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VETERAN ASSOCIATION

OF THE

THIRTEENTH NEW JERSEY VOLUNTEERS.

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

FIFTH REUNION,

AT

JERSEY CITY, N. J.,

Wednesday, September 17th, 1890.

NEWARK, N. J.

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATION.

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PRELIMINARY.

Early in August, 1890, the members of the Executive Committee residing in Jersey City and vicinity, appointed at Montclair, September 18th, 1890, held several meetings and being much encouraged with assistance and contributions from friends in Jersey City, and from some members of the Association, soon made arrangements for a banquet at Wood's Hall on the evening of September 17th.

G. Van Houten Post No. 3, G. A. R., had generously offered them the use of their spacious rooms for the annual business meeting of the Association on the afternoon of the 17th, which was accepted.

The several G. A. R. Posts and Camp of Sons of Veterans in Jersey City also volunteered to parade after their business meeting, and escort the Association from the City Hall to Wood's Hall in the evening.

After conferences of the Committee had with officers of the Association the Secretary sent copies of the following notice by mail to all the members:

NEWARK, N. J., SEPT. 10, 1890.

Comrade:

The Fifth Annual Reunion of this Association will be held at Jersey City on Wednesday, Sept. 17th. The business meeting will be held at 2 P. M. at the rooms of G. Van Houten Post No. 3, G. A. R., corner of Newark Avenue and Washington Place.

Citizens of Jersey City have invited us to a banquet at Wood's Hall, between Wayne Street and Penn Avenue, at 8 P. M. After the business meeting and previous to the banquet there will be a short parade, escorted by all the G. A. R. Posts of Jersey City. Members are requested to wear light colored hats with the Red Star on front, and carry canes.

R. R. trains arrive and depart from Jersey City conveniently for members until very late at night.

A. DELANO,

Recording Secretary.

The members of the Association began to assemble at the rooms of G. Van Houten Post No. 3, G. A. R., in City Hall building, from 1 to 3 P. M., exchanging hearty greet-

ings and renewing acquaintances. Over one hundred members were present when the meeting was called to order.

MINUTES: FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING,
HELD AT G. VAN HOUTEN POST ROOM, CITY HALL BUILDING,
JERSEY CITY, N. J., SEPT. 17, 1890.

The meeting was called to order at 3.15 P. M. by the President, Dr. J. J. H. Love, who said:

"Comrades of the Thirteenth, it gives me great pleasure to meet you again on this, the twenty-eighth anniversary of our first being under fire on the battle-field of Antietam. We have selected this as the day for our annual meeting and I am very glad to see so many of my old comrades here. I beg to tender you now, for I have not had an opportunity before, my hearty thanks for the partiality shown in electing me as your presiding officer, at the last meeting. We will now proceed to business and hear the minutes of our last meeting."

Secretary Delano stated that the minutes of the last annual meeting were printed, and that a copy was sent by mail in February last to every member whose post office address was known to the Secretary; and now offered to read any portion of the minutes which any member might desire.

No one expressing a wish to have them read, a motion that the reading of minutes be dispensed with was carried.

President Love called for report from the Executive Committee, and Comrade Grimes reported verbally to the effect that the chairman of the committee had been absent in Europe, and all the arrangements had devolved on the rest of the committee, with the help of other Jersey City comrades; that the programme, after this meeting adjourned, was for the Association to meet and form in line at Exchange Place at 7.30 P. M., and parade under the escort of the G. A. R. Posts and Sons of Veterans Camp, to Wood's Hall on Barrow Street, where a substantial banquet had

been provided through the liberality of some of our friends in Jersey City and some members of this Association, to be followed by addresses in response to toasts from a number of invited guests.

The Treasurer's annual report was then read, as follows:

BLOOMFIELD, SEPT. 17, 1890.

Grant A. Wheeler, Treasurer, in account with the Veteran Association of the Thirteenth Regiment New Jersey Volunteers.

Received from Dr. J. J. H. Love, Treasurer.....	\$247.14	
" " Citizens Committee, Montclair.....	143.09	
Collected for Dues.....	11.	
		<u>\$401.23.</u>
Paid for Envelopes, etc.....	\$ 2 00	
" A. Delano (Stationery).....	16.98	
" S. M. Hulin (Printing Reports).....	78.00	
" " " " Badges etc.....	30.85	
		<u>\$127.83</u>
Balance on hand.....		\$273.40

Respectfully submitted,
GRANT A. WHEELER, Treasurer.

JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY, Sept. 17, 1890.

We have examined the vouchers and bills furnished by the Treasurer for this report and have found them correct.

JOHN J. H. LOVE, President.
A. DELANO, Recording Secretary.

Motion, to receive and accept, was carried.

The Treasurer stated also that about ninety-five members had already paid their annual dues in full, at this meeting, some of whom had not attended for two or three years past.

The President appointed as committee to nominate place for next reunion Joseph E. Crowell, John C. Stansfield, Joseph T. Mead, S. M. Hulin and Thos. Giles.

Motion, that the Committee retire at once to make nomination, was carried.

Fifth Reunion of the

Motion, that the report of the Executive Committee on arrangements for this reunion be received and accepted, and that the thanks of this Association be tendered to the members of that committee for the faithful and satisfactory manner in which they have performed their duties, and that when the clock strikes twelve to-night the committee be discharged, was carried: Association badges were then presented to a number of visitors present.

Comrade O'Neill presented a handsome bouquet to the President, the gift of a young lady.

President Love tendered his thanks on behalf of the Association, expressing the wish that the lady might live to see many reunions of the Thirteenth Regiment.

The committee on nominations for place for next reunion reported unanimously in favor of Bloomfield, N. J.

Motion by Comrade Matthews, that Bloomfield be selected, was carried.

Motion that committee's report be received and accepted and committee discharged, was carried.

Election of officers being next in order, the President appointed as tellers Dan'l F. Shea and Geo. W. Lawrence.

For President, Dr. Love was nominated for re-election.

Motion, that the rules be suspended and that the Secretary cast the ballot for Dr. Love, was carried. Ballot was so cast, and tellers so reported. Captain Matthews proposed three cheers for Dr. Love, as President, which were given heartily.

Motion was carried, that rules be suspended and that the Recording Secretary cast the ballot for each of the other present officers for re-election, separately. Ballot was so cast, and tellers so reported.

Rev. E. Livingston Allen was nominated and elected Chaplain.

President Love appointed to act with the officers of the

Association as the Executive Committee of Arrangements for next annual reunion at Bloomfield, New Jersey:

Robert Madison, P. O. address, Bloomfield, N. J.

A. M. Matthews, " " Orange Valley, N. J.

Geo. W. Lawrence, " " 611 Broad St., Newark N. J.

Wm. B. Jacobus, " " 191 Parker St., N. J.

On motion, Colonel Grimes was unanimously requested to act as Marshal of the parade this evening, but declined on account of other duties at reception of guests at the banquet hall, and was excused.

Motion, that a vote of thanks be extended to G. Van Houten Post No. 3, G. A. R., for their kindness in giving us the use of their rooms for this meeting, and for courtesies shown.

Amendment by Comrade E. L. Allen, that the vote be tendered in writing by the Secretary.

Motion, as amended, carried.

The Treasurer asked for order to pay the amount appropriated last year (\$5.00 per year) to Mr. McAllister for care of sodding around our Gettysburg monument.

On motion, resolved, that resolution passed last year be sufficient authority.

Secretary Delano read the following letters:

KENNEBUNK BEACH, MAINE, September 15, 1890.

Dr. J. J. H. Love, President Thirteenth Regt. New Jersey Vols. Association.

My Dear Friend: It was my intention to return last week, as I wrote you, but the continued hot weather and humid atmosphere has caused me to change my plans, and by the advice of friends, I shall remain a few days longer here.

I shall not therefore be able to be present at the fifth reunion of our Association, which occurs on the 17th inst. Please present my regards to the Comrades on that occasion. May they live to enjoy many more reunions, and that I may enjoy the pleasure of meeting with them in the future, is the sincere wish of

Your old friend and comrade,

F. H. HARRIS.

Fifth Reunion of the

295 FRANKLIN AVENUE, BROOKLYN, N. Y., September 17, 1890.

My Dear Mattheus: I am more than sorry that I cannot be with you and the rest of the boys on this, the twenty-eighth anniversary of the Battle of Antietam and the fifth reunion of the old Regiment. I can look back as though it was but yesterday and see the regiment charge through the corn-field, and down to the Dunker Church. One remark made by Sergeant Decker I will never forget. It was this: "My God, boys, see them jump." This was when they were charging the battery we were supporting. The grape struck our friends, the Johnnies. It raised them off their feet.

Those days are now past and gone, and we are all now proud of the title, "I am an American."

With kindest regards to all the boys, and wishing you all a jolly time,

I remain yours fraternally,

JAMES P. HOWATT.

MIDDLETOWN, O., September 15, 1890.

Dear Comrade Delano: Enclosed please find something. I do not know what you would call it. in response to the announcement that the old Thirteenth would be in Jersey City on the 17th. It is not poetry, neither has it any merit, unless it will remind the boys of the scenes of '62 to '65. It occurred to me and I wrote it, that is all; perhaps if I had taken a second thought. I would not have done it. I hope you will all have a good time, and I hope also that if I should live, to be with you in '91.

Yours in F. C. and L.,

THOS. BISHOP.

I.

'Tis eight and twenty years, how swift the time does fly,
 Since out in Frelinghuysen Camp, we bade our friends good bye.
 'Tis eight and twenty years, it seems quite long ago,
 Since first we heard the call to arms, rebellion to o'erthrow.

II.

For wicked schemes had been devised to rend the land in twain,
 And ruthless hands had sought to bring dishonor on its name;
 While rebel bands had trained their guns against old Sumter's Fort,
 And dared to drive the proffered aid from out of Charleston's Port.

III.

And when our martyred Lincoln called "three hundred thousand more,"
 Of fresh recruits to drive the foe from off Potomac's shore,
 The "Jersey Blues" in quick response began to fall in line,
 And rally to the cause of right as in the olden time.

IV.

Like when upon old Monmouth's field or down on Red Bank's plain,
They fought a foreign British foe with all their might and main,
So now when traitors raised their hands and caused a *civil* strife,
These "Jersey Blues" are ready still to save the nation's life.

V.

They come from workshop, store and school; from pulpit and from field;
Determined that if need should be their very lives would yield,
Before base treason should o'erthrow or fill the land with shame,
Or cause the nation's flag to trail, or tarnish its fair name.

VI.

With knapsacks packed and blankets strapped, we're ready for the fray;
As through the streets of Newark town we onward take our way;
Those knapsacks! who cannot recall their robust healthy form,
As out of camp we marched, that August Sunday morn!

VII.

Their contents—gifts of mother, sister, sweetheart, friend—
Had all combined to fill them up and make our shoulders bend
Beneath the weight of such a load, as never mortals quailed;
Or ever dreamed that we should want on march, in tent, or field.

VIII.

But soon, ah soon, when on the long and weary toilsome tramp,
With eager wistful eyes we look and wonder where's the camp,
The knapsack heavier grows, that robust form begins to fail;
Affections tributes then are left to follow in our trail.

IX.

For it may be e'er morrow's sun has crossed from east to west,
The courage we were wont to boast will have been put to test,
And it may be that some who just a little while before,
Had left their homes with such good cheer will now return no more.

X.

For yonder in "My Maryland"—in Antietam's fearful fight,
Will fall almost a score of men while battling for the right
Brave Captain Irish is the first to fall that fatal day,
While all around the Dunker Church do other comrades lay.

XI.

That was but the beginning, the end is very far ahead;
For ere we shall be mustered out there will be many dead;
Brave boys that counted not their lives, or feared the shot and shell,
So that they served a noble cause and served their country well.

XII.

But who shall record the deeds of the gallant old Thirteenth,
Its marches and its battles from September seventeenth;

Fifth Reunion of the

Till at Bentonville with shattered ranks we lay our trophies down,
And homeward take our march to receive the hero's crown.

XIII.

But while we think of the sad scenes that came to us those years,
And filled our hearts with sorrow, and filled our eyes with tears;
We turn with joy and gladness to many a mirthful jest,
That helped to pass the time away while taking needed rest.

XIV.

Who does not remember old Davis and his coffee pot,
That when the Johnnies punched it through it made him mighty hot;
For he would sooner lose the wardrobe carried on his back
Than suffer in his rations or in his haversack.

XV.

For if the boys had lots to eat, no matter what the fare —
Lively bacon and coffee strong — we never had a care;
The haversack was our chief concern, it never left our sight,
If filled with rations for three days we knew all else was right.

XVI.

Then we were boys, we had no cares, our hearts were light and gay
Now we are men, we're growing old, our heads are turning gray,
With some the even-tide of life is surely drawing near—
The time for muster out has come, when we will answer "Here."

XVII.

These happy, cheerful, gladsome days are drawing to an end;
We meet to-night but ne'er again will all these comrades lend
Their presence at this festive board to talk of times gone by;
Some old friend that now is here will have been mustered in on high.

XVIII.

One by one they are dropping out from the toils and cares of life,
And camping in the eternal home that never knew of strife.
'Tis eight and twenty years, how swift the time does fly,
Again we meet as in days of yore, but still must say "Good-bye!"

President Love announced that he had letters from the following persons accepting invitations to be present this evening:

Colonel A. B. Smith, of 150th Regiment N. Y. Volunteers;
Hon. Leon Abbett, Governor of New Jersey; Hon. Wm. S.
Stryker, Adjutant-General of New Jersey; General Horatio
C. King, of New York; Major John R. Howard of General
Fremont's staff.

A motion by Comrade Delano was carried, that the Pres-

ident appoint one comrade each, from Paterson, Jersey City, Newark, Orange and Bloomfield, any one of whom shall, on learning of the death of a member of this Association, immediately have usual notice of such death and time and place for funeral published in a newspaper in each one of the above places, inviting members of this Association to attend the funeral, and to notify the Secretary of the same; the expense of such notices to be paid by the Treasurer.

The President appointed accordingly:

Joseph E. Crowell, 98 Broadway, Paterson, N. J.
John T. Denmead, Fire Dept. Hd. Qrs., Jersey City, N. J.
Wm. S. Lambert, 841 Broad St., Newark, N. J.
Jas. H. Jacobus, 25 Mulford St., East Orange, N. J.
S. M. Hulin, 29 Broad St., Bloomfield, N. J.

A motion by Comrade E. L. Allen was carried, that the Secretary of this Association set apart a memorial page on the minutes of each annual meeting for each deceased member of the Association, said memorial page to set forth the military history of the comrades.

About 6 P. M. adjourned.

A. DELANO,

Recording Secretary.

THE BANQUET.

About 7.30 P. M., the members of the Association formed in line in front of the City Hall, and escorted by:

G. Van Houten Post No. 3, G. A. R., Henry Wilson Post No. 13, G. A. R., Zabriskie Post No. 38, G. A. R., John A. Logan Camp, Sons of Veterans, with their bands and drum corps, marched to Wood's Hall, where a substantial and attractive banquet had been provided: the hall being elaborately decorated with banners and flags, and an excellent orchestra being in attendance, and the galleries occupied by ladies.

After the invocation by Chaplain E. Livingston Allen, all were seated to partake of the banquet, served in excellent style by Morrow & Day.

MENU.

SOUP.

Mock Turtle.

ROAST.

Filet of Beef with Mushrooms.

Potato Croquettes.

ENTREES.

Fried Oysters.

Oyster Patties.

ROMAN PUNCH.

COLD MEATS.

Tongue.

Ham.

SALADS.

Chicken.

Lobster.

RELISHES.

Celery,

Radishes,

Olives.

Worcestershire Sauce,

Shewsbury Catsup.

DESSERT.

Ice Cream,

Assorted Cakes,

Charlotte Russe,

Crackers and Cheese,

Coffee,

Fruit.

The members of the Association numbered about 120 and their invited guests about 30.

INVITED GUESTS PRESENT.

Hon. Leon Abbett, Governor State of New Jersey; Orestes Cleveland, Mayor of Jersey City; Gen Horatio C. King, of New York City; Gen. A. B. Smith, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Major Z. K. Pangborn. Gen. John Ramsey, Judge Samuel W. Stilsing. Judge P. F. Wanser, Hon. Gilbert Collins, Ex-

Mayor. Frank O. Cole, Past Commander G. A. R., Joseph N. Noonan, John H. Brown, Fire Commissioner, Hon. Dennis McLaughlin, County Clerk, Geo. B. Fielder, County Register, Henry E. Farrier, Chief Fire Department, Benj. Murphy, Chief of Police, Fred. T. Farrier, Capt. of Police, Wm. W. Farrier, C. H. Benson, Police Commissioner, John P. Feeney, Police Commissioner, Hon. Marmaduke Tilden, Chas. D. J. Noelke, Wm. Howeth, of Jersey City; Rev. E. H. Stewart, of Portland, Penn.; W. B. E. Miller, Past Commander G. A. R., Camden, N. J.; J. R. Salmon and Fred. L. Salmon, of Newark, N. J.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

After the last course had been served, and coffee and cigars passed around, President Love addressed the assemblage:

Comrades of the Thirteenth: The kind partiality which caused you a year ago to elect me as your presiding officer I deeply appreciate. For this and many other acts of kindness shown during the past, I beg to tender you my warmest thanks, and assure you that their memory will ever be cherished as among the most pleasing incidents of my life.

It is a source of congratulation to all of us that we today have gathered for this reunion in the home of Companies B and H, so many of whose brave men are still numbered among the living, and who furnished to the great national sacrifice of heroic dead Sergeant Warren, Corporal Moffat, William Backus, William Casey, John Condrey, Thomas Isdell, William Lear, William St. Clair and George H. Wood—men who by their heroism added to the fame of our regiment and reflected equal honor on the country of their birth or adoption.

In this social banquet we testify toward one another our fraternal love, begotten amid hours of danger, when we were attempting to discharge our whole duty to our country. The cordial manner with which we have been received by the citizens of this city will ever be remembered as a demonstration of their patriotic feelings.

It has been the custom of my predecessors in office at this time in our annual gatherings to recall in reminiscence more or less extended, some of the historic facts with which

you were connected during your years of battles. The ground has been so well covered that little remains to mention. Each year brings to the front more accurate histories of the great war in which we were engaged. I beg to call your attention to some recent statements by Colonel Fox in his valuable history of "Regimental Losses in the American Civil War." In writing of our regiment he says: "The Thirteenth New Jersey is noteworthy on account of the remarkably small number of deaths from disease which occurred within its ranks. The regiments which marched by its side sustained far greater losses from this cause, and the Thirteenth saw an unusual amount of active service too. It had not left the State two weeks before it joined McClellan's army on the Maryland campaign and was hotly engaged at Antietam. It fought through the Atlanta campaign, marched through Georgia to the Sea, and then fought under Sherman in the Carolinas. In the latter campaign official acknowledgment was made of the signal and valuable service rendered by the Thirteenth at the battle of Bentonville. The extraordinary exemption of this regiment from disease was undoubtedly due to the superior material in its ranks; the men were a clean, healthy, intelligent lot, and represented the best element in the volunteer service. A small loss by disease is a creditable feature in the record of a regiment, as well as a large loss in action."

Again, in writing of the Twelfth Corps he says: "Amid all the rout and confusion of the disastrous battle of Chancellorville the regiments of the Twelfth Corps moved steadily with unbroken fronts, retiring at the close of the battle without the loss of a color, taking every gun with them, and again did these veterans distinguish themselves in their gallant defense of Culp's Hill at Gettysburg, after a long and hard fight reoccupying their works, in which the enemy had made a lodgment during a temporary absence of our troops. On no part of that bloody field did the Confederate dead lie thicker than in front of the Twelfth Corps." Johnson's division, containing 22 regiments, lost in this particular action.

in killed, wounded and missing a total of 1,873. The Twelfth Corps lost in killed, wounded and missing, 1,081. Pickett's division, in the famous charge which is so often mentioned in speaking of the battle of Gettysburg, lost in killed, wounded and missing a total of 1499; 374 less than the number of Confederate that strewed the base of Culp's Hill.

When the numerical designation of the Twelfth Corps was changed to the Twentieth, you were one of the twenty-eight regiments of the veteran divisions of Williams and Geary that still preserved unbroken the same grand record, and marching northward from the bloody battles of the Carolinas to the grand review, bore aloft the same banners that had waved at Antietam and Lookout Mountain, with the same cannon which had thundered on the battlefields of seven States. None were missing.

Comrades—Great historic events were consummated during the early days of our regimental organization.

We had not been mustered into the United States service thirty days; your muskets had scarcely been cleaned after the battle of Antietam, when the Nation and the world were electrified by the publication of the "Proclamation of Emancipation"—"Weighted with consequences so wide and far reaching that even at this late day they cannot all be discerned."

A very large part of those who laid down their lives in the Civil War were men between twenty-five and thirty-five years of age. Our generation in America is and always will be a remnant. Such of us as are left claim the privilege of recalling in our gatherings some of the grand results which affect the permanent welfare and unity of this nation, and gave dignity and interest to the great war in which you bore so honorable a part.

Memory recalls many scenes in the Antietam battle on this anniversary day—none more amusing than that of the 107th soldier, which is told as follows:

The 107th New York was supporting Cothran's battery. During the morning fight, the enemy massed themselves opposite our front, and advanced in a solid mass, with a well formed line of battle. One of the 107th boys, becoming quite interested in the affair, climbed a rock where he could view the whole scene, unmindful of the bullets that buzzed around him. Captain Cothran was running short of ammunition and he reserved his fire until his gunners could see the faces of the approaching enemy, then pouring in the canister literally tore to pieces the advancing column. Seeing the destruction, our 107th comrade became frantic in his demonstrations of delight, and as one of the battery sections sent a shrapnel which mowed down a long row of Johnnies, he swung his cap and shouted: "Bullee—set 'em up on the other alley!"

Again we recall the reply of one of the servants of the Third Wisconsin Sutler. (You remember the Mule Sutler Wagon that was always getting on the skirmish line and drawing the enemy's fire.) After one of these escapades, someone said to him: "Do you think any of your friends would have missed you if you had been killed?" "Maybe not, sahr—a dead white man ain't much to dese sogers, let alone a nigga—but I'd a miss'd myself, and dat was de pint wid me."

You all remember "Jeff Davis," of Company H., who wore no special uniform of either army, but looked more like a spy than anything else. On one occasion General Patrick's provost guard arrested him, having found him asleep in the brush near United States Ford. Asking him where he belonged, he replied: "I belong to all the States of this country. Do you think I would come all the way from Jersey to belong to one State?"

So to-night, comrades, we can congratulate each other that although Jerseymen by birth, or adoption, we belong to no particular State of this great country, thankful that in every valley, on every hill or river side, a sheltering roof will

give refuge to those who once defended its homes, and that our youth and strength not lost—

“ We hold ten times our own
The gifts that in our Country's need,
Were on her altars thrown.”

Veterans of the Thirteenth, full well do I know that thronging memories press on you to-night. The twenty-five years of civil life fade from your presence as the dews of early morn before a summer sun. Shadowy forms gather by your side. We hear a faint rustling as of leaves of autumn on the distance, and touch elbows again with our comrades of old. Again we hear the bugle calls, the ringing words of command, the solemn tread of defeat and the loud cheers of victory, and thank the God of our fathers that on land and on sea the old flag floats triumphant.

After the hearty and enthusiastic applause following, Dr. Love said:

Gentlemen, I have the honor now to introduce the Hon. Joseph Noonan, who will act as Toast Master, and conduct the proceedings of the meeting.

The introduction of Mr. Noonan was greeted with applause, after which he said:

(Before Mr. Noonan spoke a comrade proposed that a vote of thanks be extended to the committee having charge of the banquet, and the citizens of Jersey City who had responded so nobly to this occasion. Carried.)

Toast Master:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: When I was requested by your Committee of Arrangements to act as Toast Master on this occasion, I felt that I had been very highly honored, and I felt this not because of any little temporary distinction which the task cast upon the man assigned to perform it, but because I thought I recognized in your action a very flattering evidence of your friendly interest and regard which

I appreciate all the more, coming as it does from men who have deserved well of the commonwealth, whose achievements fill a large place in the history of their country, and whose presence among us to-day is a lesson to the rising generation of patriotism, of courage and of devotion to duty.

It is not my intention to shed gloom over the general hilarity of these proceedings by attempting to make a speech. There will be enough orators on hand to make the heart of the stoutest veteran quail with terror. But before turning you over to the tender mercies of these accomplished and eloquent gentlemen, it may not be altogether improper for me to direct your attention to what I have always considered one of the most remarkable events in military history. I refer to the prompt and peaceful disbandment of our armies at the conclusion of the war, and the return of our soldiers to the pursuits of civil life. In this respect the greatest republic of the New World presents a very happy contrast with the greatest republic of the Old.

When the martial prowess of Rome was at its height, when her imperial eagles had been carried in triumph all over the civilized globe, when all nations and all peoples had acknowledged her supremacy, and had bowed down before her sceptre, intoxicated with success and having exhausted the possibilities of foreign conquest, her victorious legions turned their swords against their own country, and upon the ruins of her freedom erected a most odious, a most crushing and a most intolerable despotism. You are all more or less familiar with the history of that wretched period. You have read how a corrupt and debauched soldiery arrogated to themselves substantially all the functions of government; how they set the civil magistracy at defiance, how they violated not only the sanctity of the constitution, but the very temples of the immortal gods; how they made and unmade emperors, and how, as a supreme and final outrage, they set up the imperial office itself at public auction, and knocked it down to the highest bidder. These mercenaries continued

to exhibit every variety of human depravity until at last, guided by no reason, and deterred by no examples, they rushed headlong through infamy to destruction; and then the dynasty of the Cæsars had ceased to reign.

How much more fortunate has been our lot. When the life of this nation was threatened you and hundreds of thousands of others left your homes and families to protect its existence, and after you had achieved victory, and had brought that tremendous struggle to a happy issue by your arms and skill and gallantry, you laid aside the instruments of death, doffed the trappings of the camp, and returned amid the grateful applause of a grateful country to your civil pursuits, where you ever have, and I hope ever will consider it a noble ambition to foster and protect the laurels you have so dearly won, and maintain and protect the institutions you so valiantly defended, to the end, as one of our greatest magistrates has nobly said, that "A government of the people, and for the people, may not perish forever from the earth. (Applause.)"

I have said that I felt very much complimented by my selection as Toast Master, but candor compels me to add that I fully recognize the wisdom of the selection. (Laughter and applause.) For it would obviously be improper to entrust this task to a member of your Association, as he might feel some natural delicacy about relentlessly sitting down upon any orator who might evince a disposition to talk you into an untimely grave. For the benefit of these distinguished speakers, however, I may observe that the Rebellion is a subject open to the widest possible latitude of discussion. In my own humble efforts to acquire some positive information about it I have had course to such official and unofficial documents as are accessible to the public, and as a result of my careful and conscientious study I have arrived at the conclusion that it is quite impossible for any man to make any statement about any matter in connection with the war without at least one hundred other

men coming forward with great alacrity and enthusiasm to prove he doesn't know anything about it. (Laughter.) As an illustration of this discrepancy as to minor facts, I may say that I don't believe there is a single man in this room who can tell precisely what position on the field of Antietam was occupied by our Comrade Frank Cole, although we may safely surmise, judging from his modest and retiring disposition, that he must have been somewhere in the rear. (Laughter.) Indeed, I might go further, and say, that in the two campaigns in which I was personally engaged, the campaign of Camp Skillman and the campaign of Camp Olden, I had not the remotest idea where I was at any stage of the proceedings (laughter) except for an hour every morning when I invariably found myself in the guard house. (Continued laughter.)

Now, gentlemen, I am about to introduce to you a veteran. I don't know whether he ever carried a musket or fired off a cannon, but I can certify that he has been through some extraordinary hot campaigns, the warmth of which would make the head of a veteran turn not only gray, but completely bald. I now have the honor to introduce to you the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the State of New Jersey—Governor Abbett. (Loud applause.)

Governor Abbett :

Mr. Chairman and Toast Master, Veterans and their Friends: It is a pleasure for me to-night to see in Jersey City this assemblage. It is the second time I have had the pleasure of being present at one of these reunions, and on both occasions—that in the city of Paterson and that in the city of Jersey City, I have felt pleased that the old associations connected with the organization, and with the great civil strife, have been kept fresh and green by these reunions: not alone among the members of the organization, not alone among Grand Army men representing different organizations that were engaged in the Civil War, but the

entire community has taken pleasure and interest in these meetings, because they have continually brought to mind the old struggle, not for the purpose of reviving antagonisms but for the purpose of patriotic recollections, and to teach the people for all time to come that this country must be united, even though it takes blood to cement it. (Long and continued applause.)

THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY.

I am called upon to respond for the State of New Jersey. As its Executive it gives me pleasure at all times to speak for the State and for its people. I am proud of the State for many things; it is a conservative State, where the people obey the laws, where justice is administered, where every charity receives proper recognition, where there is a God-fearing and a law-loving people. Its manufactories, its agricultural, its mining industries, and all the elements that go to make a State, are present in it. But to-night I recall for the State of New Jersey that one of her proudest recollections is, that when the demand came and the call was rung out through this land that men should come forth and keep this country united, the little State of New Jersey poured her eighty thousand men into the National Capital. (Applause.) And it is a proud recollection for this State that New Jersey is and always has been, from the time of the Revolution to the present hour, loyal to the interests of the whole country. (Applause.)

We love our State, and we love its institutions. I believe that the love of home which is embodied in the love of State makes a man better, but there is in this land a duty independent of all State duties, and that is the duty to the National government, and New Jersey has always been loyal to that duty. (Applause.) There is no honest difference that should exist in any man's mind in fighting for State rights while he is willing at the same time to die for the Union if necessary. (Loud applause.) We can love them

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both, the same as we love mother, wife and daughter; there is no clashing in the love; they are different, and New Jersey has been loyal to both; for the rights of her people, and the rights of the State, and for the unity of the whole country, and New Jersey men will be for all time to come, loyal to the Union. (Continued applause.)

These reunions throughout this State are by the people of this commonwealth highly esteemed, because there is a debt of gratitude which they have ever felt and have practically shown in legislative and in executive acts to do honor to the men that risked their lives and their health, and all their personal wishes and feelings to preserve the Union. That is a gratitude which a free nation and a brave people must always have, because in this century, as in the past, States and Countries are not upheld by mere talk. The hour comes in the history of every people when it wants valor and blood in order to solve a question. The Gospel of Peace has not yet converted the world, and I fear will not, until the stars are dropping from the heavens, and the earth is rolled together as a scroll, and the New Time comes; and until that time comes it is to the old soldiers, who preach the doctrine of patriotism, and the history of the conflicts of the past, of duty to country, duty to their fellow men, that we must look. Their acts and deeds can properly be brought up fresh to-night, and at every reunion, whether of the Old Thirteenth, or any other organization that fought in the Rebellion. (Applause.) In New Jersey, soldiers of the Union always have had, and always will have, a warm place in the hearts of the people. There is nothing that the old veterans will ask in this State that can lawfully be given that has not been given in the past, and will not be willingly given in the future, and that duty becomes every hour more impressive and more imperative. Nine hundred men went out in your regiment, and three hundred more filled the ranks that death and disease made—those gaps were filled up until twelve hundred men were sent out in the Old

Thirteenth, and to-night how many are left? Only about one hundred and fifty; only one hundred and fifty old veterans out of twelve hundred; and they are growing old, their hair is growing gray, and old age is coming on, and in a few years the one hundred and fifty will be only a few, and in a few more years they will only be a recollection. While they live, while they stay with us, until the last man goes to the final rollcall, New Jersey will honor them. (Loud and continued applause.)

Toast Master:

When I came into this hall this evening I met a clergyman who was very anxious for me to point out to him the Mayor of Jersey City, and having presently an opportunity to afford him that pleasure, I pointed out to him our honored Mayor, and he looked at him for a moment, and said, "Why I have seen him before, but always thought he was one of our fellows." (Laughter.) I explained to the reverend gentleman that we in Jersey City were living under a reformed system of government in which we were all virtuous, and under which we had a Mayor who was good enough and pious enough and benevolent enough to be a bishop if necessary.

Now it affords me great pleasure to introduce to you His Honor the Mayor, Orestes Cleveland. (Applause.)

"THE CITY OF JERSEY CITY."

Mayor Cleveland:

Mr. President and gentlemen of the Thirteenth Veteran Association.

Your respected and eloquent toast master, when he introduced Governor Abbett, stated that he had been through campaigns enough to make a man baldheaded. (Laughter.) You are all of you able to argue from cause to effect. I have been through hotter campaigns than Governor Abbett ever entered, and I am not baldheaded. (Laughter.)

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I shall not detain you by any extended remarks. We have eloquent gentlemen here whom you and I will be glad to hear, but I am grateful to be called upon to respond to the toast of the City of Jersey City, the city that started the first regiment that went to the war, and but for some unfortunate circumstances at the moment that prevented its departure, it would have been acknowledged by the whole country to have been the first regiment at the front. The Sixth Massachusetts passed by while those circumstances were pending, and when we had remedied the little difficulty ours went the second regiment that started for the war. (Applause.)

I had the honor to be chairman of the first patriotic committee that got together the first meeting held in the United States after the President called for troops to aid him in keeping this Union together, and it was here in Jersey City, and it is time that we asserted the fact that nowhere else in the United States did the patriotic heart beat quicker or higher than in this same little Jersey City. (Prolonged applause.)

Gentlemen, it is a curious fact, it is something that sets us thinking when we look about us and see our army all over the country, scattered everywhere and melted away, as our eloquent toast master explained to you; and a short time ago the Governor and I had the honor to be in Boston looking at those men, fifty thousand veterans gathered together, men who had been on the battlefield, men who had taken their lives in their hands for the sake of their country, fifty thousand of them marching in voluntary review, a sight that the world never saw before. (Applause.) They represented an army of over four hundred thousand men belonging to what we call the Grand Army of the Republic. (Applause.)

Talk about your powerful governments; talk about your standing armies in Germany, or France, or England, or

Russia, there is no standing army on the face of this earth that could stand for a week in the presence in battle of that great, that grand, that glorious, The Grand Army of the Republic, were they called to defend this Union. (Loud and prolonged applause.) No standing or paid army equals the army that fights from its heart; swords dangling by their sides or bayonets in their hands are nothing when they are paid for, compared to the fighting done by the men who fight because they have a principle at stake. (Applause.) And it is these gatherings, these associations, the Grand Army of the Republic, the benevolent societies all over this country, that make this country as great as it is: great and powerful, grand and glorious, at once a new nation, interfering with none, asking for no conquests, whose conclusions are always just, and so acknowledged throughout the world. And I tell you, gentlemen, there is nothing in all the armies and in all the powerful governments, nothing that stands before the world so powerful and so strong as the public opinion of the people of the United States without arms in their hands. (Applause.) The appeals of our people are more powerful to-day than armies and navies amongst enlightened nations. We are at once the envy and admiration of all the nations of the earth, the hope of all peoples who are struggling for liberty, and the fear of every crowned head in the world. (Applause.)

But enough of that. I am here to welcome you. You know all these things, but it is sometimes well to remind you of it. It is the old, old story; we like to hear it occasionally, although we all know it, like the girl who said to her lover: "You have told it to me so many times it is an old, old story, but just tell it to me once again. (Laughter and applause.)

I said I wouldn't detain you, and I won't, but just a moment. But few of your comrades are living amongst us; some of them were left upon the battlefield in ghastly testimony to the patriotism of our people and the desperate

character of the struggle in which we were engaged. While many of your comrades have gone over to that ever increasing majority that we all must join sooner or later, to those of you who are left, gentlemen of the Old Thirteenth Regiment, let me say that—while this is but a small city (the census enumerators tell us it is not even the largest city in this glorious, patriotic little State of New Jersey)—nowhere else will you find hearts that beat higher in enthusiastic patriotism, that beat quicker to the music of the Union; nowhere else will you find rolling out a greater volume of love, admiration and unselfish gratitude to the broken and battle-scarred regiments like yours all over the country, and especially to those that went from New Jersey, for their services in saving this Union, for their everlasting services to their country; and nowhere else will you find your hands grasped with a heartier welcome than it is my privilege now to extend to you on behalf of the people of Jersey City. (Continued applause.) And as for myself, I deem it a great honor to be permitted to speak these words of welcome that leap to the lips of all of our people.

Even the ladies are here with their charming presence; their smiles and bright eyes beam down upon you from the galleries in testimony of the truth of what I say, and if permitted they would whisper in your ears their own words of welcome. I am permitted only to express their welcome to you openly. I could not tell you if I would what details would accompany that performance were they permitted to whisper it themselves. (Applause and laughter.)

I hope that in your business meeting everything has been satisfactory and harmonious, and that when you leave here you will all wish that all of your reunions might be held in Jersey City. (Applause.)

Now, gentlemen, may the God of Peace and War be with you, keep you, and guard you, and guide you all the rest of your lives. (Long continued applause.)

Toast Master:

I am advised by the Committee of Arrangements that the printer of this programme thought he would carry out his own ideas as to the order in which these toasts should be celebrated; but in his absence, and on this occasion, without his permission, we shall slightly change it by substituting in place of number three, toast marked number six, "Our Citizen Soldiers and Soldier Citizens." It will be responded to by a veteran from away back, who gained distinction and military title in the war, and who has been going on ever since the war gaining more distinction and more titles, and who has been spreading sound Republican doctrines all over this community through his valuable and interesting paper. I now have the pleasure to introduce to you Major Z. K. Pangborn. (Applause.)

OUR CITIZEN SOLDIERS AND SOLDIER CITIZENS.

Major Pangborn :

Mr. President, Veterans of the Thirteenth: Those of you who have noticed the peculiarly felicitous, miscellaneous and loose manner in which the toast master is discharging his duties, will not be surprised by the information that if he ever got into a military camp he got into the guard house. He informed you that the purposes of this gathering were numerous, and that they would all be explained and expounded by the different speakers. I can only say that I shall not make my remarks numerous, because I want them to be popular and well received. (Laughter.)

The sentiment which you have assigned to me, the idea which underlies it, is neither novel nor modern: the "Soldier Citizen or Citizen Soldier." It certainly goes back in its origin as far almost as the history of governments, and of military operations; for the Spartan General, you remember, said to his astonished kingly visitor, who looking about to see where were the defenses of Sparta, inquired of him:

“Where are your fortifications and the walls of Sparta?” pointed with pride to the serried ranks of Sparta’s citizen soldiery, and said, “These are the walls, and every man is a brick.” And the Spartan General was right. A citizen soldiery in any hour or emergency or peril is a nation’s best and surest defense. (Applause.) Any nation is far better fitted to withstand and repel the hostile attack of any foe from without, or resist civil discord from within, which has for its defense a citizen soldiery like ours, than if every foot of its coast were guarded, and all its mountains mantled with fortifications covered with bristling cannon. There can be no doubt of that. Our own history proves it. Just where the two ideas that are presented in the sentiment of a Citizen Soldier or a Soldier Citizen might divide, or where they come together, is difficult to see. The one ought to merge in the other. Every good citizen ought to be on occasion a good soldier, and every good soldier should be a good citizen. (Applause.) The good soldier may unfortunately degenerate sometimes into a bad citizen, but the thoroughly good citizen, who is ever a soldier at all, is always a good soldier, and because of the qualities that are necessary for the making of a good soldier. There must be in the good soldier obedience; there must be fortitude, there must be self-control, and when it comes to the volunteer soldier and the citizen soldier, there must be, and always is, that other element of hearty and zealous patriotism and love of country, and these together make the soldier; and it is the pride of the American people that we are able in any emergency to present for our own needs, and for the defense of the nation, and for the admiration of the world, precisely that type of soldiery. The history of the Revolution proved it, the history of the later struggle in the Civil War proved it, did it not? Why, it was the sentiment of obedience to law, the feeling of obligation that rested upon the good citizen, that sent those flocking thousands, yes millions, into the field to protect the supremacy of the Union and national integrity. It was because they were obedient, and as they

learned to be obedient in the field, so they became so much the better soldiers.

Fortitude. Ah, the history of the war, what a lesson it gives as to that quality in the soldier. Let the battlefields in which you participated, let Antietam, Bentonville and Cold Harbor, and other places, tell you whether your soldiers displayed the fortitude required of a good soldier. Let the history of the war answer, let the hospitals that were scattered everywhere, and the open graves that are now covered by the green sods all over the South, let them answer, and they are a sufficient answer, that the American citizen soldier has all the fortitude and bravery that any good soldier should require. (Applause.)

And self-control. Ah, did not the soldier citizen, the citizen soldier, learn that? Was there ever such a spectacle for the observation of mankind of the self-control of which human beings are capable, exhibited as on that memorable day in the City of Washington, when that returning host of hundreds of thousands, led by men whom we idolized, by the great, grand and unapproachable, silent Grant, (applause) by the magnificent Sherman, (great applause) by the impetuous Phil Sheridan, (continued applause) and by scores of other leaders whom they loved, and whose banners they would have followed without question; and that great host, by the simple wave of the wand of civil authority, the necessity having passed by for action, the soldiery melted away like the mist of the morning, and the throng of thousands returned to the peaceful avocations of the citizen and home life. That was self-control, grand beyond compare.

You are not here to eulogize one another, or even the dead. It is perhaps no great credit to the American citizen or American soldier that he is patriotic. He ought to be. He has a country for which, and in the interest of which, every living man should be patriotic whenever occasion requires. (Applause.)

Let me say, I am going to conclude with it, that I believe we shall have in the time to come a citizen soldiery of such a character as I have described, and I think the young men to whom the memories of the war are not personal, to whom the knowledge they have is that which they have acquired from reading the history of that great struggle, will in time to come, if the occasion should ever arise, prove themselves to be worthy sons of worthy sires. And if we retain, as we hope we shall, independence of political and religious faith, a religious faith entirely free, because Church and State are divorced and separated, and each independent; if we have a public press that is unawed by fear and unbribed by gain, and keep the public school-house wide open for the coming generations, there shall be no fears for the future welfare of this great Republic. (Applause.)

Toast Master Noonan introduced the Rev. E. H. Stewart, who responded to the toast:

THE SOLDIERS OF THE WEST.

Rev. E. H. Stewart:

Mr. President and Comrades: It affords me pleasure to respond to a toast with which I am somewhat familiar, although I am almost at a loss to know just where to begin, because I am placed under such strange circumstances and you are so vastly different here from the West. I will tell you something of the soldiers of the West and how we have these reunions. Instead of coming together for a half day or more we go for a week. We have not forgotten our Uncle Sam; he has a good institution at Fort Leavenworth and we borrow his tents and take them out to our meeting ground. We all come together with horses and wagons and on railroad trains and horseback, for many miles around, embracing a district of three or four counties, and go into one great camp and remain a whole week. Realizing that lessons of patriotism are as necessary as lessons of the Gos-

pel we have speaking, preaching and singing by men, women and children, and then if we run short of orators we call on that immaculate son of Kansas, John J. Ingalls, (applause) who is always ready to help us out.

I have been reminded while I have been sitting here as a stranger of one thing in which you differ from us and that is this: I have heard these comrades, officers and others discussing the purity of Jersey City politics. Now, that is something we never do. At a reunion in Baxter Springs, Kansas, two years ago, during the Harrison campaign, there was one comrade who wanted to hurrah for Harrison but he was not allowed to do it there, and he told it himself that he went three and a half miles out in the country to do it. (Loud and continued laughter.)

Mayor Cleveland: Did he ever get back there?

Mr. Stewart: In November by eighty thousand. (Long and loud applause.)

I am glad to respond for the Soldiers of the West because it suggests to us names that once were powerful, names like Thomas, the name of Rosecrans, Grant and others, but none of them were more illustrious, none of those stars shine brighter, none are more glorious than that star among heroes, that gallant leader who thundered up the sides, over the top of Lookout Mountain, your grand and glorious old commander that was once my commander, grand old Joe Hooker. (Great applause.)

There are some things which are so dear and so good that nations who have them must pay for them only in blood. Joe Hooker realized, as I verily believed, in the leadership that he manifested everywhere, both East and West, that the most merciful war was a short war. Realizing the necessity and the importance of paying the debt which was necessary, he was always ready for a forward and onward, and it has been said of him that he scented the battle from afar. Some of us have realized this and we know it is true. I see with

us here some gallant officers who under his leadership have been led forward under the most disadvantageous circumstances, yet I must say for the honor of the grand old Second Jersey Brigade that it was always an honor to New Jersey on every field, and I am thankful to know that among the Western soldiers was the Thirteenth New Jersey and Thirty-Fifth New Jersey, I think, regiments being interspersed among them—had given them an understanding, and I must say a better understanding of the qualities of the army of the East than they ever had before, and which to-day they cheerfully and cordially acknowledge. (Applause) It was said at one time that there were more bounty-jumpers and citizens who knew nothing of the war and very little of the hardships endured in the Eastern army than anywhere else, but when the Western soldiers came to learn that there was something more to do than take long marches from city to city, living on the wealth of the land; when the opportunity was given them to fight they did it well; and when they as well as we look back at their valorous deeds, we are ready to say that among the most conspicuous heroes of that war were soldiers of the East. The soldiers of the West now acknowledge that, and to-day we look back with pride upon the heroic deeds of that line of battle, twelve hundred miles long, beginning down in Virginia and ending only on the soil of glorious Kansas. The largest *army of armies* and an important factor in accomplishing the verdict of Almighty God in the overthrow of slavery and advancing civilization and religion.

The soldiers of the West, it is true, were a heroic band, capable, earnest, faithful men; and although perhaps they may have lacked some of the discipline and some of the correctness and perhaps the paper collar that was worn by the Eastern soldier, yet still they were heroic, courageous men, enduring long marches, and when occasion required, severe fighting. And I say to you that if it was necessary to have a general hurrah and a grand roundup to make a

rush upon the Southern foe, they were always ready and accomplished it with alacrity and zeal. But, comrades, I will say this to you, that from my observation I did not think they had exactly the same kind of men nor the same kind of officers to contend against that you had. I know that when Uncle Sam put his foot in Tennessee the Southerners were crushed very quickly. Those leaders, of which the South boasted so much, often wanted to go home, and retreated easily. All honor to the Western soldiers. The part they took everywhere they did heroically and the best that they could, and we must to-day realize that it was one great, grand army of the republic, for when you gave us Gettysburg, in turn we gave you a Vicksburg, and finally in the providence of God we were able to crush out the most gigantic rebellion this world ever saw. (Applause.) As the remnant of these armies we rejoice to-day over the victory they achieved, not to say that the honor should not be due to the East or West, but as one army, united in one glorious cause, under one common flag—the G. A. R. being everywhere that conservative element that preserves this nation and its institutions of civil and religious liberty, with “liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable.”

“THE VETERAN HEROES OF THE RANK AND FILE.”

General. Horatio C. King:

Comrades: This evening as I came over from one of the suburbs of your pleasant city, Brooklyn, where I live, fully prepared for a joyful time, I met one of your association, who said to me, “King, I have a conundrum for you.” Now, if there is one thing more than another that upsets me it is a conundrum; I never guessed one in my life. One of my little children said to me the other night, “Papa, if a donkey was shipwrecked on a desert island and the water was very deep and the donkey couldn’t swim what would it do?” “Well, said I, I give it up.” “That is what the other donkey did,” was the prompt reply. But this is the conundrum:

Said he, "King, why wouldn't it be proper to bury Department Commander Matthews in a Confederate graveyard?" I told him that Matthews was a Union soldier, had a good record, and perhaps too, his family might object; and I made various other guesses that didn't seem to suit him, and he said, "Oh, King, you are away off; that isn't it at all." At last in a fit of desperation I repeated, "Well, why wouldn't it be proper to bury Department Commander Matthews in a Confederate graveyard?" "Why," said he, "you blooming idiot, he ain't dead yet." (Laughter.) Now, I appeal to you if that is not enough to disconcert any man, and had it been any other occasion than this I should have just turned around and gone home. But when I am in the presence of old soldiers I am very much at ease, a good deal like the boy our own Chauncey Depew told about, who was walking in the Peekskill graveyard, eating green apples and singing "Nearer my God to Thee." (Laughter.)

The Rank and File is the toast to which I am to respond, but I always take the liberty, as did that famous preacher, Mr. Beecher, who said a text was only something to speak away from. I didn't realize until the other day when I stood before that magnificent array of Grand Army men in Boston, that there were so many of the rank and file of the army left. I tell you the number of officers that suddenly sprung up after this war was something astounding. I remember at a meeting of the Army of the Potomac at Albany on one occasion how old Joe Hooker was there and he was introduced to Corporal Tanner, whom we all know very well. Hooker looked at him for a moment and said: "Do I understand you correctly, sir, Corporal Tanner?" He replied "Yes, Corporal." Hooker looked at him for a moment and exclaimed "I'll be hanged sir, if you are not the first enlisted man I have seen since the war." (Laughter.)

Reference has been made by two of the speakers this evening to the melting away of the army at the close of the war upon the issue of the simple paper bulletin by President

Lincoln, that "the armies of the United States cease to exist from this day." Well, it was no surprise to me at that time that we melted away so silently and returned to our homes. Is there a man of you here that ever saw the man who was in the army of the United States at that time who was not glad to get home? Why, there were husbands in our ranks; there were fathers in our ranks, and if there was an unmarried man in the entire army of the United States that didn't have a sweetheart at home I never saw him, and I tell you when that bugle call sounded to disband the army I can say for myself I was one of the happiest fellows alive; for I had a sweetheart at home, and the minute I could get my resignation in I was glad to get home to her and stay.

Again, in reference to the rank and file, eloquent orators frequently refer to our ability and power, if the necessities of the nation should require it, to again buckle on our armor and go to the front. Ah, what a happy illusion that is. Why, gentlemen, there is scarcely a man who fought in the Rebellion of 1861 to 1865 who would be accepted as a volunteer now. Remember that the enlistment age is from eighteen to forty-five; there are very few of us left who can hold up our hands and swear we have not passed forty-five. The willingness is here, the spirit is here, but after all, so far as any future fighting is concerned, we may consider ourselves back-numbers.

The spirit of the volunteer was never more beautifully illustrated than by a little story told by Major Norris of Pennsylvania, who, while on recruiting service in his native town, Norristown I think it was, was called upon by a little fellow only sixteen years of age who entreated him to accept him as a volunteer. He looked at him for a moment and said, "Have you the permission of your parents?" The boy said, "No, sir; and I have only a mother." "Well, you go to your mother and get her permission and I will enlist you." With tears in his eyes he answered, "Sir, my mother cannot write, but if you will go with me perhaps she will let me go."

Well, he went with him to his mother, secured permission and put the little hero in the drum corps. In the very first engagement he was found on the line of battle, beating his drum and encouraging the soldiers to advance. He had no business there and was ordered to the rear, where he properly belonged. In the very next fight he laid down his drum, took a musket and was found fighting in the foremost ranks. So urgent was he to be allowed to become a soldier, a musket was put in his hands. At Gettysburg he was as usual in the thickest of the fight. While his comrades sought such shelter as the ground afforded he rashly stood up. A galling volley came; he reeled, spun around and fell as if dead. He was carried to the rear with a cruel wound in the head, "but" said Major Norris, "I am happy to say that that young man survived his terrible wound, that he again came back into the service, fought to the close of the war with the same bravery, and he is here to-day." (Applause.) With such a spirit as that which animated even the children of the nation, what was to be expected of all lovers of our country but that we should willingly make every sacrifice to protect and preserve the Union indissoluble! (Applause.)

Let me recall some of the stories of the war, always agreeable to old soldiers. I remember once while making a trip to one of your beautiful seaside resorts, Ocean Grove, I met there General Fisk, recently called home, whom if you do not all remember as a soldier was well known to you as the active and zealous Prohibition candidate for President of the United States. He was a very charming gentleman, full of wit and humor, and one of his favorite pastimes was making his little hits at me. When we met he was poking fun at me. At a college gathering there it was known that I was to make a few remarks, and he arranged to introduce me to the audience. After reciting what he chose to consider some of my virtues, he said, "My friends, you don't know Gen. King in his most sublime character; why, he is the author of all the beautiful poems in the obituary columns

of the Philadelphia Ledger, and there is none of them more beautiful than this exquisite little stanza :

“Our Mary Ann has gone to rest,
She slumbers now on Abraham's breast;
This is very sweet for Mary Ann
But it's rather rough on Abraham.”

(Great laughter.)

It came my turn after awhile, and I thought I would try to get even with the old gentleman. After descanting on his qualities as a politician and candidate for President, on his financial successes, his eloquence, his benevolence and other accomplishments, I exclaimed with much fervor, “But you don't know General Fisk as I do, as a soldier; why, he had one of the most famous regiments in one respect in the Western army, the Ninth Missouri, I think. On one occasion an Illinois regiment went out on a foraging expedition. It struck the plantation of one of those staid, stiff and dignified planters. After having gone through the entire plantation and taken everything portable the old gentleman had, the Colonel facetiously concluded he ought to express his thanks. Approaching him he said, “My dear sir, we are very much obliged to you for your courtesy; we believe we have taken everything you have that is portable, but if there is anything we have overlooked we will be glad to take that.” The old gentleman drew himself up very proudly and said, “Sir, you may have deprived me of all my worldly goods but you cannot take away my hope of immortality.” “Oh,” said the Colonel, “you wait until Fisk comes along with the Ninth Missouri and he will take that.” (Loud laughter.)

If there was anyone that the rank and file did truly reverence, honor and put their trust in, it was that noble man, Abraham Lincoln. There never was a man existing who could so oil the wheels of trouble with the unction of humor as that great man. It is related of him, and the story is true, that it was his custom while carrying the bur-

dens of this nation upon his heart, that he always rose early in the morning, and going into the office, would inquire of the telegraph operator the news of the night. On one occasion he came in as usual with his long dressing gown thrown hastily over his lank figure, and said to the operator, "Well, my son, what is the news this morning?" "Mr. President," replied the operator, "I am very sorry to say the news is bad. Mosby made a raid on Fairfax Courthouse last night and captured General S—— and thirty mules." The President stooped down and taking a pen from the table and pretending to write on his hand, said, "My son, with this pen I can make a Brigadier General in five minutes; but," he added with mock gravity, "I am mighty sorry for those mules." (Laughter)

Some allusion has been made to that noblest of living soldiers, General Sherman. (Applause.) While I am on my feet I will tell you of an amusing little incident, somewhat personal, which occurred during the impressive period of Grant's funeral. I was at that time connected with the Staff of Governor Hill, and we were to receive the funeral train containing the remains at Albany, where the body of the great commander was to lie in state for several hours. The train arrived and while the remains were being removed from the car there was, of course, a most solemn silence. Seeing General Sherman dismounting from the cars, Governor Hill requested me to escort him to his carriage. After General Sherman had taken his seat beside the Governor, of course the Staff Officers all gathered around to hear what the General had to say. Naturally the talk was about Mt. McGregor. "Yes," said he, the "ceremonies were extremely interesting and very impressive. Newman's sermon was very fine, a little too much palaver, I thought. No one knew Grant better than I did. I knew him from West Point to his death. He was a great man, a noble man, but," he added, "when I see anyone trying to come the saint business on Grant, I fancy I see the old man turning over in his

coffin and doing this"—and here he executed a familiar gyration with spread fingers and the thumb in close proximity to his nose. (Laughter.)

I have occupied more time than I intended, yet I must add a word as to the country saved by the rank and file. Was there ever a nation on the face of God's earth better worth fighting for than the United States of America? From a third-rate the armies of the United States made it a first-class power, that commands the respect, the honor, the admiration and the fear of the civilized world. While it is too early to expect that we shall have no more war, I am confident that the grand prosperity, the great increase in population, the enormous advance in wealth, and above all the unity of opinion which our arms secured will secure to us many more years of uninterrupted peace, and an opportunity for still greater strides in national greatness and majesty. God save the Republic and bless the rank and file which helped in such exalted measure to make it what it is. (Great applause.)

The Toast Master then introduced Comrade Frank O. Cole, who responded to the toast:

"THE DAY WE CELEBRATE—THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM."

Frank O. Cole:

Comrades: It is difficult to-day, twenty-eight years since the battle of Antietam occurred, to recall the memories of that eventful period, remembering our sixty-five millions of people, our magnificent domain from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada to the Gulf, all in a condition of profound and absolute peace; remembering the magnificent prosperity of our people, their wealth and their happiness, when we think of the days of twenty-eight years ago we are almost stunned. It was perhaps the most critical period of the war. The Army of the Potomac had but lately returned from that disastrous campaign of the Peninsula,

its triumphs and its defeats, they had left that long line of graves filled by the victims of the spade, the swamp and the bullet. It was but a few days after that other fatal campaign on the fields where the war began, when the stars and stripes went down again in defeat. There was but one ray of light that pierced the clouds that seemed to envelop the Union cause, the victories of the West : and particularly the magnificent victories of that great, indomitable leader who never lost a battle, never turned his back to the foe, who never deserted his friends, U. S. Grant. (Applause.)

The Confederate authorities, deeming the time auspicious, determined to transfer the theatre of action from the South to the North. Lee, believing the army of the Potomac defeated, and that he might stand upon the steps of the Capitol at Washington and dictate a peace honorable to the Confederacy, crossed the Potomac into Maryland and prepared to invade the loyal North. On the 6th day of September his advance guard, under Stonewall Jackson, entered Frederick City. Two days later Lee issued his proclamation warning the people of Maryland that he came to them as a friend and would assist them to strike off the fetters that bound them to the Union. While it is true that some Marylanders sympathized with the Confederacy, yet the great mass of their people were loyal to the Union, and Lee soon learned that "My Maryland" was no Maryland for him.

On the next day the Governor of Pennsylvania called upon every able-bodied citizen in the State to hold himself in readiness to move at a moment's notice, and the spirit was so aroused throughout the North that within thirty-six hours three hundred thousand men flocked to the standards, to the recruiting offices, and offered their services to the government. On the 12th of September the advance of the Union army under McClellan entered Frederick City. On the 14th the battle of South Mountain was fought, which resulted in triumph to the Union cause ; forcing the Confed-

erate line back to a point near Sharpsburg, where his right rested at a point about a mile from the Potomac River, with the Antietam River on his front and his left flank. On the 16th, the Union army having been placed in position on the afternoon of that day, Hooker crossed by the upper road, the bridge on the Hagerstown road and the ford and moved down by the flank until dark, when he took line of battle. The engagement began next morning with Hooker on the right; but comrades, I have not time to tell you of that great action—you who participated in its glory and in its triumph. I will not even mention but two of those commanders who performed such signal service. You all know what Hooker did on the right, you *must* remember what was done at the bridge; you *must* remember how the Union line swept forward and were pushed back; how, through it all, through defeat and through victory, the bridge was held, and when McClellan sent back in answer to his demand for reinforcements, "You must hold the bridge, Burnside," he said, "I will hold it if I hold it with my Staff." (Applause.)

They were defeated. Ah, comrades, the people of the North can scarcely realize what the two victories of South Mountain and Antietam accomplished. With the exception of Gettysburg it was the most eventful period of the war, and more was accomplished by those two victories than by any other two particular engagements of the war.

The Confederates were endeavoring to carry the war away from their own soil, but the Union army was standing like a living wall to force it back, and as the poet says:

"One freeman fighting for his native land
Were worth a host of invaders."

But better than all, and what was the greatest triumph of all, it proved that that grand army, the greatest army that has ever been organized since the world began and since war was known, whether it was in triumph or in defeat, no matter who was ordered by the President to lead them,

recognizing only the authority of the general government and the stars and stripes—the Army of the Potomac yielded only to obedience, and composed as it was of intelligent, of patriotic men, aye, of gentlemen, could be relied upon at any and all times to save the government and save the country. (Applause.)

Comrades, these gatherings should be multiplied; every organization should meet at least once a year to revive the memories of the past, for the tie that binds one soldier to another, born of patriotism engendered in the fire of battle, and nurtured by the fatigue and by the campaign and the march, is a tie that passeth the tie that binds men to women; it is a tie that can never be broken. In but a few years the war, as far as we are concerned, will be but a blessed memory. We shall pass away and be unknown, but in dying we may fortify our minds with the fact that those things that we fought for have become as eternal as the hills. For you not alone fought for the perpetuity of the Union, but for human rights throughout the world, and the fire is already kindled that shall burn away the last vestiges of tyranny. In but a little time—because of your gallant efforts—the world shall be free and wars shall cease. (Applause.)

In response to the next toast,

“THE PRESS,”

C. H. Benson responded:

Mr. President and Comrades: Nobody in the world knows better when not to make a speech than a newspaper man, even though he were capable of making one. The hour has come when all respectable men and women should seek the seclusion which their chambers grant, and therefore I do not intend to keep you from the rest which belongs to the brave and virtuous.

Allow me to say, however, in behalf of the press, that aside from the movements of the army, from the actual

labor of the soldiers of the Republic, there was no influence so potent for good during the War of the Rebellion as the influence of the loyal press. If its columns teemed with hope, with encouragement, and with praise, not only did those at home brighten and freshen and be filled with faith, but those in the field moved on in accordance with the sentiment of their home paper. Not only did the press express public opinion, but it formed and expanded it, before the war, during the war and after the war. It was a powerful engine for the preservation of the Union. Not only did the editors sit within the safety of their sanctums, but their representatives were on the field of battle, and to-day some of the names most praised in the history of the Civil War are those of the representatives of the great newspapers of this country. When I mention to you the name of George W. Smalley, whose three-column report of the battle of Antietam stands to-day as one of the best histories of that battle;—when I recall to your minds the name of Junius Henry Browne of the New York Tribune, the name of Albert B. Richardson, the man who suffered in that horrible dungeon, Libby Prison, the name of Thomas W. Knox of the New York Herald, of Richard T. Colburn of the New York World, of L. L. Crouse of the New York Times, of William E. Davis of the Cincinnati Gazette, of William B. Bickham of the Cincinnati Commercial, I mention a galaxy of names which shall live while the Republic exists. They were always in the forefront, doing their duty. They were with McClellan at Antietam; they were with Thomas at Chickamauga; they were with Grant in the Wilderness; they ran the gauntlet of the batteries of the Mississippi with Foote; they plunged into the fire of the defences of New Orleans; they were with Porter at Fort Fisher; they were at Mobile with Farragut; they were everywhere where duty called, and performed duty at the risk of their lives along with us, and their reports, coming to those whom we left behind, raised the heart, or depressed the hope, as the fortunes of the war fluctuated.

The influence of the press, not only during the war, but after it, the influence of the press now, the influence of the press ever will be, if exerted in the right direction, an agency which will elevate the temper and tone of the community in which newspapers are published. I claim for my honored profession the respect of every man, and I hope and trust that it always will deserve the highest regard and honor that can be given to it.

I could go on for an hour and tell you about the press, but you are all familiar with it and it is unnecessary. It comes into your households in some form every day. The first thing you do when you get up in the morning is to read your newspaper. The last thing you do before going to bed at night is to reflect upon what your newspaper has told you of the day's transactions. I believe the press of this country is one of the best educational institutions within its borders. If it is properly conducted, if it rises, as Major Pangborn has said, above the greed of gain and stands up for that which is right, it will maintain what it ought to maintain, a foremost position among the influences for good in the world.

Now, thanking you, gentlemen, for your kindness, not alluding, as I had intended, to the Thirteenth Regiment and its glory, because it is late, and thanking the Toast Master for the pleasure I have enjoyed listening to the wisdom and wit falling from his lips, I hope some time in the future we will have the pleasure of meeting again with the old Thirteenth Regiment.

To the last toast,

“THE G. A. R.,”

Captain A. M. Matthews, Department Commander
New Jersey G. A. R. responded:

Mr. Toast Master, Mr. President, Comrades: I never felt more scared in my life, I believe, and I can't help but

think of the Irishman that I came home with, in company with a lot of others once, from Atlanta after its capture. We all had leaves of absence and came home together in a car filled with officers of different regiments of the army that had just captured Atlanta; and there was a little entertainment got up in the way of making speeches, singing songs, telling stories and all that sort of thing, and when it came to my Irish friend's turn, he said, "Gintlemen, I can't make a spache at all; I can't spake at all, but I can vote like the divil." And that is about the way I feel to-night. (Applause.) This Irishman did not belong to Jersey City. (Laughter.)

The toast that is given to me is The Grand Army of the Republic, and, comrades, we have here to-night a living example of the men and of the glories of the men that make up The Grand Army of the Republic. It is a story familiar to you comrades of New Jersey, that from this Jersey City there went out a comrade among the first, the very first regiment of the war, as Mayor Cleveland has told us, who said when he went out, "If I don't bring back the baton of a general officer I don't return at all." And, comrades, as you well know, John Ramsey kept his word, to his own honor, and yours also. (Applause.)

These recollections are not perhaps exactly pertinent to the toast, and yet I am reminded of the story of Kilpatrick when he made the charge which was ordered on the right of the enemy on the third day at Gettysburg. After the repulse of Pickett's division by Hancock in the rebel assault on his lines, Kilpatrick ordered Farnsworth, with a brigade of cavalry he commanded for the first time—he had just received his commission and had no clothes to wear becoming to his rank, but clothes were loaned to him by General Pleasanton and other officers and a suit made up for him—and when Kilpatrick commanded Farnsworth to take the First Vermont and to be supported by the other

regiments of his brigade, Farnsworth said, "General, you can't mean it; it can't be done," and Kilpatrick said, "By God, Farnsworth, if you are afraid to lead this charge I will lead it myself." Farnsworth replied, "General, you must take that back, take that back, General, and I will lead the charge," and the General as you know, with his impulsive disposition, immediately apologized and said, "Yes, I will take it back; you lead it, you will succeed." Farnsworth then made the charge and rode over the infantry and three miles in the enemy's line and never came back again. A few of his men did, but he was killed. Now, these are examples of the men that help to make up the Grand Army of the Republic, and they have been the inspiration of our organization and the men who compose it.

Now I need not refer you to the magnificent display made by the Grand Army of the Republic at Boston; that will speak for itself; but, comrades, I will remind you again of the fact that it comprises nearly half a million men, and that its known charities are half of that sum, and it is believed that its unknown charities will make up an amount corresponding to that, and that is among the glories of the Grand Army.

Here in your city you have several active Posts. We have met them to-day intimately and we shall always remember them for the kindness and the great honor they have shown this Association of the Thirteenth Regiment.

I was not prepared, nor did I expect to make a speech, and your committee kindly, at my request, left me off the toast list because they thought that blank would be filled by somebody else, and it ought to have been so filled, because you would have been interested in what some of the distinguished men of Jersey City could have said to you on this subject, and I am sorry for your sake that it was not so.

Comrades, I will not attempt to detain you, because I know I cannot speak to your interest, and as the night is

growing old, or rather growing young, and as I have not much of that courage that Napoleon said was the rarest kind of courage—two o'clock in the morning courage—I will thank you and take my seat. (Applause.)

ADDITIONAL LETTERS.

EAST ORANGE, N. J., September 15, 1890.

General Steele regrets exceedingly his inability to accept the invitations of the Veteran Association of the Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteers to be present at their Reunion on the 17th of September, and to join in the festivities of the occasion.

He begs leave to express the hope that the joyousness of the occasion may be bounded only by the capacity and merits of the associates of both, of which he feels well assured.

EDGEWATER PARK, N. J., September 16, 1890.

J. R. Miller, Esq., Jersey City, N. J. :

Dear Sir : Your invitation to be present at the Reunion of the Thirteenth New Jersey Veteran Association received.

I have delayed answering it, because I hoped to be able to be present, but an engagement of long standing for to-morrow night will prevent my attending. Wishing you and all the members of the Association a happy and successful Reunion, I remain

Very truly yours,

E. BURD GRUBB.

NEW YORK, September 15, 1890.

J. R. Miller, Esq. :

Dear Sir : I have just returned from a seven weeks' trip across the continent and find your kind invitation on my desk. As no letters were forwarded to me after the 20th of August, yours, among others, must receive a tardy answer. I regret that I shall be unable to attend, but I assure you of my appreciation of being remembered on so interesting an occasion as the Annual Reunion of the Thirteenth New Jersey.

I am, truly yours,

JOHN WATTS KEARNY.

Fifth Reunion of the

TRENTON, N. J., September 16, 1890.

Dr. J. J. H. Love, President, Montclair, N. J. :

My Dear Sir : I have your kind invitation of August 30th to attend the Fifth Reunion of the Veteran Association of the Thirteenth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, at Jersey City to-morrow evening.

If my other engagements will allow, I will try and be present on that occasion.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM S. STRYKER, Adjutant General.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., September 4, 1890.

Dr. John J. H. Love :

My Dear Friend : Your kind invitation to attend the Reunion of the Veteran Association of the Thirteenth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, on the 17th instant is at hand. I shall be most happy to be present. I can conceive of nothing now that will prevent me from enjoying a look into the faces of comrades in humanity's greatest evolution.

I thank you for the invitation.

I am, most respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

A. B. SMITH.

NEW YORK, September 3, 1890.

Dr. J. J. H. Love, Montclair, N. J. :

Dear Sir : I have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of your courteous invitation to attend the Reunion of the Veteran Association of the Thirteenth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, to be held on September 17th.

It is almost needless to assure you that it would give me especial pleasure to attend the Reunion of the Veterans of this organization, with which my own regiment was so closely identified during the war.

I regret, however, that absence from the city on that day will prevent me from being present. With many thanks and cordial greeting to my old comrades, believe me,

Very truly yours,

S. V. C. CRUGER.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., September 15, 1890.

Comrade J. R. Miller :

My Dear Comrade : I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your kind invitation to be present at your Annual Reunion on the 17th instant, and regret to have to say that absence from the city will prevent me from having the pleasure of being with you on that occasion.

I regret it the more, as our recent visit to Gettysburg to place a tablet at the foot of Culp's hill has made me more interested in and familiar with the

gallant deeds of the Twelfth Corps on the right at that great battle, in which the Thirteenth took so honorable a part.

Very respectfully and truly yours,

E. B. FOWLER.

[Telegram.]

NEW YORK, September 17, 1890.

Dr. John J. H. Love, Wood's Hall, Grove street :

I exceedingly regret that a severe headache will prevent my going to enjoy your hospitality to-night.

J. R. HOWARD.

PATERSON, N. J., September 8, 1890.

Dr. Love, President :

Dear Sir : Your very polite letter of August 30 to hand duly, inviting me to attend Reunion of the Veterans of the Thirteenth Regiment on September 17th. Please accept my sincere thanks for same.

I cannot promise for a certainty that I will come, but will try to be present if I can. Respectfully,

NATHAN BARNERT, Mayor.

PATERSON, N. J., September 10, 1890.

Dr. John J. H. Love, President :

My Dear Sir : You are very kind to remember me, and also that occasion three years ago, which was as pleasurable for our people as it was to you and your comrades ; and it is exceedingly good of you to invite me to meet with the Veterans of the Thirteenth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, to-morrow night. I have been in hopes that I might have the happiness of accepting, but I regret to find it will be impossible. I know you will have a most enjoyable occasion, and I trust some Paterson friends will be able to enjoy it with you.

I am ever yours, most obliged and most sincerely,

JAMES W. CONGDON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., September 12, 1890.

Mr. J. R. Miller, Jersey City :

My Dear Sir : Please accept, on behalf of the Veteran Association of the Thirteenth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, my sincere thanks for their very kind invitation to be present at their Annual Reunion and banquet. If my duties here will at all permit of absence on that occasion I will be more than pleased to be present. I will advise further, if necessary, on or about that date. In any event, be pleased to convey to the Association my very best wishes for a successful occasion, and the deep respect, which in common with all patriotic citizens, I entertain for those who did so much to preserve the Union.

Very sincerely yours,

W. W. McADOO.

Fifth Reunion of the

ORANGE, N. J., September 10, 1890.

Mr. J. R. Miller :

Dear Sir : It would give me much pleasure to accept of the kind invitation to attend the Union banquet of the Thirteenth Regiment, New Jersey Veteran Association, but as I am something of an invalid at present, must decline it. You have my best wishes for the success of the Reunion. Give my kind regards to the members of Company D, and believe me,

Yours truly,

WM. PIERSON.

NEWARK, N. J., September 8, 1890.

Dr. Love, President, Montclair :

My Dear Friend : I find your invitation for the Reunion of the 17th instant waiting on arrival from a very long absence, caused by illness. I am not sufficiently recovered to accept an invitation of any kind, so you will please accept my regret at not being able to be with you.

Respectfully, your friend,

EDMUND L. JOY.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., September 15, 1890.

Mr. A. M. Bruggemann presents his compliments to the Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteers, and much regrets that a previous engagement will prevent him from joining you at the Reunion and dinner on September 17th instant at Wood's hall.

JERSEY CITY, September 10, 1890.

J. R. Miller, Esq., Secretary :

Dear Sir : Your kind invitation to the Reunion and dinner at Wood Hall on the 13th instant is received.

I thank you for the kind remembrance, and regret on that evening I am obliged to be out of the city.

My heart goes out to the old Thirteenth, and it is my sincere wish the present Veterans may live to enjoy many Reunions.

Very truly yours,

E. F. C. YOUNG.

NEW YORK, September 12, 1890.

J. R. Miller, Secretary :

Dear Sir : I beg to acknowledge receipt of your invitation to the Fifth Annual Reunion and dinner of your Association, to be held September 17th. Allow me to thank the Association through you for the honor shown me, and I regret that I cannot accept, as a previous engagement at Washington during the week will prevent.

Yours truly,

M. E. STAPLES.

NAMES OF CONTRIBUTORS TO EXPENSE OF REUNION AND
BANQUET, SEPTEMBER 17, 1890.

E. F. C. Young, Dr. Benjamin Edge, Dr. L. J. Gordon, Edward Hoos, Charles Esterbrook, Enoch J. Smith, Abram Post, George E. Darcy, John B. Collins, Frederick Bloom, Frederick Brinkman, Henry Hanck, George A. Wood, William Gopsill, William F. Taylor, Samuel W. Stilsing, Robert Davis, Dennis McLaughlin, George B. Fielder, James H. O'Neill, Samuel D. Dickinson, Benjamin Murphy, Henry E. Farrier, Frederick T. Farrier, William W. Farrier, James Henderson, P. H. O'Neill, Isaac Houston, Jacob Ringle, Peter McGowan, John Callery, Edward Nelson, James D. Carscallen, Charles Turner, John W. Ellison, Dr. J. J. H. Love, Captain A. M. Matthews, Captain Charles A. Hopkins, Colonel John Grimes, John T. Denmead, Daniel F. Shea, Charles Weber, Edward Warren, John R. Miller, William W. Douglas, David Latourette, Charles Edmondson, Ernest Wagner, James P. Howitt, Dr. D. Cole Carr.

VETERAN ASSOCIATION
OF THE
Thirteenth New Jersey Vols.
1862-'66.

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Bacorn, Wm.	" Newark, "
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Beardsley, Sam'l R.	" Newark, "
Begbie, Eugene	" Newark, "
Bishop, Thos.	" Newark, "
Bock, Michael	" Middletown, Ohio.
Bolen, Elias A.	" Newark, N. J.
Bruen, Wm. T.	" Newark, "
Broadway, Joseph	" Newark, "
Burr, Jas.	" Hoboken, "
Burr, Stephen	" Harrison, "
Butterworth, John	" Harrison, "
Bush, John	" Paterson, "
Cairns, Wm. W.	" Paterson, "
Carlough, W. J.	" Newark, "
Carlough, John J.	" Paterson, "
Carman, James L.	" Paterson, "
Carr, D. Cole	" Norfolk, Va.
Chandler, Thomas C.	" New York, N. Y.
Combs, A. B.	" Newark, N. J.
Costello, Patrick	" Brooklyn, "
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Crawford, Isaac	" Newark, "

Crawford, John C.	P. O. Address,	Bloomfield, N. J.
Crowell, Joseph E.	"	Paterson, "
Devor, Thomas R.	"	Newark, "
Demarest, John	"	Newark, "
Dodd, Wm. H.	"	Orange, "
Denmead, John T.	"	Jersey City, "
Douglass, Wm. W.	"	Jersey City, "
Duncan, Sebastian	"	New York, N. Y.
Decker, John P.	"	West Brighton, S. I.
Dixon, Marcus	"	Pine Brook, N. J.
Earle, Francis M.	"	Philadelphia, Pa.
Edmonson, Charles	"	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Engle, Jacob	"	Paterson, N. J.
Faller, George	"	East Orange, "
Farlow, John	"	Paterson, "
Field, Geo. H.	"	Roselle, "
Fairchild, James	"	Morristown, "
Fairchild, Francis	"	Morris Plains, "
Foxcroft, Ogden	"	Newark, "
Flanagan, Thomas	"	Jersey City, "
Garrabrant, James E.	"	East Orange, "
Garabrant, Abram	"	Newark, "
Giles, Thomas	"	New York, N. Y.
Grimes, John	"	Jersey City, N. J.
Griffith, Wm. H.	"	Newark, "
Getchius, James C.	"	Newark, "
Harris, F. H.	"	Newark, "
Hoyt, Edwin	"	Newark, "
Hard, Geo. M.	"	New York, N. Y.
Hopkins, Chas. A.	"	Boston, Mass.
Howitt, James P.	"	Brooklyn, L. I.
Hendrickson, Daniel T.	"	Newark, N. J.
Harrison, Henry F.	"	Roseland, "
Hardy, Thomas	"	Paterson, "
Jeroleman, W. H.	"	Newark, "
Jacobus, Wm. B.	"	Newark, "
Jacobus, James H.	"	East Orange, "
Jeffries, Jacob	"	Mountain View, "
Knox, John	"	Woodbridge, "
Kain, James	"	Montclair, "
Lawrence, Geo. W.	"	Newark, "
Lambert, Wm. S.	"	Newark, "
Lewis, John	"	Newark, "
Loweree, E. D.	"	Newark, "
Lynch, Daniel	"	Newark, "
Littell, Wm. B.	P. O. Address,	Newark, "

Fifth Reunion of the

Lec, John W.	P. O. Address,	Newark, N. J.
Livingston, Bennett	"	Orange, "
Lyon, Washington	"	Springfield, "
Latourette, David	"	Hoboken, "
Locyse, John A. (Enlisted name Campbell)	"	Montclair, "
Lorman, Francis	P. O. Address,	Newark, "
Lafurge, Andrew W.	"	Hempstead, L. I.
Matthews, Ambrose M.	"	Orange Valley, N. J.
Murphy, Franklin	"	Newark, "
Miller, Wm. H.	"	Paterson, "
Miller, John R.	"	Jersey City, "
Miller, John	"	Newark, "
Messenger, John N.	"	Paterson, "
Mead, Joseph T.	"	Rahway, "
Mead, Thos. H.	"	Newark, "
Mills, Elias B.	"	Newark, "
Montgomery, Thos.	"	Newark, "
Manning, R. B.	"	South Plainfield, "
Moore, Geo. W.	"	Plainfield, "
Morehouse, I. B.	"	Orange, "
Morey, Moses	"	Scranton, Pa.
Madison, Rob't	"	Bloomfield, N. J.
McCall, Arch'd	"	Paterson, "
McNamara, David	"	Montclair, "
McGowan, James	"	Brooklyn, L. I.
Miller, Henry	"	Elizabeth, N. J.
Natrass, John	"	Jersey City, "
Neild, John	"	Paterson, "
Nichols, Henry	"	Newark, "
Norwood, Henry	"	Orange, "
Nix, Charles	"	Hoboken, "
O Reilly, Thomas P.	"	Newark, "
Paige, James C.	"	Newark, "
Pierson, Joseph W.	"	Newark, "
Post, John A.	"	Bayonne, "
Perry, T. S.	"	Paterson, "
Peterson, James H.	"	Paterson, "
Pewtner, Joseph H.	"	Paterson, "
Parker, Wm.	"	Paterson, "
Russell, Washington R.	"	Newark, "
Raymond, John W.	"	Newark, "
Riker, Ellis O.	"	Orange, "
Stansfield, John C.	"	Paterson, "
Sloan, Joseph E.	"	Newark, "
Soden, James	"	Newark, "
Soden, Joseph	"	Newark, "

	P. O. Address,	East Orange, N. J.
Scull, David	"	Newark, "
Smith, Thos. B.	"	Newark, "
Smith, Lemuel	"	Newark, "
Simmonds, Robert	"	Newark, "
Shea, Daniel F.	"	Jersey City, "
Strobert, Valentine	"	East Orange, "
Stevens, Joseph C.	"	Bloomfield, "
Stewart, John M.	"	Harrison, "
Smith, Jas. O.	"	St. Louis, Mo.
Speer, Henry H.	"	Paterson, N. J.
Sharp, Edwin	"	Jersey City, "
Shipman, J. C.	"	Millburn, "
Terhune, Albert H.	"	Newark, "
Taylor, Geo.	"	Newark, "
Townley, Stephen E.	"	Newark, "
Townsend, Geo. M.	"	Newark, "
Tunnell, Chas. S.	"	Kearney, "
Van Iderstine, W. H.	"	Newark, "
Van Horn, Jas.	"	Newark, "
Van Arsdale, C.	"	Newark, "
Van Riper, Jasper	"	Paterson, "
Weber, Chas	"	Jersey City, "
Warren, Ed.	"	Jersey City, "
Wanamaker, D. S.	"	Ramseys, N. Y.
Williams, John R.	"	Newark, N. J.
Williams, Cyrus C.	"	Newark, "
Wagner, Ernest	"	Brooklyn, L. I.
Wrightner, David A.	"	Orange, N. J.

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