

—The—

Second New Jersey Brigade

—Society—



REPORT

—OF THE—

Third · Annual · Reunion

—AT—

Newark, New Jersey,

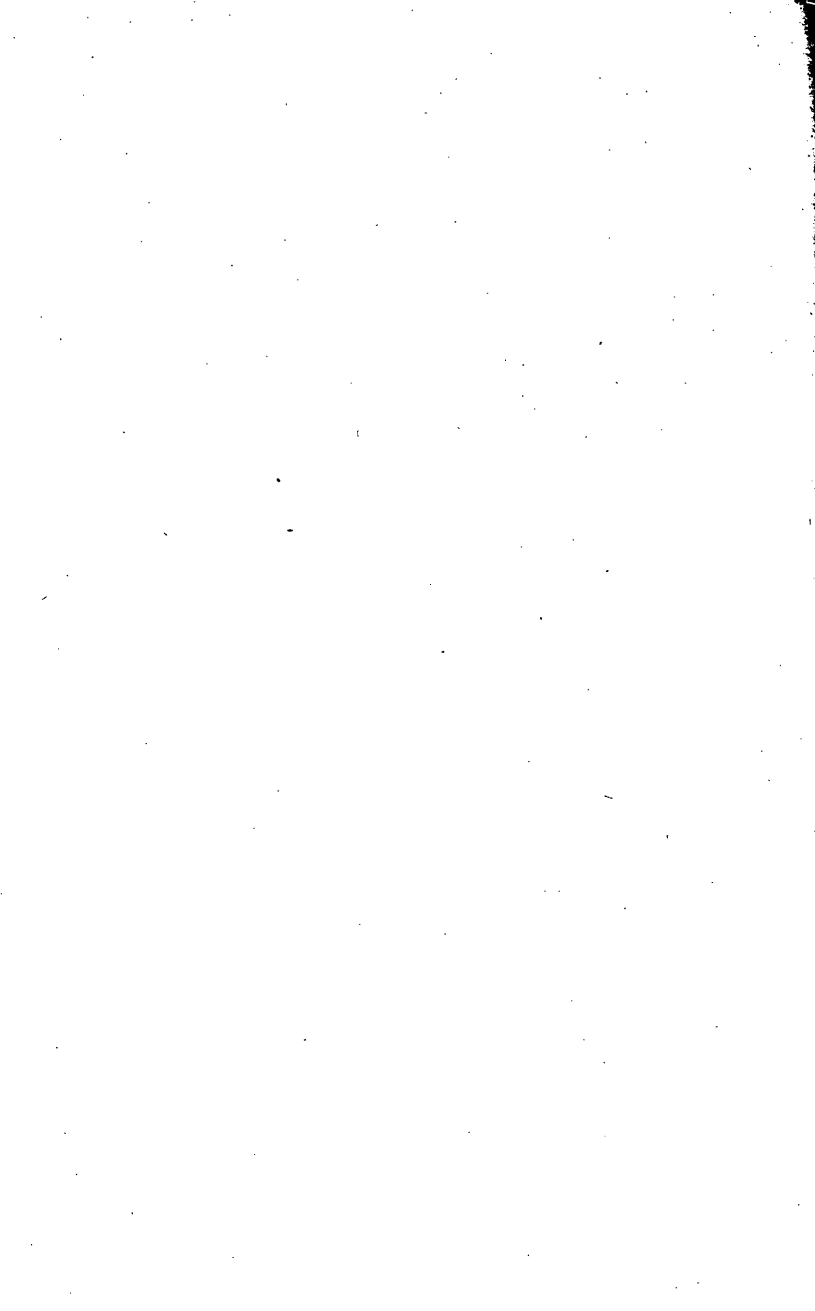
June 18th, 1890.

NEXT REUNION—CAMDEN, April 9th, 1891.



TRENTON, N. J.:
MACCRELLISH & QUIGLEY, PRINTERS.

1891.



Third Annual Report.

At our Second Reunion, held in Elizabeth, September 26th, 1889, it was decided to hold our Third Reunion in Newark, N. J., on Wednesday, June 18th, 1890.

Whereupon the acting President, Gen. James F. Rusling issued the following circular :

TRENTON, N. J., May 8th, 1890.

The following named officers and soldiers are hereby appointed the Local Committee of Arrangements for the Third Annual Reunion of Second New Jersey Brigade Society, to be held at Newark, N. J., June 18th, 1890, with power to add to their number both soldiers and citizens, and are hereby authorized to make all needful local arrangements and preparations for said Reunion, including the defraying of the local expenses thereof :

- Gen. FRANCIS PRICE, 7th New Jersey, President.
- Capt. WM. H. HOWARD, 8th New Jersey, Secretary.
- Gen. WM. WARD, 8th New Jersey.
- Capt. CHAS. CHAMPLIN, 6th New Jersey.
- Private JOHN P. THOMPSON, 8th New Jersey.
- Capt. B. F. MOREHOUSE, 11th New Jersey.
- Private JOHN B. BALL, 8th New Jersey.
- Corporal JOHN A. RODRIGO, 5th New Jersey.
- Col. A. J. CLARK, Battery B, 1st New Jersey Artillery.
- Musician HUGH P. RODEN, 7th New Jersey.
- Capt. JAMES L. MARSH, 7th New Jersey.

Surgeon CHAS. LEHLBACH, 7th New Jersey.

Private J. F. TRONSON, 7th New Jersey.

By order of

GEN. JAMES F. RUSLING,

Act. President 2d N. J. Brigade Society.

CAPT. U. B. TITUS, *Sec'y.*

The Local Committee amply filled the bill and did everything in their power for the comfort and pleasure of the members of the Society and visiting comrades.

The Veteran Association, 8th Regiment, N. J. Vols., issued the following circular, and with Comrade John A. Rodrigo, of the 5th N. J. Vols., as Chairman of the Finance Committee, all rendering material aid towards making our Third Reunion a very happy success:

HEADQUARTERS

VETERAN ASSOCIATION, 8TH REGIMENT, N. J. VOLS. }
 "HOOKER'S OLD GUARD."

NEWARK, N. J., May 27th, 1890.

DEAR SIR—The Third Annual Reunion of the Second New Jersey Brigade Society (5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 11th, N. J. Regiments, 2d and 120th N. Y., 115th Pa., and other organizations serving with the Brigade) will be held at Newark, N. J., Wednesday, June 18th, 1890, the Anniversary of the Battle before Petersburg, Va., 1864, in which the Brigade was engaged, the exercises will be held at Association Hall, 13 Clinton street, at 12 o'clock noon, at which you are cordially invited to attend.

The expenses of entertaining the visitors will be quite large, and the members of the Veteran Association, 8th Regiment, N. J. Vols., as members of the Local Committee, respectfully ask their honorary members and friends to assist them by contributing to the fund for that purpose. The old Second Jersey Brigade that followed Heintzelman,

Hooker, Mott, Carr, McAllister, Grant, Sickles and others, should receive a royal welcome, and we look to our citizens to respond to our call.

Contributions can be sent by mail to Captain Wm. H. Howard, P. O. Box 38, or at the Comptroller's office, City Hall, and to any member of the committee.

Trusting you will respond at an early date, I remain,

Respectfully yours,

JOHN P. THOMPSON,

President.

WM. H. HOWARD,

Secretary and Treasurer.

Committee. { JOHN P. THOMPSON, JOHN B. BALL,
JOSEPH BROWE, JOHN W. WILLIAMS,
DR. M. S. CRANE.

The Society assembled in Association Hall, Clinton street.

At 11 o'clock prompt, Gen. James F. Rusling, acting President, in the absence of Gen. Robert McAllister, President, detained by ill health, called the meeting to order.

Chaplain E. Clark Cline, of the Eleventh N. J., offered prayer, after which the usual form of business was taken up.

Reading of the minutes of last meeting.

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

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

We regret the impaired health of our esteemed President Gen. Robert McAllister, and that we are unable to enroll his name as being present with us in this our Third Reunion. And while we submit to the Providence that forbids his presence on this occasion from physical inability, at the

same time we are thankful that his mental powers are so mercifully preserved, and I am happy to say to his old command and comrades that, although physically a wreck from his former active, busy life, his mind and mental faculties are intact ; and let us tender our sympathies and continue to pray that God in His mercy may soften the pains of the body, giving light and comfort as he nears the last camping field of time.

We are pleased to see so many of those who once touched elbows, and with step to step followed the old White Diamond on many a tiresome march and in many a hotly-contested fight stood firm ; though he who bore it fell, there was another to seize it and keep it afloat on the front line ; and here you are to-day, to greet each other in the true grasp of fraternal companionship.

There are many who served with the old 2d New Jersey Brigade whose names are not on our Roster. Come with us and help to make the list complete.

The objects of this Society shall be to cherish the memories and associations of the old 2d N. J. Brigade, 2d Army Corps, A. of P. ; to strengthen the ties of fellowship and sympathy arising from service and companionship in that brigade ; to collect and preserve the records of its great achievements, its arduous campaigns and heroic battles ; to perpetuate the loyalty and patriotism, the good name and fame of all who served honorably with that brigade for any period during the great struggle for liberty and union from 1861 to 1865. We trust all present who have not heretofore joined the Society will come forward, sign the constitution and get your badge in full membership and accord with us.

The roll of those of our comrades mustered out since our last Reunion, I am gratified to announce as but small.

You—aye we all—miss the compact form, the active, energetic, open, decided, yet sympathetic face of Captain James Withington, your former Treasurer, the first of your officers to lay down his work, which occurred January 9th,

1890. We endeavored as much as possible to give publicity of the time of his funeral to the members of the Society. He was attended to his last resting place by the members of the G. A. R. Posts of Trenton. Aaron Wilkes Post, No. 23, had charge and conducted the burial, attended by a large concourse of citizens. His death was sudden—a shock to us all. God's ways are His own ; we bow to His will.

“Sleep, comrade, sleep, thy suffering's ended,
List no more to war's alarm,
Thy life with that of Jesus blest ded
Hath for us an added charm.”

Respectfully submitted,
U. B. TITUS,
Secretary.

TREASURERS REPORT.

TRENTON, N. J., June 18th, 1890.

*To the officers and members of the 2d New Jersey Brigade
Society, war 1861 to 1865 :*

COMRADES—Captain James Withington, our Treasurer, died January 9th, 1890. The Executive Committee appointed me as Treasurer *pro tem.* till this meeting.

Captain Withington received at Elizabeth—

Initiation fees,	\$19 00
Dues,	28 50
Badges, sold at fifty cents each,	33 50
Balance last report,	33 93
	<hr/>
Total receipts,	\$114 93
Also paid five bills, for which I have the vouchers, amounting to	35 92
	<hr/>
Balance in his hands at the time of his death,	\$79 01

I received the above bills and balance, also thirty two (32) badges, from the widow.

I have paid the following bil's :

Feb. 25th.	MacCrellish & Quigley,	\$22 50
" "	John L. Murphy Publishing Co.,	16 75
" "	MacGown & Slipper,	8 00
May 26th.	U. B. Titus, postage,	16 00
	Total disbursements,	<u>63 25</u>
	Balance on hand,	\$15 76

Respectfully submitted,

JAS. H. TALLON,

Treasurer.

Motion was made that we go into election of officers, when the following officers for the ensuing year were named and elected :

PRESIDENT.

GEN. FRANCIS PRICE.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

JOHN A. RODRIGO,	5th New Jersey
T. W. BAKER,	6th "
GEO. B. SENIOR,	7th "
CAPT. JOHN G. LANGSTON,	8th "
CAPT. WM. HAND,	11th "
MAJ. H. ANDRES,	2d New York.
GEN. GEO. H. SHARP,	120th "
COL. THOMAS B. MATHEWS,	1st Massachusetts
COL. CHARLES C. RIVERS,	11th "
MAJ. JAMES F. COSSELL,	16th "
COL. NATHANIEL SHATSWELL,	1st Me. Heavy Art.
CAPT. THOMAS P. COOPER,	26th Pennsylvania
GEN. ROBERT E. PATTERSON,	115th "

CHAPLAIN.

REV. E. CLARK CLINE.

SECRETARY.

CAPT. U. B. TITUS.

TREASURER.

LIEUT. JAMES H. TALLON.

MEMORIAL COMMITTEES.

*5th New Jersey Regiment.*HIRAM COOK,
RODERICK EGA,
E. N. PIERSON.*6th New Jersey Regiment.*B. N. CONLEY,
E. G. JACKSON,
G. W. FOX.*7th New Jersey Regiment.*DAVID D. KEEF,
ABRAM BALL,
JOHN H. MATHEWS.*8th New Jersey Regiment.*ENOCH SCUDDER,
CAPT. BENJ. MURPHY,
EVERITT GORDON.*11th New Jersey Regiment.*CAPT. E. R. GOOD,
CAPT. IRA CODY,
J. A. GOODWIN.*2d New York Regiment.*W. A. EVERITTS,
A. W. BRADLEY,
W. H. BOUGHTON.

IN MEMORIAM.

WHEREAS, Since our last Reunion it has pleased Almighty God to call from our ranks an able and faithful Treasurer, Capt. James Withington, Co. B, 6th N. J.; therefore,

Resolved, That while we bow in submission to His Sovereign will, we cannot refrain from expressing here our deep sense of personal and official loss, and would hereby tender to Capt. Withington's family and friends our sincere regrets and sympathies. A gallant officer, an upright citizen and consistent Christian, his life was an honor to New Jersey, and his example an inspiration to every true American.

The following places were named for our next Reunion: Jersey City and Camden. Camden was decided upon. Time, 9th of April, 1891. On motion it was decided that Article III of our Constitution be so understood as to include all who served with the Brigade and were honorably discharged, whether in infantry or artillery.

His Honor Mayor Haynes then very cordially welcomed the Society and guests to the hospitalities of the city.

Gen. Rusling responded, thanking the Mayor for his welcome of a lot of grizzled veterans, not holiday soldiers, but working men, whose hearts were in the right place. They had left four-fifths of their strength in the field, and it was only a scant remnant of those led by such soldiers as Price, Sickles, Ramsay and others that now sat before him in the home of Philip Kearny and Theodore Runyon, of Marcus L. Ward and Frelinghuysen—the home of the Eighth New Jersey. The General's speech was received with cheers.

The following letter from Gen. Robert McAllister, President of the Society, was then read by Chaplain Cline :

BELVIDERE, N. J., June 14th, 1890.

MY DEAR FRIENDS AND COMRADES—Nearly a year has rolled its round since last you met. Unexpectedly to me, I have been spared to this time, but still I am an invalid and unable to be with you. My heart is with you as you are gathered together at this Reunion, and I long to look into the faces of my gallant old Brigade and shake the hand of each.

No one appreciates more than I do the Boys of the old Second New Jersey Brigade, who never flinched in the battle hour, even when the dark clouds hung heavily over us and it seemed almost impossible to win the day. I would like to hear those who will address you as they rehearse the gallant deeds of the noble rank and file who compose the Second New Jersey Brigade—deeds well worthy of record in the annals of history. I hope you will all see to it that these deeds are recorded. You have made history, and now see to it that that history is written, so that your children and grandchildren may know what you have done for them and for your whole country.

Much has been written, but little published. The old Brigade is a prominent figure in Gen. J. Watts De Peyster's history of the "Combined Second and Third Corps," but that history, although about completed and offered by Gen. De Peyster to the Third Army Corps Union, without any charge for the historian's trouble and expense, *has never been published.*

The Third Army Corps Union was not willing to bear the expense of its publication. This history ought to be published. Gen. De Peyster is a fine scholar and he has prepared this history with great care.

No other man has ever written up the brave old Third Corps as De Peyster has. Historians of other corps have

tried to rob the Third Corps of its laurels won on many fields. This should not be allowed.

You remember how the Combined Second and Third Corps were sent everywhere, trotting around from pillar to post, fighting, marching—marching, fighting. After the battle of Ream's Station, while our troops were falling back and the old Brigade was protecting the rear, an officer rode up and, it being dark, asked, "What troops are these?" One of the men called out: "Don't you know Hancock's cavalry? Our officers have just stopped to change horses."

I once heard an officer in the army remark that he "did not believe many soldiers, either rank or file, went to the war for love of country." I took great exception to his remark. I could not do otherwise when I had seen men storm works as you had stormed them, time and again, without flinching; when I had often seen many of you boys; as well as many of your gallant comrades who have died, before going into a charge, go to the Chaplain, reach into your pockets for some little keepsake, and say: "If I die in this charge give this to my wife and children, and tell them I *die for my country*." In *that crucial hour* there was no mistaking your patriotic motives nor your brave deeds.

And now, to each member of the old Brigade, I would say, "God bless you." You have bravely fought the battles of your country, but there are other battles yet to fight. God grant you may all be good soldiers in the Army of the Lord Jesus, consecrated to His service, and, therefore, valiant for the truth and always ready to battle against sin.

I pray God that on the "other side," to which we are all hastening, each one of you gathered here at this Reunion may be found in the army of the redeemed.

Very sincerely your friend and comrade,

ROBERT McALLISTER,
President Second New Jersey Brigade Society.

Letters of regret were also read from Gen. Sherman, ex-Chancellor Runyon and others.

The President then introduced Gen. E. Burd Grubb, the Orator of the Day.

"Now," said Gen. Rusling, "I have to introduce to you as the principal speaker of the day one whom you all know and love, though he was not a member of the Second Brigade—I mean Gen. E. Burd Grubb."

The veterans stood up and waived their hats, and then Gen. Grubb spoke as follows :

I esteem it a most distinguished compliment, Mr. President and comrades, that I should have been invited to address the survivors of one of the twin jewels of New Jersey's soldiery—one of those two stars which were so nearly twins and so resembled each the other in every brave and valiant deed that none can now tell which was Valentine and which was Orson. We are all old soldiers now, "full of quips and cranks and fiery tales of battles lost and won," and I am old soldier enough to suspect that the gun that fired that invitation off to me was primed with the pride that affects modesty, and that the man who pulled the trigger said to himself, "Now this First Brigade fellow will say some things about us that we really couldn't say about ourselves." He has given us a large contract, comrades, for although my experience has not been very great, and I know that Jersey soldiers are reticent in talking about their battles, yet I have noticed that when one really does commence to throw out his chest and roll up his trousers the party immediately gets a life-preserver and a boat-hook, for he is sure to be up to his neck in gore in the next five minutes.

How halcyon these vernal days! How sweet the music of the birds at early morning tide! How careless play the children and how happy seem the mothers! And there are no cares deep printed on the faces of our men save those

of bread-winning and money-getting. The farmer tills his land, and as he shades himself at noon and bares his throat in cool breezes that come like billows over the waving wheat, he knows that his thoughts need go no further than the fence that bounds his acres. And if the visage of the business man is seamed with care it is because he finds his venture has miscarried and he knows not whether he or someone else will pay the notes. To sum it up, we are at peace with all the world, and, for a quarter of a century, no man, nor child, nor gentle, loving woman has had cause to lose one moment's rest for any thought of war. Peace, ineffable peace! The preserver of lives and property—peace, the creator of industry and prosperity. Peace that passeth, indeed, the understanding of those who remember well when there was no peace!

Why should not soldiers talk of battles when they have those around them who were there? Come, then, and let us fan the ashes from the glowing brands of memory with the breath of recollection. How near alike they were, those twin brigades, even in their experiences. While you were digging and drilling near Budd's Ferry that first long winter of the war, under Fighting Joe Hooker [cheers], we were drilling and digging near Alexandria under Fighting Phil Kearny [great cheering]. There first you heard of us. Col. Tucker, with 600 men from this brigade, attempted to surprise a rebel camp and found the bird had flown. The first we heard of you, Col. Mott [cheers], with 500 men, crossed the Potomac and found his birds had also flown, but they had left him four guns and much ammunition—feathers shaken off in their hurried flight. You were ahead of us there, so we evened things up by getting into Manassas first, and we had our fair share of the plunder there. Then both brigades went down to the Peninsula with that grand army whose ranks embraced the flower of our nation's manhood, and whose magnificent courage, sublime fidelity and almost superhuman patience took Rebellion by the throat and held its hold until it choked the snake to death.

Though this Jersey hen hatched us a little earlier than you, yet you were baptized first, for while we were going up the York river to cut the rebel lines of retreat at West Point, you brought his retreating columns to bay and fell upon him like tigers at Williamsburg. We heard how you went at him there, the Fifth, First and then the Sixth, Seventh and Eighth on the left of the road, with the rifle-pits full of rebels in front of you and big Fort Magruder roaring its deadly menace at you; how you stood in the mud and water half way up your legs, with the rain of heaven from lowering clouds pouring on your heads and the rain of hell from leveled rebel rifles pouring on your hearts, with gallant Patterson at your head and Fighting Joe's eye upon you until, your last cartridge gone, they called you back, and while you stood chafing with mad impatience to go forward again and reclaim the 500 of your best and bravest who lay there dead and dying, smothered and smothering in their agony in the bloody mire, behold the spirit of the First Brigade went forth to help the Second. Phil Kearny charged with his division and won the day at Williamsburg. We had our Williamsburg at Gaines's Mill, and left 1,200 of our men behind us there.

Don't you think we heard of you at Fair Oaks when we came up as reserve on the afternoon of the second day, and they told us how Joe Hooker had led you in person in two of the most splendid charges of the battle? How you had charged straight into the rebel lines and driven them off of all the ground they got from Casey; and how, when those of us who could get leave to go went over to see you, we found you surrounded with dead men and horses, the stench from which required some fortitude to bear, and then and there you told us how our idol and our hero—the one-armed devil of New Jersey—had laughed with the glee of battle when the reserves came up, and shouted to the first regiment he met: "Oh, anywhere forward; 'tis no matter, Colonel, you'll find lively fighting all over the line." He was our idol and our hero. He made us and changed us

from an incongruous, incoherent mass into the brigade we were. But the fortune of war took him from us before we had a chance to show him what we could do, and the First Brigade never fought a battle under Kearny. Charles City Cross Roads, where he sent for us to help him retake a battery he had lost, was the nearest we ever came to it, but our cheers and yells drove off the enemy before we reached him, and Kearny's men retook the battery without a shot from us. Then, after we got to Harrison's Landing, you went back to Malvern Hill and made a pretty charge and took some prisoners, and then we all went back to Alexandria and out on Pope's campaign, and our brigade was almost annihilated at Bull Run Bridge, and gallant Gen. Taylor was killed. And you met Jewett's Division of Stonewall Jackson's Corps at Bristow, and fought a long, hard fight and won it, and lost your brave leader, Patterson, not long afterwards. Death cut down the generals of both brigades, but fortune smiled upon our banners when she sent us Mott and Torbett. Now mark how evenly she held her balances over the two brigades. At Crampton's Pass the First Brigade had a clean, clear victory, and four colors and 800 prisoners and a cannon were our prizes.

At Chancellorsville, with your right on the plank road, you fought your grandest battle. Battalion after battalion of the enemy was hurled against your ranks, each one to lose its colors and many of its men taken prisoners. The Seventh New Jersey here took five of the enemy's colors, the Fifth New Jersey three—the Brigade at least one thousand prisoners. I do not recall another case in the history of New Jersey where her gallant troops took colors and prisoners from battalions charging successively upon them. It was magnificent. All honor to the gallant men who stood by Mott and Sewell and Burling and Healy and Francim and Price and Woolsey, and did such knightly work

And so, almost shoulder to shoulder, the two splendid brigades pressed forward in the line of battle, and at

Gettysburg their lines almost but not quite touched. Here, side by side, they saw the highest rearing of Rebellion's head, and from the moment that Pickett's charge was hurled back from the Union bayonets, they commenced to march to Appomattox. And what an awful struggle was that last year of the war! How the scotched snake writhed and lashed and stung! How you grappled with him in the Wilderness and rolled over and over in the bloody mire at Spottsylvania. What splendid words are those that history speaks of your great part in that great day: "At dawn of day the corps moved swiftly in two lines on the enemy, the Gray Brigade being in the second line. Before them was a salient angle of earthworks, held by a division of Jewett's Corps. Swiftly, grandly sweeping over the intervening space, a distance of some twelve hundred yards, the assailants dashed with a thundering cheer over the front and flank of the enemy's works, overwhelming the rebels in their trenches and capturing thirty guns, 3,000 prisoners, two generals and over fifty other officers, who were secured and sent to the rear. In this heroic charge the Second Brigade behaved with the greatest gallantry. In the advance the first line was so rapid in movement that it was parted in the open field, leaving an opening into which McAllister posted his brigade, which, promptly moving forward, shared in the glory of driving the enemy from his works and joining in the pursuit."

McAllister! How well I remember his iron-gray head and flashing sword in the woods at Gaines's Mill, when he commanded the First New Jersey on that bloody, dreadful day; McAllister, the Stonewall Jackson of New Jersey—the link that binds the two brigades together, taking his experience from one to add to the glories of the other—McAllister, the brave old man, who, with his honors heaped upon his head, still lives to know how much we love him.

How ebbed and flowed for four long years the sanguine tide of that stupendous war! How often Freedom's friends

sat pale with fear at Freedom's peril. And when at length the mighty balance settled on the side whose banners, torn with shot and shell, still bore the Stars and Stripes, those who knew that Union meant the present safety and the future greatness of our country joined hands in spirit, with thankfulness that the best government of the people that had ever been devised for the people had been found strong enough and honest enough to stand the greatest strain that had ever been put on a government by a people.

It is a soldier's instinct when he speaks about a war to speak of soldiers, and the dust and smoke of battle often dims his sight for other things. but I am here to-day to lay the laurels and the bays of memory not only on the graves of soldiers, but also on the graves of soldiers' friends. At last the living wall that cooped rebellion in from Maryland to Mexico was perfect, and the end had come. Finally, the serpents of disunion and slavery waver and wither. But the day came when the leader of the armies of the rebellion bared his head and yielded his sword to the quiet, modest tanner's son, and was told, when he asked what would be done with the countless thousands of captured men and horses, to go home and take the horses with them, as they would need them to raise the crops.

Oh, great and noble and magnanimous Northern people! How absolute, how utter was your victory! A victory not only over the bravest and most skilfully led people that ever faced mankind in battle, but also, and far greater still, a victory over yourselves, in this that at that supreme moment, when after four years of doubtful battle, when your pride so often bit the dust and many wounds still stung and bled - you put aside those lusts that come to man from battle and with victory, and neither took revenge nor triumph. Those men who took their horses and went home from Appomattox have had their homes in peace since then - the peace you gave them. Back in the halls of Congress, which they left, have come the men who said they never would return. And their hands with yours

have trimmed the sails and even tended near the helm of our great ship of State, and now you see without a pang of anger Lee's bronze statue raised at Richmond and many Southern people crowding there to do it honor. And perhaps your thoughts come, if at all, thuswise: "It was very well they had so good a soldier for a leader, for he fought so bravely and endured so to the very bitter end, that thus we were enabled to crush out forever all the seeds of war upon those issues. If their armies had been captained by a weaker man the serpent of disunion had been scotched not killed. I do not know or care what others think, but as for me I would rather be the private soldier of the Union who lies in an unknown grave in a National cemetery than to have a monument of gold erected to my memory because I fought against my country's flag." (Great cheering.)

And now what have we as the outcome of this war? The reveille of the English drums follows the sunlight around the world, and as its signals reach the ear the red-clad soldier of Great Britain casts sleep from his eyes and girds himself for England's duties and for England's conquests. But to all the nations yet to come and to all the ages yet to be, the ever-moving waves of music, whose centre was the reveille at Appomattox, will be the heralds that mark the coming of the sunlight of freedom. At this signal the twin giants of free speech and free thought arose from the couches where they drowsed so long, and, casting from their eyes the cobwebs of prejudice and ignorance, went forth on that career of conquest which never will and never can cease until, having girt the world, they clasp each other's hands and say, "Well done!" over the grave of Abraham Lincoln. (Great cheering.)

After which Chaplain Cline gave us a very interesting talk on the mission work in the army and the duties of a faithful chaplain.

BADGED BY THE BRIGADE.

At this point Gen. Rusling arose and, on behalf of the brigade, presented to Gen. Sickles a handsome gold badge. "It is not much, General," he said, "but it represents our affection, our respect and our love to you. It is in memory of Williamsburg and of Gettysburg. We know you will wear it honorably, and we wish you many years to wear it."

Gen. Sickles came forward on his crutches and said he was glad to see they all belonged to the Y. M. C. A. He saw they were all young men also, and he hoped they were still the good men they used to be. He referred to the feeling of respect and admiration he always had for those who fought with him. Heroes of battles were only rendered possible by having heroes in the ranks.

"The men of 1861 and 1862," he said, "were the real heroes of the war. They fought when they were wanted. They did not wait for big bounties. These were the men who should receive a pension, if any. Their pay amounted to \$11 a month. Suppose they tried to get men to face danger and disease in Newark to-day for this pay, how many would they get? He thought the country was now rich enough to pay the difference between the sum they got and the sum they ought to have got. It was a debt of honor that history would never wipe out.

He urged that the money could be paid legally and instanced the payment of salvage in case of shipwreck at sea as a proof of it.

Referring to the badge presented him, the General said it held a diamond. He remembered on one occa-

sion at Gettysburg when diamonds were trumps "and we held diamonds." He concluded by introducing Gen. Joseph B. Carr, who spoke a few words to the men whom he honored, "and who conferred honor on me in the Army of the Potomac." He could not say much, as he was too ill.

GOVERNOR ABBETT'S SPEECH.

Gov. Abbett was then introduced. He said he had the pleasure of being with them for the reason that he had to express to the brigade the gratitude of the people of the State to all those that periled life and limb in defense of the country. He could say for all the people of the State that there was not a loyal New Jersey man that was not also a loyal Grand Army man.

He referred to how the comrades were decreasing in number. "How few are now left to recall the memories of the struggle they took part in. But every reunion like this will be a lesson of patriotism to the young soldiers to live for their country or to die for it. We cannot give men pensions, but what we can give the old soldier we will give him." On behalf of the State, he wished that every old soldier would go down to his grave in peace and comfort.

SEWELL CHEERED.

Gen. William J. Sewell had three cheers given him as he arose to speak. He repudiated Gov. Abbett's "old soldier" speech, and said they were a lively set of creatures yet. "The fate of the nation," he said, "was decided by the action of the Third Army Corps at Gettysburg, of which the Second Brigade was a

part. It was a common idea that the round-head shopkeepers and laborers of the North could not fight the cavaliers of the South, but it had been found a mistake."

The new President, Gen. Francis Price, was then introduced, and the meeting adjourned to the banquet.

Two hundred and eighty sat down to dinner at Hebrew Hall.

NEW MEMBERS.

W. H. Howard,	Captain,		8th Regiment,	City Hall, Newark.
D. A. Shepherd,	Private,	Co. I,	11th Regiment,	Flemington.
Edward A. Major,	Corporal,	Co. C,	7th Regiment,	{ 103 Arlington st, Newark
Samuel Coddington,	Private,	Co. H,	5th Regiment,	Woodbridge.
Ernest Kinglish,	Drummer,	Co. C,	7th Regiment,	304 15th av, Newark
Geo. W. Thurston,	Corporal,	Co. D,	8th Regiment,	Pottersville.
Wm. H. Marsh,	Sergeant,	Co. A,	120th New York,	Paterson.
Alpheus Iliff,	Sergeant,	Co. E,	11th Regiment,	Parker.
Peter J. Leary,	Drummer,	Co. I,	7th Regiment,	{ 245 Walnut st, Newark.
Albert Runyon,	Corporal,	Co. E,	5th Regiment,	Plainfield.
Rich. P. Harrison,	Private,	Co. H,	8th Regiment,	51 State st, Newark
C. H. Harrison,	Corporal,	Batt. B,	1st Regiment,	{ 133 Badger av, Newark
Geo. V. Kelly,	Private,	Co. H,	5th Regiment,	Woodbridge.
Wm. E. Cole,	Sergeant,	Co. K,	5th Regiment,	Farmingdale
Stephen Lane,	Private,	Co. K,	5th Regiment,	Freehold.
Joh. Wilson,				
D. O. Doan,				
C. H. Rugg,				
Lewis E. Hayward,	Private,	Co. C,	7th Regiment,	{ 79 Main st, E. Orange.
Firman R. Loree,	Sergeant,	Co. I,	8th Regiment,	Tannersville.
H. G. Emmill,	Private,	Co. K,	7th Regiment,	Morristown.
Ira S. Smith,	1st Lieut.,	Co. F,	8th Regiment,	Newark.
Robert Smith,	Sergeant,	Co. E,	8th Regiment,	125 E. 76th st, N. Y.
Joseph Herbert,	Private,	Co. E,	6th Regiment,	{ 565 Berkley st, Camden.
David Herbert,	Private,	Co. E,	6th Regiment,	{ 2242 Mantua st, Phila., Pa.
Jas. Van Nortrick,	Private,	Co. A,	6th Regiment,	Newark.
E. N. Pierson,	Sergeant,	Co. A,	5th Regiment,	{ 6972 Kearny st, Newark.
John A. Scarlett,	Private,	Co. B,	7th Regiment,	Newark
Abram Ball,	Sergeant,	Co. I,	7th Regiment,	South Orange.
James Scanon,	Private,	Co. F,	7th Regiment,	Camden.
John G. Langton,	Captain,	Co. K,	8th Regiment,	{ 3203 Sansom st, Phila., Pa.
Michael Brady,	Private,	Co. D,	5th Regiment,	Verona
John C. Osmon,		Co. E,	7th Regiment,	{ 392 Myrtle av, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Roderick Egan,	Sergeant,	Co. B,	5th Regiment,	143 Erie s, J. C.
Wm. K. Morris,	Private,	Co. A,	6th Regiment,	Jacobstown.
Geo. B. Adams,	Private,	Co. I,	7th Regiment,	Irvington.
David D. Kemp,				
Henry Rodhouse,				
James Bennett,	Private,	Co. D,		{ 267 Norfolk st, Newark.