

Henry C. LaRowe

John C. Patterson

Elias D. Smith

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1912

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REPORT OF
The Fiftieth Anniversary
OF THE MUSTER IN
OF THE
Fourteenth Regiment
N. J. Volunteers
AND THE
THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL REUNION

AT THE HOME OF
JAMES B. VREDENBURGH, ESO.
FREEHOLD, N. J.
AUGUST 26,
1912.



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Letter of Publication Committee

The undersigned, your committee, elected by you, at our 34th Annual Reunion, and 50th Anniversary of our muster into the United States service, to have a report of the same published in pamphlet form, lost no time, but proceeded at once to put the matter in hand in convenient form for the printer.

Believing the work for which they were elected completed, they submit the same for your consideration, and we hope, your approval.

JOHN C. PATTERSON,
HENRY C. LAROWE,
ELIAS D. SMITH,
Committee.

JOHN C. PATTERSON,
Secretary of Reunion Association
14th N. J. Vols.

"GOLDEN" REUNION

FIELD AND STAFF AT MUSTER IN AUGUST 26, 1862.

Col., Wm. S. Truex,

Lieut. Col., Caldwell K. Hall,

Major, Peter Vredenburgh, Jr.

Adjt., F. Lemuel Buckelew,

Qr. Master, Enoch L. Cowart,

Surgeon, Ambrose Treganowan,

Asst. Surgeon, Joseph Woolverton,

Chaplain, Frank B. Rose,

Sergt. Major, Chas. M. Bartruff,

Qr. Mr. Sergt., Ebenezer Wright,

Hospital Steward, Benjamin F. Yard,

Principal Musician, Augustus Linder.

LINE OFFICERS AT MUSTER IN AUGUST 26, 1862.

COMPANY A.

Capt., Austin H. Patterson,

First Lieut., Abraham J. Havens, Jr.

Second Lieut., Frederick W. Kerner.

COMPANY B.

Capt., Benj. F. Craig,

First Lieut., Budd S. Bodine,

Second Lieut., Tenadore Woodward.

COMPANY C.

Capt., Chauncey Harris,
First Lieut., Ebenezer Muddel,
Second Lieut., Joseph M. Waker.

COMPANY D.

Capt., James W. Conover,
First Lieut., Henry J. Conine,
Second Lieut., William H. Craig.

COMPANY E.

Capt., James L. Bodwell,
First Lieut., Isaac S. Tingley,
Second Lieut., James O. Bedell.

COMPANY F.

Capt., Ralph B. Gowdy,
First Lieut., John C. Patterson,
Second Lieut., Samuel C. Bailey.

COMPANY G.

Capt., John V. Alstrom,
First Lieut., George W. Patterson,
Second Lieut., William W. Conover.

COMPANY H.

Capt., Symmes H. Stults,
First Lieut., Marcus A. Stults,
Second Lieut., William D. Connolly.

COMPANY I.

Capt., Samuel Ross,
First Lieut., Joseph J. Hawk,
Second Lieut., Theodore J. Green.

COMPANY K.

Capt., Jacob J. Janeway,
First Lieut., Henry D. Bookstaver,
Second Lieut., Lewis A. Hoffman.

The Reunion

Amid scenes of delightful rural beauty, with the accompaniment of excellent music and grand song, and the presence of charming women, the 14th New Jersey Volunteers celebrated the Fiftieth or Golden Anniversary of their muster into the United States Service, at the beautiful home of James B. Vredenburg, Esq., at Freehold, New Jersey, August 26th, 1912. It would be difficult to conceive of a more hearty or generous welcome than was extended by Mr. Vredenburg to the survivors of the regiment, and their friends. Automobiles furnished by the host met them at the railroad stations and conveyed the members of the regiment to his home.

From near this home fifty years before the brave and gallant Major Peter Vredenburg followed by a father's blessing, and a mother's prayers and tears, had gone to the war in which he gave his life on the altar of his country at the Battle of Winchester, Va., Sept. 19th, 1864.

One hundred and four of the survivors answered the "roll call" and with their wives, who suffered with them, their sons, daughters and friends, increased the attendance to about two hundred and fifty. Albert Winkler's band of Trenton discoursed suitable music, and a quartette consisting of Peter Vredenburg (3rd), son of our host, Forset Hulsehart, Dr. Harvey S. Brown and Edgar I. Van Derveer delighted the "boys" with their songs. The lunch was "par excellence," the "rations" of 1912 made those of 1862 seem odious by comparison, and the occasion will never be forgotten. Words fail to express the profound gratitude of the sur-

vivors of the Old Regiment that left Camp Vredenburgh fifty years before. We count ourselves most fortunate to have lived to see this fiftieth Anniversary of our muster in, and to have been permitted to celebrate it in such royal fashion, through the hospitality of such a generous host. The regiment was mustered out at Bailey's Cross Roads, Va., near Washington, D. C., June 18, 1865. The record of its services places it in the list of the three hundred fighting regiments, which we believe entitles it to a proud position in the history of the state and nation.

The business of the reunion came next. Before proceeding to the business meeting the comrades were called to order by your Secretary, Major John C. Patterson, who when the comrades were assembled turned the meeting over to the President of our Association, Lieutenant James H. Riddle.

President Riddle, in brief remarks thanked the comrades for the honor conferred in making him their presiding officer at this the fiftieth anniversary of their muster in. The President called on Dr. John Handley to offer prayer. The Doctor proposed singing the old long meter doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." He then offered a fervent prayer. Music followed by the band, than which there are few better or better led—all their music was appropriate to the occasion, and well received. The songs by the excellent quartette stirred the comrades to hearty cheers.

After the music and song the President introduced our host, James B. Vredenburgh, Esq., who, in well chosen words, addressed the comrades as follows :

"Colonel John C. Patterson, your Secretary, tells me that it is expected that I say a few words of welcome to you. I do so with a great deal of pleasure.



JAMES B. VREDENBURGH, ESQ., OUR HOST

I welcome you, each and all of you, for many reasons more reasons than I can say. I deem myself fortunate that you have consented to hold this reunion at my home. Fifty years ago my father was honored by the camp ground where you were mustered in the service of the United States being named after him, "Camp Vredenburg," and now, on this fiftieth Anniversary of that day of muster, you have honored me by choosing my place to have your Golden Reunion. I welcome you because you helped this government, this nation, when it most needed help. I am old enough to know how much the nation needed your help at that time.

For two years armies of brave men, well equipped, and skillfully officered, had been desperately attacking the forces of the government for the purpose of destroying the Union. The newspapers almost daily contained the list of wounded, the missing and the dead. The forces of the Government up to the time of your enlistment, with little exception, had met with continuous disaster. The Government asked you to help. You left your homes to endure fatigue with the hardships and dangers of a soldiers life, in time of bitter war. You answered this appeal by volunteering to do all that was asked of you. You left your families. How sad that parting! It was typical of all, the experience of one. I well remember one such parting, the hopeless look of the father when the son passed out of the door, is plainly before me, and the streaming face of the mother, who, with tear blinded eyes, kissed him again and again in what she believed was the last embrace of the boy of whom she was so proud, as he marched away to what seemed to her certain death. It haunts me still. You left your home, you endured the horrors of

war; you fought many desperate battles with varying success. But you were at last victorious, and the Union was safe. All can see now how much the people of this country owe you, and can see what blessings you conferred upon us by your sacrifices.

Fifty years of glorious freedom, that kind of freedom that makes life dear and sweet; freedom of thought, freedom of the press, freedom of schools, freedom to come and go as you please; freedom to choose our occupations, freedom to work for what we please, and freedom to contract for our labor. No longer can it be said truthfully of any part of our country that:

"Here the landless laborers, hopeless, toil and strive
But taste no portion of the sweets that hive"

Fifty years of peace have enabled the people to wonderfully develop our immense natural resources and to accumulate treasures, material treasures, so enormous as to threaten even our liberty; to enable our civilization to flow on like a mighty river through a boundless valley, receiving its branches from side to side; ever growing wider, deeper and clearer, as it rolls. To enable our nation to grow so that we can proudly and truthfully say in the words of the poet:

"Far as the eye can reach the billows foam,
Survey our empire and behold our home,
These are our realms, no limit to their sway
Our flag the sceptre, all who meet obey"

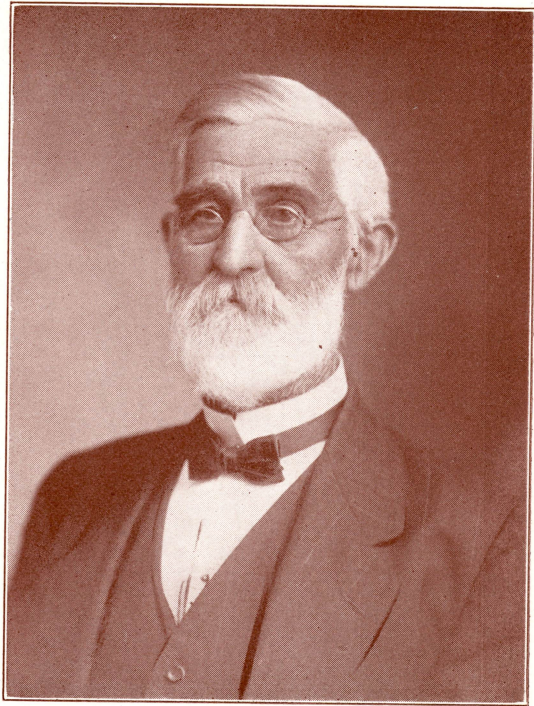
I welcome you also because your victories bestowed blessings greater than freedom and peace, upon not only this country, but upon all people; because your victory "preserved the Government of the people, by the people, and for the people from perishing from the earth." A Government devised and founded by our fathers;

which since your victories has been a brighter beacon and a greater law to every people in every clime. A Government based on the assumption that in all matters pertaining to social and political economy the conclusion of the people is preferred to the judgment of any one man;—that the instinct or sagacity of the many is a better guide to the discernment of the truth than the learning of the few. That the instinct of man is for man. But there is another reason for my welcome, which I desire to mention before closing.

Fifty years ago you were mustered in, over nine hundred and fifty strong, comrades all. Many of them laid down their lives on the battle field, many have since passed over to the great beyond. They cannot be here physically, but who can say that they are not here in spirit. It has given me pleasure to state that they are here in my belief and that they know what is going on here, and that in extending a welcome to you, I am extending a welcome to each and every one of them. It is little that we can do to show gratitude for the sacrifices of those that are dead. I thank you that you have given me an opportunity to do a little to show my feelings towards them. I conclude as I commenced, by extending my welcome to you, all of you, hoping that you will choose and enjoy such a Reunion as you may wish to have."

Major Patterson made a brief reply to the brilliant address of welcome by Mr. Vredenburg, saying in part:

"I am unable to convey to Mr. Vredenburg our host, our appreciation of the grand welcome he has given us to-day. There seems to be nothing left undone to make our Reunion a pleasant one; from our hearts we thank him for this remembrance and reception."



LIEUT. JAMES H. RIDDLE

Adjutant William H. Foster in remarks as follows presented the following resolution:

“Mr. President—At this our “Golden Reunion” I think it would be meet and proper to express some honor and respect to the memory of our comrades who have gone to answer the last “roll call,” therefore I offer the following resolution; Resolved that we stand uncovered while the band plays the “Requiem for the Dead.”

The comrades stood with bowed heads while the band played. Lieutenant James H. Riddle then addressed the comrades as follows:

“Again face to face we greet each other. I am before you with a thankful heart. We wonder in ourselves why we are spared to come together after fifty years, while others are not here. Some of our comrades have crossed the great divide since last we met. We are spared for some purpose, there is something yet for us to do, some duty to ourselves, or to our neighbors, or friends, or possibly to our state or nation. Some duty for which we must each for ourselves determine. We meet here to-day in our 34th Annual Reunion to secure to ourselves, the pleasures and benefits that come from this happy reunion, and all that is provided for us.”

The President appointed the following committees: Committee to name officers for the coming year; Milton Kurts, James H. Lanning and Lieutenant Charles H. White. Committee on resolutions of thanks: Elias D. Smith, Cornelius Ten Eick and Russell C. Johnson. Committee on collection: Charles H. Fleming, N. V. White and William Lacour.

The present reunion committee, by vote, was retained: Henry C. LaRowe, R. A. Clark, William H.



THE AUDIT COMMITTEE

Foster Elias D. Smith and John C. Patterson, and to them was voted authority to arrange the time and place for our thirty-fifth reunion. A committee on publication of the proceedings of the thirty-fourth reunion was named by the President, consisting of John C. Patterson, Elias D. Smith and the President. They were elected.

The following officers were elected for the coming year; Henry C. LaRowe, President, Brooklyn, N. Y., John C. Patterson, Secretary, Ocean Grove, N. J., William H. Foster, Treasurer, Eatontown, N. J., Robert Van Dusen, Chaplain, Manasquan, N. J.

The present Vice-Presidents and company secretaries were re-elected for the coming year.

The report of the Treasurer, William H. Foster, was made. He reported that the receipts and expenditures were equal, leaving no balance in the treasury. The report was placed in the hands of the following auditing committee: Russell C. Johnson and Cornelius Ten Eick. They reported the Treasurer's report correct, adding that twenty-five dollars of the expenditures had been paid for the yearly care of the Monument at Monocacy, Md., erected in memory of the 14th New Jersey Volunteers. A collection was taken amounting to \$64.50.

Roll call was made by the Secretary, through the company secretaries. The secretaries reported five deaths since last reunion.

The following answered present:

FIELD AND STAFF.

3

Major, Jno. C. Patterson, Adjutant, Wm. H. Foster
 Q. M. Sergeant, Elias D. Smith.

	COMPANY A.	13
James R. Lutes	Benj. Lafetra Garrison	
Henry Hayes	John S. White	
Henry Van Hise	Saml. F. Holmes	
Nathaniel Britton	Wm. Yetman	
Nicholas V. White	Joseph Lafetra	
James W. Grover	Henry Magee	
John H. Wagoner		
	COMPANY B.	6
Milton Kurts	William P. Conard	
Thomas Barton	Joseph Clayton	
Isaiah Smith	Isaiah Van Brunt	
	COMPANY C.	8
Russell C. Johnson	Charles E. Patch	
James A. Garthwaite	John Waters	
Jonathan E. Jones	Patrick Kelly	
William N. Pangborn	Geo. C. Sanders	
	COMPANY D.	12
Lieut. James H. Riddle	David W. Morton	
Richard Borden Pettitt	David J. Ford	
Andrew J. Cook	James H. Mathews	
W. H. H. Pullen	Brazilla Hyers	
Joseph Brown	John F. Reid	
William R. Bond	Reuben H. Wagoner	
	COMPANY E.	6
George Avery	O. F. Jones	
Mathias Bunn	Hubbard R. Yetman	
James H. Putnam	Martin Conover	
	COMPANY F.	17
R. A. Clark	Charles W. Fleming	
Joseph W. Fleming	Herbert Havens	
Jacob Havens	William H. Morris	
Charles Hall	Charles S. Applegate	

Anthony Borden	Henry Hankins
William L. Parker	Harrison Reid
John W. White	James Chaffey
John S. Bennett	John Frank Brown
John Grover, Jr.	

COMPANY G. 15

Capt. Wm. W. Conover	Lieut. Chas. H. White
Al. C. Harrison	E. J. Keach
Alexander F. Smith	William H. Byram
James L. Brown	Abram T. Metsgar
George W. Slocum	William Henry Blower
Thomas Fisher	George W. White
H. S. Poling	William H. Stryker
J. Wesley Van Dyke	

COMPANY H. 11

John Silvers	George Logan
James H. Emmons	Capt. Samuel C. Bailey
Will F. Lott	John S. Britton
Enos Silvers	Joseph Sedan
Robert A. Van Dusen	Lieut. Wm. J. Ingraham
Fred Hagle	

COMPANY I. 8

Lieut. Edward Updyke	Henry C. LaRowe
Jesse A. Holcombe	John Ward
John Chambers	William H. Ross
Ellison E. Reed	Abram B. King

COMPANY K. 4

Cornelius Ten Eick	Horatio Holden
N. Schurm	J. H. Lanning

DEATHS REPORTED 5

Charles Carmen, Co. B.	Wm. H. Clayton, Co. D.
Thomas Ward, Co. E.	Benj. P. Putnam, Co. E.
Edward R. Henderson, Co. H.	

The number of deaths was less this year than usual, showing that the comrades have a fair grip on life yet.



MONUMENT TO 14TH N. J. VOLUNTEERS
MONOCACY BRIDGE, MD.

MAJOR
PETER
VREDENBURGH



COLONEL
WILLIAM S.
TRUEX

It was an interesting sight to see the comrades as they answered to their names as of old. They had many a joke as they called to mind the "roll call" of over forty-five years ago, when one comrade would answer "Here" for three or four of his mates who were out on a "skylark."

The roll call finished and a record of the names made, President Elect, Henry C. LaRowe, by request of President Riddle, who was not feeling well, took the gavel and continued the business meeting to the finish.

President LaRowe called upon comrade Elias D. Smith who made a few pertinent remarks, received with hearty cheers, after which he recited the following:

The Song of Fitty Years

THIRTY-FOURTH REUNION AND GOLDEN JUBILEE
OF THE MUSTER IN OF THE FOURTEENTH N. J.
VOLUNTEERS AT FREEHOLD, N. J.

AUGUST, 26, 1912.

What can we render her, now that we're aging,
Her whom we all in our younger years served?
What can we tender, in years that have ripened
To show that our love for her never has swerved?

No longer keep we keen watch or lone bivouac
On grim fields of war in the far distant South;
Then we went singing the songs of the nation
With the careless abandon of stalwart youth.

Now we are singing the song of our Home-land
The home yet before us, where Heaven's lampsshine.
The strains of "Mother dear, Jerusalem" mingle
With the far away music of "Auld Lang Syne"

Now we but linger like leaves of the Autumn
Withered, and soon to be swept by the breeze
Or like the scattered remains of a forest—
Storm-beaten survivors, a few lonely trees.

Yet much do we owe to Him who has kept us
And dealt with us kindly through all these long years,
Who has given us blessings far beyond merit
And cheered us with hope when despondent with fears.

Backward we look o'er the road we have travelled;
O'er these fifty years since we marched to the war.
Our earlier love for our land has not faltered
Still does that love beam like a bright guiding star.

What can we give to the country we guarded
To show that our love still burns bright and true?
How still protect the dear Union we honored,
What in these riper years can we still do?

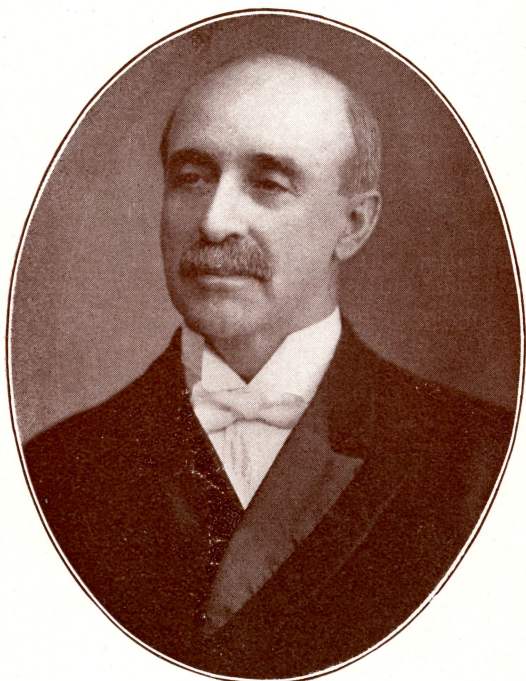
We will frown on every evil endeavor
To stir up the passions and hatreds of men;
Hold up the hands of those whom we honor
By public position, and pray for them then.

We will pray that Peace may endure forever
Within our wide bounds, that no bloodshed or strife
May mar our fair land; that war-clouds may never
Again with their blackness, endanger her life.

We will live in heartiest kindly Fraternity;
With loving Charity will we abound,
While ever, in Loyalty, strong and abiding,
May our earnest and fruit-bearing lives be found.

So shall we still be serving our Motherland.
So shall we best honor her whom we love,
Until we are called to the final muster
And hear the Commander say "Come up above!"

ELIAS D. SMITH,
Quartermaster-Sergeant



REV. JOHN HANDLEY, D. D.,
ORATOR OF THE DAY

President Elect LaRowe introduced the orator of the day, Rev. John Handley, D. D., the son of a veteran, and an honorary member of our Reunion Association. Dr. Handley spoke as follows:

“It is very appropriate for the 14th Regiment to meet here to-day in Freehold, on these Colonial grounds, to celebrate their Jubilee. It was on the Old Revolutionary battle-ground that you were mustered in. It was here that the gallant Peter Vredenburg became your Major and leader. Now the brother of this gallant soldier, who lost his life defending his country and flag, has cordially and generously invited you to celebrate this “Golden Jubilee” on his grounds so beautiful in landscape, fertility, and luxuriance.

Our host and hostess have left nothing unthought of, or undone, that would add to your comfort and make this fiftieth Anniversary one of the most enjoyable and long to be remembered.

The Vredenburg family has from the beginning of America's struggle been one of the first to defend her honor, and her free institutions. We are glad that one of the noble sons of this family was called to be your first Major of the 14th Regiment. We are also happy in the thought, that the boys of old Monmouth and the nearby counties proved themselves worthy of such a leader.

No one can read the history of the 14th Regiment from the time it left the historic Monocacy in grand old Maryland to follow the army of Lee, as he retreated from his “Waterloo” at Gettysburg, following them through Virginia to Cold Harbor, Spottsylvania, to Petersburg, and their return to Monocacy, where in defending the National Capitol, it fought a bloody battle

July 9th, 1864, losing many of its gallant members, without a thrill of admiration, if not exultation over the marvellous display of military, courage and fortitude.

The State and Nation has reason to be proud of your valorous record, and to rejoice with you to-day over past victories, and present triumphs: for you have been as true in your citizenship in the walks of life, as you were brave in your soldiering, you have been identified with the progress of these fifty years, to which reference has already been made.

All these achievements have been made possible in this country because the Union was preserved. The integrity of our Republic sustained, and the Government by the people vindicated.

Had you failed, the Nation would have been divided into petty oligarchies. There would have been no Public School system, no progress, no National Flag, no Central Government, and no great American Nation of a hundred million, influencing all the nations of the earth, to personal, political and religious liberty.

The triumphs of the Civil War, made the united victories of the North and South under the Star Spangled Banner, in 1898 possible and brought the North and South into indissoluble unity, the families of both sections, like our host's family, uniting in love, matrimony, and patriotism.

The victories of the American soldier have always led to great and long periods of peace, our great generals from Washington to Grant, have been the great peacemakers.

Your "Decoration Day" is the greatest and grandest peace monument ever erected in any country, for at the graves of the noble dead who wore the Blue and the

Gray, the North and South meet in suffering sympathy, and charity.

I am glad with you that the time is speedily coming when there shall be no more war, when fathers, husbands, sons and brothers, shall be spared to the home and its industries. When the black wings of war shall be forever folded, and the white wings of peace shall cover the nation and the world. When the Golden Bells of Jubilee shall peal out and proclaim liberty to all nations and to all the inhabitants thereof.

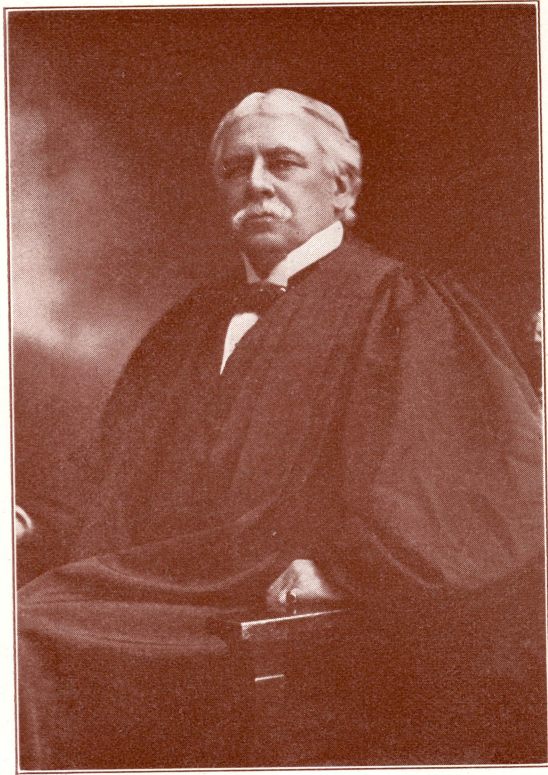
When the following poetic prophecy shall be fulfilled:

To-morrow

High hopes that burned like stars sublime,
 Go down the heavens of freedom,
 And true hearts perish in the time,
 When most we need them;
 But never sit we down and say—
 There is nothing left but sorrow,
 We walk the wilderness to-day—
 The promised land to-morrow.

Our birds of song are silent now,
 There are no flowers blooming,
 But life beats in the frozen bough—
 And freedom's spring is coming.
 And freedom's tide flows always,
 Though we may stand in sorrow;
 And our good bark aground to-day
 Shall float again to-morrow.

Our hearts brood over the past, and eyes
 With tearful features glisten
 Lo! now the dawn bursts on the skies!
 Open out your soul and listen—



HON. WILLIAM H. VREDENBURGH

The earth rolls freedom's radiant way
And ripens with our sorrow.
And 'tis the martyrdom of to-day
Gives victory to-morrow.

'Tis weary watching wave by wave—
And yet the tide heaves onward,
We climb like corals, grave on grave,
To beat a path that's sunward.
We're beaten back in many a fray,
Yet newer strength we'll borrow,
For where our vanguard camps to-day
Our rear shall march to-morrow.

Through all the long dark night of years—
The people's cry ascended!—
The earth was wet with blood and tears,
Ere their meek sufferings ended.
The few shall not forever sway,
Tho many toil in sorrow;
The bars of hell are strong to-day—
But Christ shall reign to-morrow.

Then youth-flame in earnest shall aspire,
With energies immortal,
To many a heaven of desire
Your yearning ope's a portal!
And though age wearies by the way
And hearts break in the furrow,
We sow the golden grain to-day
And harvest comes to-morrow.

During the address of Dr. Handley and at its close, loud cheers greeted him, showing the keen appreciation by the comrades.

Three cheers proposed by Dr. Handley, were given for "Old Glory" and for the host and hostess.

Our old friend and comrade, Alfred Asay of Thawville, Illinois, was missed in the gathering of the comrades.

The band played "Recollections of the War," which was received with loud cheers.

The Committee on Resolutions reported as follows at this time: "At the Annual Reunion of the 14th New Jersey Volunteers, at Freehold, New Jersey, August 26, 1912, celebrating the Fiftieth Anniversary of its muster into the United States service, the following was unanimously adopted, viz: The occasion that has brought us together deserves more than the customary perfunctory mention in formal resolutions. Gathered at this time, at this magnificent homestead on the margin of the Revolutionary battlefield of Monmouth, almost within sight of the camp-ground where, fifty years ago to-day, we mustered into the service of our country, everything conspires to awaken memories of the past and gratitude for the present. Thanks are due Our Heavenly Father, who has continued so many of us in such comfort for another year, and permitted us to meet once more under such auspicious circumstances. He is smiling on us now in giving us such a beautiful day that permits us to have an open-air meeting, under these grand old trees. And we are especially fortunate in being guests of such an open-hearted host and hostess as James B. Vredenburg, Esq., and his amiable wife who have thrown open their house and extensive grounds for our pleasure and enjoyment, and not only do they invite us to their house with all the freedom of the place, with automobile service to and from the town, but we are entertained with vocal music by a quartette of trained singers. They also give us a hark-away to our old camp life in the martial music of the military band, that stirs our old pulses, and they provide a repast that throws into an eclipse our recollections of

hard tack and beans. For this generous open-handed hospitality, complete in every detail, our thanks are greatly due and these we tender them from the bottom of our hearts for their splendid courtesy to us, and we wish them and their dear family who have added so much to the charm of the occasion, many long years of continued health and prosperity.

Signed

ELIAS D. SMITH,
CORNELIUS TEN EICK,
RUSSELL C. JOHNSON,

Committee.

A motion put by our President was unanimously carried to engross the above resolution and preamble and present a copy to our host and hostess.

The following letter was recieved from Lieut. Colonel Charles Bogardus of the 151st N. J. Volunteers, who in thought is with us, and who weaves together the time of fifty years ago and now.

Pellston, Mich, August 20, 1912.

Major J. C. Patterson,

Secretary of Reunion of 14th N. J. Vols.

My Dear Major, Secretary and Comrade:—

Away up here near the Straits of Mackinaw in Northern Michigan, I am in receipt to-day of a letter from our mutual and highly respected friend "Uncle Alf." Asay, who reminds me that it is fifty years this month since you were mustered into the United States service, and urged me, with my good wife, to be present with you, and I assure you all that I know of nothing that would afford me so great a easure, but it is impossible. My good wife is in



ADJT. F. L. BUCKELEW

poor health and a trip of that kind is more than her strength would permit.

I have for many years been an honorary member of your Reunion, and indeed I feel it a high honor to be thus so kindly remembered, and I still cherish the hope that I may yet some day meet with you in Reunion.

At first thought I could hardly believe "Uncle Alf." when he said fifty years had rolled away since your organization. It gave me a shock to think and to know that half a century has gone since then. If in the days of our first enlistment, we had been told that fifty years later we would have been writing to each other and talking over old memories, hardly one of us would have believed it, but here we are, spared by God's goodness for some good purpose I hope, living on borrowed time. Very few, almost all of us that are left have passed the three score and ten, and boys, it is a great satisfaction to me to read in the Book of Genesis, where it says, "The allotted age of man shall be one hundred and twenty years." Now boys, let us read Genesis frequently, thoughtfully and believing that it is correct in this wise, and perhaps by careful living we may at least much lengthen our days. We know better how to live than did our ancestors and I sincerely hope that you may be spared to hold many more Reunions.

Look at "Uncle Alf." His heart is as young as in the sixties and his mind as clear as then. He would enlist to-day if his country needed him and make a good soldier, too.

It is wonderful to me how martial music still limbers up the joints in the boys of the Civil War. The tap of the drum seems to be an inspiration and they yet keep step to the music, though Father Time has long since turned their hair and their beards to a snowy white.

Comrades, it surprises me to see how many of us are left, but still when I think of the many who have crossed beyond, I then realize that the great, great majority have passed to the Great Beyond.

I always wear my button and in traveling about meet many comrades and enjoy their companionship. Only last week I met one of the old 3rd corps and had a nice visit with him. His division went to the 2nd Army Corps while ours went to the 6th. It did me good to look at him. He is one of the State Factory Inspectors of Michigan and his appearance would indicate that he would live many years yet, although he is seventy-seven years old. Boys, that little button has become a sacred thing with all of us. No precious metals or precious stones have so great a value and none others can have. I want mine buried with me. It may be that we may wear them in the next life.

I sometimes read "Uncle Alf's" letters and get very jealous of him. Every year he goes to your Reunion. This year he writes me that on his trip, he will visit the battle-fields of Gettysburg and Monocacy. He enjoys these trips and reunions no more than I would but circumstances seem to make it impossible for me. You are meeting upon one of the historic battle-fields of the Revolution. When we were boys, studying our United States history and when older, studying more fully these battles, we thought they were wonderful, and they were, but how insignificant compared with Gettysburg, in which battle alone, more men were killed than in the whole seven years of the Revolutionary war, the War of 1812, the Mexican War and all the Indian Wars of the United States combined. Comparatively the Revolutionary battles were great. The total population of the United States at that time, was, I think hardly equal to the number of troops engaged in the Civil War.

In reading some statistics, which described the twelve greatest battles of the Civil War, I found that we were in four of them, namely Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor and Petersburg. I had never thought of it before, and felt proud of it to think that we were in one third of the twelve great battles fought by all the armies in the different parts of the country.

It was not our fault that we were not in the greatest, Gettysburg. We were stripped as you remember to the lightest possible marching order, both officers and men, and given eighty rounds of ammunition ready to start at a moment's notice. During the night of July 1st and again on the night of July 2nd, orders came to be ready at a moment's notice that we would probably march before daylight for Gettysburg, but we did not and when I read of the first and second days' fight, which were practically drawn battles, I could not understand why we were not ordered to Gettysburg. I may be telling you what you all know, but I confess that I did not know the reason until during the Congressional investigation of the conduct of the War, when General Meade was on the stand, I followed closely his examination, thinking that that point would surely be touched upon, and it was, and to the question asked him: "General Meade, why did you when you were so closely matched by General Lee at Gettysburg, hold General French and ten thousand troops in reserve in marching distance of Gettysburg?" His reply was, "A General planning to win a great battle must also plan to lose it. General Lee had the inner line of march to Washington, which I felt that we could not afford to lose. With General French at the point I held him, if we were defeated, I could put him into the defenses of Washington before General Lee could get there. General French could hold it until I could re-enforce him." It is many years since I read this and I have given it to you substantially correct but not exactly in General Meade's own words.

History reserved it for us, yes, us, our own First Brigade, the Ninth New York Heavy Artillery and perhaps a part of a Pennsylvania Regiment of the Second Brigade of our Division to actually save Washington one year later, when we successfully, without a single piece of artillery, (pardon me, I think the hundred day men had two pieces, but they knew little about how to use them) and no cavalry, while General Early con-



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fronted us with an army of veterans, plenty of artillery and cavalry, and many times our number. I need not tell more of Monocacy. You all remember it as well as I, and many of you can describe it better. The company that I commanded had a very exposed position just on the crest of a hill, where they caught the artillery fire on their right flank and the same as you, many times our numbers in front. At the close of the battle, I had not a Sergeant left, one Lieutenant killed and another badly wounded and a prisoner, and myself twice wounded and a prisoner, when the command fell to the fifth Corporal. Your own losses were very great. How we ever held that point so long (about 23 hours) without General Early attacking, I never could figure out, but that we had saved Washington stands unquestioned. The twenty-three hours check given General Early gave General Grant time to throw the First and Second Division of our Corps up the Chesapeake Bay and Potomac River into the defense of Washington. Our gallant corps commander General Wright had hardly gotten his troops inside the breastworks, when the Confederate flag appeared in front. Where would Washington have been but for the twenty-three hours check given General Early, by our troops?

This is all so familiar to you that I would not have mentioned it, but that you in your modesty, may not have told your wives, sons, daughters and grandchildren these facts, hence I do to-day.

It was my pleasure to entertain Lieutenant General Gordon of the Confederate Army, when he was touring the North, giving his lecture "The Last Days of the Confederacy." He commanded the cavalry and the troops at Monocacy in the Movement to turn our left flank. Had it been successful it would have captured the whole of us. I knew then he was the commanding officer and told him the color of his horse. He said that I was right. If I was with you, I would tell you what he said of the valor of our troops at Monocacy. He thought that we had a much greater force and was

surprised when he learned the facts. It is a mistake that General Early supposed that they were only hundred day men in front of him. He and his officers knew better the moment their field-glasses showed them our lines, and the query was to them, "How many had we in reserve."

Boys, pardon me for this long letter, but when I get to visiting with the 14th N. J. or my own regiment, I am oblivious to the balance of the world and my heart and thoughts move back to the days themselves. It seems but yesterday and yet, Comrade Asay says "Fifty years ago."

My wife knows that I am writing this letter and joins with me in asking that God's blessing may rest upon you all and spare you for many more Reunions.

With love and kindest fraternal greetings from both of us to each and every one of you, I am,

Affectionately and fraternally,

Your friend and comrade,

Charles Bogardus.

GREETINGS OF YOUR SECRETARY.

Comrades:

This day, August 26th, 1912, has been looked forward to by the survivors of our regiment with great anticipation. Many who hoped to see this day, are not here, they do not answer to our "roll call."

None of us could tell how many or how few would be the gathering of to-day; to see so many of the stalwart "boys" of 1862 moving around under these grand old trees and to see them grasp the hand of their comrades is indeed inspiring.

While the shoulders may be stooped a little from the trials and sorrows in the battle of life during the past fifty years, yet it is with glistening eye you see them greet a comrade and salute him by some familiar name known only to them.

Many of them look as though they could run a (short) foot race, or jump a fence (not too high), others we see prefer to sit in the comfortable seats provided, and these recall to mind the stirring scenes of fifty years ago.

The loud bursts of laughter we hear tell us of their hearty enjoyment of all the comforts provided for them by our host. These grand old soldiers will meet and tell of their Golden Jubilee, and of the 34th Annual Reunion, and talk of the long life they have been blessed with that permitted them to see the day when by invitation of James B. Vredenburgh, Esq, they met at his home to celebrate the Fiftieth Anniversary of their muster in.

Before the Committee on the publication of our Fiftieth Anniversary were ready for the printer, a cordial invitation was received through Major Samuel C. Bailey of Toms River, New Jersey, to hold our Thirty-Fifth Reunion at that place. This Committee in the name of, and for the Executive Committee of the Association, gladly accept the invitation and place the time August 26th 1913.

THE EXPRESSION OF A GUEST

Comrades of the Reunion:

Allow me to give expression to my view of your welcome.

At the entrance to Mr. Vredenburgh's home, that lies just east of the house occupied by Sir Henry Clinton, Commander of the British Army at the Battle of Monmouth, I saw displayed in a handsome arch, the words; "Welcome 14th New Jersey Volun-

teers." The decorations at the home and through the grounds were fine; to see the comrades mingle joyously together under the canopy of trees was a sight long to be remembered.

One could hardly realize that fifty Septembers had come and gone since the day I saw the gallant men of the 14th loaded in cars and heard them say the last goodbye, before being whirled away to the seat of war. These men that I saw mingling together were what is left of the stalwart soldiers who marched away at the period of the darkest days of a terrible war. These men were not drafted, they volunteered for three years or during the war.

It surprised me to see so many of the survivors apparently strong and sturdy. May they see many more reunions.