand before you now. When I delightedly consented to respond to the toast of the Thirteenth Regiment, I took counsel of my wish and not my better judgment.

To be an American citizen has always been an honor. American citizenship during the early days of the War of

the Rebellion, with its duties and opportunities, was an honor higher still, as in those days the highest types and attributes of citizenship were developed and exhibited. To have been permitted to take part in the struggle for the perpetuation of our Government was a still higher privilege.

To have served in and own a share in the glorious record of the Twelfth and Twentieth Corps under the commander whose name and presence was dear to us then, and is dear to us to-day, and whom we are proud to welcome and to honor at our board to-night, one of the few surviving distinguished figures of those times and struggles, General Slocum; to have marched and fought for years under that loved emblem, our Star, which we still wear with pride; to remember our service and share in the renown of the Army of the Potomac under McClellan, Burnside, Hooker, Meade and Grant, and the marches and battles under the same Star in the Army of the Cumberland under Thomas, and that historic March to the Sea in the Army of Georgia under Sherman, whom may God bless with long life; to share the proud record of the troops of New Jersey, and to have a right and share in the honorable record of the Thirteenth Regiment:—all these, comrades, are ours to share in common. For the distinguished honor of answering to the roll-call and responding for this regiment to-night, I am, though all unworthy, more proud than I can fittingly express.

How at a bound this reunion at Newark carries the mind back to that beautiful summer Sabbath, when the regiment marched from Camp Frelinghuysen through the beautiful Broad Street of this city in response to the call for troops to to the front! How vividly it all comes back! The streets crowded with our relatives and friends, till we barely had room to march! Flags flying from every staff and window! The cheers, the prayers, the tears, and the tramp, tramp of the boys who were perhaps taking their last look upon those loved surroundings under that summer sun! But our faces were toward the South and our hearts were filled with the fire of patriotism.

The following lines culled from a poem written about that time seem appropriate enough to justify being quoted:

“Which way we turn, the eyeballs burn  
With joy upon the throng:  
Mid cheers and prayers, and martial airs,  
The soldiers press along;  
The masses swell, and madly yell  
On pavement, tree and roof;  
And sunbright showers of smiles and flowers  
Of woman's love give proof.

Peal out, ye bells; from church and dome in rivalrous communion,  
With the wild, up-heaving masses for the Army of the Union!  
Peal out, ye bells! Ye women, pray! For never yet went forth  
So good a band for Law and Land as the muster of the North!”

And so we started, nine hundred and thirty-seven strong, on Sunday, August 31st, 1862.

I shall touch but briefly upon the record of the regiment. Its history has been told by Comrade Toombs in his *Reminiscences*, and by our Chairman in his work: “*New Jersey in the Rebellion*.”

The time between our departure from Newark, August 31st, and the Battle of Antietam, September 17th, was all too short to make soldiers of the green and undisciplined men who had yet to learn all that pertained to a soldier's life. Many of them had never loaded and fired a gun. There was no time for drill. We were joined in the chase to head off Lee, and in those hot September days we marched the dusty roads, while one thing after another was discarded from the overloaded knapsacks, and footsore and weary we marched along, day after day, until that baptism of blood and fire at Antietam.

Had there been any doubt as to the metal of which the Thirteenth Regiment was made, there was no room for doubt after that day.

Think of it! Mustered into service August 25th; marched from Newark August 31st; started September 6th on that headlong march to Antietam to head off Lee; without experience, without drill, fresh from the farm, the workshop, the office, the home, called to do the duty of veterans and

stand in line with the glorious Army of the Potomac, to meet the shock of the desperate rebel advance.

And the morning of that battle! Starting without breakfast, marching across fields where the battle had just raged; knapsacks, guns, ammunition, artillery, strewn about the field; the horrible roar of our own artillery firing over our heads; the shriek of the enemy's shells; the dead and disabled horses—the dead and wounded men; and that poor fellow with both legs shot off, screaming in his agony for his mother as he was lying beside a tree, and we marched by. Well might men falter, well might the words of the old song come to mind:

“Time was when we laughed at others,  
We thought we were wiser then;  
But now let them think of their mothers,  
Who hope they may see them again.”

But they were Jersey men, worthy of their State and of their companions in that fearful fight. Veterans from thenceforth.

One personal reminiscence of that battle may be worth repeating. While we were marching over the field where the fight had raged before we were actually engaged, the apparent uselessness of my sword in the struggle that we expected momentarily to enter induced me to pick up a new Enfield rifle with bayonet fixed and to carry it along with the intention of doing some damage to the enemy with my own hand. The regiment had been formed in line of battle, and, being at the moment the only officer with my company, I stood in front with the musket over my shoulder when Sergeant-Major Johnson hurriedly rushing past collided his forehead with the end of my bayonet, and thereupon followed a very brief but salutary lesson, (for Johnson was an old soldier and I a new one) upon the duties of an officer. I discarded the gun.

I have referred especially to the battle of Antietam, as that experience changed our soldiers from raw volunteers to veterans.

Of the marches and battles intervening up to Bentonville, I shall speak only to repeat from the State records the list of engagements:

Chancellorsville, Va., May 1st, 2d and 3d, 1863.

Gettysburg, Pa., July 2d and 3d, 1863.

Resaca, Ga., (or Pumpkin Vine Creek) May 25th, 1864.

Dallas, Ga., (or Kulp's Farm) June 22d, 1864.

Nancy's Creek, Ga., July 18th, 1864.

Peach Tree Creek, Ga., July 20th, 1864.

Siege of Atlanta, July 22d to Sept. 1st, 1864.

The March to the Sea and Capture of Savannah, Nov. 5th to Dec. 21st, 1864.

Avery'sboro, N. C., March 16th, 1865.

As to the Battle of Bentonville, which took place March 19th, 1865, and which was a fitting close to the list of the battles of the regiment, I will only quote the words to Colonel Harris from the Brigade Commander when Colonel Harris applied for orders:

"I have no orders for you. Your regiment deserves the thanks of the whole army, for you have saved it from disaster."

And now we come to that part of our story where the shadows have shut out all the sunshine and light, but that grandest light of all, that shines through the past upon the present and will illuminate the page in all time to come; the splendid lustre of heroic achievements, the grandeur of devotion to honor, country and flag, when the soldier, forgetting all else, unmindful of fear, lays down his life for the principles he supported and for the country and flag he loved better than life.

When the gallant Thirteenth marched from Newark in 1862, no man could but realize that perhaps he should never return; but the chances of war were many and there were none but who hoped to be the survivors. Yet when the long weary marches came, when exposure and privation was the every-day experience, when in the desperate advance, and heroic defense, death seemed certain, when wounded

upon the battlefield, in the hospital awaiting the surgeon's attention, when in camp and on the march, wasting with sickness until death was looked to as a welcome relief—then shines out the light of heroism, then are exhibited those qualities of manhood that thrill the pulse and make us who live to tell the tale proud to say, He was my comrade! When we read the list of dead and wounded, while it is too long for recital here, we see again the bright, youthful faces of those who marched from Newark and whose marching ended before our return. And as with saddened hearts our memory brings them back, we will always, as we do to-night, while we glory in their fame, drop the tear of affectionate remembrance.

When we think of Antietam, where nine were killed and sixty wounded, where the gallant Captain Irish fell sword in hand at the head of his company.

Of Chancellorsville, with eighteen killed and eighty-nine wounded, where among the list were Whitfield, who died a few days later, and Matthews and Bliven and Grimes and Smith and Layton and Wells.

Of Gettysburg, where Damig, of Company G, was killed, and twenty wounded, among whom were Ryerson and Johnson.

Of Resaca, where Baldwin of Company F fell while with cap in hand cheering upon the breastworks, and Matthews and Beardsley and Wilson were wounded.

Of Kulp's Farm, where but eight were wounded, but where the fire from our regiment, delivered at short range, was especially destructive to the enemy.

Of Pine Knob, where brave young Ryerson was mortally wounded.

Of Peach Tree Creek.

Of the Siege of Atlanta, where in the sight of both armies a detail of our boys was called upon to burn those houses between the lines, and which called out the especial commendation of General William s; where Sergeant Brown was mortally wounded.

Of Avelysboro, where two were killed, including Orderly Warren of Company G, and twenty-two wounded.

And of Bentonville, of which I have already spoken. We can say no better than that the regiment was made up of true Jerseymen, who did honor to their State.

Time does not permit the calling of the entire roll of honored dead, but their memories are green and their names will not be forgotten.

And now, having touched very briefly upon the record of the regiment, my duty is performed. As we separate tonight from this reunion, we will go with a mixture of sadness in our thoughts, for year by year the ranks get thinner and the reflection is forced upon us that when we meet again there will be some empty seats about the board.

But as the world moves on, and as the events in which we participated recede in the march of time, our pride in what we helped to do will not diminish. The bonds of fellowship that were formed in the camp and upon the battlefield will strengthen, and as we become fewer and the survivors grow older, we will think more and more highly of the Thirteenth Regiment and our share in its glorious work.

And while there are people to read the story and listen to the narration, while human hearts beat faster under the influence of patriotic devotion to principle as shown by the brave deeds of brave men; so long will such histories as that of our regiment, Comrades, be prized and remembered.

Captain Hard was greeted with applause on rising, and at the conclusion of his address was also heartily applauded.

TOAST-MASTER:

The next sentiment in order is "Our Friends at Home," to which Hon. Noah Brooks, of the *Daily Advertiser*, will respond.

MR. BROOKS:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Thirteenth:

Having by your liberality been provided with forty rounds and four days' rations, I should be ready for a long

campaign, but the hour is late and you will excuse me if I touch lightly on the few themes that have suggested themselves to my mind by the toast that has been provided for me.

It has been impressed upon me that the Thirteenth Regiment of New Jersey Volunteers did not find that place in history that they would have had if they had been brigaded with a corps of newspaper correspondents. It was my impression that the newspaper correspondent was not always correct, as I remember General Sherman once said after reading the account of the Battle of Pittsburg Landing that he made up his mind that he was not there. (Laughter.)

The Thirteenth Regiment of New Jersey Volunteers, however, was one of that great company of patriotic soldiers whose records are not written in the newspapers but in the hearts of their countrymen.

One of these men—I am not sure it may not have been the Thirteenth—but a Jerseyman of some regiment was captured at the Battle of the Wilderness by a North Carolina regiment, and, being asked the number of his regiment, he said, “I belong to the Two Hundred and Fifty-first New Jersey.” “Great Scott,” said the North Carolinian, “if little Jersey has sent 251 regiments to the war it’s time for we’uns to git.” (Laughter and applause.)

I know that New Jersey has not sent 251 regiments to the war, but I am very sure that the 60,000 she did send fought like 251,000. But, as I said before, their records are not always in the newspapers.

I am happy to be one of a numerous company of friends at home who cheered you when you were away and gave you the welcome hand when you came back. The friends behind were many—it was necessary that some of us should stay. I remember one time being with President Lincoln just before the Battle of Chancellorsville. We were riding down the line and some of the boys gave three cheers for President Lincoln, and one of the soldiers nearest us said, “and send along the greenbacks.” Little Tad, Lincoln’s oldest boy, said: “Papa, why haven’t these men got their greenbacks?” He

says, "Why doesn't Governor Chase print some more?" It was necessary, you see, for some of us to stay behind and print the greenbacks. It was also necessary that some of us should do some voting. There were some gentlemen in Congress, who, I regret to say, were not always in favor of voting supplies for you boys, therefore it was necessary that we should send to Congress men who were in favor of the Union, in favor of printing greenbacks, in favor of doing everything that should keep your backs warm and money in your pockets. Therefore some of us remained, and the gentlemen in Congress who voted those supplies, who made those patriotic speeches, who kept alive the fires of patriotism, were your friends at home—God bless them. (Applause.)

And there were others. Some of them, I remember, at the beginning of the war illustrated their patriotism by making impossible needle-books and by sending to the soldiers at the front havelocks which they laughed at, which after all, were messages from the dear women left at home. (Applause.) And when the men went to the war from the Northern States the song they sang, the tune the band played, was "The Girl I Left Behind Me." (Laughter.) When those good women sent those impossible needle-books and havelocks to the dear ones in the battle-front, those were, after all, the expressive tribute of woman to patriotism; and when the war was over and they came back who had fought the good fight, they were welcomed by those who wore the weeds of mourning for those who had left the South all billowy with graves, and the friends at home no less welcomed the scarred remnant of those who returned.

If I were asked to name who besides the newspaper men kept up the repute of the war, who kept alive the fires of patriotism and who fired the hearts of those left behind that they might volunteer, who besides those that did the fighting, and who besides those senators and representatives in Congress who voted you supplies, were your friends, and who besides these and the women, sweethearts, wives and mothers, I should say there was one man by whose side I often stood during the long and perilous and weary nights

and days of the war. I remember one cold night in February, when the thermometer was very low, and the thermometer of patriotism was very low throughout all this country and it seemed as if the end of all things had come, Lincoln said to me, "My heart is with the soldiers camping in the snow." There was a friend who, whatever may have been his political sentiments, whatever his political relations, never forgot the soldiers camping in the snow. (Applause.)

As I have hurried briefly over these three or four groups of friends who never forgot you and who shared in your triumphs as they shared in your sorrows, let me, as I close, give you the name of Him whose name shall be remembered with triumph, with gratitude and with veneration by you all when the war drum beats no longer and the battle flags are held in the confederation of the nations, a brotherhood of the world. (Applause.)

TOAST-MASTER :

There is one battlefield lying between the First Bull Run and Bentonville which is historic because it is one of the decisive battles of the war—the Battle of Gettysburg, and to that sentiment the Hon. William H. Corbin will respond.

MR. CORBIN :

Mr. Chairman, Your Excellency and Veterans :

The spirit with which the Battle of Gettysburg was fought is well illustrated by an incident which occurred near the close of the first day of that fight. The First Corps had fought and bravely held the field during a long weary day; the Eleventh Corps had come up late in the day and attempted to connect with their right and assist them in holding back the tremendous invasion of rebels that came in from toward Harrisburg until the Army of the Potomac should get there. The Twelfth Corps, to which you belonged, was being steadily pushed forward by General Slocum to the scene of action. You may remember—no doubt you do—that you made a tremendous march to get there, a march of between thirty-five and forty miles, with

very little rest. Late in the day on the 1st of July you came within sound of the noise of the fight, and the excitement in your lines gradually grew greater as you approached nearer, and as you came within a few miles of the battlefield other evidences of the fight met your eyes, stragglers, messengers towards the rear, and other things, and it soon became noised along the line of your Corps, and along the line of Colgrove's Brigade, and along the Thirteenth, that the Eleventh Corps had broken. You were fresh from Chancellorsville, you remembered that they had broken there and in your hasty judgment on hearing this, you did not do the Eleventh Corps entire justice. I do not wish to reflect on the Eleventh Corps, but the word went up from the Thirteenth and Colgrove's Brigade, "You might have known it, you might have known it, why didn't you send us?" (Applause.)

Men wearied with a fearful march, ready to fall by the way, going into what they knew was to be a fearful battle, not desirous to be called on some other duty but eager to get into the fight. I say that incident is illustrative of the spirit with which the Battle of Gettysburg was fought. It was the same spirit that was shown by the men of the First Corps on the morning of that same day. When it held back the rebel army when that onslaught was made upon it, and when the rebel line came nearer to them, so that the voices of the opposing troops could be heard, they cried out, "we have come to stay, we have come to stay."

There were a number of reasons why this tremendous determination actuated the troops on the field of Gettysburg. I cannot dwell upon them but there are two or three I can mention.

The troops that fought at Gettysburg were volunteers; no drafted men had reached your ranks, and more than that, they were not the sort of volunteers that you were at Antietam where it has been said you were marched into the fight seventeen days after being mustered in the service, but you were volunteer veterans. You had the school of Antietam, the school of Chancellorsville. You had been

long in the service, and the army that won that fight was the army which had fought the campaign on the Peninsula and the campaigns in Virginia. The chaff was gone from your lines, you had the wheat there. It was a live army, and I have yet to hear in all that I have read of the Battle of Gettysburg of the first brigade or the first regiment that showed the white feather on that field. (Applause.) The lines were driven back, brigades were defeated and cut to pieces, but there was no showing of the white feather. I don't know the regiment that did it at Gettysburg.

Now, you were met there by an army equally veteran in their experience, exultant, elated over their success at Chancellorsville and elsewhere, and, feeling themselves invincible, they had started upon a campaign no longer of defense, no longer a campaign to dispel the enemy from their borders, but an aggressive campaign of invasion into the North. They, too, were full of high hopes, and now that the two armies were met on this field everybody recognized that here was a struggle the decision of which might be the final decision. You were fighting there as you never fought anywhere else, in the midst of friends. As you marched along up the Baltimore pike some of the farmers brought out big tubs and put them beside the road and put ice into them and put water into those tubs. I don't believe you saw anything of that on your March to the Sea, and it had a stimulating effect upon you. I say you were in the midst of friends, and that was the experience of most of those that marched up to Gettysburg, although there were some—I know the brave Colonel Clark, of Clark's Battery, I believe, had to pay twenty-five cents for a glass of buttermilk not far from the Battle of Gettysburg, and the Colonel has never got over paying for that yet. (Laughter.) It is true, before he left the field of Gettysburg he impressed into the service a number of horses worth \$250 at \$150 and took them off with him as pay for that glass of buttermilk, but he don't consider the score hardly settled yet. Still, you were among friends and felt that you were fighting upon your own soil, and that added to the spirit with which that fight was fought.

If I were to select from the goodly number of fields inscribed on the flag of the Thirteenth one which especially honored you, I might well select Gettysburg. If I were to select one distinguished in the regiment's history for the great number of deaths, if I were to pick out a field where a hundred of the Thirteenth Regiment lay groaning upon the ground or stilled in death, I should pick out Chancellorsville. But at Gettysburg, although your losses were not so great, you did your whole duty, and it was by no means a small part that you took in that fight. The position held by you was the extreme right of the army. It is true that there was a brigade to the right of you, detached and watching the right, but it is still true that in the line of battle you occupied the extreme right of the Army of the Potomac, and from there you removed almost to the extreme left, and went there quickly. The beauty of your action at Gettysburg was, you were exactly where you were wanted, two or three places, but you got there every time. You were the witnesses at Gettysburg of a sad thing, of a sad incident of that fight—the order that was given to your brigade on the morning of the 3d to send out two regiments to feel the enemy in your front, when the Second Massachusetts and Twenty-Seventh Indiana, of your brigade, were sent out. (Applause.) I say that was a sad thing. It was a most noble spectacle, a magnificent affair. You saw the Second Massachusetts jump up from their breastworks beside you and go across that field of a hundred yards in the face of a fire so murderous that a hundred of their men fell in crossing, and where the brave Major Mudge fell dead while leading his troops.

You assisted at the sad scene where those men of the Second Massachusetts and the Twenty-Seventh Indiana, and one or two of your own number also, were buried in those trenches which you may still see at Gettysburg in the rear of your line. It did not happen to be your fate to be ordered forward; you supported that charge, and when the Confederates, seeing how those men were mowed down, made a counter-charge you instantly repelled it.

You did at Gettysburg all that you were commanded to do. The men of the Army of the Potomac did what they were expected to do, and the result was a noble victory. And it is no wonder, my friends, that Gettysburg has been singled out as the field which shall be shown as an object-lesson of the war. It is no wonder that it has been beautified by the eighteen Northern States whose troops fought there in the Union lines. It is no wonder that it has been embellished by beautiful monuments and that New Jersey has outdone all her sisters, not only in embellishing, but by sending back there at the State's expense all those who fought there. (Applause.) Gettysburg is a magnificent field, not only for what was accomplished there, but a magnificent field, in fact, with a fortress at each end of the line, put there by the Almighty, with beautiful plains stretching between the lines of battle. But oh, awful Gettysburg, awful field of Gettysburg, where seven thousand free men lay stark in death; where the blood of thirty thousand men made red that field, but glorious Gettysburg, glorious field of Gettysburg, where was struck the blow which first gave up again to the Union the promise of final preservation of the Union; which first turned back the fearful tide of rebellion. Beautiful and peaceful Gettysburg now, checkered with fields of golden grain, with orchards heavy with luscious fruit, where now you may see, not the hurrying squadrons of war, but the gray-haired Major-General with the one-armed private soldier, arm in arm fighting the battle of other days. (Applause.)

TOAST-MASTER:

I know that you will all rise and drink to the next toast, "Patriotic Women of the War." To this sentiment Rev. Dr. W. S. Crowe will respond.

REV. DR. CROWE:

Mr. Chairman and Veterans of the gallant Thirteenth: The hour is so late that one begins to sympathize with the tramp who took his choice of difficulties in the following

manner: It was about dark and he found only the gentleman of the house at home. When he appealed for bread declaring that he had eaten nothing for five days, the good man of the house was quite overcome with sympathy and replied that the larder was empty and the women folks were all away. "But," said he, "you must be starving; here's a ticket to a banquet and the guests are assembling this very hour. Go, my poor fellow, and get a square meal." The tramp took the ticket, but hesitated, then falteringly asked, "Is there to be after-dinner speaking?" "Oh, yes." The poor fellow handed back the ticket, gasping, "I'll risk it another day." (Laughter.)

There is a German proverb which says that a man cannot be too careful in the selection of his parents. Now, if I had been consulted on the matter I should have selected exactly the parents that came along, but there are certain suggestions as to time and place that I would have been glad to make. I would have suggested, first of all, that they have me born in New Jersey (applause) and I would have insisted on being born at least five years earlier. I was only getting to be a big boy when the war closed, and five years put in somewhere between Rich Mountain and Richmond would have been worth any other twenty. (Applause.)

Rev. Thomas Starr King, that brave little Unitarian, who saved California to the Union, was wont to repeat the story of the old darkey preacher who took his text and then said: "Now, brethren, I shall divide my subject into three parts. I shall speak first of those things of which we all know something, then I shall speak of those things of which I know very little, and you less, and in the third place I shall speak of those things of which none of us know anything." And King declares that under the third head the old man waxed very eloquent. (Laughter.)

Now, if by chance I should wax eloquent, it may be on the principle that I know nothing on this subject, for I have confessed my misfortune in being a child at the time of the war. But even the small boy was roused from his mud-pies and his spool-top by the patriotism of that day and genera-

tion. I well remember that I was able to grasp the point of her remark when all the papers were full of comment on Sherman's flank movement, and my mother was doing up an eighteen-pound turkey, beautifully stuffed, for a Georgia Thanksgiving, she patted its fat side as she said, "There's a flank the boys will enjoy." (Laughter and applause.)

In the olden times the Jews took their children to the altar and baptized them into the faith and registered an oath for them that they should be true to the temple and the eternal haters of Samaritans. Well, in that old war time, when I was going to the district school studying Ray's arithmetic and McGuffey's spelling book, the young women who kept the school used to begin the day with prayer, and then they would lead us in singing "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," or "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," or "John Brown's Body," and they were swearing us, out there on that western prairie, to be true citizens of this republic and the eternal haters of secession. That's the kind of thing to make the Union perpetual. (Applause.)

I have no time for an extended and formulated speech, for introduction and apology and peroration, but I want to thank you for honoring me with a place on your program, and I want to add my word to the honor of this New Jersey's banner regiment. I want to wish for you all long life and unstinted happiness. As you think of those comrades who gave their lives as a holy sacrifice, acceptable unto God, for the preservation of Liberty and Union, I want to unite with you in again extending that sympathy which never can die while a soldier lives, to their bereaved families. And for those departed comrades I want to join you in all tender and beautiful memories.

The women of the war—they have already been honored by the speakers who preceded me—but what a magnificent roster might be made of their names. As I call to mind the labors of Mrs. Husband and Dorothea Dix in the Sanitary Commission, I say there are names worthy to be inscribed side by side with the names of such great drill-masters as McClellan, and such noble commanders as Burnside. (Ap-

plause.) When I think of Mrs. Brady and Mrs. Wittenmeyer with their diet-kitchens and their field-hospitals, who fought rebellion, not with the art of a sharpshooter or the science of a cavalry charge, but with the diviné science of tender nursing and the splendid art of culinary wholesomeness, I say there are women as worthy to live in their country's history as brave John A. Logan or the gallant Sheridan himself. (Applause.) When I think of old Mrs. Wade, who stood in her little kitchen on the field of Gettysburg, between two raking fires—who stood at her oven and baked fresh bread for fainting soidicrs until she was killed by a rebel shell, I say there is a deed as brave as the bravery of young Shaw on the parapet of Wagner, a name that ought to be inscribed beside the name of Ellsworth. (Applause.)

When I think of grand old "Mother Bickerdyke" and her management of the Cumberland army hospitals, of whom General Sherman said when she had torn the shoulder-straps from a drunken Surgeon and the Surgeon appealed to him for redress: "Oh, I can do nothing—Mother Bickerdyke ranks me"—when I remember the thousands of lives that woman saved by her ceaseless grit and her marvelous common sense, I say—there is a career one need not blush to mention in the same breath with the Siege of Atlanta. (Applause.)

When I think of that grand Universalist woman, Mrs. Livermore, who shared the soldier-life in the Siege of Vicksburg, traveled all up and down the battle-stained Mississippi in the oversight of hospitals; and of that noble Presbyterian woman, Mrs. Breckenridge, who wrote patriotic songs and cheered an army of wounded with tender nursings and flowers and prayers—I say, there are two campaigns to be named along with the March to the Sea, and with the Defence of Nashville by the great-souled Thomas. (Applause.)

And who can read of the labors of Clara Barton, in camp, on the march, in the thickest of the fight, and remember her commanding genius at Fredericksburg, and be ashamed to speak her name while yet the echoes are ringing with the name of Ulysses S. Grant. (Applause.)

And what shall I say more? The time would fail me to tell of Mrs. Reynolds and Mrs. Parsons and Mrs. Potter and Mrs. Hoge, of Lucy Starr and Jessie Home and Annie Etheridge, and of the tens of thousands of mothers and wives and sisters and sweethearts, who, through works and faith subdued Copperheads, wrought patriotism, obtained volunteers, stopped the mouths of critics, quenched the violence of "Southern sympathizers," waxed valiant in loyalty, put to flight the army of cowards who staid at home and resolved the war a failure. (Great applause.)

Well, gentlemen, some of this work of the women is personal to you. You remember on that August day, and Friday it was—yes, Friday, and your regiment was the Thirteenth, as if heaven ordained you to crush superstition and secession at a single blow—you remember that the women of Newark gave you a flag, and the good Baptist minister, Brother Levy, told you, in their name, that it was not for holiday parade, but to be your rallying ensign in the storm and smoke and fire of battle, (applause) and when that flag was blood-stained at Antietam, you remember it was sacred with the love and prayers of your firesides; and you felt, as great Liucoln told you in that dreary October after [the battle, that the consecrated women of this land were back of the army, and that the God of Battles would sustain you.

You remember, I know, as you were going up to Gettysburg, as has been said, how the women placed tubs and pails of water by the roadside that you might quench your burning thirst and bathe your dusty faces, and how they waved their handkerchiefs, and cheered you on with many a brave word, as they would sing to you those brave lines of Ellen Gates:

" Though we are too weak to journey  
 Up the mountain steep on high,  
 We can stand within the valley  
 As the multitudes go by ;  
 We can chant in happy measure  
 As you slowly march along—  
 Though you may forget the singer,  
 You will not forget the song."

Well, I am sure that in the long, tedious ride out to Indianapolis in those box cars, you have not forgotten the girls who came down from the college at Xenia, Ohio. (Great applause and laughter.) Well, gentlemen, I forbear. I'm sure you'll never forget it. (Continued laughter.)

From the beginning to the end of that awful war the women were the power behind the army. Mrs. Breckenridge has quaintly and tenderly rhymed that inspiration of womanhood:

Here I sit at the same old work,  
Knitting socks for the soldiers from daylight till dark,  
And whispering low as the thread flies through,  
To him who shall wear them—I don't know who—  
Oh, my soldier! fight bravely, be patient, be true;  
For some one is knitting and praying for you."

Aye, and the patriotism and the sacred sense of duty, from out obscure but brave and loving hearts, that were threaded into every pair of home-made socks, made the boys feel as they drew them on like Hiawatha in his magic mittens:

"When upon their feet they wore them,  
They could smite the rocks asunder,  
They could grind them into powder."

(Applause.)

TOAST-MASTER:

The next sentiment is "The Army of the Cumberland," to which Colonel E. E. Sill will make the first response.

COLONEL SILL:

Comrades of the Old Star:

I have thought to-night how instinctively we respond to the calls for these reunions; how ready we are, as the shadows are lengthening in our lives, to renew those ties which were made under circumstances which we so well understand. I bring you to-night the greeting of the Comrades of the Blue Star of the Twentieth Corps. (Applause.)

I suppose I am the only representative of our old Third

Division here; but, comrades, your faces I have seen too many times on the march, too many times on picket and on the skirmish line, and in the shock of the charge, to feel as a stranger among you. The Apostle Paul once wrote that "one star differeth from another star in glory." We all remember that when he wrote that he never had seen the Twentieth Corps Star. (Great laughter and applause.)

It is a peculiar pleasure in the minds of all of us, as we look back to our service in the Army of the Cumberland, to remember that our first baptism of fire, that our first service was in that patient, long-suffering and heroic Army of the Potomac. There were inscribed upon our banners the names of Antietam, of Fredericksburg, of Chancellorsville and of Gettysburg, before we took that long and wearisome march to the banks of the Tennessee River. There, as we know, were added to those shining names on our regimental flags—but oh, at what cost were they added!—the names of Lookout Mountain, Resaca, Cassville, Kulp's Farm, Cass Station, Jonesboro, New Hope Church, Atlanta, Averysboro and Bentonville. (Applause.)

We think to-night of all those fields where our own and the other regiments of our Corps, and our sister regiments of the Army of the Cumberland, fought together, when at the close of those fights the sad duty devolved upon one and another to go out and pick up and lay in a soldier's grave those comrades who in the morning had touched elbows with us, who were as dear to us as brothers, and yet we were spared and they were laid in their cold, cold graves. Oh, as the years go on, how we do cherish their memory. I feel that we owe it to ourselves and to our comrades, to those who have gone before us, that their memories shall be kept green. Not only on Memorial Day, but on every day of the year the names and the memories of those, our brothers, who were called to answer to the last call, to be mustered out before ourselves; should be cherished and remembered. My heart has responded to the eloquent words which have been given us here to-night. Your hearts, with mine, have thrilled as familiar scenes of the past have been brought to

our minds, and my heart responds to all that has been said, not only in recognition of the services of ourselves and our comrades, but the services of that gallant band of loyal women whose names and memories get dearer to me as the years go on. They were borne on no muster roll, but they did render as much service as you or I at Resaca or Gettysburg. Our hearts respond to the eloquent tributes which have been paid to the women of our land in that dark and weary struggle. While I believe I am not lacking in appreciation, to the real and full extent of my ability, of what we did and saw and suffered, and while I believe I have the true soldierly pride in you and others of my comrades for those sacrifices which you all made, nevertheless I do believe that for sublimity of sacrifice, for moral heroism unsurpassed, the palm must be given, not to us, who suffered on the weary march, or those who went down in the deadly charge, or those who gave their lives in the weary rebel prisons, but to those patient suffering ones at home, who, as has been so eloquently told us to-night, held up our arms and gave us the means and incentive to do our duty. (Applause.)

I believe that for patience, for qualities that challenge admiration, there is nothing in history to be compared with that unselfish devotion and sacrifice which was manifested by the friends here at home.

Try for a moment to picture the mental suffering and anguish of the young wife whose husband, by the call of his country, is too soon torn from her loving arms; then see her as in the lonely night watches and the weary days, with pale face and trembling lip she tried to be brave; how with a heart of lead in her bosom she tried to write words of cheer that her husband should read by the lonely campfire or the picket. And think of the old mother, who with one hand pressed hard upon her throbbing, aching heart, could not wait to open the morning paper, and yet afraid to open it lest on the first column she should see in the list of the dead the one beloved name which meant everything to her. (Applause.)

I would, comrades, that I could do justice to the theme

that is given me here to-night. I will not attempt to say all that I had intended to say to you on this occasion. I desire more to bring you a comrade's greeting, and yet I will not entirely dismiss the subject assigned to me, "The Old Army of the Cumberland." And yet who in an evening could write or tell the history of the Army of the Cumberland? Look and see what a roll of illustrious men were borne in the list of its commanders and those who did heroic service in the ranks.

Our first commander was the brave hero of Fort Sumter, Brigadier-General Robert Anderson, then followed General Rosecrans, and after him, you know, after we reached the vicinity of Chattanooga, there was placed in command that man who in all the history of battles, in all the records of the nations of the world, in my mind, stands forth as the peerless, the one unsurpassed soldier in history. I speak the words to you as my own honest convictions, that all the records of history have furnished nowhere a more complete and well-rounded character in its moral and intellectual aspects as a soldier, than that of that loyal Virginian, our General Thomas. (Applause.)

The old State of Virginia, which a hundred years ago was able to give patriots to their country's service, furnished two characters in our war which will stand out as parallels of contrast more marked, I believe, than any others in history. Born Virginians, proud as the proudest, of rich and mighty lineage, both of them field-officers in the old Second United States Cavalry. The one, General George H. Thomas, when the first call for duty came for him said: "Before me, though I am a Virginian, there is but one duty." And in response to the demand of his native State that he should resign his service, that he should prove false to the flag he had sworn to defend, he answered that summons by crossing the Potomac at the head of a brigade of Union soldiers. (Applause.)

In contrast with him stands the name, one of the blackest names in American history, the name of Robert E. Lee. The man who, when he made up his mind to prove false to

the flag of his country, when on the 20th of April, in response to the demands of General Scott that he should show his hand as to the course he intended to take in the coming struggle—on the 20th of April he wrote his resignation of the Fifth United States Cavalry, to which he had been promoted only the 30th of March before. His resignation was not received and accepted until the 26th of April, and until that day he was entitled to wear the uniform and to draw the pay of a colonel in the United States Army. And yet on the 24th of April, while still owing allegiance to the flag of his country, while his name was still borne on the records of the Union army, he issued his first general order taking command of an army of rebels. Search history and you will not find an instance of blacker perfidy than that. I have no sympathy for that maudlin sentiment that seeks to lift such men.

All of George H. Thomas' property interest, all of George H. Thomas' family ties, all of George H. Thomas' interests of every kind, except that of his duty to the flag of his country, were centered in the State of Virginia. And think of the pressure that was brought to bear on that man. His own family were chosen and willing traitors. They wrote to him when they heard his decision, asking him for the sake of the family to change his name. Some of that family lived at the close of the war to be glad to accept charity at the hands of George H. Thomas.

I will not, comrades, at this late hour, attempt in any manner to relate the history of the Army of the Cumberland. It is written in characters of blood and you helped to write much of it. You recollect a great part of it, and to us as the years go by I feel and believe that we will cherish more and more of a soldierly pride in the record of our army, in the record of our own organizations, and that whether our service was conspicuous or humble, it was the service of willing, loyal, patriotic hearts in upholding the flag of our country.

Comrades, I thank you for the pleasure of this entertainment. I bring you again a comrade's greeting, and I hope

as another year comes around, with undiminished numbers you may gather around the festive board and fight your battles over again, and for each and every one of you—although the signs upon our heads and faces are unmistakable—yet for each and every one of you I give the comrade's wish: May we return to heaven late. (Applause.)

TOAST-MASTER:

The next toast is "Antietam," to which Dr. J. J. H. Love will respond.

DR. LOVE:

Mr. President, Comrades and Friends:

There are times when swords are more eloquent than words, when the language of the bayonet is the only interpreter of our faith, when the problems of life can only be solved amid the heat and flame of battle. Such a crisis came to us twenty-six years ago, in the early dawn of a September morning, when the Thirteenth Regiment were awakened by the crack of the rifles of the First Army Corps, and grasping their muskets prepared for their first encounter with the forces of armed rebellion on the battlefield of Antietam.

As the years rolled by many other battle names were inscribed on your flag, many noble deeds done and much gallant service rendered, but around no name clings there so much of interest, so much of sentiment, and of satisfaction, for the Thirteenth, as in Antietam.

Well do you recall the previous tedious night-march, the hasty bivouac in the clover field, and the futile attempts to secure a cup of coffee on that eventful morning. Forward into the line, with the veteran Second Massachusetts on your right, you moved across the open fields into the famous cornfield which had been the scene of General Hooker's fierce contest an hour before. Passing hundreds of wounded and dead in your path, you reached the open ground south of the East Woods, where you halted for a few moments to perfect your alignment. Just at this time and

place Gen. Hooker received a bullet through his foot, and swaying in his saddle from pain and excitement, shouted to his aids, "There is a regiment, order it forward. Mansfield's Corps is coming up; tell them to carry these woods and hold them and it is our fight." Scarcely had the order been transmitted to your Corps Commander, Gen. Mansfield, ere he fell, mortally wounded, in front of the Tenth Maine, and the command devolved on your Division Commander, Gen. A. S. Williams—Williams the brave, kind-hearted commander, who always so wondrously comprehended what was needed on the field of battle, and who, whether assigned to brigade, division or corps, was ever resolute, capable and true, dear to you to-day in the remembrance of his loyalty, self-denying devotion and fatherly care.

Facing obliquely westward your forward movement soon brought you to the ever-remembered post and rail fence along the Hagerstown pike, and the fight was on. Then you experienced for the first time the ceaseless rattle and roar of musketry, heard the constant booming of cannon and the shriek of passing shell, caught glimpses of galloping horse-men and marching infantry, now seen, now lost in smoke, while the noise re-echoing from the woods with redoubled echo, seemed to fill every part of that field with fire and fury and flame. Such was the baptism of the Thirteenth Regiment.

The dial on the clock of time has reeled off many years since then. The hills of Maryland have long since ceased to mutter back the roll of the invader's drum, but from that hour the Thirteenth was transformed from raw recruits into veterans, and you found a fame, "which is the common fame of all the land, and became identified with an army whose name lives forever in the song of the proud river that sweeps by the domes of the Capital, by the graves of Arlington, by the tomb of Sheridan, and of Mount Vernon."

Recalled from the position at the Hagerstown pike, you with the Twenty-seventh Indiana were sent to reinforce the gallant Greene, of the Second Division, in his stubborn fight

in the woods by the Dunker Church, and rendered good service in this position until the middle of the day, when you returned to the East Woods, and supported batteries for the balance of the fight.

Permit me to recall an event of that morning—of what seemed to be a full brigade of the enemy as they emerged from the West Woods, skirmishers to the front, troops in the rear. It appeared as if they would carry all before them. On they came, until more than half way across the open space between the two lines of wood, when our batteries opened with canister at short range. When the smoke lifted not a standing soldier was to be seen. Apparently the whole brigade had been annihilated. Some must have escaped, but the ground was absolutely covered with a ghastly line of rebel dead. It was a remembrance that no time or change can dim. I visited the spot the next day, thinking that possibly in the excitement of the moment my imagination had magnified the results of that battery fire, but no; the silent dead were still grasping their guns, their upturned faces blackening in the September sun, while burying parties from our army were preparing long trenches for their final reception.

Wearied and worn you slept that night on your arms, only as soldiers can sleep, sorrowful for the nine killed and sixty comrades wounded, anxious for the expected fight of the coming morn, and proud of the honor and glory of having fought side by side with Gordon and his steady Second Massachusetts; with Colgrove and his brave Twenty-seventh Indiana; with Ruger and his gallant Third Wisconsin; with Devens and his true One Hundred and Seventh New York—glorious old Third Brigade, who, with uplifted banners, helped valiantly to bear aloft on their glistening bayonets—not only at Antietam, but on scores of other battlefields—the life of the nation!

The Mendelssohn Quartette sang "On the Sea" with effect, and being greatly applauded, responded again with "Annie Laurie."

TOAST-MASTER :

The next toast, "Our Heroic Dead," will be responded to by Rev. Dr. W. W. Boyd.

REV. DR. BOYD :

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen :

It would seem most appropriate that this sentiment should now be received by us in solemn silence, a fitting ending to this occasion of reminiscences. I shall not detain you by the remarks which I had intended to make on this occasion, because the hour is so late. I am afraid that if we detained you much longer your names will be found upon the roll of the Heroic Dead, talked to death. (Laughter.) But I do want to call your attention simply to one point in estimating the heroism of our heroic dead and the immense weight of obligation we are under to them. Allusion to their personal heroism, their suffering, their self-forgetfulness, their self-sacrifice has already been made in several of the responses to-night, but I want to call your attention to this fact, that we cannot properly estimate their heroism or the debt we owe them, or the debt we owe the living soldiers of the late war, unless we keep clearly in mind the tremendous issues involved in that conflict. (Applause.)

Our gratitude can only be adequately evoked as we remember what the Union army saved the nation from and what it saved the nation to. I do not wish to perpetuate sectional strife or bitterness, God forbid. The passions of the struggle having been buried in thousands of graves and the victory of universal freedom, standing as secure and unquestionable as the eternal hills, it were worse than folly to seek to fan the embers of hate into a flame again. It cannot be done. Nevertheless, veterans, nevertheless we must see to it that the truth of this struggle is not obscured, and thereby the heroism and the self-sacrifice of our heroic dead lost us. (Applause.)

The Republic had reached its crisis. Not as a partisan do I say this. Slavery, like a dry rot in the heart of an oak, had silently and mysteriously and imperceptibly wrought its

work of secession. Slavery was the cause and the motive and the inspiration of the Rebellion—the right of property in the bodies and souls of men. Now consider for one moment what would have been the result had that right been secured by arms on this continent. The issue of that conflict was the destiny of freedom, not for America alone, but for the world did the battle reach. (Applause.)

To save a free republic, to preserve in its orbit the proudest star in the galaxy of nations, to hand down to all coming time the memory of a free nation, to control the most threatening elements of internal decay, as it had received the most powerful attacks from without, and so to bequeath to posterity, not only on this continent but in all lands, the sublime fact realized—liberty, fraternity, equality. This was the sublime purpose that nerved the heart and strengthened the arm of every patriot soldier, from the immortal Commander-in-Chief, Abraham Lincoln, from the chieftain and leader of the Northern armies, Ulysses S. Grant, to the common soldier. And by recalling the sufferings and accomplishments of our heroic dead here to-night, we express our sympathy with and our loyalty to the fundamental principles of free institutions. And more than that, we teach by this very occasion our children to yield true allegiance to the United States of America, not as a Confederacy of separate States, but as a Nation, true loyalty to its national constitution and the laws of the land. We teach them to discountenance whatever in any direction may weaken loyalty, may excite to insurrection or rebellion, and to love liberty, equal rights and justice to all men. (Applause.) Those are remembrances centered upon those who sleep their last sleep, not so much for what they were in their separate characters as units in the body politic, but what they suffered and accomplished as a whole. They saved the Union, they perpetuated free institutions, they abolished slavery, and they did for us mighty things by the sacrifice of themselves. (Applause.) Let it never be forgotten, and on that rests only their just claim to recognition and remembrance. But just as Mont Blanc towers above the mountains,

so there are names in the Union army that tower as it were above the rest and command instant recognition and acclaim. One such name has just been inscribed upon the roll of our heroic dead, a man of whom the words of Addison might well have an epitaph:

“ Unbounded courage and compassion joined,  
Tempered each other in the victor's mind;  
Alternately proclaim him good and great,  
And make the hero and the man complete”—

Philip H. Sheridan. (Great applause.)

Will these heroes ever be forgotten? Nay. The doers of such deeds live forever. Demosthenes and Cato still live and so still live Lincoln, and Grant, and Hancock, and Sheridan, and all the great and good of lesser fame throughout the host. They still live, and will live as long as marble and bronze endure, and when marble and bronze have perished they will still live in memory so long as men reverence law, honor justice, and love liberty. God bless our sainted, loyal dead! (Great applause.)

TOAST-MASTER:

We have two other sentiments on the card. Letters have been received from the gentlemen who were to respond expressing their very great regret at their absence, and desiring individually to be remembered to their old comrades of the Thirteenth. [The letters are printed on pages 17-19.]

Comrade W. H. Jerolemon offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

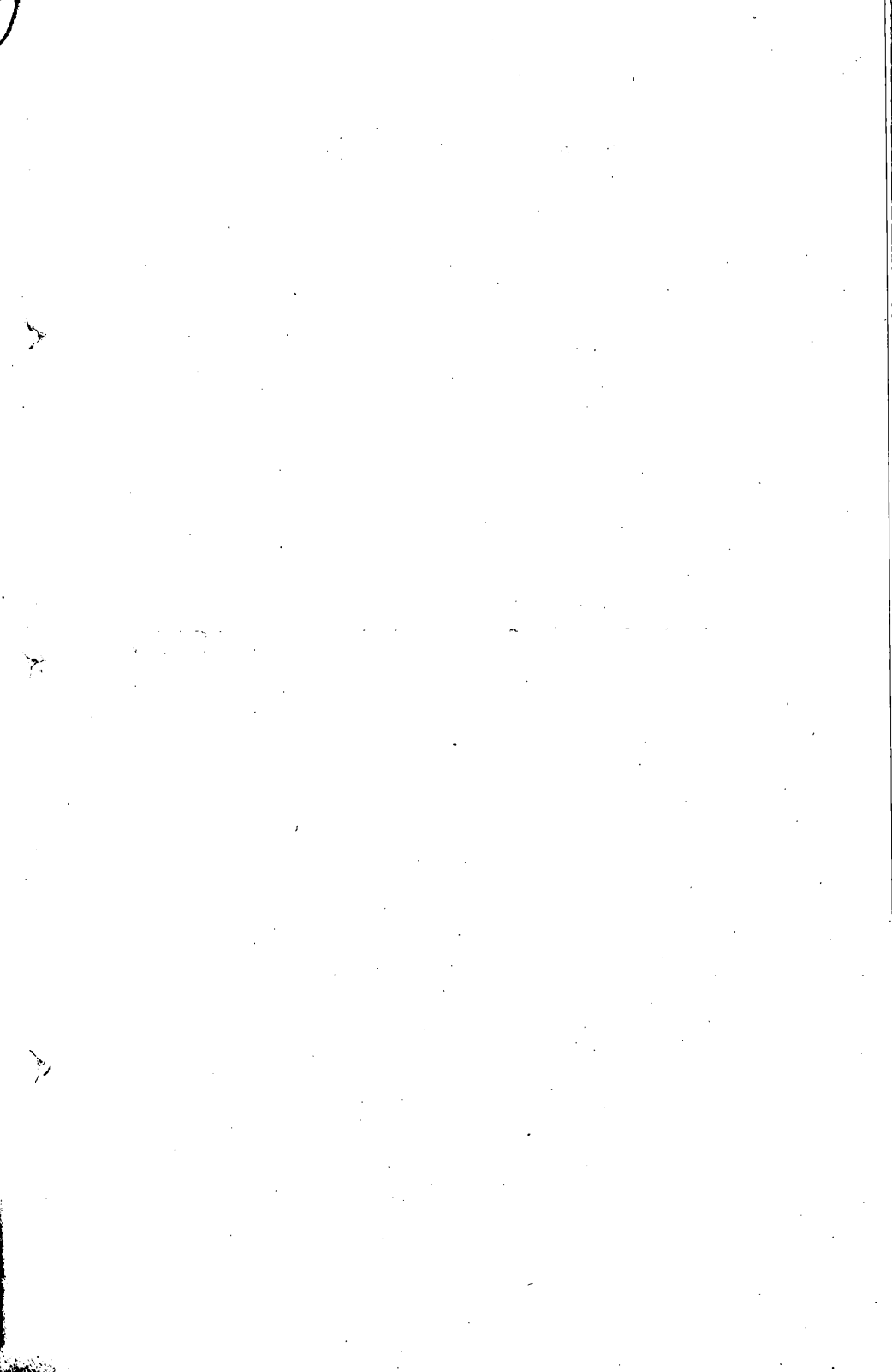
*Resolved,* That a vote of thanks is due, and the same is hereby cordially tendered the Committee of Arrangements, who have in so able a manner provided for our pleasure at this reunion; also to the members and friends of the Thirteenth Regiment who have so liberally contributed the necessary means for this occasion; also, to the members of Lincoln Post No. 11, G. A. R., for the use of their rooms to-day.

The exercises of the evening then closed.

The inspiring music discoursed by Voss' Band during the evening added greatly to the pleasure of the occasion.

The entire expenses of the banquet on this occasion (amounting to about \$675) were paid for by private contributions, mainly from the officers of the Association, a few other members, and some of their personal friends, viz:

Franklin Murphy,	McGregor & Co.,
Fred. H. Harris,	Geo. M. Williams,
J. J. H. Love,	E. R. Carhuff,
A. Delano,	A. Ward & Son,
A. M. Matthews,	C. M. Bolen,
John R. Williams,	S. Klotz,
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Wm. S. Lambert,	G. H. Larue,
Geo. W. Lawrence,	J. Marlatt,
Chas. A. Hopkins,	Wm. Guerin,
Geo. A. Beardsley,	J. Crawford,
Samuel R. Beardsley,	G. B. Swain,
David Campbell,	J. T. Ball,
C. B. Smith,	O. Currier,
Hon. Fred. S. Fish,	A. H. Van Horn,
J. Frank Fort,	J. Van Horn,
Thos. B. Peddie,	G. Lehlbach,
M. L. Ward,	J. H. Ballantine,
A. Dodd,	Wm. Eggert,
Gen. Wm. Ward,	Geo. A. Halsey,
Jas. E. Garrabrant,	A. F. R. Martin,
	W. L. Lyman.



# VETERAN ASSOCIATION

OF THE

## Thirteenth New Jersey Vols.

1862-'65.

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Bush, Abraham A.	"	Paterson, "
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Carlough, W. J.	36 Auburn St.,	" "
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Carman, Jas. L.		Metuchin, "
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	77 Ryerson St.,	Brooklyn, L. I.

*Third Reunion of the*

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Harrison, Henry F.	"	Roseland, "
Hedden, Daniel	"	Newark: "
Jeroleman, W. H.	251 Summer Ave.,	" "
Jacobus, Wm. B.	191 Parker St.,	" "
Jacobus, Jas. H.	25 Mulford St., East Orange:	"
Jackson, A.	65 Bright St., Paterson,	"
Jeffries, Jacob	"	Mountain View, "
Knox, John	"	Woodbridge, "
Kain, James	"	Montclair, "
Love, J. J. H.	"	" "
Lawrence, Geo. W.	611 Broad St., Newark	"
Lambert, Wm. S.	841 " " "	"
Lewis, John	132 Boyden St.,	" "
Loweree, E. D.	24 New St.,	" "
Lynch, Daniel	17 Marshall St.,	" "
Littell, Wm. B.	78 Plane St.,	" "
Livingston, Bennett	48 William St., Orange	"
Latourette, David	59 Bloomfield St., Hoboken	"
Lee, John W.	11 Warwick St., Newark,	"
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Miller, W. H.	117 Madison St., Paterson,	"
Messenger, John N.	16 Arch St.,	" "
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Mills, Elias B.	126 Central Ave.,	" "
Mead, Joseph T.	"	Rahway, "
Manning, R. B.	"	South Plainfield, "
Moore, Geo. W.	"	Plainfield, "
Morehouse, Geo. W.	"	Bethel, Conn.
Morey, Moses	"	Scranton, Pa.
Madison, Robert	"	72 Gold St., New York, N. Y.
Miller, John R.	"	"
McCall, Arch.	Cor. Paterson & Tyler Sts., Paterson, N. J.	"
Mead, Thos. H.	19 Union St., Newark,	"
Montrose, Thos. C.	31 Liberty St.	" "
Miller, John <sup>?</sup>	"	"
Natrass, John	85 Bleecker St., Jersey City,	"
Neild, John	24 Jefferson St., Paterson,	"
Nichols, Henry	65 Central Ave., Newark,	"
Ogden, J. W.	208 Elm St., Newark,	"
O'Reilly, Thos. P.	364 High St.,	" "
O'Connor, Michael	510½ Monmouth St., Jersey City,	"
Oughletree, Chas.	"	Verona, "

	P. O. Address,		
Pridham, Wm. H.		303 Mulberry St., Newark,	N. J.
Paige, James C.	"	152 Orange St.,	" "
Pierson, Joseph W.	"	145 Bank St.,	" "
Post, John A.	"		Bayonne, "
Post, Wm. J.	"	288 Main St.,	Paterson, "
Perry, T. S.	"		Paterson, "
Peterson, James H.	"		Paterson, "
Pewtner, Joseph H.	"	53 Albion Ave.,	" "
Parker, Wm.	"	139 Tyler St.,	" "
Russell, Wash. R.	"	32 Commerce St.,	Newark, "
Raymond, John W.	"	53 Hunterdon St.,	" "
Riker, Ellis O.	"	59 Carey St.,	Orange, "
Ryerson, D. A.	"	772 Broad St.,	Newark, "
Ryer, Samuel M.	"	332 Fourth St.,	Jersey City, "
Romer, W. I.	"		Newark, "
Stansfield, John C.	"	Haledon P. O.,	Paterson, "
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Soden, James	"	79 Sussex Ave.,	" "
Soden, Joseph	"	108 Central Ave.,	" "
Scull, John	"	262 Lafayette St.,	" "
Smith, Thos. B.	"	750 Broad St.,	" "
Shea, Daniel F.	"	174 Newark Ave.,	Jersey City, "
Sharp, Edwin	"	471 Central Ave.,	" "
Strobert, Valentine	"	52 Snyder St.,	Orange, "
Scull, David	"		East Orange, "
Stevens, Joseph C.	"		Bloomfield, "
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Smith, James O.	"		Newark, "
Sullivan, F. W.	"		" "
Speer, Henry	"	50 Bridge St.,	Paterson, "
Simmonds, Robert	"	68 Kearney St.,	Newark, "
Terhune, Albert H.	"	33 Lemon St.,	" "
Taylor, Geo.	"	20 Centre St.,	" "
Tunnell, Chas. S.	"	406 Grant St.,	Kearney, "
Toombs, Samuel	"		Orange, "
Tucker, Matthew	"		Warehouse Point, Conn.
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Townsend, Geo. M.	"		" "
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Van Arsdale, C.	"	397 Mulberry St.,	" "
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Weber, Chas.	"	7 Montgomery St.,	Jersey City, "
White, Jacob	"	191 Division St.,	Paterson, "
Wheeler, Grant A.	"		Bloomfield, "
Williams, John R.	"	1 Johnson Ave.,	Newark, "

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Webster, John	"	Passaic, "
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Wagner, Ernest	"	190 Frontman St., Brooklyn, L. I.
Wrightner, D. A.	"	
Warren, Ed.	"	7 Mercer St., Jersey City, "

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