

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

SECOND REUNION

OF THE

VETERAN ASSOCIATION

OF THE

THIRTEENTH REGIMENT,

NEW JERSEY VOLUNTEERS,

AT PATERSON, N. J.,

On Wednesday, September 14th, 1887,

WITH LIST OF OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION, AND AN
ACCOUNT OF THE PARADE, UNDER THE ESCORT OF FARRAGUT POST,
G. A. R. ; CHAPLAIN BUTLER POST, G. A. R. ; HUGH C. IRISH CAMP,
SONS OF VETERANS ; AND FIRST BATTALION, N. G. OF N. J.,
AND THE BANQUET IN THE EVENING, PROVIDED BY THE
HOSPITALITY OF CITIZENS OF PATERSON, AT
WASHINGTON HALL.

NEWARK, N. J. :

AMZI PIERSON & Co., Printers & Book-Binders, 12 & 14 Beaver Street.

1888.



INTRODUCTORY.

When the "Executive Committee" of this Association were making preliminary preparations for the second annual meeting and reunion, to be held on September 14, at Paterson, they learned that many citizens of Paterson, and the local military, and other organizations there expressed a strong desire to participate in extending their hospitalities, and a generous reception for the occasion.

Meetings were held in Paterson during the month of August, of representatives from Farragut Post, G. A. R. ; Chaplain Butler Post, G. A. R. ; Hugh C. Irish Camp, Sons of Veterans; and many citizens, with the Executive Committee. A joint committee was formed, and contributions toward the object were freely and liberally offered.

The "Citizens Organization Committee," in August, issued and published the following circular, copies of which were sent to every surviving member of the Thirteenth Regiment, N. J. Vols., whose address could be found, and to numerous invited guests.

Antietam, September 17, 1862.

Paterson, September 14, 1887.

AFTER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

THE THIRTEENTH REGIMENT OF NEW JERSEY VOLUNTEERS,

Annual Reunion of the Surviving Members, to be held at Paterson, N. J., Wednesday, September 14, 1887.

The Annual Reunion of the surviving members of the Thirteenth Regiment of New Jersey Volunteers (who served in the 3d Brigade, 1st Division, 12th Corps in the "Army of the Potomac;" and in the 2d Brigade, 1st Division, 20th Corps, under General Sherman in his famous march "from Atlanta to the Sea," and who participated in the Battles of Antietam, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Resaca, Dallas, Kulp's Farm, Nancy's Creek, Peach Tree Creek, Siege of Atlanta, capture of Savannah, Aversyboro and Bentonville, and in innumerable skirmishes and reconnoissances extending over 2 years 9 months and 14 days, from August 25, 1862, to June 8, 1865), will be held at Paterson, N. J., on Wednesday, September 14th, 1887.

The citizens of Paterson, and local military and veteran organizations are making preparations to give these veterans a hospitable reception, and it is hoped and desired that every surviving member of the "Old Thirteenth" will lay all other business aside and participate in this reunion.

The programme will essentially consist of a business meeting of the Thirteenth Regiment Veteran Association, a short parade and a banquet. A number of distinguished invited guests are expected to be present. Those who cannot attend in the day time are requested to come and participate in the parade and banquet in the evening.

"FALL IN, THIRTEENTH!"

Paterson can be reached by the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad, Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, and New York, Susquehanna and Western Railroad. For the convenience of those living in Newark, Orange, Montclair, Elizabeth, New Brunswick, etc., the Erie Company has kindly offered to run a special train, leaving Paterson at 11.15 P. M. so as to give ample time to catch all midnight trains out from Newark.

The business meeting will be held at one o'clock in the afternoon, at Apollo Hall. The banquet will take place in Washington Hall in the evening, at 8 o'clock, immediately after the parade, and will be over at 11 o'clock.

CITIZENS' ORGANIZATION.

COLONEL ANDREW DERROM, President.

JOHN R. DAGGERS, Vice-President and Chairman Programme Committee.

JACOB WHITE, Vice-President and Chairman Hall, Flag and Banquet Committees.

J. E. CROWELL, Secretary and Chairman Printing Committee.

GEORGE B. SENIOR, Corresponding Secretary and Chairman Invitation Committee.

F. K. McCULLY, Treasurer.

A. W. BISHOP, Chairman Finance Committee.

C. C. SHELBY, Chairman Auditing Committee.

F. G. REED, Chairman Music Committee.

JOSEPH GREAVES, Chairman Toast Committee.

JOHN JOHNSON, Chairman Reception Committee.

REGIMENTAL COMMITTEE.

JOS. E. CROWELL, WM. H. MILLER, JACOB WHITE, JOHN C. STANSFIELD,
PATRICK COSTELLO.

OFFICERS OF THE THIRTEENTH REGIMENT VETERAN ASSOCIATION.

COLONEL F. H. HARRIS, President, 746 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

CAPTAIN A. M. MATTHEWS, Vice-President, Orange Valley, N. J.

SURGEON J. J. H. LOVE, Treasurer, Montclair, N. J.

SAMUEL TOOMBS, Corresponding Secretary and Historian, Newark, N. J.

ALBERT DELANO, Recording Secretary, 123 Monmouth Street, Newark, N. J.

The Recording Secretary of this Association mailed copies of the following circular notice of the annual business meeting, to every member of the Association, on August 31st :

NEWARK, N. J., August 31st, 1887.

COMRADES :—

The regular annual meeting of this Association will be held at Apollo Hall, Paterson, N. J., on Wednesday, September 14th, at 1 o'clock P. M.

Accompanying this, find copy of circular from the Committee of Citizens of Paterson, inviting all surviving members of the Thirteenth Regiment to accept their hospitality and partake of banquet, etc., on that occasion.

It is hoped that every member of this Association will be present at our business meeting, when called to order, promptly, so that necessary routine business may be promptly finished, to enable comrades to have as much opportunity as possible afterwards to partake of the hospitality of the citizens of Paterson, so generously offered.

Respectfully,

ALBERT DELANO,

Recording Secretary.

The Veterans, on arrival at Paterson early in the afternoon of September 14th, were met at the railroad depot by delegations from the "Citizens' Organization Committee," and escorted, with music, to Apollo Hall, where comrade Joseph E. Crowell introduced Colonel Andrew Derrom of the Twenty-Fifth Regiment, N. J. Vols., who welcomed them in the following words :

COMRADES :—

It is a great pleasure to me to meet you here in the City of Paterson. Our citizens have been for the last three or four weeks working for the purpose of getting everything ready for you. We welcome you most cordially as our brother comrades. There is a nice lunch down stairs, and we are going to have a little march about 5 o'clock. After that we have a grand banquet for you.

Our citizens have been very liberal, and you will find, I think, that they have done their duty toward you.

I am very happy to see you, boys.

To which Colonel Harris replied as follows :

MR. CHAIRMAN :

On behalf of these comrades before me, I desire to thank you for the welcome which has been given us to-day by the City of Paterson. It was a city always loyal, always true to the Flag, always true to the State of New Jersey. I thank you for the welcome which we have received. We know that in this city the hospitality of the town will be that which comes from the heart.

I ought not to say anything on this occasion, because I am not prepared, yet a soldier never should be taken without having a shot in the locker.

I thank you on behalf of our Association for this welcome to the City of Paterson.

The assembled Veterans, after giving enthusiastic cheers for Colonel Derrom, Colonel Harris, the City of Paterson, and for the old "Brigade Flag," were invited down stairs, where they partook of a substantial lunch furnished by the "Ladies' Relief Corps," after which they re-assembled in the Hall for the annual business meeting.

MINUTES.

The Second Annual Meeting of the Veteran Association of the Thirteenth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, 1862-'65, was held at Apollo Hall, Paterson, N. J., Wednesday, September 14th, 1887.

The President, Colonel Harris, called the meeting to order about 2 P. M., making a short congratulatory address to the members.

Recording Secretary A. Delano read the call for the meeting, and reported that the minutes of the last regular meeting had been printed and published with the Constitution and By-Laws of the Association, and that copies had been distributed to each member.

On motion, the reading of the Minutes was dispensed with.

The Treasurer, J. J. H. Love, presented his annual statement for the past year as follows :

John J. H. Love, Treasurer, in account with Veteran Association, Thirteenth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers.

DR.

1886, To cash received as follows :

September 24, Collection at first meeting	\$9.35
October 13, 107 Initiation Fees, \$1 each	107.00

1887.

April 16, 4 Copies of Proceeding's Reunion	2.00
August 8, Annual Dues for 1887	3.00

Total	\$121.35
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CR.

1886, By cash paid as follows :

September 24, E. G. Colin, Room Rent, first meeting	\$2.00
“ 24, S. Toombs, Printing Circulars for Meeting	7.00
October 13, One Blank Book for Enrollment Members35
“ 16, E. Madison, Treasurer's Account Book	1.00
“ 25, A. Delano, Stationery and Printing	9.15
“ 25, McGowan & Slipper, 175 Silk Badges	20.50
December 9, S. Toombs, Printing, Circulars, &c	16.25

1887.

August 11, A. Delano, Books, Stationery, Printing.....	13.25
March 26, Amzi Pierson, 500 Copies Proceedings.....	40.25
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Total Expenditures.....	\$109.75
Balance.....	11.60
	<hr/>
	\$121.35

Respectfully submitted,

JOHN J. H. LOVE, Treasurer.

Montclair, N. J., September 14, 1887.

NEWARK, N. J., September 10, 1887.

I have examined the above report, with the vouchers, accompanying for disbursements, and find the same to be correct.

F. H. HARRIS,
President.

A. DELANO,
Secretary.

On motion, it was ordered that the report be received, accepted, and spread in full upon the minutes.

Comrade Samuel Toombs offered the following resolution, in accordance with By-Law No. 12, which was unanimously agreed to.

Resolved, That General Henry W. Slocum, Commander of the 12th and 20th Army Corps; His Excellency, Robert S. Green, Governor of the State of New Jersey; William S. Stryker, Adjutant-General, State of New Jersey; Colonel J. N. Duffy, President, and William H. Corbin, Secretary of the Gettysburg Battlefield Commission, of the State of New Jersey, be and are hereby elected honorary members of this Association.

President Harris appointed the following committee, in accordance with By-Law No. 8, to report three places from which to select the place for the next annual reunion; Comrades George W. Lawrence; Daniel F. Shea; S. Morris Hulin; Reune B. Manning, William S. Lambert.

Comrade Samuel Toombs, Secretary of the Gettysburg Monument Committee, reported that the full report of the committee had been printed, and copies were ready for distribution to the members of the Association.

A motion, that the report, as printed, be approved, was carried unanimously.

On motion, the balance of the Monument Fund, (\$134.10) remaining in the hands of the Treasurer, and all other prospective receipts for the same were ordered turned into the treasury of the Association.

The Gettysburg Monument Committee was then discharged with the thanks of the Association.

The committee appointed to select a design for a badge for the Association, reported in favor of a "Red Star, pendent from a bar," which report was received and adopted.

Comrade Joseph E. Crowell, of the Executive Committee, made a verbal report of the arrangements which had been made for our entertainment during the rest of the day and evening, after this meeting, which was received and approved, and the committee continued until the close of the banquet.

The committee appointed to nominate places from which to select one for the next reunion, reported unanimously in favor of Newark.

The President appointed Comrades J. E. Crowell and G. W. Lawrence as tellers of election, and on motion the Recording Secretary cast the vote of the Association "for Newark," which was received with applause.

The election for officers of the Association for the ensuing year then followed, Comrades Crowell and Lawrence serving as tellers.

On motion the rules were suspended, and Colonel F. H. Harris re-elected President, unanimously, amid great applause and expressions of gratification.

On motion, the Recording Secretary cast the vote of the Association in favor of the re-election of all the old officers, which action was received with enthusiasm and expressions of approval for their past services.

Addresses were made by President Harris, Treasurer Love, Corresponding Secretary Toombs, Colonel Grimes, Captains Hopkins, Captain Arey, and others. General regret at the illness of Vice President A. M. Matthews, which prevented his presence at the meeting, was expressed.

Comrade Toombs offered the following resolution, which was carried unanimously.

Resolved, That the Treasurer be authorized to pay whatever sum may be necessary for the correction of the inscription on the Gettysburg Monument, and for the removal to their proper places, of the stones marking the angle and the left flank of the regiment.

Comrade Toombs announced that he had been requested by Governor Green, through the Adjutant-General of the State, to prepare a record of the services of the Thirteenth Regiment, during the three days battle at Gettysburg, the day before, and the day after the battle, and in accordance with the request, had forwarded his report to the Adjutant-General.

He had a copy of the report with him and read it to the Association as follows :

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

MOVEMENTS OF THE THIRTEENTH REGIMENT, NEW JERSEY VOLS.

June 30, 1863.

As I remember it, the 30th day of June, 1863, was a beautiful summer day, and the First Division of the Twelfth Corps broke camp shortly after day-break, the Third Brigade in the advance, and the Thirteenth Regiment leading the Brigade. We had encamped the night before near the State line, at Taneyton, Md., and soon after the column started, we passed part of the Third Army Corps, then on the move, and taking a direction to the left of the road we were traveling. The Second New Jersey Brigade were breaking camp as we passed, and the salutations with which each greeted the other betokened the warm interest that had always existed between them. The column soon fell into the old regular swinging gait, and after sundry "rests," finally neared the now historic borough of Littlestown, Pa. When within a mile of this town, word reached us that the enemy's cavalry were in possession of it, and the order to "halt," "front," and "load," changed the whole aspect of the scene. Moving forward a short distance, the column again halted, moved back to the margin of the road, the Second Massachusetts, Third Wisconsin, and Twenty-Seventh Indiana Regiments were sent forward by orders of General Ruger, and Winegar's Battery—M. 1st N. Y. Artillery—were ordered on a double-quick into the town. Seated on a rail fence in our front were, perhaps, fifty of the male residents of Littlestown, who, unlike the patriotic John Burns who fought so desperately and well, evidently believed that "discretion was the better part of valor," and they joked and twitted the boys about the possibilities of defeat. The column again moved, and about seven o'clock the Brigade passed through the town and encamped about a mile beyond it, on the farms of Messrs. Spangler and Le Feve. The march through Littlestown to camp was an interesting event, made memorable by the enthusiasm of the people who stripped their well-laden tables of all the food prepared for their evening meal, and distributed it generously to the tired and hungry army. The Thirteenth came in for its full share of the good things which filled the air, and the praises that Littlestown provender received that night, attested well the proficiency of its hospitable ladies in the culinary art. One of the severest ordeals to which we were put that night was occasioned by the order that no rail fences were to be burned! If there was anything in a

soldier's life which he claimed full title to, and his right to which he felt bound to maintain, it was the acquired right to cook his coffee and fry his salt pork over a fence rail fire. In fact the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac considered that rail fences were erected by Providence, solely to minister to their wants, and when, as sometimes happened, a brigade, division or corps was encamped in a woods void of the customary rail fence, the poverty of the country became a fit subject for derision. Letters written home under these trying circumstances, were headed with such descriptions as

“Ten miles from nowhere.”

“Camp Misery.”

“The land of Desolation.”

“Camp Hardscrabble.”

You can therefore imagine the dismay which fell upon the countenances of the boys when they were forbidden to tear down the rail fences of the country for cooking purposes. Details for picket were soon made, the army settled down for a night's rest, and for the first time since the outbreak of hostilities, the army of the Potomac encamped on loyal territory.

July, 1, 1863.

With the break of day, reveille sounded, and preparations of a movement were visible all about us. Tents were struck, knapsacks packed, and after a tedious wait, about 9 o'clock the column formed. Passing again through Littlestown we struck the Baltimore Pike, and leisurely proceeded toward Gettysburg. At the farm houses along the road, evidences of welcome at the appearance of the army were seen in the large casks kept filled with pure water, which stood at every gate post, and some were so demonstrative as to put out firkins of fresh butter, a luxury the soldiers had long since discarded. Poultry, fresh pork, and other live stock were abundant about the farm houses we passed, but “foraging” had been strictly forbidden, and they were safe. About noon the column halted at Two Taverns, five miles from the town of Gettysburg. While here, information reached us of the engagement of the First and Eleventh Corps, northwest of the town, and taking a cross road to the right, gained a position near Benner's Hill, threatening the left flank of the enemy. Skirmishers from the Thirteenth New Jersey, and the rest of the Brigade, were thrown forward, and the Brigade formed in line of battle. While this movement was in progress, the First and Eleventh Corps were being driven through the streets of Gettysburg, and the advance of the enemy had reached the summit of Benner's Hill, where they halted. At dusk the Brigade moved to the rear about three-quarters of a mile, and the Thirteenth New Jersey

formed in line as support to Battery M., 1st New York Artillery, remaining throughout the night.

July 2, 1863.

At daylight, shots were exchanged between our pickets and those of the enemy, and the Brigade, under command of Colonel Silas Colgrove, moved back to the Baltimore Pike, the skirmish line, supported by the 27th Indiana, remaining where posted the night before. The skirmishers were subsequently withdrawn, and between eight and nine o'clock, the entire command crossed Rock Creek, and moved to the front on Culp's Hill, forming a part of the line of battle, then again to the right into a piece of woods, then again to the right and formed in line on the right of the First Brigade. This last position was on the southeasterly slope of Culp's Hill, the 107th New York being on the extreme right of the First Brigade, and the 13th New Jersey in rear of the 107th N. Y. formed in double column closed in mass. Immediately on the right of the 13th New Jersey, was a small meadow or open, through which ran a stream of water, having its rise in Spangler's Spring. This low ground or swale, was considered untenable, and in the woods on the right of it (McAllister's Woods) the 2d Massachusetts, 3d Wisconsin, and 27th Indiana were placed, the 27th being on the extreme right. The 107th New York, and the 13th New Jersey, on Culp's Hill, threw up barricades of such material as lay about, enfilading the open ground or meadow, while the rest of the Brigade in McAllister's Woods fortified their position in like manner. Subsequently the 3d Wisconsin changed position with the 107th New York, and the 13th New Jersey occupied the position vacated by the 3d Wisconsin in McAllister's Woods. The 13th New Jersey lay in this position until late in the afternoon, when orders came to the Brigade to move with the Division to the left of the line, which was being hard pressed. After a severe march of about one and a half miles, the 13th New Jersey was formed in line of battle with the rest of the Brigade. This was near Little Round Top. Sickles had been driven back, and we passed part of the 8th New Jersey which had been severely cut up. The 13th remained in this position about one hour, only one Brigade of the Division (Lockwood's) becoming engaged, and about 10 o'clock at night orders were received to return to our position on the right of the line. On arriving at the open ground, skirmishers were sent forward, and a rebel soldier was captured near the works, in McAllister's Woods. The skirmishers were then moved across the swale or low ground, and twenty-three prisoners taken belonging to Jones and Steuart's Brigades of Ewell's Corps, who had possession of all the works on the southeasterly slope of Culp's Hill, including those erected by the 107th New York and 13th New Jersey. The Brigade at once formed in line of battle in McAllister's Woods, the

13th New Jersey being placed at the extreme right of the line, facing Rock Creek, with two companies, C and I on the left refused, thus forming an angle. At midnight Colonel Carman was directed to take the 13th New Jersey and 107th New York and charge across the swale. A consultation was had; General Hunt, Chief of Artillery being present. It was proposed to shell the enemy vigorously, but the night being very dark, and the probability being that our own men would be in great peril, the night attack was abandoned. Co. D. of the 13th Regiment was detailed to guard the prisoners captured, and in compliance with these orders, left the command and conducted them down the Baltimore Pike.

July 3, 1863.

At break of day, orders were received for a skirmish line to be sent across the open space, or swale, to develop the strength of the enemy, who were known to be in strong force, and protected by ledges of rock and trees. A skirmish line could not have withstood the terrible fire, and Colonel Colgrove determined to advance in force. He ordered the 2d Massachusetts and 27th Indiana forward, directing the 13th New Jersey to support the movement. The seven companies of the Regiment then in the line of works, fronting Rock Creek, moved to the position vacated by the 2d Massachusetts and 27th Indiana, who advanced boldly into the meadow and met with a galling fire. The 27th proceeded to the edge of the woods, the left of the line exposed fully to the enemy's fire; the 2d Massachusetts swept clear across the swale, encountering a terrific fire, but steadily driving the enemy. The 27th being unable to cross the marsh, fell back to its old position, the seven companies of the 13th New Jersey resuming their former place in line. The 2d Massachusetts remained in its new position until out of ammunition, when it moved to the rear of the First Brigade. The 13th New Jersey, during this engagement, was under the direct fire of the enemy in front, and from sharpshooters posted along the high ground, east of Rock Creek, a stone house on the hill affording shelter for their reserve. Soon after the 27th fell back to their works, a counter-charge was made by the enemy, with the intention of forcing our position. The line was then composed of the 3d Wisconsin on the left, the 27th Indiana, center, the 13th New Jersey, the extreme right, the 2d Massachusetts being on the opposite side of the swale with the First Brigade, and the 107th New York near the Baltimore Pike, supporting a battery. The charge of the Confederates was boldly met by the 3d Wisconsin, 27th Indiana, and the two companies of the 13th New Jersey in line with them, while the rest of the 13th engaged the strong line of skirmishers and sharpshooters, who occupied the crest of the hill in their front. This charge of the Confederates was repulsed

with a severe loss to them, and the gallant advance of the First Brigade and the 2d Division on the left swept the enemy from the works on Culp's Hill, and the position was regained. The fire of the Confederate sharpshooters did great injury, and they were only silenced by the accurate fire of artillery, which drove them from the stone house. About an hour after this engagement, the artillery duel began, and for over an hour the Regiment lay in their works calmly awaiting the climax, but there was no more fighting on the right, except by skirmishers. About five o'clock the 13th New Jersey and the 107th New York, were ordered to the support of the cavalry force under General Gregg, on the Hanover Road. It was dark when the 13th New Jersey reached the scene, and the fighting had ceased. The regiment encamped on the field for the night.

July 4, 1863.

About 8 o'clock the 13th New Jersey rejoined its Brigade at Gettysburg, and accompanied it on a reconnoissance to ascertain the whereabouts of the enemy. The 5th Connecticut and 46th Pennsylvania of the First Brigade were a part of the reconnoitering force, and the whole right and front of the army was covered. The command moved along the turnpike about two miles; thence by a cross road to the Hanover Road, and by the Hanover Road to Gettysburg. The Regiment went into camp for the night near Littlestown.

The reading of the paper was listened to with close attention, and was received with applause and expressions of approval. A motion that it be printed in full with the proceedings of this meeting, was carried.

On motion, a recess of ten minutes was declared. After which the President announced as the Executive Committee for the ensuing year, in accordance with the Constitution, Article III., and By-Law No. IV. :

Comrades, George A. Beardsley, George W. Lawrence, John R. Williams, Edward Hoyt, William S. Lambert.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted :

Resolved, That our thanks are due to the citizens of Paterson, for the patriotic and liberal manner in which they have provided for our entertainment ; also to our comrades of C. and K. Society in Paterson, for their efforts and co-operation ; and to the Womens' Relief Corps, for the excellent lunch given by them, and their personal attendance. Adopted by a rising vote.

Resolved, That "our old Color Sergeant, Charles Edmondson, who is here with us, be invited to carry, during the parade this afternoon, the Old Battle Flag of the Thirteenth Regiment."

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered to the officers of this Association, for their work during the past year.

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered to the Gettysburg Monument Committee, for the specially faithful performance of their duties, the results of which are a credit to the Regiment and the committee.

Resolved, That the officers of this Association be fully authorized to purchase all necessary stationery, and to have a full account of the proceedings of this meeting, and the parade and entertainment this evening properly printed and published for distribution among the members of this Association.

On motion, about 4:30 P. M., adjourned.

A. DELANO, Recording Secretary.

THE PARADE.

About five P. M. the Veterans formed in line on the street opposite the hall, and joined in a parade through the principal streets of the city, with the following organizations as escort:

Platoon of Police, commanded by Sergeant Keefe.

Colonel Congdon and Aides.

Veterans of Thirteenth Regiment, New Jersey Vols., with their old battle flags, carried by Color Sergeant Charles Edmondson and his comrades of the old Color Guard.

Distinguished Citizens, Citizens' Committee, City Officials, and Invited Guests in Carriages.

Twenty-Fifth Regiment, New Jersey Vols., Veteran Association.

Chaplain Butler Drum Corps.

Chaplain Butler Post, G. A. R.

Sons of Veterans Drum Corps.

Hugh C. Irish Camp, Sons of Veterans.

Farragut Post Drum Corps.

Farragut Post, G. A. R.

Saals Band.

First Battalion, N. G. N. J.

Gatling Gun Squad.

The parade was greatly enjoyed; the reception accorded the survivors being of the most enthusiastic nature. The street and house decorations were profuse and handsome, and called forth prolonged cheers from the delighted veterans.

THE BANQUET.

After the parade, the Veterans, about 7 P. M., repaired to Washington Hall, accompanied by the two G. A. R. Posts and the invited guests, where a bountiful banquet had been prepared by the Citizens' Committee. The guests were waited upon by about seventy ladies of Paterson, uniformed in white aprons and caps, each beautifully and artistically decorated with red stars. The decorations of the hall were in exquisite taste, and elaborate, and called forth the admiration of all. When the guests were seated, Chaplain Robinson asked the Divine blessing, after which the gastronomical exercises began with the following elaborate

MENU.

Oysters on the half shell.

SALADS.

Lobster,

Chicken,

Potato.

ROASTS.

Beef,

Lamb,

Turkey,

Chicken.

BOILED.

Tongue,

Ham.

VEGETABLES.

Mashed Potatoes,

Lima Beans,

Tomatoes.

RELISHES.

Pickles,

Chow Chow,

Mangoes,

Horse Radish.

DESSERT.

Neapolitan Ice Cream,

Apple,

Lemon,

Custard Pies.

CAKE.

Soda Wafers,

Meringues

Lady Fingers,

Kisses.

FRUIT.

Grapes,

Oranges,

Bananas,

Apples,

Peaches,

Raisins.

NUTS.

Almonds,

Brazil,

Walnuts,

Hazel,

Hickory.

Coffee and Tea.

At 9 P. M., coffee and cigars were served, the tables cleared, the "assembly" was sounded by Comrade George B. Senior, and Colonel Joseph W. Congdon accepted the duties of toast-master in the following words:

GENTLEMEN:

I have been honored by having been asked to preside as toast-master. (Applause.) The first item on the programme is singing "My Country 'tis of Thee." Gentlemen, please rise and sing one verse.

After the singing Colonel Congdon then formally welcomed the veterans in the following words:

GENTLEMEN :

It is not in the nature of a true republican government to cultivate the art of war, or to foster a military spirit for the mere sake of conquest. In our country we believe in a government that derives its strength from the consent of the governed, and we do not acknowledge any desire to subject the people of other nations to our own government.

We are a peaceful people. We would that the light of peace might shine with every morning's sun upon free men—men free for the lathe and the loom, the shop and the bench, and not bound to the army; and we wish that his declining days may cast their shadows upon mothers and children safe in peaceful homes. But we abhor a government where peace is maintained by arms, and we have no respect for a government, a peaceful government, which law abiding people fear. But we will have peace. We will have a free, undivided and unmolested country, though it may cost the greatest sacrifice of life and treasure. (Applause.) The war for the preservation of the Union was the occasion for such a sacrifice. There is no higher duty for any citizen than, like Cincinnatus, to leave his plough in the furrow and march, and fight, and win, for his home and his fatherland.

Patriotic men in that time found themselves called upon to suddenly fight, and perhaps die for the abiding faith that the Union was one and inseparable and so must be kept. The war had to be. It seemed to have been so ordained by Him who maketh the wrath of men to praise Him.

Many of those who fought in that great struggle are still permitted to be among the living. We honor them. May propitious heaven give them long length of days and every blessing. We would that infancy might be taught the story of the glory of their deeds. We would that mankind might extol the valor of their arms, and we would that we, in withered age, as Webster said, might die with blessings for them upon our lips.

We are met to-day to do a special honor to certain veterans of that war, the story of which history is just beginning to unfold, and we bid them a hearty welcome. (Applause.) It is a great, generous greeting, that we give to these soldiers, these hero soldiers of the war; and it is a particular privilege of him who has been honored by being selected to be the spokesman of the occasion to speak, to express for the citizens of Paterson, and for every responsive heart here, welcome, honor, gratitude and good wishes to the veteran survivors of the Thirteenth Regi-

ment of New Jersey Volunteers, (Applause), and their comrades upon this, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the memorable battle of Antietam, in which these soldiers and that distinguished regiment took so prominent a part. Our hearts go out to you, gentlemen, soldiers and veterans, and we rejoice that you are in Paterson and among the people of Paterson.

Paterson is not the handsomest city in the world, but it is a whole hearted, industrious and honest city, and you are welcome to it. (Applause.)

Gentlemen, I have the pleasure of presenting to you, in response to the welcome, General Harris, who was for a large part of the time of their term of service, the gallant commander of the Thirteenth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers.

When General Harris arose to respond, deafening cheers broke forth. The veterans stood on their feet and waved hats and canes enthusiastically. General Harris' address was as follows:

COMRADES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

The warmth of this welcome and the munificent manner in which the patriotic people of the city of Paterson, stimulated by their own citizens who composed the honored veterans of Companies C. and K., have provided for our entertainment in this "Manchester of New Jersey" are in accordance with their well earned reputation for hospitality and fully justify the expectations of those who invited us here. Our association was organized for the three-fold purpose of "strengthening the ties of fraternal friendship and sympathy, securing the building of our Gettysburg monument and developing and perpetuating the history and service of our Regiment during the war." Those ties have been greatly strengthened, on this and on the former occasion, around the festive board. Permit me to congratulate you upon the completion of our Gettysburg monument in the great national park on that battlefield, ever illustrious in the annals of our country's history and in the history of our Regiment, as the place where the blood of the heroic patriot was lavishly poured out for the life of the nation; to congratulate you upon its graceful design, its beautiful construction and the felicitous circumstances attending its dedication; to thank you for the expression of sympathy and affection in the sore bereavement which prevented my joining with you on that memorable occasion, a deprivation which, as you may well imagine, was one of the greatest disappointments of my life. And now, fortified by the sumptuous repast which you have discussed, you are prepared for the third object—to listen to some further historical reminiscences of our Regiment.

On former occasions I called your attention to certain facts of history

existing at the time of the organization of our Regiment and to our experience with the Army of the Potomac, including the battle of Gettysburg. After the battle of Gettysburg we took part in the pursuit of Lee's army and passed through Frederick City to Williamsport, where the enemy crossed the Potomac River into Virginia, before Meade could make an attack upon him, unless made on Sunday, which, to his credit be it said, he would not do. In continuing our pursuit we passed once more over the Antietam battlefield and the old camp ground on Maryland Heights into Virginia and encamped at Kelly's Ford on the evening of July 31st. We participated in the advance of the army to Raccoon Ford on September 16th, having crossed the Rappahannock River and proceeded to the Rapidan. It was thought to be a favorable time to assault the enemy, as Longstreet's corps had been sent to reinforce Bragg at Chattanooga. We did not make the attack, however, for we found the enemy too strongly entrenched for us to capture, in the weakened condition of our army. The disaster to Rosecrans' Army at Chattanooga on September 19th and 20th made it necessary to reinforce the Army of the Cumberland. The Eleventh and Twelfth Corps, under command of General Hooker, were selected for that purpose, and on the 24th of September we said farewell to the Army of the Potomac. For thirteen months we had participated in its many grand achievements. Secretary of War Stanton had seized the railroads and rolling stock necessary for transporting these troops, the successful accomplishment of which he regarded as one of the greatest feats of his most effective administration. We passed through Washington, Indianapolis and Nashville, eleven hundred miles, and reached Stevenson, in Alabama, on October 2d. We returned to Tullahoma, arriving there on October 11th, and we built a camp which it was thought we should occupy for winter quarters. On the 18th of October General Grant was appointed to the command of the Military Department of the Mississippi, which had just been created, and an unusual activity was immediately discovered. About the 22d our corps was ordered to Chattanooga to assist in opening communications with that city through Lookout Valley. Our division marched. Geary's division was transported by rail. While on this march a severe storm rendered the roads impassible for artillery and army trains. On the 26th, General Hooker received orders to have one division of the Twelfth Corps stationed on the railroad from Murfreesboro to Bridgeport to perform the important duty of keeping open communications for supplies. Our division was selected doubtless because we were mud bound and were thus prevented from joining in the battle of Lookout Mountain. We again marched north and went into winter quarters on November 3d, on the south bank of Duck River, at the railroad crossing. The corps, division

and brigade commanders established their headquarters at Tullahoma. Thus ended the year 1863.

A brief retrospect of the past and of the condition of things at that time will show that important changes had taken place in the popular sentiment and in the management of affairs, changes which were necessary to secure the country's approval of the method about to be adopted, and that we had reached a new and most important era in the history of the war. There had been three periods of development about equal in length during the war, important in their results.

The first period was required for a full realization of the magnitude of the undertaking and ended about the time of our enlistment.

The second period, ending with 1863, was devoted to a severe struggle, resulting in a decided advance, and at its close a complete and effective reorganization of the armies and a successful plan of campaigning was made by General Grant.

The third period was devoted to the rapid and vigorous prosecution of the war to the final victory. The experience of war was new to the nation. It therefore required education and development to prepare them for the essential change.

During the first two periods the administration, the people and the army had been going through this process, which was to fit them for the great work to be accomplished during the third period. At the commencement of the war it was held that the military must be subordinate to the civil authority and that military movements and campaigns should be considered and finally determined by civil officers rather than by military authority. Cabinet officers and legislators assumed to sit in judgment upon the plans of Generals, and a kind of old-fashioned "town meeting" decided the manner of conducting the war. Newspaper reporters were made acquainted with contemplated movements of the army, and in entertaining their readers they notified the enemy in advance, who were thereby enabled to defeat them. The secrecy which was necessary to secure success was impracticable under these circumstances. The change which had taken place is exhibited by the statement attributed to General Sherman. When asked concerning our destination the sturdy hero promptly replied: "If my shirt on my back knew where I was going I would take it off and burn it." The administration realized that to be successful the war must be sustained by the people. There was therefore a vast amount of catering to popular ideas. The sentiment at first appeared unanimously for the war, but soon weakened, and, although the great heart of the nation beat responsive to the Union, there were many whose sympathies were with the south. At first slavery, the generally recognized cause of the war, was to be left intact, and it was nearly two years after the war broke

out before President Lincoln, as a war measure, issued the Proclamation of Emancipation, and even then it was opposed by many. General Butler had declared that the slave was "contraband of war," and the country accepted the position as correct. The campaign of General Sherman through Georgia and the Carolinas was to cause the long delayed retribution to descend most heavily upon those who were primarily responsible for bringing the dreaded ravages of war upon the country. We were to break through the crust, and the hand of desolation and destruction was to open a channel through the very heart of the pro-slavery region. The war had been long and costly in life and treasure; the strain upon the country was immense. The authorities, realizing the necessity of prosecuting the war vigorously and successfully, studied the causes of success and failure in the past, so that in future the one might be secured and the other avoided, and this with most favorable results. The civil authorities now handed the military administration over to the control and direction of experienced military officers. The people had at length become exasperated and were ready for the most radical movements to terminate the war. They demanded that slavery and everything that upheld the rebellion should be destroyed.

At the commencement of the war two plans were proposed. One was the "anaconda plan;" the army and navy were to seal up the outer line of the Confederacy and thus strangle it. The other was to leave a sufficient force to garrison and defend Washington and prevent an invasion of the Northern States, concentrate the whole available force at Cairo, Illinois, and send them in overwhelming numbers down the Mississippi River and open it to the Gulf. But the Confederates had made Richmond their capital and had announced that Washington was their objective point, and that Virginia and Maryland were to be the battle ground of the war. They had concentrated their troops just south of Washington and were about to seize Arlington Heights and plant hostile batteries there. This and the urgent demand of the people, "On to Richmond!" made these plans impracticable. Several separate and distinct armies or departments were organized, each with its field of operations and its own base of supplies, often with long and exposed lines of communication. The territory east of the Alleghany Mountains had been occupied by the Armies of the Potomac and of West Virginia; that between the Allegheny Mountains and the Mississippi River by three armies or departments, the Army of the Ohio in the eastern, the Army of the Cumberland in the middle, and the Army of the Tennessee in the western portion. The territory west of the Mississippi was occupied by the Armies of Missouri and of Louisiana. To capture and hold Confederate territory and the cities embraced

therein seemed to have been the purpose of commanders. Henceforth the object was to demoralize and destroy the Confederate Army, rather than to capture cities and to hold territory, except when necessary to accomplish the other purpose.

Changes of army and corps commanders had necessarily been more frequent than was desirable. In Virginia Generals McDowell, McClellan, Pope, Burnside and Hooker had succeeded one another. General Meade's glorious success at Gettysburg seemed to stamp him as the man to command that army. In the department of the Ohio Generals Burnside, Foster and Schofield succeeded one another. In the department of the Cumberland General Buell was succeeded by General Rosecrans, and after the disastrous defeat in the battle of Chickamauga, General Thomas, who had saved the army there, was appointed to command that department; but in the department of the Tennessee, General Grant was uniformly successful and continued its commander. In October the Military Division of the Mississippi, (covering the departments of the Ohio, the Cumberland and the Tennessee) was created, and General Grant was placed in command. General Grant telegraphed to General Thomas, "Hold Chattanooga at all hazards; I will soon be there"; and we remember that shortly after, at Tullahoma, we saw General Grant, as, still on crutches, the cars carried him through to the front. The battle of Chattanooga (including the famous battle above the clouds on Lookout Mountain) was fought on November 23d and 25th and was a grand success. Chattanooga was made safe, communications by the river and railroad were opened for the transportation of supplies, and the field was cleared for the movement to Atlanta and the sea before the night of winter closed all movements until the coming spring.

It had been decided to consolidate the armies under one supreme commander. When Congress met in December, 1863, it revived the rank of Lieutenant General, but upon whom was it to be conferred? President Lincoln was the Moses to lead the nation out of bondage. Who was to be the Joshua to lead the armies of the nation to assured victory? The unparalleled success of Donaldson, Columbia, Forts Pillow and Randolph, the surrender of Memphis, the battle of Pittsburgh Landing, the evacuation of Corinth, the capture of Grand Gulf, Jackson, Champion Hill, the crowing victory in the capture of Vicksburg and the surrender of Port Hudson, together with his achievements at Chattanooga, left no room to doubt that General U. S. Grant was the great commander whose name was to inspire the army and the country. The master hand was placed upon the helm, and at the commencement of the year 1864 he was called to Washington to direct the movements of all the armies of the United States and take command of a million

men. In war, as in every other condition of life, nothing succeeds like success, and the achievements of General Grant showed that *he* was the man for the supreme command. The silent man of deeds, great in achievements, had risen from step to step in military life and command, had never been defeated and was reaching the summit of military greatness, as he afterwards reached the summit of civil greatness. The sagacious mind of the great commander selected his lieutenants with consummate skill and accuracy. Officers pre eminently fitted to command and who dared to fight were appointed, and perhaps in no other way was his capacity more conspicuously exhibited than in his ability to select the right man for the right place, and rarely were changes made. The important position of commander of the Military Division of the Mississippi, second only in importance to that of the grand commander, was to be filled. The coming man, like Generals Grant, Thomas, Sheridan and Meade, had been educated at West Point. He had participated in the Florida war, the campaign in California and the war in Mexico, and was conspicuously successful in the rebellion. And in accordance with General Grant's desire the position was given to our own General William T. Sherman.

General Grant's plan of campaign was grand in its conception, brilliant in its execution and most decisive in its results. The army as a whole was to be one grand machine to crush rebellion. The propitious hour had struck on the great clock of destiny for movements which should give peace to the country. Previous to this time campaigns east and west had been carried on without reference to each other. While one army was in motion others were inactive, and there had been a lack of the unity of action necessary to success. Now, by a simultaneous and steady movement, our armies were to keep the armies of the enemy occupied each with its own defence and were to engage in a campaign which was only to terminate when the war was over and victory was complete, to converge to a common centre and unite for a final consummation. The order of General Grant to General Sheridan at Five Forks, to "push things," was only an indication of the manner in which, under his administration, all the movements were to be vigorously prosecuted.

In viewing the campaign we should consider it not so much with reference to the obstacles overcome, but distance marched, the numbers engaged and the casualties as to the mode of conducting the war, the relations which the movements of this army bore to those of other armies, the location in which it occurred and the general effect on the army and the country. Our troops had been consolidated into three great departments—East, the Army of the Potomac, under General Meade; Middle, under General Sherman; West of the Mississippi,

under General Banks. The campaigns of General Sherman from Chattanooga to Atlanta, from Atlanta to the sea and from Savannah to Goldsboro, were among the most important and effective of any that took place during the war, and the circumstances warranted the belief that we should emerge triumphantly from the contest. The war from the time of the victories at Gettysburg and Vicksburg and Chattanooga took on a new phase, and we were to assume the aggressive. The country south from Chattanooga is traversed by rivers and streams, as well as by ranges of hills and in some cases mountains, and was therefore well adapted to defensive warfare. We were to meet the confederate forces, from sixty to seventy-five thousand strong, under General Johnston, next to General Lee, one of their greatest commanders, generally under the protection of entrenchments and fortifications, in which an army is equal to a much larger force in the open field. With these advantages on their side we needed an army equally brave and resolute and superior in numbers to drive back such a force. With that Sherman was provided. His army numbered nearly 100,000 men. The campaign was a series of flank movements, which, with our superior force, we were enabled to make. Hereafter our army was to protect Washington, Nashville and other Union territory not by remaining on the defensive, but by seeking the Confederate armies and defeating them on their own ground; but the final victory was not to be secured without a severe struggle. Our line of communication, which must be kept open, was exposed and over three hundred miles long. The people, the administration, the military commanders, the army and (last but not least) the Thirteenth New Jersey responded, "All ready," when the roll was called, in May, 1863.

General Grant imparted his plans to General Sherman at Nashville. The command "Forward!" was given along the whole line, and the veterans of the grand old Army of the Potomac advanced upon the enemy, under the eyes of the great commander who had never been defeated. Nobly it met the most sanguine expectations of its friends from the battle of the Wilderness to Petersburg. Our forward movement found the enemy at Dalton on the railroad from Chattanooga to Atlanta. Our forces flanked the enemy on the left, while General McPherson threatened their rear. They abandoned Dalton on the night of the 12th of May and fell back to the entrenched position at Resaca. Moving promptly forward, we came up to their works at that place on the 14th, and on the 15th a heavy battle took place, in which our Regiment was sharply engaged. The enemy several times assaulted our line, but were as often repulsed with heavy loss, after which they were driven from a strong position on their right by our corps. After this engagement, for over two months, the campaign was almost continuous near

the line of the railroad and was a series of flank movements which forced the enemy to retire from point to point. But time will not permit me to describe our engagements at Cassville, Dallas, Kulp's Farm, Kenesaw Mountain and Nancy's Creek, the latter of which took place on the 17th of July.

At this time General Johnston was relieved by General Hood, who clamored for a more active campaign and proposed to drive our troops from the State. On the 20th we crossed Peach Tree Creek. Not expecting such indiscretion on the enemy's part, we did not build breastworks. Their assault upon our corps was furious and intended as a surprise, which it proved to be. It was several times repeated, but was handsomely repulsed, and our victory was complete. On the night of the 21st the enemy retired to the main line of defences about Atlanta. The following morning the skirmish line advanced, supported by our Regiment. The position I selected on a hill was a most valuable one, which we hastily fortified. Our skirmishers, having been heavily attacked, formed on the right and left of the Regiment to prevent surprise. Part of our breastworks afterwards formed a part of the main line of works. We were severely shelled from a fort in front. The Regiment was complimented by being selected for a most important and dangerous movement—the burning of several houses immediately in front of one of the enemy's forts. It was handsomely executed on July 28th, and their line of skirmishers captured. It was regarded as a gallant service. The thanks of the division commander were conveyed to us in special orders. On the 30th an assault was made upon the enemy, to form a new line of works. This was accomplished, with small loss to our Regiment. On the night of August 25th, our corps retired to the Chattahoochee River, to protect the railroad bridge there, while the rest of the army passed to the enemy's right and cut off their line of communications, and on September 1st they evacuated Atlanta, and on the 2d we entered the city. The campaign had lasted four months, and we had been within rifle range of the enemy about one hundred days during that time. "Atlanta is ours and fairly won," was the exultant message from General Sherman to President Lincoln. The President responded by sending him a commission as Major-General in the Regular Army and said: "The marches, battles, sieges and other military operations that have signalized the campaign must render it famous in the annals of war and entitle those who participated therein to the applause and thanks of the nation."

General Hood's attempt to force us to evacuate Atlanta by cutting our line of communications proved to be a failure. General Sherman placed under command of General Thomas, a sufficient force to defend the State of Tennessee. On the 15th of November General Sherman

started with four corps, the 14th and 20th Corps forming the left wing, under command of General Slocum, and the 16th and 17th Corps forming the right wing, under command of General Howard, and passed through the Gate City on his "March to the Sea." The right wing moved in a southerly direction along the Central Railroad toward Macon and rendezvoused near Gordon on the 22d inst. The left wing moved in an easterly direction along the Georgia Railroad toward Augusta, and reached Milledgeville, the State Capital, on the 23d, each wing destroying the railroads and bridges as it moved. The army, without base of supplies, depended largely upon the country through which it passed. Regular details from each regiment were made for the purpose of securing supplies. Time will not permit me to relate the amusing anecdotes or refer to the operations of "Sherman's bummers," as they came to be called. Their work was well done; they secured provisions for the army and did most of the skirmishing with the enemy. At Milledgeville we took possession of the State House, raised the United States flag and reorganized the Legislature of Georgia, which had hastily adjourned as we approached. Resolutions were passed, "declaring the ordinance of secession null and void" and "that the State of Georgia" (being in possession of the Union Army) "was in the Union." This was probably the first "Carpetbag Legislature" ever organized in this country. The Confederate garrisons at Augusta, Macon, Millen, Savannah and Charleston were bewildered by the movements of our army threatening all these points, and the destruction of railroad lines prevented a concentration of their army to attack us. We shall never forget our lively skirmishes with the enemy at Buffalo Creek and Sandersville, concerning which Major Nichols, of General Sherman's staff, says: "The movement was executed in the handsomest manner, and was so effectual as not to impede the march of the column in the slightest degree, although the roll of musketry was unceasing." We destroyed the Georgia Railroad east of Macon and hoped to reach Millen in time to release the 9,000 Union prisoners that had been held in the stockade at that point, but they had been removed. We participated in the capture of Fort Monteith, December 9th, and the army then closed in around Savannah. For some time the march had been through a barren, swampy wilderness, which we corduroyed, but which furnished few supplies, and we were put on short rations. The difficult and dangerous movement of crossing the Savannah River to the South Carolina shore was performed by our brigade on the 16th inst., and by threatening the enemy's only line of escape we secured the evacuation of the city on the night of December 20th. The next morning our army took possession of Savannah, and we reached our supplies. General Sherman sent the following message to President Lincoln: "I beg to present you as a Christmas

gift, the city of Savannah, with one hundred and fifty heavy guns and plenty of ammunition ; also about twenty-five thousand bales of cotton."

Congress passed a resolution of "thanks of the people and Congress of the United States to General Sherman and to the officers and men under his command for their gallantry and good conduct in their late campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and the triumphant march thence through Georgia to Savannah, terminating in the capture of that city." Thus ended one of the most memorable campaigns of the war. We had marched three hundred miles, had broken the links connecting the enemy's armies and had destroyed their communications. The provisions taken and the cotton burned had lessened the ability of their people to support their army and had shown to the people of the Union and the Confederacy the hopelessness of the rebellion. Their troops had been disastrously defeated in Tennessee and Georgia, and the Army of Virginia had been pressed back to Richmond and Petersburg by the Army of the Potomac. Our armies were to be concentrated at Richmond, the "Gibraltar of the Confederate forces in Virginia." For this purpose General Sherman crossed into South Carolina on January 17th. Our Regiment was detailed for special service, and we were separated from our brigade until February 9th. Marching, corduroying the miserable roads, which were in an execrable condition on account of the storms, and occasionally fording rivers, we reached Fayetteville in North Carolina on February 11th, where supplies awaited us. General J. E. Johnston had been placed in command of all Confederate troops in North Carolina, with instructions to "concentrate all available forces and drive Sherman back." On the 15th, when marching near Averysborough, we were ordered rapidly forward to support the cavalry under Kilpatrick. In the morning we attacked the enemy and, after a severe struggle, drove them from their position. During the night they retreated. On the 19th at Bentonville the opportunity so long wished for by the enemy occurred ; they were concentrated and in position, while our army was scattered over miles of country, separated by impassable roads. The 14th Corps had been attacked by the whole of Johnston's army. Our brigade was marching rapidly forward and formed on the left of the road to Goldsboro. To meet a movement of the enemy to turn our left flank, we moved to the left and formed in two lines, our Regiment being in reserve. The firing indicated that the 14th Corps was being driven back. By direction of the brigade commander our Regiment moved as speedily as possible to a good position on the opposite side of the ravine and prepared as best we could to resist the charge of the enemy. It was not long delayed. In three lines of battle and in full view they came rapidly forward, expecting to strike the left flank of our army and demoralize it. The unexpected volley from our Regiment at

close range and the firing of the batteries on our right threw them into confusion. Under the fire to which they were subjected they made repeated efforts to reform their lines, but found it impossible to do so and fell back in the utmost confusion. The Regiment had performed a most valuable service in this, its last engagement, and was handsomely complimented by corps and division commanders. The brigade commander said to the Regiment: "You are entitled to the thanks of this whole army, for you have saved it. I have no orders to give, for I know you will hold your position without." Major McClurg, a staff officer of the 14th Corps, alluding to this battle says: "Fortunately, Hawley's fine brigade arrived and seemed to divine that upon them devolved the desperate honor of stemming the tide of defeat and turning it into victory, and magnificently they responded; finer spirit and enthusiasm could not be shown by troops, and it is no wonder that the enemy, thus taken in flank, gave way and in their turn fell back in confusion. So stunned and bewildered were they by this sudden and unexpected attack that their whole line withdrew from all the ground they had gained and apparently re-entered their works." Mr. Foster, historian of New Jersey regiments says: "The action of the Thirteenth in this, the last battle of the war, was throughout of the most gallant character. Had the Regiment failed to hold its position, had their line given way, the battle must almost inevitably have been lost. That the enemy did not succeed is owing to the Thirteenth New Jersey Regiment more largely than to any other regiment or brigade of the army."

We encamped at Goldsboro, where we remained two weeks; thence marched to Raleigh, where Johnston surrendered; thence to Washington, where we participated in the great review, and returned to our peaceful homes, to enjoy the priceless legacy of our fathers, which we had helped to save. Comrades, you had participated in one of the longest and most important marches ever made by an organized army in a civilized country. You had fought your last battle; and the war was over. In defence of the flag of your country you had bravely and gallantly performed your duty on many a battle field. You had added lustre to the proud record of New Jersey soldiers in the war. As you lay aside the laurels you had won, you may well remember with pride the brilliant record of the Thirteenth New Jersey Regiment.

COLONEL CONGDON :

Gentlemen, we have a number of letters from distinguished gentlemen and soldiers who were invited to be present. It is impossible to read them all. Extracts from a few may be acceptable. One from the President of the United States, in which he expresses his thanks for the

courtesy of the invitation in a letter of the 17th, and regretting exceedingly that engagements at Philadelphia will prevent his being present upon this interesting occasion; from his Excellency the Governor, Robert S. Green, which he concludes by saying: "It would give me pleasure to renew my acquaintance so delightfully made at Gettysburg with the survivors of your gallant Regiment, but I must be in Philadelphia on the evening of the 14th of September. I regret that my engagements are such as to prevent my acceptance of your kind invitation to the reunion of the Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteers. I wish you a most pleasant meeting."

Henry W. Slocum; (applause). William Walter Phelps, in which he concludes as follows: "I would like to tell the survivors of the gallant Thirteenth what I think of them. Fortunately there will be plenty there to tell them that in the Fifth Congressional District I know no man, Democrat or Republican, who does not honor the Union soldier and acknowledge that to him we owe our present safety and happiness." (Applause.)

"Your kind invitation, etc. I regret that other engagements. Thanking you for your kind invitation. Yours truly, Philip H. Sheridan."

Each name, as it was read, was greeted with applause.

(The letters will be found appended to this report.)

COLONEL CONGDON :

Gentlemen, the first regular toast of the evening is, as it properly should be, "Our Country."

"Oh, Thou by whose Almighty nod
The scale of Empire rises and alternate falls,
Send forth the saving virtues round this land,
In bright patrol."

It is my honor and pleasure to present to you, in response to this toast, two gentlemen. We have made a double assignment in this case to this important toast. One gentleman, at least, is a personal friend of many of us here,—a gentleman of reputation throughout our country,—our excellent Ex-Governor Leon Abbett. (Applause). And the other is a gentleman whose eloquence has often entertained you, and whose oratory and patriotism make him abundantly competent and qualified to speak for our country, the Rev. Dr. Shaw, Chaplain of the First Battalion. (Applause.)

Gentlemen, I have the pleasure to present—I need not introduce—Ex-Governor Leon Abbett of the State of New Jersey.

After the applause which greeted the introduction of Mr. Abbett subsided, he spoke as follows :

EX-GOVERNOR LEON ABBETT :

Mr. Chairman, Veterans of the old Thirteenth, and all their friends here present. It gives me great pleasure to be with the soldiers, who, now looking back at the civil war, remember it only as an experience of the past ; but in that experience they, with others from loyal States, battled for the preservation of this country, a country that had never, until 1860, faced a civil war, an experience that every great nation must pass through before it is established as one of the mighty powers of the earth ; because, so far as foreign war is concerned, a nation can stand it, because its people are united ; but when it comes to face a civil war, in which one portion of the country is arrayed against another, it faces the most terrible thing that a nation can pass through, and, once passed through, it is established for all time.

Thank God we have passed successfully through the mighty convulsions of the civil war, and union now and forever, one and inseparable, is the portion of this country. (Great applause.)

It is not in gatherings like these, reviewing the reminiscences of the past, that the gallant soldiers of the North, and the gallant men that were loyal in the South, look at the civil war for the purpose of keeping alive sectional memories or sectional hatreds ; but it is for the purpose of preserving for all time that patriotism which knows nothing but a united country, united either against foreign foes, or against those that would try to destroy its unity. (Applause.) And for such purposes these gatherings are always proper. And to-night, when we meet as a united country, when the South willingly acknowledges that the cause has been fought for and lost for which the struggled,—when we meet to-night in this great land where men elect their own rulers, and where no *divine* right puts any man in power, it is most pleasurable to see that the gallant old Thirteenth is here present with their friends.

Let me call your attention for one moment to this day, the 14th day of September. I look around to-night and I see the remnant of the gallant old Thirteenth here, those that have survived the struggle and that are still with us. I see this hall of light, this hall where fair women grace the occasion. I see peace all around me, and I want to call your attention to the fact that twenty-five years ago the Thirteenth Regiment received their first baptism of blood at Antietam. (Applause.)

The Regiment had not been mustered into service three weeks when it went into this battle ; and from there to Chancellorsville, thence to Gettysburg ; from there down through Kentucky and

Tennessee, until they entered Georgia, where ten engagements, that have been written in history as memorable, were participated in by this Regiment. At Atlanta, at Savannah, on the March to the Sea, and in the last battle of the war, at Bentonville, they covered themselves with glory. Colonel Hawley, the brigade commander, saying, as has been just told you, "You are entitled to the thanks of the army, because you have saved it." (Applause.) And I am filled with pleasure to know that they were New Jersey boys, all of them. (Applause.)

It is a great pleasure to meet with any of the old veterans of the war; but it not only gives one pleasure, but pride, when the Regiment, whose members are here present, were the heroes of nineteen battles in that struggle. The dead of this Regiment lie in Maryland, in Virginia, in Pennsylvania, in Georgia and in North Carolina, sleeping their eternal sleep; but to them, and the other brave dead of the Union Armies, and to the gallant struggles of those that were left, we owe our country to-day a union as it is. (Applause.)

It is a pleasure to look over their history. It has been given to you to-night, and it is all glorious. There is nothing in it of which a member of that Regiment need feel ashamed. They covered themselves with honor and with glory; and the Regiment that went out nearly a thousand strong, re-inforced by over four hundred, brought back to be mustered out not quite four hundred and fifty men. And the struggles that they endured are not merely memories around the camp fires of the Thirteenth Regiment. They go beyond that. Their glorious deeds are written for all time. In the years that are to come, the young men rising in this country will read of their actions, and, if need come, their arms will be strengthened for the struggle, whether it be against sectional strife or against foreign invasion. (Applause.)

And for those that have suffered, there is respectful and patriotic memories, and never until all of the country shall die, will the glorious memories of the old Thirteenth and the Union Veterans die from the hearts of the people of this country. (Prolonged applause.)

COLONEL CONGDON :

Gentlemen, I present, not necessarily with any introduction to the people of Paterson, but with an introduction to our welcome guests and visitors, one of our most distinguished citizens of Paterson, whose patriotic words have always rung out for his country and its cause in the time of the rebellion, and whenever danger was in the horizon of politics, our friend, our esteemed fellow soldier, Chaplain of the First Battalion, the Rev. Dr. Shaw.

Dr. Shaw was greeted with applause, and after it subsided, spoke as follows :

REV. DR. SHAW :

I am oppressed with the greatness of the subject which has been in part assigned to me.

I am reminded of the story of a man who unfortunately was very much given to profanity. He was a dreadful swearer, and when he set himself to that work, the atmosphere became blue all around him. He drove a horse and cart and carried ashes from various factories and mills to a safe place of deposit. One time he had loaded up his cart with a particularly heavy load, and he had a particularly steep hill up which he must drive. A crowd of mischievous boys who knew his tendencies and his abilities in a certain direction, slyly loosened the tail-board of the cart as it started up the hill; and then, with the driver at the horses' head, these naughty little boys in a solemn procession behind, the cart went steadily up the hill, growing lighter and lighter and lighter, and leaving a long gray streak down the entire incline. When they reached the top of the hill the driver discovered the mischief that had been done, and then, and then only, he looked around. He saw his cart empty, and he saw the ashes lining all the hill. The boys stood with shining eyes and open mouths, expecting to hear a performance from him that would excel anything they had ever heard in that line. His eyes brightened with an unholy glare; he opened his mouth; they expected to hear it thunder. But he only sighed and said, "Boys, it is no use; I can't do justice to this occasion." (Laughter and applause.)

Well, that is my position to-night. How can I do justice to such a theme as this, "Our Country," a theme so vast, so sublime, so glorious that it might well call forth, as it has called forth, the highest powers of the ablest men that have ever lived?

Our country is the crown and glory of the world. I say it not because I am an American, not because it is my country, but I say it because it is true. Compare her with all the kingdoms of the world, and what is she? An empire in herself, so vast, so mighty, that in her depths might be sunk many of the kingdoms of the world and lost to view forever.

Stretching from ocean to ocean, from the far North to the sunny Gulf, full of all climates, full of all beauties, full of all glories, mountain, rock, river, water fall, cavern,—whatsoever there is of beauty above the earth, and of solemn mystery beneath it, America has all. There is nothing that the world can desire, there is nothing that the world can admire, there is nothing that the world can seek, but in our borders it may be found. (Applause.) The wealth of the hidden kingdoms under

our feet, and the glory of God shining above us ; we have all these, I tell you.

Gentlemen, there is a toast upon the list to-night, "A citizen of no mean city." I am proud I belong to Paterson ; I am proud that I belong to little New Jersey ; but, most of all, I am proud that I belong to this great land, and that she belongs to me. (Applause.)

With all my heart I rejoice in the fact that my eyes opened under American skies, and that all my life has been spent in the midst of American opportunities and American institutions. There is no unkindness in that, fellow citizens who have come from other lands to make this your home, there is no unkindness in that.

Once at an alumni dinner of the Theological Seminary, a man of great learning, was talking to us pleasantly, and he said he was born a great while ago in Switzerland, but he couldn't help it, he was so little then he didn't know any better. (Laughter.)

Well, that is the way with those who are born in other lands ; they were so little then they couldn't help it ; but as soon as they got to be big enough to make their choice they said "farewell, dear land of our birth ; we love you none the less, but we love that fair land of the west more," and so they came, and they are welcome. From all those far off lands they came to share with us here the liberties, the pleasures, the trials, the enjoyments and the possessions which our blessed land affords ; and they are welcome ; God bless them—the men who came from other lands and fought our battles. God bless the heroes of other nationalities who stood shoulder to shoulder with the boys of America, and fought on bloody fields, and charged in terrific charges into the very jaws of death. At Antietam ? Yes. A friend of mine went down upon that field after the battle was over, and there in that hollow way, that sunken road, he told me how he saw the piled up corpses of the dead,—an awful sight, a sight men must have shrunk from ; and yet in the sad necessities of war a sight that was our triumph, since they were the bodies of our fallen foes. "Who did this work ?" said my friend to the man who was showing him over the field. "The Irish Brigade," said he. (Applause.) And my friend, who was a Christian man, lifted up his hand there in that southern sun light and said, "God bless the Irish Brigade." (Applause.) We say it here to-night, God bless them, and bless our own gallant boys who fought so many fights and who have come back to us.

Gentlemen, soldiers of the Union, I do confess to you heroes of this Thirteenth Regiment, I do confess to you that I had somewhat forgotten, perhaps I never knew, the entire glory of your splendid record, but I do know now. I have heard it to-night from this gallant chieftain, and I shall remember it always,—your marches, your battles, your sufferings,

your triumphs, your glory. God bless the Thirteenth Regiment of New Jersey Volunteers. (Applause.)

I have always honored you, but from my heart of hearts I honor you the most; and as to-night, from this high vantage ground, we look out over our country, our country wide spread, our country full of all the elements of peace and prosperity; our country teeming with her millions, and with a future yet before her which none of us can foretell or describe,—a blessed, a glorious and a beautiful future; as we look out upon this mighty land to-night, I am reminded, and you will agree with me, I am sure, that this land, as our friend, our honored friend, Governor Abbett has said,—our land never can be separated, never can be divided, never can there be rival confederacies, never can this great nation be split into fragments.

While our Grand Army Posts are in every neighborhood, while our posts are in every city, while throughout our land that organization is extended, how can there be disunion, secession, separation? Never. Every hero of the past war would spring to arms again, and this great organization, extending itself from east to west, yes, and north to south throughout the land, would be a golden link, a golden chain to hold together in one this country of ours.

Not only so. Governor Abbett has told you in how many States your dead are lying. Can any of those States ever be separated from the Union? In any of those States can there ever rise up a man who, in the face of God's shining sunlight, will dare to say "I am against the Union and the old flag?" Never. If such words should be spoken again it seems to me the very dead would rise from their graves in these States, and, lifting up their fleshless hands, protest against it. "We died for the Union," their faint, far, solemn voices would say. "We died for the Union, and where is the man who dare trample under feet the blood of our sacrifice?" Never, never; one country, one flag, one nation. It is written, and it remains forever and forever one country, one nation, one starry flag forever more. (Great applause.)

COLONEL CONGDON :

Gentlemen, the next regular toast is to "Our Country's Defenders."

"I do not think that braver gentlemen
More daring or more bold, are now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds."

It is a pleasure to present to you, gentlemen, in response to this toast, such a gentleman soldier, one who is known all over the State of New

Jersey, who is a personal and dear friend of many of us, the one-armed veteran of Newark, General William Ward.

GENERAL WARD :

In response to this toast, General Ward spoke briefly but earnestly. Memory would go back on these occasions to the time of secession, and reminiscences were in order. He was very proud that he was born in this day and generation to wear the blue and keep step to the music of the Union.

COLONEL CONGDON :

Gentlemen, the next regular toast, the fifth, is to the Heroic Dead.

“ So let them sleep that dreamless sleep,
Our memories clustering round each head ;
Be comforted, ye loved who weep,
They live with God—they are not dead.”

You will be pleased to hear at this time from our eloquent and excellent friend, Comrade Charles Burrows, Past Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic.

CHARLES BURROWS :

You bid me speak for the heroic dead, it is fitting they should be remembered and public recognition made of their services and sacrifices upon an occasion like this.

I can only regret my inability to do anything like justice to their memory and the beautiful sentiment you have given me. The Apostle tells us that out of the heart the mouth speaketh. However true, comrades, this be in a general sense, standing here in this presence to-night to speak for the heroic dead, recalls such a flood of recollections from out the past, that it is difficult to find words to express what the heart feels, for those “that dreamless, sleep.”

“ Emblem and legend may fade from the portal,
Keystone may crumble, and pillar may fall,
They were the builders whose work is immortal,
Crowned with the dome that is over us all.”

And to you, Comrades of the Thirteenth, no feeble words of mine, no graven marble, no lofty monument that art can design or hand can rear can speak so feelingly to you as the vacant places in your ranks ; and as your survivors greet each other here to-night, your thoughts leave

this festive board and go with mine to far different scenes. We hear, or seem to hear, again the long roll, and feel the touch of the elbow of those who shared with you the weary march, the cheerless bivouac and dangers of the battlefield.

And now there rises before me, a mighty host of more than four hundred thousand brave hearts and true; they come from the bloody fields of Bull Run, from the slopes of Malvern Hill, from the Heights of Fredericksburg, amid the woods of Chancellorsville, and what a line is forming at Gettysburg, from Culp's Hill to Round Top, and ere their drum beats have died away, there comes an answering bugle blast from hundreds of battlefields of Tennessee and Georgia, sweeping on down to the Gulf it is met by a salute from across the waters of New Orleans and Mobile Bays, from guns manned by the phantom forms of those who followed our peerless Admiral into the jaws of death.

And yonder, who are these that approach to take their place in this shadowy line—no roll of drums, no bugle blast, no boom of cannon precedes their march, as silent, noiseless, with quaint cheeks and hollow eyes, 13,000, who day by day watched starvation draw near, yet never faltered in their allegiance, but stood firmly for the old flag, now come up from Andersonville to take position in the mighty column. Marshalled by our peerless Kearny, Hooker, Reynolds, McPherson, Hancock, Logan, Farragut, and scores of illustrious leaders, they are forming about us, and now this is the greeting they hail us with, "Comrades, we come to thank you for the fraternity that has kept our memories fresh within your hearts, and our deeds and sacrifices in the minds of the people, for that charity that has stretched forth its protecting arm to our widowed and fatherless, who had no earthly helper, and especially do we commend that charity that has extended the right hand of brotherhood to those who wore the grey—and thus sought to heal the wounds made by war and reunite those so lately in strife against each other. But comrades take heed that the spirit of conciliation is wisely guided. Surrender none of the fruits for which you fought; be manly now, as when you wore the blue, and while you respect the courage and zeal of those who fought for what they deemed right, do not dishonor the memory of your dead comrades by making no distinction between those who died for union and liberty, and those who died for disruption and slavery. Union and liberty was right. Secession and slavery was wrong." Shades of departed heroes rest in peace. We will be faithful and while life shall last, "our memories will indeed cluster around each head," and in every loyal heart there beats to-day a throb of deepest gratitude to you who gave your lives that the nation might live. The hero who died fighting above the clouds at Lookout Mountain, or starved amid the horrors of Andersonville, they whose life blood

stained the hills of Gettysburg and Antietam, or were mustered out in the shock of battle at Shiloh, your memories are alike honored. Heroes above whose grave appears the mournful word unknown, or ye who went down in the Cumberland, or sank beneath the waters of Mobile Bay, where no tablet denotes your resting place, your memories are as tenderly cherished as those above whose graves appear the storied urn or costly monument.

As we recall your memory, we gather new devotion to our country, redeemed by your blood, by your noble sacrifices we learn more fully and justly to appreciate the priceless heritage of a free and undivided country; and we have a truer sense of the duty we owe to those you have left to our care and protection.

Truly ye "who weep may be comforted—they are not dead."

" No fear for them, in our lower field,
 Let us toil with arms unstained,
 That at last we may be worthy to stand with them
 On the shining heights they've gained.
 We shall meet and greet with closing ranks
 In time's declining sun.
 When the bugles of God shall sound recall,
 And the battle of life be won."

COLONEL CONGDON :

Gentlemen, the next toast is a most proper one: it is to The Grand Army of the Republic:

" Give them all kindness. I had rather have such men my friends than enemies."

I have a most proper personage and soldier to introduce to you, one whom you will be most happy to hear from—the Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic in the State of New Jersey. General Wheeler:

JOHN L. WHEELER :

Mr. Chairman, and Comrades all:

This is peculiarly an occasion of reminiscence, and the music which has just ceased recalls to my mind an incident of the battle field of Antietam, with which some of you of the Thirteenth are familiar:

A soldier who had done faithful duty through a large part of that hot fight on the 17th. Late in the afternoon an artilleryman who had stood fast to his gun at last received a fatal shot, and, falling by the side of his

gun, was carried by his comrades to the rear, and there the first friend to greet him was the Chaplain. Bending over him and trying to console him in his last moments, the Chaplain told him of his near approach to God, and asked him if he was ready to go, if he had been supported by the Lord in doing his duty; and the soldier with his failing breath responded: "No, we were supported by the Thirteenth New Jersey." (Applause)

And so from that battle field of Antietam our minds run along with the Thirteenth New Jersey until we find it going across the continent, and with Hooker and the rest of the boys in the Lookout Valley. And there perhaps some of you of the Thirteenth will remember that night attack which Longstreet made upon the right of your line. Longstreet sent his men down to your army in the darkness. Nothing could be seen but the glisten of the muskets of the men as they came down. They had left their canteens behind so that there should be no jingling. The attack was meant to rout the whole of Hooker's force in the Valley. Panic struck the lines of the Johnnies. The mule drivers left the teams, and the mules partook of the panic and kicked themselves loose from their wagons and made a charge straight for the Rebs; and you will remember the rebs broke and ran, believing it to be a cavalry charge. (Laughter) Some of you Thirteenth boys will remember that surely.

Then we go on still further with you down to Atlanta, and we see you next the first to go into the old city before you, and you fight your last battle, and the war is done.

Fame has come to most of the men. All the commanding Generals will be remembered in history; there will be long stories told of them all; but what has become of the recruit, us privates, that did not get shoulder straps down there? (Applause)

Now, the Grand Army of the Republic has been called an organization where us private fellows get together and swap lies. (Laughter) Whether it be so, or whether it be not so, the Grand Army of the Republic, above all things, gives us an opportunity to perpetuate our little part in the unpleasantness: and we give all the honor to-night to the Sergeant from Illinois who first conceived the idea of organizing the old soldiers into the Grand Army, Sergeant Stephenson. And again memory goes back to the 6th of April, 1866, when the first Grand Army Post was organized at Decatur, Illinois. Then we follow Stephenson back to his home in Springfield where he organizes Post No. 2; and then in July the Department Encampment is held, and the Department of Illinois is established, and Sergeant Stephenson becomes the Provisional Commander in Chief; and so, little by little we have grown, until to-day we number nearly if not quite four hundred thousand of the boys who wore the blue. (Prolonged applause) And during only the last three

months we have gained sixteen thousand; and we are going on gaining until all that wore Uncle Sam's blue during the unpleasantness will be gathered into our ranks; and then, while we continue to go on and on, yet it will be down and down; for it is the peculiar characteristic of our organization that it must die for want of material.

There will be a time, comrades, when we shall not be able to get together up three stories in the top room and swap lies; we won't even be able to get together there and encourage each other in the good work we are doing.

Our organization has been called political. Let me give you its platform. Fraternity is its corner stone, or one of them. Right on the other corner is charity, and over and above it all is loyalty,—and that is our politics, and it is all we have got. (Continued applause and cheering.) And it is all we want; and if we attend to that we have got platform enough, and it is broad enough for us all to stand on, and it will give us all plenty of work to do.

Fraternity. Our fraternity shall be as broad as the land; it should be so broad that every soldier may come within its bounds; so that we may place our protecting arm about the comrade who is weaker, and help him on for the time he has got to stay here.

Our charity. Oh, charity of the Grand Army, who can tell it? Figures do not represent it. The mere money that we spend does not tell the story of the Grand Army's charity, although we spend thousands every year. The mantle that we are eager to throw over our comrade, the peace, the quietness to him to know that he has friends about him, friends who will pardon, forgive and forget his weaknesses in the great absorbing theme and story of his service to the old flag. (Applause.) But charity broad enough to take under its wing every soldier who wore the blue and will come within its protection; and loyalty,—well, you have heard something to-night of the loyalty of the old soldier to the flag. The loyalty of the Grand Army is the loyalty which you have heard spoken of put into practice. Some of our comrades at times get so anxious for the old flag, that their loyalty gets the better of them. You must remember they are growing old; you must remember that they are battle scarred. Some of them have lost two legs, some one, some have lost an arm; and you know, comrades, that when a man loses a strong member, the strength that belongs to that goes to some other member, and generally in the Grand Army it has gone into their tongues. You know how hard it is to control them under ordinary circumstances, and when they get the extra strength of a lost member, and the old flag is talked about, oh, they make a tremendous noise. But we will give them all kindness. They love the old flag, and love is the strongest sentiment of the human mind,—and when a one-legged veteran, with

the strength of his lost leg in his tongue, gets talking about the old flag, you can't expect him to be as careful as he would be if he had two legs, and had not fought for it and did not love it so. Certainly not. So occasionally you will find one of us breaking over the traces and talking pretty loud, and making a good deal of noise; but it is all love for the good old flag that does it. It is our loyalty. You will forget perhaps our intemperate speech in the fact that we have got a record which makes us regard the colors with all that is dear, with all that is strongest, and all that is best in us.

It is our mission to see that no dead hero is forgotten. We call our Posts after those who are gone; we keep alive amongst ourselves the names of those whom we followed in the contest, or those who went side by side with us, and with that, and the other three important and ever absorbing corner stones, as I call them—although there is only three of them—we will put the noble dead on the other corner and make four of them, and upon those four we build the great organization of the Grand Army of the Republic. (Applause.)

COLONEL CONGDON :

Gentlemen, we now approach a toast of peculiar significance to this occasion, relative to the Red Star, which distinguished the soldiers who fought in different corps, divisions and regiments of the war. The badge of the Thirteenth was the Red Star.

“ Each soldier's name
Shall shine untarnished on the rolls of fame,
And stand the example of each distant age,
And add new lustre to the historic page.”

I have the privilege and pleasure to present Comrade Samuel Toombs, the Corresponding Secretary and Historian of the Thirteenth Regiment of surviving veterans. (Applause.)

SAMUEL TOOMBS :

Mr. Chairman and Comrades :

You have paid me a great compliment in selecting me to respond to the sentiment of this toast. I wore the Red Star myself as long as the Twelfth and Twentieth Corps remained in existence, and to my eyes it is the noblest emblem in the world. The sight of it recalls many stirring scenes and brings to my mind the forms of loved comrades who gave up their lives a sacrifice to their country's needs. I can see an

army of men, fully 20,000 in number, toiling over dusty roads in the broiling sun, the glitter of their barrels flashing across valley and plain; the steady tramp, tramp of their weary feet sounding in my ears to-night like the music of some forgotten song whose rythm stirred my heart in days gone by. I can hear the ringing laughter, the merry shout, the joyous badinage of a corps of brave and noble men, as they gathered at night about their camp-fires and recounted their experiences of the day or discounted the orders for the morrow. I can see a dazzling array of armed men forming in line of battle. Ranks unbroken, stern determination stamped upon every feature, and as they move forward at the word of command with lines dressed as evenly as on parade, I see them meet the shock of battle and pass out of sight into the smoke of the conflict. The deep roar of musketry, now in full chorus, again in uneven volleys, breaks upon my ear, and I hear at last the glad shout of victory pass down the line and the Red Star boys move on triumphant. I can see where great gaps have been made in the ranks, the ground is strewn with the dead and dying, and amid the huzzas of victory I hear the dismal sound of suffering and distress. I see once again, as we have all seen in days that are past, a gallant body of men charging boldly upon fortified heights, and unflinchingly seek death literally at the cannon's mouth. I see them fording deep streams under the murderous fire of a protected enemy; visions of shadowy columns pass before my eyes, and at times I almost start and wonder if it be all a dream.

There is no peril in army life in which the soldiers of the Red Star have not been participants, and whether on the march, in battle, in the dreary hospital, or in camp, no one ever heard them spoken of except with honor; none to-day know them except to speak well of them. Proudly as they wear their honors to-day, none of them will ever forget the man to whom they are indebted for this mark of distinction—the brave, the intrepid Fighting Joe Hooker, who utilized the device of Kearny to distinguish all the different corps of his army. The Twelfth Corps received its Badge at Stafford Court House in April, 1863, at the hands of its esteemed commander, General Henry W. Slocum. It shed its first rays on the sanguinary field of Chancellorsville, where the Twelfth Corps withstood the brunt of the battle after the disastrous rout of the Eleventh Corps. It next met its old antagonists on the heights of Gettysburg, and no better fighting, no greater heroism was displayed by any body of troops on that battle-field than characterized the charges made by the Twelfth Corps upon the enemy's line at Culp's Hill. At the battle of Lookout Mountain the Stars of the Twelfth Corps pierced the clouds and drove Bragg and his army from the frowning heights which he had crowned with artillery. At Rocky Face

Ridge, Buzzard's Roost and Cassville the Star Corps of the army were always in front and invariably successful. At Resaca the Red Star Division saved Simonson's battery from disaster when the corps to which it belonged had abandoned it, and the members of this Regiment were among those who followed Fighting Joe up to the muzzles of Simonson's guns and aided in repulsing the charge upon them. At the battle of Dallas (or New Hope Church), the Star Corps opened the fight, charging boldly up to the fortified lines of the enemy, and though repulsed were not beaten. At Peach Tree Creek the desperate charge of Hood's army was met by this Corps, and repulsed with great loss to him, and after the investment of Atlanta, it was the soldiers of the Red Star who first entered the city and garrisoned it during the time of its occupancy by the army. On the "March to the Sea" it was the Bummers of the Star Corps who captured Milledgeville, and thus made it possible for the army to "reorganize" the State Legislature, as described by our President; and it was the soldiers of the same Corps who first entered Savannah, before the whole of the rebel rear guard had left. At Averysborough the Red Stars again bore the brunt of battle, and at Bentonville, where the rebel army began shelling Acorns, the Red Star boys broke up that business and sent Johnston to the rear a much used-up man.

No finer body of men marched down Pennsylvania avenue on the grand review in Washington than those who wore the Star, and though a few days later the army was disbanded and orders were issued which sent us all to our homes, no order has yet been written which takes away from any member of the old Twelfth and Twentieth Army Corps his right to wear the Star. It is yours to wear until death claims you for his own, and you can transmit to your children, and to your children's children, no greater heirloom than the right, as your representative, to wear it.

The emblem of a score of battle-fields, the synonyme for equal rights and human liberty, a badge of distinction in whatever path of life you pursue, its record honorable, its history imperishable, no gift from crowned monarch, of whatever degree, can equal the Red Star in all that it represents. The ladies of Paterson, who are here in such goodly numbers, and who have complimented us so handsomely by conspicuously wearing the badge which distinguished us as soldiers during the late war, perhaps knew little of the great attachment we have for the simple device with which they have adorned themselves. It has blazed resplendent on many victorious fields of battle; it has gone down amid the gloom of defeat and disaster, but it has never been dishonored, and no defeat it ever experienced was great enough to prevent it ascending the very zenith of glory and of fame.

COLONEL CONGDON :

You, citizens of Paterson, remember with pride, gratitude and tenderest memory, Captain Hugh C. Irish. A member of the Sons of Veterans organization is named for him. Members of the Thirteenth Regiment have brought a tribute to the memory of Captain Irish, and I am happy to turn it over to the son of the gallant Captain Irish as a memorial of this occasion.

We now come, gentlemen, to a toast which many of you are most vividly interested. There is probably no officer of the regiment around whom clusters such vivid interest in active service as the surgeon of the regiment, whether it be in the way of obtaining from time to time some little favor in the way of hot drops on a cold night, or whether it be when the time comes to put in him the confidence and trust which belongs to his profession when he is about to sever a limb, or give medicine to restore a sick or wounded brother to health.

“ Faithful asserters of your country’s cause,
America with tears shall bathe your glorious wounds.”

You gentlemen, comrades of the Thirteenth Regiment, will be proud and happy to hear from your old surgeon, the surgeon of General Rugers’ Brigade, the surgeon of the Thirteenth Regiment, Comrade J. J. H. Love. (Applause.)

DR. J. J. H. LOVE :

I thank you, Mr. Chairman, for the privilege of forgetting for the hour the activities of our every day life and in this magnificent presence, around this hospitable board and in this patriotic city, recalling the memories of the years when Jersey men shouldered their muskets, and marching toward the Capital of the nation joined their voices in the great refrain, “ We are coming, Father Abraham, 300,000 strong.”

You ask me to speak for the Thirteenth Regiment veterans. I am sorry that some other of the gallant heroes are not here to-night to tell you in terse and epigrammatic sentences of their glorious deeds.

Half the people of America have grown from childhood to manhood since the reveille beat at 4 o’clock on the morning of November 15, 1864, and roused your sleeping forms to break camp and start on the most picturesque campaign of our civil war, “ The March to the Sea.”

It is nearly a quarter of a century since every twentieth man of your number was detailed to scour the country and gather in the corn Jeff Davis had ordered planted in the cotton fields of the South.

Veterans of an army corps that in four years of battle never lost a color or a piece of artillery, I salute you.

Veterans who day and night, for one hundred and twenty days continuously heard the roar of cannon and the clash of musketry, while you fought your way through the mountains of northern Georgia, until there flashed across the wires to Washington the words, "Atlanta is ours and fairly won," I bid you all hail.

"Veterans who," as writes Col. Byers, "commenced fighting on the banks of the Antietam and whose marching ended on Pennsylvania avenue, where on the day of the grand review you saluted the President with rifles on your shoulders that you had carried almost 3,000 miles," I greet you on this the twenty-fifth anniversary of your organization. I thank you that by your efforts to-day the stars and stripes float over every city and fortress in this land, and that the American Union means something more than a league of sovereign states.

I congratulate you that as survivors of the grand army that withstood the flood-tide of secession on the hills of Pennsylvania you are permitted in the good providence of the Great Ruler to once again unfurl your faded battle-flags and take a new draught of patriotism as you recall the proud memories of the past.

History tells us that on the banks of the Tiber there stands to-day in all its pristine beauty and strength a monument erected by Rome's greatest Emperor to the memory of the soldiers of his army who for twenty years successfully withstood the assaults of Northern barbarians. I congratulate you sir, and my comrades, that on the first day of July last we were permitted to once again unfurl our tattered battle-flag in front of a monument erected (by the joint contributions of the Thirteenth Regiment, its friends and our native state) on Gettysburg's historic field, where shoulder to shoulder, with our brethren from New England, and from the banks of the Hudson and from the Great Lakes and from beyond the Alleghanies, you successfully withstood the inroads of the barbarism of American slavery.

Mr. Chairman, I need not remind you that the muster rolls of our regiment have long since faded as an autumn leaf. Some of the drummer boys who greeted the rising sun of twenty-five years ago are the staid, reputable citizens of your busy town. The veterans of our Civil War have for many years helped turn the wheels of industry on almost every river that permeates our land. They have helped build factories that gladden the denizens of every town. They have borne their share in the agricultural skill and abundance that may be found in every state. They have helped the plains of Illinois and Dakota to rejoice in rich harvests of corn and wheat. They are to be found delving for iron and coal in the mountains of Pennsylvania and Tennessee and Alabama.

They have assisted the productions of the east to find a ready market in the West. And all over the states of this mighty nation they are to be found helping build cities which begin to rival our present great metropolis in size and magnificence, and the genius shown by them for war is only equaled by the genius they have shown for good government.

Thus would we speak of the living, but what shall we say of the dead ?

Reverently do we bow as we recall the names and memories of our comrades who have crossed the dark river one by one to the silent camping ground beyond.

First on the list stands the name of the brave and capable Irish of Company K, then the skilful surgeon Freeman, followed in rapid succession by Whitfield and Ryerson and Canfield and Pierson and Johnson and Swords and Bliven and Van Rennselaer and Munn and Bodwell. Methinks I hear

“ Great voices of the glorious past,
Proud muster roll of fame,
The festal hour fleets all too fast
To call each honored name.

“ We bear them in our heart of hearts,
And full of grief we bow
In memory of the old time friends
Who are not with us now.

“ The battle days, the camp fire talks,
March, bivouac, retreat,
All come to mind to-day except
The memories of defeat.

“ These too would come, did we not feel
That in this day's grand light,
In that great war's supreme result,
All else passed out of sight.”

COLONEL CONGDON:

The next regular toast is to the veterans of the war no less honored than those of the Thirteenth New Jersey. It refers to many veterans who are here, members of different organizations, from all parts of the State,—the 25th, 9th and other regiments which have done credit to the State, and more particularly, perhaps, as regards Paterson, to the 25th New Jersey. It is to the Jersey Comrades of the Thirteenth Volunteers.

“ Sirs, you are welcome to our house ;
It must appear in other way than words,
Therefore we scant this breathing courtesy.”

You will be pleased to know that I am able to present to you a most honored citizen of Paterson, whose efforts have always been in the interest of his country, the oldest Mayor of Paterson, Andrew Derrom, of the 25th New Jersey.

COLONEL ANDREW DERROM:

In the name of the gallant Jersey Veterans of the war, we respond not in words alone but in deeds as Jersey Comrades of the old Thirteenth. Blood is thicker than water. New Jersey Veterans know full well the value of the shoulder to shoulder friendships formed during the times that tried men's souls. At all times they were ready when duty called. Whether for the march or the battle field, for defence or attack, for friendship or association, Jerseymen were ever, and ever will be, in the front ranks.

COEONEL CONGDON:

Friends, countrymen. The next toast is one in which you have an especial interest, the "State of New Jersey."

"All happy peace and goodly government is settled there in sure establishment."

I can well imagine whom you may expect to speak properly of this toast, and it is a gratification to you all to announce to you that he is here present, our senior representative in the legislature of New Jersey, our distinguished and excellent and eloquent friend, Senator Griggs. (Applause.)

SENATOR GRIGGS:

Mr. Chairman: It is a long while since I have seen so many stars on a cloudy night. There is an interesting and mysterious scientific theory now undergoing popular investigation. Scientists of the popular sort tell us that whenever you see a lady that wears red hair you may look out for a white horse. That theory I announce to you is a humbug. But if the veterans of the Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteers have that appreciation for youth and feminine beauty that they ought to have, then hereafter when upon the streets of Paterson you see a lady wearing a red star, look out for a veteran of the Thirteenth New Jersey in close proximity. (Applause.) And I will vouch for the correctness, according to the rules of human nature, of that scientific doctrine.

I have no reminiscences of the war to tell you. All the stories that I could give you would be of the kind that Commander Wheeler men-

tioned when he explained that the Grand Army men swapped lies. I had no experience, and therefore can tell none in this meeting. But to me, as an observer, and as one that reflects on what one sees, it is to me a matter of great—well, credit to the endurance, to the hardiness of the members of the Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteers, that they should have gone through such marches, sieges, and battles as have been here described, and, notwithstanding that they were the Thirteen Club of the Regiments of New Jersey, handicapped with the name that was ominous,—after twenty-two years of life since the war,—have been able to present over two hundred veterans alive and well and able to take their rations. (Laughter.)

It speaks, I say, volumes for their endurance, and their ability to endure hardship as good soldiers.

I read in the "History of New Jersey in the Rebellion," in whose honor I am called upon to speak, these words, at the conclusion of the sketch of the Thirteenth :

"The memory of its deeds remains as a legacy to the State it honored, and this will grow brighter and brighter as the nation learns more and more the real value, the inestimable preciousness of the result it helped to achieve."

Volumes could not speak more of the just meed of praise and of the appreciation that New Jersey gives to the services of its Thirteenth Regiment. Its glory will grow brighter and brighter, and it shall not rest alone upon the Grand Army of the Republic to preserve the fame and fair memory of these heroes. Those for whom they fought, those for whom their dead heroes died, we, who profit by their services and suffering, we will see to it that their memories shall never fade, but shall ever grow brighter and brighter. (Applause.)

The State of New Jersey is mindful of her veteran heroes. The last session of the legislature of this state appropriated the sum of \$120,000 to build a new, more spacious, more commodious home for the disabled soldiers from New Jersey. (Applause.) She honors the memory not only of her living citizens and veterans, but she is proud and is honored by her dead. The roll has been called to-night time and again in your hearing, and I will not repeat those precious historic names that always bring the flush of manhood and pride to our cheeks. But let me upon this occasion refer to one, the proudest, the most chivalric, the most fiery of all that attained the Major General's rank from our state, because at this time, borne on the swift Atlantic steamer coming from a southern land, where his form has lain under a strange sod, the remains of the gallant Kilpatrick are now steaming on their way to this side of the water, and in a few days they will enter the peaceful, homelike harbor of New York, and then across the soil of New Jersey, his

veterans, his friends, those whom he led, and those that have always honored him, will lay him beneath the soil of his native Sussex, where he shall sleep until the last reveille is sounded. I could not let this occasion pass without paying this tribute to one whose fiery valor all through the war brought honor and glory to the state of New Jersey. And the veterans of the Thirteenth New Jersey know how, as they prosecuted their march across the sands of Georgia, it was his presence that hovered around their camps, protecting them from sudden surprise, spying out the way, the pioneer of that army.

Veterans of the Thirteenth, it has been beautifully but sadly said that you have none to succeed you. Unfortunate it is for those who would gladly share your honor, your glory. Many would have been glad to have achieved the triumphs of statesmanship, to have done great acts of benevolence, to have been the pioneers of adventure and discovery; but more than all this, many of us envy you your experience. Rather than to have heard the music of all the assembled musicians of the world would I have heard the concerted roar of the two hundred and fifty cannon that roared at Gettysburg; rather than to have penetrated the dark continent from east to west, the pioneer of discovery in that dark land, would I have marched with Sherman from Atlanta to the sea.

This is a glory that belongs to you, whether you wore shoulder straps or carried the musket of the private, the honor, the glory, the praise, is equal, and a grateful country will long bear them all in equal memory. (Applause.)

COLONEL CONGDON :

Gentlemen, the next toast is, and very properly, that to "The City of Paterson," and we quote the words of St. Paul :

"I am a citizen of no mean city."

You will be gratified to hear from our excellent and faithful Mayor.

MAYOR BECKWITH :

On the part of the civil authorities, and as Chief Magistrate of some seventy thousand people, I receive and give you welcome civilly, and I hope it will be found that you have been royally and loyally entertained. We conceive of no greater honor as Americans than patriotism. You, as the Thirteenth Regiment, have that honor.

I have great pleasure in being able to assist my associates at this reunion of war veterans. Many persons left this city as patriots never

to return in the body, but we hold their memory dear in our hearts, and we now join hands with those who were left representative flowers of the greatest army for the preservation of unity that the world has ever known.

I must say one word for those who assisted you to fight this battle to-night. We all of us join in extending to the ladies, who have so ably aided in fighting the battle this evening against hunger, our sincerest thanks. (Applause.)

COLONEL CONGDON :

The last regular toast refers to the ladies, and of course our last, as well as our first thoughts are for them, the patriotic women of the war.

“Think not the good, the gentle deeds of mercy thou hast done shall die forgotten all; the poor, the prisoner, the fatherless, the friendless and the widow, who daily own the kindness of thy hand, shall cry to heaven and bring a blessing on thee.”

I have great pleasure in introducing to you the Rev. Mr. Gallaway.

MR. GALLAWAY :

Mr. President and Gentlemen: There was once a Scotchman and an Englishman and Pat sat down to dinner. There were too small ducks for the three. The Scotchman and the Englishman of course they knew that Pat was very generous, and they thought they would get him to divide the ducks so he would give each one of them one and do without himself. Pat took the knife and fork, and he took one duck up with the knife and fork, and he said, “here is one duck for you two, and here is one duck for me too.” (Laughter.)

Now, it seems to me, gentlemen, that our good friends have taken to themselves to-night Pat's share, and left the women, the ladies, with a very small share of time and a still smaller share of talent.

Why, I have sat here and listened so long, and I have heard so much about our noble country, made of great men; I have heard of our country's defenders, all men; I have heard of the heroic dead, all men; I have heard of the Grand Army of the Republic, all men; and every one of these speakers seemed to forget to tell you that the whole company were only the naughty boys of the noble mothers of our country. (Continued applause.)

Now, gentlemen, womanhood from the beginning of history has been a history of love, of kind deeds and of deeds of mercy. Egypt long ago boasted of its Pharaoh's daughter that went down and took care of that

helpless little Moses. Babylon boasts in her glory of that Queen Esther who saved the oppressed and those that were in danger. Greece, Rome, Britain, every nation under the sun has had some noble women that have stood out in the history of their nation. But gentlemen, the United States has not produced one, or two, or a dozen, but a multitude of the noblest and the greatest heroines that have been seen in this world. (Applause.) There has been never born since the laying of the foundation of this world, never in any age or in any nation, has a more heroic band been called forth in the day of necessity than our civil war found in our patriotic women. When the dense, dark, tossing clouds of storm rolled over this nation from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and when men's passions were like the thunder claps, and men's shouts were like the lightning flashes of death, then the mothers and the daughters of our land were like the angels of light coming down from the blue. They went among the storms of death, and with sympathetic smiles and gentle words, and sweet songs, and heavenly balm for every one they comforted our brethren who lay on the battle field and in the hospital. (Applause.)

Let me give you one single little picture of their work. After a long, hard, bloody conflict, when ten thousand soldiers were carried from the scene of carnage in their tents, in their hospital tents; yonder comes one of those angels of light, with forty boxes and barrels and two stoves, the boxes filled with provisions, with clothing, with bandages, with medicine,—and in the midst of those tents, those boxes were thrown up as walls, and in the center of the boxes the two stoves were set up, and from five o'clock in the morning until the close of the day, day after day, one lady superintending the work, the stoves are kept going, the boxes are opened, the provision is cooked, and the dainties which no government could provide for soldiers, were sent by those gentle hands from tent to tent; and then when the day was closed, that same lady, well supplied with bandages and lint, went from tent to tent, not frightened by the bloody limbs, not frightened by the bleeding forms; but went from tent to tent, and where there was a stub of an amputated arm or an amputated leg there was a band put under it, and where there was a head wounded it was bound up, and gentle words were uttered; and so that noble lady went about doing good. That is only one picture of the mighty work they did, and, brethren, we shall never forget the name of that lady, Mary A. Broady. (Applause.)

Now, let me give you one other picture. A company of soldiers have been fighting, and they are weary and worn. They have been defeated, they are down-hearted; and a gentleman asks them if they would like to hear a lady sing. Carelessly they say they would, and,—well, the lady begins to sing. She only sang one verse in the midst of that multitude

of weary soldiers until a multitude of voices cry out, "We cannot hear; put her on a platform"; and fifty knapsacks are taken off and thrown down, and upon that platform of knapsacks Miss Remisee stands to sing the "Star Spangled Banner", and other songs, amid the applause of the soldiers; and the weary hearts of the disheartened men are inspired and able to go forward with new vigor and new energy in the work for the grand republic. (Applause)

Now, gentlemen, from John Brown, who began the conflict, until General Grant, who ended it, there was not a man in all the conflict, though we have heard a lot about them to-night, more brave than Mrs. Richetts, or Mrs. Garnell, or Barbara Freitchie. And these ladies of mercy, these ladies of kindness, these ladies of heroism, many of them gone home, were not called from any one rank, or one nationality. They were made up of the rich and the poor; of the children of the descendants of the American Revolutionary families, as well as of foreign born subjects, and they went like a band of sisters in the great work of charity.

Now, then, gentlemen, in conclusion let me say, for I am a minister of the gospel, and there is one theme above all others precious and inspiring to my soul. It is the Kingdom of God. God help and bless us. With all the heroism and all the kind deeds of war, it is a terrible thing, and, brethren, let us earnestly work and strive that in this land at least the Kingdom of Light may come, and then men of all rank and men of every nationality may learn to love one another; when men and women from all classes shall look into one anothers eyes as brothers and sisters of one great family, and when all shall listen and obey the voice of Him who said to the world for the first time in all its history "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." (Great applause)

THE DEPARTURE.

At 11 P. M. the band playing "Auld Lang Syne," the Veterans of the Thirteenth Regiment N. J. Vols. formed again in line on Broadway opposite the Hall preceded by Saal's band and marched through Broadway, Main and Market streets to the Erie depot to take the train to their homes. They were greeted along the whole line of march with a most brilliant display of fireworks, continuous explosion of bombs, crackers, roman candles, and the glare of colored fires, in the hands of scores of men stationed along the whole line in charge of Geo. B. Senior, and

the loudly expressed enthusiasm of the citizens who crowded both sides of the street.

The officers of this Association feel that this record would not be complete without the following extract from the report published in the *Paterson Guardian* Sept. 15th.

“The history of the reception would not be complete without a few words of credit to those in charge. Colonel Andrew Derrom, as Chair. man of the Citizen's Committee, was indefatigable in his efforts from the beginning to the end. He would have served as Grand Marshal and Toast Master if he had not declined in favor of Colonel Congdon, whose special talents for such positions are universally acknowledged; but Colonel Derrom was only induced to officiate as President of the citizens' organization on condition that he would be relieved as much as possible from other duties. His experience and advice, however, were invaluable. Mr. Jacob White, the School Commissioner, who was Chairman of the Dinner Committee, also deserves special credit for his efforts, which were very laborious. No man worked harder for the affair than Judge Daggers, the “old war horse,” who makes a success of everything he undertakes. The Judge is a younger man than most people of half his age. As an indefatigable worker, a liberal minded citizen and a desirable coadjutor in every respect, no one could surpass Mr. Arthur W. Bishop, the Chairman of the Finance Committee, through whose efforts the money for the affair was raised. Roll ten ordinary men up into one, and they would not aggregate the tirelessness, solid work and quick, sound judgment to be found in one little fellow, named George B. Senior, who was a worker on all committees. He is a host in himself, and his fertility of resource is boundless. George is President of the Seventh Regiment Veteran Association, which holds its re-union at Morristown next Monday. Postmaster Johnson and his colleagues on the Reception Committee are also deserving of credit for their successful efforts. Messrs. Leslie S. Menger, C. C. Shelby, F. K. McCully, Treasurer; Recorder Greaves, John C. Stansfield, John Neild, Colonel Congdon and a score of others worked individually for the success of the affair in a manner which no outsider can appreciate.

Everybody speaks in the highest terms of the excellent manner in which the dinner was gotten up by Caterer James Miller, assisted by his wife and Mr. Robert Weeks. Among the things consumed were the following: 100 pounds chicken salad, 60 pounds potato salad, 90 pounds lobster salad, 200 pounds beef and lamb, 500 pounds poultry, 50 loaves bread, 5 bushels potatoes, 56 gallons coffee, 30 gallons tea, 3,000 oysters, 90 bunches celery, 150 quarts ice cream, 10 hams, 24 tongues, 100 pounds fruit, 50 pounds nuts and 36 big watermelons.

Among those present was Stelle B. Irish, son of Captain H. C. Irish,

who was, during the evening, presented with a magnificent floral piece, which graced the principal table. This was a gift from the Newark Veterans. Rêgret was expressed at the unavoidable absence of Captain A. M. Matthews, who lies seriously ill at his residence in Orange Valley.

An interesting feature in connection with the parade was the waving of a flag from a window of 95 Broadway by little six-months-old Eddie Cobb, one of whose grandfathers, J. E. Crowell, was an officer in the Union army, while the other, James Cobb, was an officer in the Confederate army: What better proof that the war is really over and the blue and the gray truly united?

The seventy or more young ladies who ministered to the wants and won the hearts of the veterans were presided over by Mrs. Jacob White, who was assisted by Mrs. J. E. Crowell, Mrs. Dougherty, Mrs. Doherty, Mrs. P. White, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Levi, Mrs. Senior, Mrs. Fullerton, Mrs. A. Bush, Mrs. J. Bush, Mrs. Spittle and Mrs. McCall.

LETTERS AND TELEGRAMS.

Copies of letters and telegrams of regrets and congratulations, etc., received by the Citizens' Association :

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C., }
August 18th, 1887. }

George B. Senior, Corresponding Secretary, &c., Paterson, N. J.

Dear Sir: The President directs me to express his thanks for the courtesy of the invitation conveyed in your letter of the 17th inst., to be present at the Reunion of the Surviving Veterans of the Thirteenth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, to be held at Paterson, September 14th, and to say that he regrets that engagements for the date named will prevent its acceptance.

Very Respectfully,

D. S. LAMONT, Private Secretary.

HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES, }
MONQUITT, MASS., August 20th, 1887. }

Mr. George B. Senior, Corresponding Secretary, Paterson, N. J.

Dear Sir: Your kind invitation of August 18th, to be present at the Reunion of the Thirteenth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, at Paterson, N. J., on September 14th, has been received. I regret that other engagements will prevent my acceptance. Hoping you will have a good time, and thanking your kind remembrance,

Yours truly,

P. H. SHERIDAN, Lieutenant-General.

STATE OF NEW JERSEY, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, }
SEA GIRT, N. J., August 28d, 1887. }

George B. Senior, Esq., Paterson, N. J.

Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your favor, inviting me to the Reunion of the Survivors of the Thirteenth. It would give me pleasure to renew my acquaintance so delightfully made at Gettysburg with the Survivors of your gallant Regiment, but I must be in Philadelphia on the evening of the 14th of September. Very truly yours,

ROBT. S. GREEN, Governor of New Jersey.

STATE OF NEW JERSEY, OFFICE OF ADJUTANT-GENERAL, }
TRENTON, September 9th, 1887. }

George B. Senior, Corresponding Secretary, Paterson, N. J.

Dear Sir: I have your kind invitation to be present at a Reunion of your Regiment, in Paterson, on Wednesday, September 14th. It would give me the greatest pleasure to meet the Survivors of so gallant a Regiment, but I am directed by his Excellency, the Governor, to join him in Philadelphia on the same afternoon, to make proper arrangements for the New Jersey representation at the Centennial Celebration of the Framing of the Federal Constitution.

I trust I shall have the pleasure some day of meeting you all again.

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM S. STRYKER, Adjutant-General of New Jersey.

STATE OF NEW JERSEY, OFFICE OF ADJUTANT-GENERAL, }
TRENTON, N. J., September 12th, 1887. }

Mr. George B. Senior, Corresponding Secretary.

Dear Sir: Your kind invitation to participate in your Reunion at Paterson, New Jersey, on Wednesday, September 14th, is received. I regret very much that I will not be able to be with you, as I leave for Denver, Colorado, this afternoon. I know you will have a good time. Your Regiment has a good record. Your truly,

JAMES S. KIGER, Deputy Adjutant-General of N. J.

ELDRED, PA., September 10th, 1887.

George B. Senior, Esq.

Dear Sir: Your esteemed favor of 5th inst., inviting me to be present at the annual Reunion of the Thirteenth Regiment, N. J. Vols., on the 14th inst., has just reached me. I regret that my engagements are such as will prevent my being present, it would afford me great pleasure to meet with your association and make a personal tender of my thanks for the honor you have done me in this invitation as well as for previous courtesy, for which I am the association's debtor. Wishing the association a most enjoyable Reunion.

I remain your truly,

JAMES N. DUFFY.

GETTYSBURG BATTLEFIELD COMMISSION OF NEW JERSEY, }
ELIZABETH, N. J., September 12th, 1887. }

George B. Senior, Esq.

My Dear Sir: I regret very much that I cannot attend the Banquet of the Thirteenth Regiment, in the course of the Battlefield Commission's work, I have made the acquaintance of many of your comrades, and I count among them a good many warm friends, and it would be a real satisfaction to meet them again, but on the evening of your Banquet I shall be engaged in a struggle with some brave old soldiers, in the endeavor to get them to do what you have already done; that is, to concentrate their fire on one target; in other words, to agree on one design for a monument. I have no doubt they will do it, but they must have their little skirmishes over it first. I sometimes think there is fight enough left in the old boys to fight the rebellion all over again. At all events, if I had a little war of my own to wage, for downright business I should enlist a regiment of New Jersey Volunteers. I heartily wish you all a joyous reunion; a victory over all your foes, terrestrial and spiritual, and at the end peace.

Very sincerely yours,

WILLIAM H. CORBIN.

"THE BRUNSWICK," BOSTON, MASS., August 29th, 1887.

Dear Sir: I regret that my engagements are such as to prevent my acceptance of your kind invitation to the Reunion of the Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteers. Wishing you a pleasant meeting,

I am yours truly,

H. W. SLOCUM.

George B. Senior, Esq., Corresponding Secretary, &c.

SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA, September 6th, 1887.

George B. Senior, Esq., Corresponding Secretary.

Dear Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of the very kind invitation sent me to be present at the Reunion of the Thirteenth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteer Veteran Association, and very much regret I shall not be able to attend. With sincere thanks for the kindly remembrance shown of my association, in the youth of the Regiment, with those who now are truly veterans, and good wishes for all its members,

I am very truly yours,

THOS. H. RUGER, Brig. "Gen'l." U. S. Army.

POUGHKEEPSIE, September 10th, 1887.

George B. Senior, Esq.

My Dear Friend: Your kind letter I found at my office, on my return from a short absence, I hasten to thank you for your invitation. I wish it was possible for me to be with you. But prior engagements forbid me the pleasure. I remember your men with most delightful emotions. There were no better men in the army than the comrades of the Thirteenth. Give them a hearty greeting from a comrade who will ever be proud of the record of your noble Regiment, and his association with you in the same brigade.

Yours truly,

A. B. SMITH, 150 N. Y. Vol.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., September 5th 1887.

Dear Sir: I have been away from home, and on my return find your invitation for a Banquet of the Thirteenth New Jersey Veteran Association, on September 14th, to follow your Reunion. I am very glad to be remembered by my comrades, and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to answer to your call, and renew the very pleasant acquaintances, made in the days when the Thirteenth New Jersey and the One Hundred and Fifty New York used

to share their last hard tack, and divide the last drop in the canteen (of water), but I shall be away on business all next week, under engagements that I cannot break. Sincerely regretting my inability to accept your invitation, I trust your Reunion will be a happy one, and beg you to remember me kindly to the members of your association,

Yours, &c.

WM. R. WOODIN.

George B. Senior, Paterson, N. J.

BELVIDERE, N. J., September 8th, 1887.

George B. Senior,

My Dear Comrade: Your very kind invitation for me to be with you at your Reunion of the Thirteenth Regiment, N. J. Vols., was duly received, but sickness prevented an early reply.

Allow me to say that it would be very pleasant for me to be with you at your Reunion on the 14th. But my health and strength will not permit me to do so at this time. I hope that you will have a pleasant Reunion.

Remember me kindly to all our comrades, and believe me as ever the friend of the soldier,
Very respectfully yours,

ROBERT McALLISTER.

BELGROVE, KEARNY, N. J., September 10th, 1887.

Mr. George B. Senior.

Dear Sir: I regret exceedingly that my official engagements in connection with the Celebration of the Framing of the Constitution, at Philadelphia, will prevent me from accepting your kind invitation to be present at the Reunion of the Surviving Veterans of the Thirteenth Regiment of New Jersey Volunteers. It is always a great disappointment to me when circumstances do not permit me to attend the meetings of the veterans of the war, but I appreciate as fully the compliment extended to me to be present.

I am very truly yours,

JOHN WATT KEARNY.

THE NATIONAL BANK OF RONDOUT, }
RONDOUT, N. Y., September 13th, 1887. }

Comrade: I did not get your kind invitation to attend the Reunion of the Thirteenth New Jersey, until last evening's mail. The time being too short, I cannot arrange to be present, agreeable to my other engagements. Thanking you for your courtesy, I am,

Yours very truly,

GEORGE H. SHARPE.

George B. Senior, Corresponding Secretary, &c.

NEW YORK BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS, }
GETTYSBURG MONUMENTS, 31 COOPER UNION. }
NEW YORK, September 12th, 1887. }

George B. Senior, Corresponding Secretary.

Comrade: General Sickles desires me to acknowledge your kind note of the 10th inst., and to reply. He finds that it will be impossible to leave the city to-morrow, and much regrets being unable to attend your Reunion.

Yours in F. C. and L.,

GEO. W. COONEY, Secretary.

HEAD-QUARTERS, DIVISION, NATIONAL GUARD N. J. }
NEWARK, September 15th, 1887. }

George B. Senior, Esq., Secretary.

My Dear Sir: Your kind invitation of the 8th inst. came duly to hand. I wish I could accept it, but cannot as I am going to Philadelphia to attend the Constitutional Celebration. Please present my compliments to the comrades of the gallant Thirteenth, with my sincere thanks for the invitation.

Very truly yours,

J. W. PLUME, Major-General.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., September 1st, 1887.

George B. Senior, Esq.

Dear Sir: I regret very much that I cannot be present on the 14th inst. I shall be absent from home nearly all this month, having business in Canada and the West, which I have been postponing for colder weather. I wanted to tell the Survivors of the gallant Thirteenth, what I thought of them. Fortunately, there will be plenty there to tell them that in the Fifth Congressional District, I know no man, Republican or Democrat, who does not honor the Union Soldier, and acknowledge that to him we owe our present safety and happiness.

Cordially yours,

WM. WALTER PHELPS.

Mr. George B. Senior, City Hall, Paterson, N. J.

CAMDEN, N. J., September 3d, 1887.

My Dear Sir: As I telegraphed you, I find it will be impossible for me to leave here in order to attend the Reunion of the Thirteenth Regiment, N. J. Vols. I had looked forward to meeting the officers and men of the Thirteenth, with a great deal of pleasure, but the Centennial Celebration in Philadelphia has brought a number of official duties upon me, so that I cannot be away from to-morrow evening until Thursday morning.

Please present my regrets to the Command, and say that if I live I shall make amends for it at their next anniversary.

I am very truly yours,

W. J. SEWELL.

SENATE OF NEW JERSEY, FREDERICK S. FISH, President, }
NEWARK, N. J., September 12th, 1887. }

My Dear Sir: Your kind invitation to be present at the Reunion of the Veterans of the Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteers, came to my hands yesterday. I regret, exceedingly, I cannot be present, since I am compelled to leave for Philadelphia, on the evening of the 14th. Please present to the association my sincere thanks for the honor conferred by their invitation, and my earnest hopes for a most enjoyable occasion.

Very truly yours,

FRED. S. FISH.

Mr. George B. Senior, Corresponding Secretary, &c.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., August 20th, 1887.

George B. Senior, Esq., Corresponding Secretary, &c.

Dear Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your kind invitation to attend the Reunion of the Surviving Veterans of the Thirteenth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, at Paterson, on the 14th Proximo. Having made arrangements to take a long summer vacation about that time, I regret that I shall not be able to attend. Thanking you for the courtesy extended. I am with best wishes,

Very respectfully yours,

R. BLODGETT.

FREEHOLD, N. J., September 10th, 1887.

Dear Sir: It would give me much pleasure to accept invitation to attend Reunion of Survivors of Thirteenth Regiment, N. J. Vols., to be at Paterson, on 14th inst., but my engagements in a distant county as judge will require me to be absent. The Thirteenth fought with great bravery in every battle in which it was engaged; its loss in officers and men was very great, and the survivors deserve to have, and do have, the gratitude of their countrymen. Wishing that the Reunion will be a pleasant one, and regretting that I cannot be present,

I am yours,

JOEL PARKER.

To George B. Senior, Corresponding Secretary.

NEW YORK, September 14th, 1887.

Mr. George B. Senior, Corresponding Secretary.

Dear Sir: Yours of the 7th, extending me an invitation to be present at the Reunion of the Thirteenth Regiment, Veteran Association, came duly to hand. I regret that I shall not be able to meet with those who acted so important a part at a critical time in the history of the nation; the country will scarce be able to suitably reward the soldier for his noble deeds, and the sacrifices he made, the suffering he endured should ever be remembered by a grateful people. Let the annual watch fire be kindled that our children may learn the sacrifices you made in order that the whole country should remain intact. Such a heritage as no other country in the world possesses; rich beyond conception, its mines of coal, iron copper, and precious metals, its immense area, reaching from ocean to ocean, its thousands of miles of railroads, its immense product of grain; all this is secured to us by the valiant deeds of the noble boys in blue. Do all homage this evening to the boys of the Thirteenth Regiment, who risked their lives that we might enjoy the blessings of peace, and may their tattered flags long remain as a memento of their gallant deeds. With best wishes for your happiness and success,

Yours truly,

WILLIAM G. FENNER.

NEW YORK, September 12th, 1887.

George B. Senior, Esq.

Dear Comrade: On my return yesterday, after an absence of a week or more, I find awaiting me, your kind invitation to the Reunion of the Thirteenth Regiment, New Jersey Vols., to be held at Paterson, N. J., on the 14th inst. Please accept my sincere thanks for the courtesy of the boys of the Thirteenth Regiment extended to me. It will afford me pleasure now as it ever has, to meet my Jersey Comrades, more especially those with whom the comradeship of boyhood has been cemented in manhood by the comradeship of soldiers fighting for a common country. Circumstances may prevent me from being with you. With hearty wishes for a good time, and with love to all old and young girls who shall assist you.

I remain yours fraternally,

CAPTAIN CHARLES CURIE.

(Telegram.)

RAHWAY, N. J., September 14th, 1887.

To General F. H. Harris, care A. Derrom, Paterson, N. J.

I am too sick to be with you to-day; am very sorry.

E. A. CARMAN.

(Telegram.)

CAMDEN, N. J., September 13th, 1887.

To George B. Senior, Esq., City Hall, Paterson.

I regret exceedingly that I shall be unable to be present at your Reunion to-morrow evening, in consequence of pressure of business brought about on account of the Centennial in Philadelphia, will write you by mail.

W. J. SEWELL.

VETERAN ASSOCIATION

OF THE

Thirteenth Regiment, N. J. Volunteers, 1862-'65

OFFICERS—1887-1888.

COL. FRED. H. HARRIS, *President*, address, 746 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

CAPT. A. M. MATTHEWS, *Vice-President*, address, Orange Valley, N. J.

SURGEON J. J. H. LOVE, *Treasurer*, address, Montclair, N. J.

SAMUEL TOOMBS, *Cor. Sec'y and Historian*, address, Newark, N. J.

ALBERT DELANO, *Rec. Sec'y*, address, 123 Monmouth, St., Newark, N. J.

MEMBERS—September, 1887.

	Residence,	
Arey, John H.		Kearny, N. J.
Atkins, Abram	"	Woodport, Morris Co., "
Anderson, John	"	Paterson, "
Atha, Thos. H.	"	West Philadelphia, Pa.
Ball, Silas	"	Irvington, N. J.
Butterworth, John	"	Paterson, "
Behan, James	"	Harrison, "
Baldwin, Amzi W.	"	Bloomfield, "
Barton, John	"	Newark, "
Burr, James	"	Harrison, "
Beardsley, George A.	"	Newark, "
Burr, Stephen	"	Harrison, "
Bruen, William T.	"	Newark, "
Beardsley, Samuel R.	"	" "
Begbie, Eugene	"	" "
Broadway, Joseph	"	Hoboken, "
Bolen, Elias A.	"	Newark, "
Bishop, Thomas	"	Middletown, O.
Costello, Patrick	"	Paterson, N. J.
Crawford, Isaac	"	Newark, "
Carman, James L.	"	Norfolk, Va.

	Residence,	
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Crowell, Joseph E.	"	" "
Clark, William S.	"	Newark, N. J.
Carman, Ezra A.	"	Metuchen, "
Carlough, William J.		
Cairns, William W.	"	Newark, N. J.
Douglass, William	"	Jersey City, "
Dodd, William H.	"	Orange, "
Decker, J. P.	"	New York City.
Demarest, John	"	Newark, N. J.
Devor, Thomas R.	"	" "
Duncan, Sebastian	"	New York, N. Y.
Delano, Albert	"	Newark, N. J.
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Denmead, John T.	"	Jersey City, N. J.
Earle, Francis, M.	"	Philadelphia, Pa.
Edmondson, Charles	"	Brooklyn, L. I.
Engel, Jacob	"	Paterson, N. J.
Foxcroft, Ogden,	"	Newark, "
Faller, George	"	East Orange, "
Farlow, John	"	Paterson, "
Field, George H.	"	Roselle, "
Fairchild, Francis	"	Morris Plains, "
Fairchild, James	"	" " "
Fairchild, John	"	Newark, "
Flanagan, Thomas	"	New Brunswick, "
Garrabrant, Abram	"	Newark, "
Grimes, John	"	Jersey City, "
Garrabrant, James E.	"	Newark, "
Giles, Thomas	"	New York City, N. Y.
Griffith, William H.	"	Newark, N. J.
Howatt, James P.	"	Brooklyn, L. I.
Harrison, Henry F.	"	Roseland, N. J.
Hulin, S. Morris	"	Bloomfield, "
Harris, Frederick H.	"	Montclair, "
Hopkins, Charles A.	"	Providence, R. I.
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Hendrickson, Daniel T.	"	Newark, N. J.
Hoyt, Edwin	"	" "
Jacobus, William B.	"	" "
Jeroleman, William H.	"	" "

	Residence,	
Jackson, Andrew		Jersey City, N. J.
Jacobus James H.	"	East Orange, "
Jeffries, Jacob	"	Mountain View, "
Kain, James	"	Montclair, "
Knox, John	"	Woodbridge, "
Littell, William B.	"	Newark, "
Lambert, William S.	"	" "
Livingstone, Bennet	"	Orange, "
Lawrence, George W.	"	Newark, "
Lewis, John	"	" "
Love, J. J. H.	"	Montclair, "
Loweree, Edgar D.	"	Newark, "
Latourette, David	"	New York City, N. Y.
Lynch, Daniel	"	Newark, N. J.
Morehouse, George W.	"	Bethel, Conn.
Mead, Joseph T.	"	Rahway, N. J.
Miller, John R.	"	Jersey City, "
Matthews, Ambrose M.	"	Orange Valley, "
Miller, William H.	"	Paterson, "
Moore, George W.	"	Plainfield, "
Montgomery, Thomas	"	Newark, "
Manning, Renne B.	"	New Brooklyn, "
Madison, Robert	"	Bloomfield, "
Messenger, John N.	"	Paterson, "
McCall, Archibald	"	" "
Mills, Elias B.	"	Newark, "
Mead, Thomas H.	"	" "
Nield, John	"	Paterson, "
Norcross, William	"	South Orange, "
Nattrass, John	"	Jersey City, "
Nichols, Henry	"	Newark, "
O'Connor, Michael	"	Jersey City, "
Ogden, John W.	"	Newark, "
Oughletree, Charles M.	"	Verona, "
O'Reilly, Thomas P.	"	Newark, "
Post, John A.	"	Bayonne, "
Pierson, Joseph W.	"	Newark, "
Pewtner, Joseph H.	"	Paterson, "
Pridham, William H.	"	Newark, "
Paige, James C.	"	" "
Post, William J.	"	Paterson, "
Parker, William	"	" "
Riker, Ellis O.	"	Orange, "

	Residence,	
Russell, Washington R.		Newark, N. J.
Raymond, John W.	"	" "
Ryer, Samuel M.	"	Jersey City, "
Ryerson, David A.	"	Newark, "
Stansfield, John C.	"	Paterson, "
Sloane, Joseph E.	"	Newark, "
Smith, James O.	"	" "
Shea, Daniel F.	"	Jersey City, "
Smith, Thomas B.	"	Newark, "
Strobert, Valentine	"	Orange, "
Sullivan, Flavell W.	"	Newark, "
Soden, James	"	" "
Soden, Joseph	"	" "
Stephens, Joseph C.	"	Bloomfield, "
Speer, Henry Jr.,		
Scull, John	"	Newark, "
Scull, David	"	Vailsburg, "
Smith, Lemuel	"	Harrison, "
Stewart, John M.	"	" "
Sharp, Edwin	"	Jersey City, "
Tucker, Matthew	"	Warehouse Point, Conn.
Townley, Stephen E.	"	Paterson, N. J.
Toombs, Samuel	"	Newark, "
Tunnell, Charles S.	"	Harrison, "
Taylor, George	"	East Orange, "
Todd, Archibald		
Terhune, A. H.	"	Newark, N. J.
Van Horn, James	"	" "
Van Iderstein Wm. H.	"	" "
Van Arsdale, Cornelius	"	" "
Van Orden, Henry	"	Paterson, "
Warren, Edward	"	Jersey City, "
Wheeler, Grant A.	"	Bloomfield, "
Williams, John R.	"	Newark, "
Webber, Charles	"	Jersey City, "
White, Jacob	"	Paterson, "
Wrightner, David A.	"	" "
Williams, Cyrus	"	Newark, "
Wannamaker, Daniel S.	"	Ramsey's, "
Wagner, Ernest	"	Brooklyn, L. I.
Webster, John	"	Passaic, N. J.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY W. SLOCUM, Commander 12th and 20th Army Corps.

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

WILLIAM S. STRIKER, Adjutant-General, State of New Jersey.

COLONEL J. N. DUFFY, President Gettysburg Battlefield Commission, State of New Jersey.

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