

THE
Second New Jersey Brigade
SOCIETY.

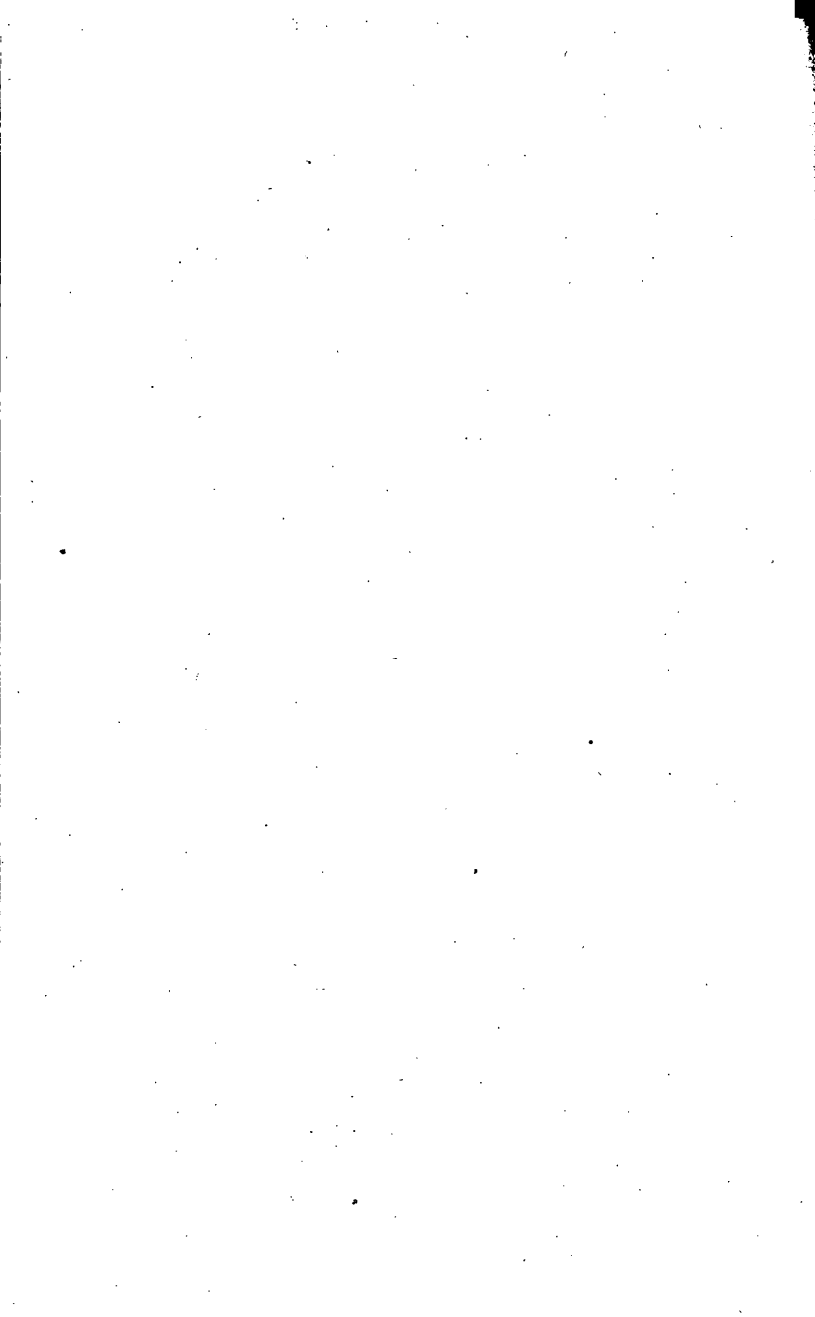
REPORT
OF THE
FOURTH ANNUAL REUNION,

CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY,

April 9th, 1891.

Next Reunion, Jersey City, April 9th, 1892.

TRENTON, N. J.:
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1891.



FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT.

“OAKLAND, N. J., January 6th, 1891.

“*Capt. U. B. Titus, Secretary Second New Jersey Brigade Society, Trenton, N. J.:*

“MY DEAR SIR—You will please inform Maj.-Gen. William J. Sewell, Fifth New Jersey Volunteers, that in accordance with Article VII., By-Laws, Second New Jersey Brigade Society, I do appoint him as one of the Local Committee to make all needful arrangements and preparations for the Fourth Annual Reunion, to be held in the city of Camden, on the 9th day of April, 1891, with the following other officers and soldiers, members of the Society: James Scanton, Isaac W. Frazier, Charles H. Reeves, Fifth New Jersey Volunteers; Theodore H. Fields, Capt. George Wilson, Sixth New Jersey Volunteers; Capt. Jesse W. Cogswell, Capt. George W. Smith, Seventh New Jersey Volunteers; Sergt. Noah E. Lippincott, Eighth New Jersey Volunteers; Lieut. Silas W. Volk, Lieut. James Finan, Eleventh New Jersey Volunteers; Major H. Andres, Second New York Volunteers. The above Committee have power to add such soldiers and citizens as they may deem proper.

“Respectfully yours,

“FRANCIS PRICE,
“*President.*”

In accordance with the order of the President, Gen. Francis Price, the Local Committee met and elected Capt. George E. Wilson as Chairman, and Capt. A. L. Hartshorn as Secretary, and composed the following committee having the affair in charge:

THE GENERAL COMMITTEE.

Gen. Wm. J. Sewell,
 H. Andres,
 Levi Jess,
 Capt. D. B. Coley,
 Silas W. Volk,
 I. M. Cowgill,
 Capt. H. L. Hartshorn,
 Capt. R. M. Hillman.
 Capt. C. S. McGrath,
 Col. W. H. Cooper,
 Maj. W. H. Stansbury,
 Ex-Sheriff David Baird,
 J. Willard Morgan, Esq.,
 E. A. Armstrong, Esq.,
 Hon. A. G. Cattell,
 Maj. William M. Palmer,
 Wilbur F. Rose,
 Watson Dupuy,
 H. Fredericks,
 H. Genet Taylor, M.D.,
 J. Oscar Nichuals,
 H. H. Davis, M.D.,
 H. B. Francis,
 F. T. Michellon,

Thaddeus P. Varney,
 Postmaster W. J. Browning,
 Capt. Hamilton Markley,
 Thomas P. Curley,
 Thomas I. Gifford,
 Senator Maurice A. Rogers,
 Col. D. B. Murphy,
 John Gomley,
 Charles Helms,
 Capt. Joseph C. Lee,
 George Barrett,
 Col. John K. Brooker,
 W. H. Shearman,
 John P. Booth,
 George W. Laughlin,
 Samuel H. Grey, Esq.,
 S. Chew,
 Edward Furlong,
 George A. Frey,
 T. F. Patterson,
 E. P. Townsend, M.D.,
 E. E. Reed, Sr.,
 Edward Stockham,

Who, by their assiduous care and attention, tended to make the entire Reunion, from beginning to end, a most happy and enjoyable meeting. Much of this is due to the open hospitality of the citizens, and to the active efforts of the Committee in charge, prominent among whom were Capt. George E. Wilson, Capt. H. L. Hartshorn, George Barrett, George Laughlin, John K. Brooker, D. B. Coley, D. J. W. Kinsey. The Committee more than filled the bill, and all present will ever refer with pleasure to our Fourth Annual Reunion in Camden.

CAMDEN, April 9th, 1891.

The Society assembled in Morgan's Hall at 11 o'clock, promptly.

The President, Gen. Francis Price, called the Society to order, when Rev. A. St. John Chambre, of the Eighth New Jersey Volunteers, opened the meeting with prayer, after which the regular business of the Society was entered upon.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

Secretary's and Treasurer's reports being read, were received and ordered spread upon the minutes.

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

CAMDEN, April 9th, 1891.

Hardly a year has elapsed since we separated at our Third Annual Reunion, June 18th, 1890, in the city of Newark, where we were most hospitably entertained by the comrades and citizens of that patriotic city. And to-day we are happy to greet you once again on this our Fourth Annual Reunion, April 9th, 1891. What memories does the mention of the date awaken! How our thoughts return to that Sunday morning at Appomattox, when word went forth, "Lee has surrendered!"

Who that was there will ever forget it?

This is the day we celebrate.

And it is our right, for we were the actors in that drama, and helped to make the result possible.

The place is opportune, for from here, the city of Camden, we left our State, on the way to the front—crossed the river; and who does not remember the Cooper eating-saloon, where we were so kindly and bountifully fed and refreshed before taking the cars for Baltimore or Washington? Here, too, the most of us first stepped on our home-soil on return.

And to-day let us rejoice, and thank our Heavenly Father that so many of us once more are permitted to greet each other in the friendly grasp of by-gone companionship.

Twenty-six years ago to-day the Rebellion succumbed to patriotism and invincible loyalty, and we, a part of the remnant of those

who stood in line that day, are here to perpetuate the deeds of those who suffered and died that our country might live, teaching to those about; and those to follow us, that no flag but that old gloria of stars and stripes ever has had, or ever shall have a right to wave over this our free, our native land. Freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of action, must conform to our Constitutional integrity and unity.

Loyalty to God, to country and to home, is what we and what our fathers fought for.

Thus condemning in a word, anything that tends to anarchism, socialism, mafiaism, or any other ism that would attempt to absolve this glorious fabric of Constitutional right and privilege.

Your Secretary would suggest that whereas the Silver Badge of the Society has been furnished to members at a large loss—at a price much less than its first cost, which, by the quantity, our Treasurer informs me, cost one dollar per badge, and up to this time furnished to members at fifty cents apiece—that in the future they be furnished at a price not less than cost. I hope the Society will take some action in the matter.

Mark, my comrades, as the years roll by, and we gather in our social reunion, it is here, as it was in the field, a space here and a gap there; one, two, three, aye, more comrades missing. As you take up the roster and scan over the list of names, it is a sad duty to prefix the mark that denotes *Dead*.

Only one or two of our number were reported as having died last year, but this, the destroyer has found more victims.

Gen. Robert McAllister, our former President, our old commander, has finished his work; he kept the faith, he has gone to his reward. He died at his home, in Belvidere, N. J. We buried him on Friday, February 13th, 1891, in the pleasant cemetery adjoining the town. It is a sad yet a pleasant duty to speak of such a man. You all knew him, and none knew him but to love him.

Gen. McAllister was exceptionally true and dutiful as a soldier, courteous and dignified as a commander. In a word, a conscientious, Christian soldier and gentleman, an honored citizen, a loving father and husband. Let us, as men, emulate his example.

Most respectfully submitted,

U. B. TITUS,
Secretary.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

TRENTON, N. J., April 9th, 1891.

*To the Officers and Members of the Second New Jersey Brigade
Society, War 1861-1865:*

COMRADES—The following is my report as Treasurer, since our last Reunion at Newark, N. J., June 18th, 1890:

Balance last report.....	\$15 76
Initiation fees.....	39 00
Dues.....	38 50
Badges sold, at 50 cents each.....	16 50
From Secretary.....	1 50
Total	<u>\$111 26</u>

I have paid the following bills, as per vouchers:

Aug. 5, 1890. J. L. Murphy Publishing Co.....	\$41 75
Nov. 1, " Cook & Jaques.....	5 50
" 5, " MacCrellish & Quigley	26 75
Feb. 26, 1891. G. W. Grant & Son (crape)	1 65
Mar. 19, " C. Ribsam & Son (wreath)	4 00
" 27, " U. B. Titus (postage and telegrams),	15 00
" 28, " MacCrellish & Quigley (printing).....	4 50
	<u>\$99 15</u>
Balance on hand.....	12 11

Respectfully submitted,

JAS. H. TALLON,
Treasurer.

Motion being made that we go into the nomination and election of officers for the ensuing year, Gen. Sewell, after some eulogistic remarks, nominated Gen. Joseph B. Carr, of the Second New York Volunteers. Sergt. Benjamin H. Connelly, of the Sixth New Jersey Volunteers, was nominated. Gen. Carr was elected by a large majority, whereupon his election was made entirely unanimous. The other officers were nominated and elected, as follows:

PRESIDENT,
GEN JOSEPH B. CARR.

VICE PRESIDENTS.

JOHN A. RODRIGO, Fifth New Jersey Volunteers.
Sergt. BENJAMIN H. CONNELLY, Sixth New Jersey Volunteers.
Capt. WALTER A. BARROWS, Seventh New Jersey Volunteers.
S. J. SHUCK, Eighth New Jersey Volunteers.
Col. JOHN SCHOONOVER, Eleventh New Jersey Volunteers.
Col. S. J. W. MINTZER, Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers.
Maj. H. ANDRES, Second New York Volunteers.
Gen. GEORGE H. SHARP, One Hundred and Twentieth New York Volunteers.
Col. THOS. B. MATHEWS, First Massachusetts Volunteers.
Col. CHARLES C. RIVERS, Eleventh Massachusetts Volunteers.
Maj. JAMES F. COSSELL, Sixteenth Massachusetts Volunteers.
Col. NATHANIEL SHATSWELL, First Maine Heavy Artillery.
Gen. ROBERT E. PATTERSON, One Hundred and Fifteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers.

SECRETARY,
Capt. U. B. TITUS.

TREASURER,
Lieut. JAMES H. TALLON.

CHAPLAIN,
Rev. A. ST. JOHN CHAMBRE.

MEMORIAL COMMITTEE.

Fifth New Jersey Regiment.

CHARLES C. DALLY, SAMUEL RAY, WILLIAM H. LASHER.

Sixth New Jersey Regiment.

GEORGE FOX, W. H. HEMPSING, JOSEPH C. LEE.

Seventh New Jersey Regiment.

Capt. E. DINGLER, M. L. JENNENS, JAMES B. CLUGSTON.

Eighth New Jersey Regiment.

GEORGE W. THURSTON, B. F. CROSS, ROBERT SMITH.

Eleventh New Jersey Regiment.

Capt. E. R. GOOD, WM. HAND, J. A. GOODWIN.

Second New York Regiment.

W. A. EVERITTS, A. W. BRODLEY, W. H. BROUGHTON.

Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania Regiment.

JOHN S. KEEHL, WM. B. WRIGHT, ADAM WALKER.

IN MEMORIAM.

The Committee on Resolutions on the death of Gen. Robert McAllister here presented the following :

Resolved, That the Second New Jersey Brigade Society has heard of the recent decease of its second President, Gen. Robert McAllister, with profound regret, and desires hereby to express its sense of his great loss, both as soldier and citizen. Gen. McAllister entered the service as Lieutenant-Colonel, First New Jersey, May 21st, 1861; was promoted Colonel Eleventh New Jersey, June 30th, 1862; Brigadier-General by brevet, October 27th, 1864, and Major-General by brevet, March 13th, 1865. So that his service, from May, 1861, to June, 1865, comprised the whole active period of the Civil War, and his record was simply the glorious record of the Army of the Potomac, from Manassas to Appomattox. He enjoyed the respect, the confidence and the esteem of every commander of the Army of the Potomac, from McClellan to Meade, as well as the warm regard of Grant and Sheridan, and what more could be desired by any American of this day and generation? As a commander he was able and skillful; as a soldier he was gallant and brave; as a man he was honest and honorable; as a Christian he was humble and pure, and New Jersey to-day may well mourn his loss as that of one of her most distinguished citizens. As his surviving comrades, we would thus lay upon his grave our tribute to his great life and services; we will keep his lofty example ever before us, and hold his memory in tender and affectionate remembrance.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon our minutes and a copy sent to his bereaved widow and sorrowing daughters.

A telegram was received from Mrs. McAllister, donating the old headquarters flag of the Second New Jersey Brigade to the keeping of the Society.

On motion, the highly-cherished gift was accepted by a rising vote, and a resolution of thanks tendered to Mrs. McAllister:

Resolved, That we return our thanks to Mrs. McAllister for her generous offer of the old headquarters flag of the Second Brigade, and accept the same with heartfelt gratitude, and pledge ourselves to protect and care for the same while our Society endures.

In a call for our next place of meeting, Jersey City, Bridgeton, Salem and Atlantic City were named. Jersey City was selected; time, April 9th, 1892.

WELCOME TO THE SOCIETY.

The Hon. E. Ambler Armstrong then stepped to the front of the platform, and, in behalf of the Committee of Arrangements and citizens, gave the members of the Second New Jersey Brigade Society and their visiting comrades a most cordial welcome to the city of Camden, paying high tribute to those who served in the War of the Rebellion from 1861 to 1865. President Price responded on behalf of the Society.

PRESIDENT PRICE'S ADDRESS.

HONORABLE SIR—Thank you, kind sir, for your kindly, most friendly salutation and welcome to this the beautiful city of Camden, on the banks of the ever-historic Delaware.

This Society, made up of veterans who served in the Second New Jersey Brigade during the historic days of 1861 to 1865, is assembled here to-day to celebrate the anniversary of the surrender of the Confederate Army, under Gen. Robert E. Lee, at Appomattox, Va., April 9th, 1865; to talk over old times of camp and march, bivouac and picket, and to press one another by the hand—the hands so often extended in the hour of adversity and grasped

in the hour of exultation and victory. These reunions bring back to us the hour when we pledged our lives and fortunes in the defense of the country and her flag. Great hardships we have endured; great sacrifices we have made, but are rewarded in a reunited country—a great and glorious republic—rich, progressive and prosperous.

The original number that went a-field of this remnant of veterans was about 5,000—5,000 added during the nearly four years of service—2,000 returning to their homes, making a loss of nearly four-fifths by casualties and battle.

These veterans, sir, were most carefully instructed by their company and regimental officers in the art of war, and taught discipline and the etiquette of a soldier's life by that grand old soldier and disciplinarian, Col. S. H. Starr, Fifth New Jersey Volunteers, our first brigade commander, under the close watch and eagle eye of Fighting Joe Hooker.

How well we repaid our tutors and instructors it is not for me to say, but it has been said by high authority—

“That its ranks are filled with men who are soldiers in the best meaning of the term, and that it possesses, in the grade of commissioned officers, men whose skill, courage and accomplishments would grace any service.”

These are veterans who went from the Potomac to Appomattox, marching, fighting, marching.

We are at the home of Bayard, Hatch, Van Leer, Francine, Davis, Strind and many other distinguished comrades—distinguished for skill and gallantry—who sacrificed their lives upon the altar of their country and gave their blood that we might live. Heroes, all of them. Men like these should never die.

“These shall resist the empire of decay
When time is o'er and worlds have passed away.”

It would fatigue you, sir, and I have not the time for you to go with me from Yorktown to Appomattox.

Williamsburg was where these sons of New Jersey were baptized under fire, and hotly were they pressed, and nobly did they hold their position, until the one-armed devil, the hero and idol of the First New Jersey, Gen. Phil. Kearny, came to our relief. Not, however, with our comrades and brothers of New Jersey, but with the First Division of our corps, the Third, as we understood it;

and then the field was ours, but we left many heroes behind, and the ground was stained with Jersey gore.

Pardon me should I brag too much, but I love that red flag, that white diamond, and diamonds were trumps so often, we had to take the trick.

From Williamsburg to Fair Oaks, Seven Pines, Mechanicsville and Seven Days', Malvern Hill, first and second Bull Run, second Chantilly, Bristow, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville pass in quick review.

It has been said that the battle of Chancellorsville was our grandest fight. The Confederate hosts who were in our front had lost their pet, their love. Stonewall Jackson had been mortally wounded near our lines, and it is said by our Division. They fought us like tigers on that Sunday morning, May 3d. They killed that brilliant General, Berry, our Division Commander, wounding our Brigade Commander, Gen. Mott, but your townsman, statesman and soldier, Maj.-Gen. William J. Sewell, upon whom the command devolved, with four stands of Jersey colors and one each of the Empire and Keystone States.

We charged the Confederate hosts and stayed their advance, capturing from them eleven stands of Confederate colors and more prisoners than we took men in action. This is our story of Chancellorsville.

And then the long, tedious march to Gettysburg, which opened on July 1st and closed on the evening of Independence Day, the enemy quietly retreating.

Such a battle can hardly be described. Both commanding Generals were sanguine of success; both armies in the highest state of perfection. Battalion after battalion hurled against the other, amid the hail of small arms and the thunder and heavy weight of metal of artillery, and so for four days the battle raged. It makes me shudder to think that man could stand before such an amount of lead and iron, but these comrades did it.

And to-day, upon that historic field of Gettysburg, stand monuments of stone, to mark to generations still to come the spot where New Jersey's sons stood firm and steadfast to the union of the States and devotion to her country's flag. At this place secession received its death-stroke. Although not dead, it gave us much trouble and annoyance.

Again forward. Culpeper and Brandy Station, the Wilderness, Petersburg, Hare House, Yellow Tavern. The 27th of October, on the Boynton plank-road, where the gallant McAllister, the Stonewall Jackson of New Jersey, as he has been called, with the Second New Jersey Brigade, cut his way out, saving the entire Division of Gen. Egan, Second Army Corps. Such are some of the events, briefly told, of these gallant comrades. And now to Boynton plank-road; the destruction of the Weldon railroad; extending our lines; breaking the lines upon the flank and front of Petersburg, and then to Appomattox, to see the leader of the Confederate hosts bare his head and yield his sword to the quiet, modest, tanner's son. The Confederate hosts quietly laid down their arms, took their animals and went home to make a crop.

On that Sunday morning, April 9th, 1865, while the surplised man of God, at the church at home, intoned the *Te Deum*—

“ We praise thee, O Lord, we acknowledge thee to be the Lord;
All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting ”—

secession died.

Comrades, the echo of the Christian chimes, announcing to the world the birth of the New Year, with all its hopes and fears, had hardly died upon our ears, when the minute-gun is heard telling the sad story that the Admiral of the Navy, Admiral Porter, is no more; and hardly had the smoke cleared away before the muffled drum is heard, and the General of the Army, William T. Sherman, too, has passed away.

Strange, passing strange, that Porter and Sherman, so very closely connected in putting down rebellion, should almost go hand-in-hand through the dark valley of the shadow of death, cross the divide and pitch their tents on Fame's eternal camping-ground.

And hardly had the badge of mourning been removed from our flag, before the angel of death came in our midst and took from us that splendid soldier, our old commander, our late President, Maj.-Gen. Robert McAllister. No braver soldier went a-field. He was the bravest among the brave. No one performed the duties to the letter as he—no duty unperformed. We pause to shed a soldier's tear upon his grave. He died as he had lived, the Christian General and the gentleman, beloved and respected by all who knew him.

“The flag he loved drops sadly at the mast
 For one whose high career so nobly past:
 His country for centuries shall scan—
 The Christian General and the gentleman.”

And now, honored sir, accept my thanks, and through me the thanks of the comrades from the Empire and Keystone States, from the Bay and Granite States, from Maine and the Jersey Blues, members of this Second New Jersey Brigade Society, for your cordial welcome—this grand reception—and please extend our thanks to your fellow-citizens.

FRANCIS PRICE.

OAKLAND, N. J., April 9th, 1891.

Letters from Gen. Jos. B. Carr, Col. Stow and others, stating their inability to be present, were received.

GEN. SICKLES' SPEECH.

President Price then presented Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, of New York, who, walking to the front of the stage on his crutches, addressed the Society as follows:

Comrades, I am very happy to meet you once more. Every year it is a surprise to me that I am allowed to be present and greet you at your glorious reunions. I am one of the youngest veterans, but every year I realize that I am nearer the final muster-out. I regret that General Carr is not here, but I hope that by the time of our next Reunion he will be able to be present and greet his old comrades in arms. I began to fear, when I arrived here, that I was suffering from la grippe, and when some of you “boys” got hold of my hand I knew then I had the grip. I made your acquaintance in 1862, and I have enjoyed your acquaintance ever since. But later on I began to know you better. The Second New Jersey Brigade were as good soldiers as ever followed a flag. They were worthy representatives of the American volunteer soldiers, and I consider that as high a compliment as could be paid to men that bear arms.

I saw you at Fredericksburg for thirty hours in line of battle, which is a much severer test than being in battle. Give me a body of men standing calmly and deliberately waiting for the enemy for

thirty hours, and I will show you men worthy to be called veteran soldiers. The severest test that men can have is this waiting in line of battle for the enemy's attack.

At Chancellorsville I saw you, and a more heroic front men never made in battle. We lost in that engagement over 4,000 men killed and wounded, and over 200 officers. I had in my hospital there over 2,600 wounded men, and I had the pleasure of seeing over 1,000 of those men come out of that hospital and announce themselves ready to go in the next battle. At that battle we would only have needed 10,000 more men, but General Hooker was unable to hear the call for aid, and we were compelled to calmly and sternly withdraw from the scene. When the command was given by General Sewell to strike one more blow, it was given with a will, and plainly showed that the boys of New Jersey had some of the blood displayed by their fathers in the Revolutionary War. I never set up a claim of being a great soldier, but I am willing to abide by my tactics in the memorable battle of Gettysburg. And now, in conclusion, I want to give you a little "taffy." I said the New Jersey "boys" were good looking, but I will back you against the New Jersey Legislature, and if I was a Jerseyman I would rather have you make the laws for me than anybody I have seen at Trenton for many a day.

At the conclusion of his speech he was loudly cheered, and the band struck up a lively air.

REV. GEORGE B. WIGHT'S ADDRESS.

Next followed Rev. George B. Wight, D.D., the orator of the day, of Trenton. Following is a synopsis of his address:

Comrades of the Second New Jersey Brigade Society, in a thoughtless moment I consented to address you, by request of your committee, and if I fail to do my duty charge it to my ignorance and not to my will. It was my lot to belong to the First Regiment, and to follow where Kearny led the way. It is a pleasure to look into your faces on such occasions as these. On Memorial Days we stand by the graves of our fallen comrades. But this is a reunion,

and the very word has a charm to the ear. It brings us back to our childhood days, and we well remember those reunions.

But, comrades, this is an army reunion of old soldiers from all over the State. One of the outcomes of the war has been the great brotherhood of soldiers. There is no glittering regalia in this brotherhood to captivate the masses, but there is nothing grander that this world has ever seen than this brotherhood of old soldiers.

There are many ties which bind this brotherhood together, of which common patriotism is one. When the first notes of war sounded, the hill-tops of the North were lined with men ready to go forth to battle for their country: They came from the pulpit, the plow, the anvil, the bar, the workshop and store—arrayed themselves in the blue, and boldly marched out under the stars and stripes. Only a little while longer, and we will not be permitted to meet at these reunions, for we will then be laid away in our final resting-place. But, while we live, we will meet together, exchange our views, and grasp our comrades by the hand. Our comrades are going one by one, and soon all that will be left will be their grand achievement in the result of the civil war.

My comrades, I will now conclude by wishing you many years of glorious reunions.

At the close of Dr. Wight's address, the business meeting of the Society adjourned, and the comrades fell in line, escorted by the Sixth Regiment Band, Cols. Lee and Murphy, Citizens' Committee and detail of the Sixth Regiment National Guard bringing up the rear, to the Sixth Regiment Armory, where the collation was spread.

Gen. Wm. J. Sewell presided at the banquet, with Gen. Price on his left, Gen. Sickles on his right, and 400 comrades and citizens seated around the well-filled tables.

GEN. DICKINSON'S ADDRESS.

After the banquet, Gen. Sewell introduced Gen. Joseph Dickinson, of Washington, D. C., Hooker's old Adjutant-General.

Comrades, I accepted the invitation of your President, General Price, to attend this Reunion with the understanding that I was not to be called upon for any formal remarks. Upon receipt of the programme, however, I saw my name announced for a speech. As I was in for it, I thought I would prepare a sketch of the engagements in which I had been an eye-witness to your valor. On taking up the proceedings of your last year's meeting, I read the grand oration of General Grubb, and found that he had so eloquently portrayed your gallant deeds that words of mine would be but feeble iteration. So I concluded that it would please you best to show you by the reports of some of your commanding officers how you stand in history upon the records.

I first made the acquaintance of your Jersey Brigade during its encampment at Budd's Ferry, on the Lower Potomac, in Maryland, during the autumn and winter of 1861 and 1862, when it became a part of the Division commanded by General Joseph Hooker, on whose staff I had the honor of serving as Adjutant-General and Chief.

It was during that winter that you first won my admiration by your exemplary, soldierly conduct and splendid discipline and drill, which gave promises of a future so gloriously fulfilled.

Moving to the Peninsula, in Virginia, it was our privilege to fight the first *real battle* upon the sacred soil, where, at Williamsburg, meeting five times your numbers, was first shown to the world the stern stuff that Hooker's Division was made of. In his report of the battle General Hooker sadly, yet truthfully, said that "history will not be believed when it is told that the noble officers and men of my division were permitted to carry on this unequal struggle from morning until night unaided, in the presence of more than 30,000 of their comrades with arms in their hands. Nevertheless, it is true."

From that time forward the trinity of brigades forming Hooker's Division never knew defeat, and never lowered their standard to the enemy.

But it was at Chancellorsville, as General Grubb truly said, "you fought your grandest battle." There, indeed, if it could ever be said that one corps saved an army, did the invincible old Third Corps save the Army of the Potomac from disaster and defeat. Its object accomplished on the left at Fredericksburg, with "Old Reliable," the sterling Sedgwick, with what alacrity it sped to Chancellorsville! No tortoise-like, half-hearted tread marked its

movement, but seemingly with a bound it changed position from left to right of the army, covering miles of distance, undiscovered and unmolested by an ever-vigilant enemy.

How worthy of the unbounded confidence reposed by the Commander-in-Chief in the old corps and its commander, the accomplished, intrepid genius, Sickles; and what a special providence was there in the selection of that commander, *so loyally true to his Chief and his country!*

During the morning of May 2d, General Hooker had requested me to keep the staff in the field for the purpose of advising him promptly of any movement of importance. Immediately upon hearing the firing in the direction of the Eleventh Corps, we galloped toward the front, only to be met with a stampede, unparalleled and shameful, of the whole corps, with, thank God, the honorable exception of a small portion of the command. After desperate but fruitless efforts on the part of every member of that gallant staff, assisted by General Howard and a portion of his staff, to rally the fugitives, and trembling for the safety of the whole army, I dispatched Capt. Ulric Dahlgren to General Hooker with the message: "For God's sake send me the Old Guard [which I knew to be in reserve], or the army is gone to hell." When we succeeded in reaching the edge of the wood, *our saviors were there!* The first greeting I received was an *endearing epithet* from that fearlessly-brave officer, Col. Mike Burns, who, with his never-flinching Excelsior boys, were on the left of the road, while on the right of it I was gladdened by the sight of the old First Brigade. The Jersey boys, who were near the ford, were not long out of their places on this and the next day, and with the rest of the Third Corps, with its cool, daring commander on the left, Stonewall Jackson was checked there and then forever, and the grand old Army of the Potomac was saved.

General Sickles, in his report, says: "It was here that the First Brigade (Franklin's) of the Third Division vied with the Third Brigade (Mott's) of the Second Division in its repeated assaults upon the enemy. Charge after charge was made by this gallant brigade, under Col. Sewell, Fifth New Jersey (upon whom the command devolved after the loss of Gen. Mott and Col. Park, Second New York Volunteers, wounded), before it was withdrawn, terribly reduced and mutilated, from the post assigned it. Its stern resistance to the impulsive assaults of the enemy and the brilliant

charges made in return, were worthy of the 'Old Guard.' No soldier could refuse a tribute of admiration in remembrance of the last charge made. A small body, for a regiment, drove the enemy out of the rifle-pits near Fairview before withdrawing, and returned with forty men, whose sole reliance in this charge was the bayonet, every cartridge having been expended moments before." Again he says: "In none of the sanguinary combats in which the troops of this corps have been engaged have they had better opportunities than on Saturday or Sunday, May 2d and 3d, to inflict great injury upon the enemy and to render signal service to this army and the cause. Soldiers and commanders performed their duties with ardor, alacrity and devotion. As long as the history of this war shall be read, conspicuous upon its pages will be the record of the achievements and the sacrifices of the Third Army Corps in the battles of the Wilderness and Fairview."

The gallant Chief of Artillery of the "Old Division," Capt. Osborne, says: "As we passed Gen. Hooker's headquarters, a scene burst upon us which, God grant, may never again be seen in the Federal Army of the United States. The Eleventh Corps had been routed, and were fleeing to the river like scared sheep. The men and artillery filled the roads, its sides and the skirts of the field, and it appeared that no two of one company could be formed together. Aghast and terror-stricken, heads bare and panting for breath, they pleaded like infants at the mother's breast that we should let them pass to the rear unhindered. The troops in the *Old Division*, unwavering, and the artillery, reckless of life or limb, passed through this disorganized mass of men."

Further, the same officer says: "The battle was now beginning with almost unparalleled fury, the enemy throwing his troops upon us in double and triple lines, and then in solid masses. The infantry of the division fought with stubborn desperation, and the contending forces surged backward and forward like two huge waves, mingling and unmingling as the one or the other gained a momentary advantage."

Gen. Carr, who won his star by gallantry under the eye of his old commander, Hooker, commanding the division after the death of that brave, Cromwellian soldier, the lamented Berry, who fell mortally wounded in the midst of the brave boys he loved and fought so well, says: "This Jersey brigade made several charges with the bayonet, capturing eight stands of colors (among which

was the flag of the One Hundred and Twenty-third New York Volunteers) and over 1,000 prisoners, adding fresh laurels to its almost universal fame. Never was artillery rendered more available than at the battle of Chancellorsville. Advancing masses of Rebel infantry were driven back in confusion and fearfully decimated by the skill, energy and determination of my battery commanders. The artillery covered itself with glory and undying fame."

And though last, by no means least, I give a short extract from the report of that able and stoically brave and gallant officer (and since then your United States Senator), who, although wounded early in the fight, remained in command of his regiment, and afterwards assumed command of the brigade. Gen William J. Sewell says: "It has been the fortune of this brigade to have participated in many hard-fought actions, but former experience was nothing in comparison to the determination of the enemy to carry this position. Battalion after battalion was hurled against our ranks, each one to lose its colors and many of its men taken prisoners. The Seventh New Jersey here took five of the enemy's colors; the Fifth New Jersey took three. The brigade took 1,000 prisoners. To have fought with this brigade on May 3d is an honor which time cannot efface, and the proud satisfaction of having performed their duty to their manhood, their country and their God is their reward."

And so have pæans of praise of your magnificent achievements and valor been sung by hosts of others, until the fame of the "Old Guard" and Third Corps will go down in song and story and live long after you and I, comrades, are forgotten.

SENATOR GARDNER'S SPEECH.

Honorable Senator John J. Gardner was then called upon to respond to the toast, "The man who carried the musket."

I always had a high opinion of the private soldier, having served myself for three years, and no one during that time recognizing my merits sufficiently to exalt me. In another year's enlistment I became a non-commissioned officer, but declined a commission as Lieutenant; and, I think I can hear it said, *sotto voce*,

around me, "That is the only office you ever did decline." At any rate, I say I think a good deal of the private soldier.

We have heard considerable said to-day, in the orations, about blood. Some have said that the blood of the sires of Bunker Hill and Monmouth flowed in the veins of the soldiers of '61, but I can tell you that there were a good many of those soldiers whose ancestors did not follow in the wake of the Mayflower sufficiently soon to permit their participation in the battles of the Revolution. It is my belief, and history, I hold, has proven it, that patriotism makes blood and moral conviction refine it. And, I take it, if in the near future the occasion may arise, which God forbid, to test the qualities of the American soldier which has grown out of the privates of '61, we will not be found wanting in the performance of our duty to our country.

I would indorse, with the desire not to be considered egotistical, all that has been said in praise of the boys of the Second Brigade. The world has the record of those battles from Williamsburg to Appomattox, and in them we may well be proud. As Webster said of the children of New England, so we might say that the blood of the members of the Second Brigade has been mingled with the soil of every battle-ground in that long campaign. It was not by any miracle that the valor and material in this brigade got together on those Southern fields, nor was it by chance that we were in the field at Chancellorsville when that break occurred. The Almighty in His providence did not especially raise up this body of men called the "Old Guard," nor was it by accident. No, but these regiments were especially fortunate in falling under the direction of superior commanders. General Sewell has well said that this brigade made its reputation as a part of Hooker's Division, and with all due respect to the individual soldier, I would here say that General Hooker made Hooker's Division. That brave and commanding spirit which made no mistake in the selection of men. If you want to know why this division was worthy, if it is, think of that dominating military spirit, and then look at the list of excellent Brigade Commanders.

I believe that the American soldier of this war was superior to any soldier that ever lived, because he volunteered from conviction and fought for sentiment. He was no part of a machine, as he is in a monarchical government. He was no part of a machine that could be destroyed by the damage done to the parts. But he was

rather that reflected in the remark of a distinguished foreigner made at the close of the war, "It was no use to break up an American regiment, for you makes von thousand leetle vons."

Talk about the "Old Guard" at Waterloo. Either of the New Jersey brigades could have made the charge and made it better. Talk about Balaclava; I could yet find enough Jersey troops to side it, and I would not have to go out of this hall to find men to lead it. It was said that when this country was not destroyed by war it could be destroyed by assassination, and a gentleman not then accredited with an extraordinary amount of sense said: "Accomplish destruction by assassination! Why, I can officer the government from either a Massachusetts or New Jersey regiment." I did not know the truth of that remark then, but I know it now.

And, in conclusion, permit me to hope that the grim reaper will be sparing with this body of men, and that the time that has been prophesied here to-day, when these meetings shall be no more, may be more distant than the prophets imagine, and that "taps" may not be sounded until far, far in the future.

Rev. A. St. John Chambre, D.D., responded to the toast, "The Peninsular Campaign."

Others followed in a few brief remarks.

All the speeches were appropriate to the occasion.

Gen. Sewell, catching the enthusiasm of the occasion, gave the sentiment, "The Second Brigade—it may die, but it never surrenders." For a long time the vast hall rang with applause. And in his speech, referring to the educated soldier, was repeatedly cheered by the old veterans present, many of whom had fought under him.

At the conclusion, a resolution of thanks was presented and passed:

Resolved, That the thanks of the members of the Second New Jersey Brigade Society are due to the Local and Citizens' Committees, to the patriotic citizens of Camden, the Sixth Regiment Band, to the detail of National Guard, Sixth Regiment, and to the officers and members of the Sixth Regiment, National Guard, for

the use of their armory, and especially to the committee in charge of the whole affair for their very efficient arrangement of all the details, and the very courteous and hospitable manner in which we and our visiting comrades have been entertained at this our Fourth Annual Reunion, April 9th, 1891, in the city of Camden, N. J.

Adjourned.

BADGES.

Members wishing to procure the Silver Badge of the Society can do so by remitting the cost price, one dollar and twelve cents, to either the Secretary or Treasurer.

NEW MEMBERS.

- J. F. BRYAN, Fifth New Jersey.
SAMUEL E. RADCLIFF, Sixth New Jersey.
M. L. JENNENS, Seventh New Jersey.
HARRY FIRTH, Sixth New Jersey.
LORENZO PAYNTER, Sixth New Jersey.
COUNT DEGROSSE HOGAN, Sixth New Jersey.
JOSEPH C. LEE, Sixth New Jersey. Co. C.
E. G. JACKSON, Sixth New Jersey. Co. E.
THOMAS ROGERSON, Fifth New Jersey.
THEODORE F. FIELD, Sixth New Jersey.
EDGAR T. ROBY, Sixth New Jersey. Co. D.
ISAAC T. GARTON, Sixth New Jersey.
JOSEPH W. HENDERSON, Sixth New Jersey.
ROBERT ALLEN, Seventh New Jersey.
JONATHAN HUSTED, Fifth New Jersey.
HENRY KELLER, Seventh New Jersey.
WALTER A. BARROWS, Seventh New Jersey.
MAHLON F. IVINS, Sixth New Jersey.
JOSEPH STEEN, Sixth New Jersey.
G. S. TOMPKINS, Sixth New Jersey.
WILLIAM C. LEE, Sixth New Jersey.
JOHN STILES, Seventh New Jersey.
LUKE SOOY, Sixth New Jersey.
THOMAS SHEERAN, One Hundred and Fifteenth Penna.
HIRAM FISH, Sixth New Jersey.
JAMES NELSON, Fifth New Jersey.
W. S. HOOPER, Seventh New Jersey.
JOHN QUIRK, Sixth New Jersey.
WILLIAM H. HENSING, Sixth New Jersey.
P. K. COLLINS, Sixth New Jersey.
E. DINGLER, Seventh New Jersey.
EDWARD A. MYER, Sixth New Jersey. Co. E.