

NEW JERSEY STATE LIBRARY



3 3009 00120 5485

VETERAN ASSOCIATION

OF THE

Thirteenth Regt. New Jersey Volunteers.

TWELFTH REUNION,

HELD AT

EAGLE ROCK PARK,

ORANGE, N. J.,

Wednesday, September 15, 1897.

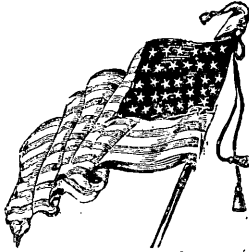
NEWARK, N. J.

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATION.

1897.

J 355.35
1861-65
T 447 *ju*

PRESS OF THE RECORD, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.



“ White stars of dawn in a sky of blue,
And bars of glory o'er land and sea,
Shall float the emblem all ages through,
Of Union and Liberty.”

LYMAN WHITNEY ALLEN.

TWELFTH REUNION.

In response to notices mailed to members of the Association August 25th, most of the comrades, with their individual lady guests, assembled at the rooms of Uzal Dodd Post No. 12, G. A. R., at Orange, on the 15th, and proceeded at 11 A. M. in special trolley cars to Eagle Rock. Other comrades and their guests, from Paterson, Montclair and Bloomfield came direct to Eagle Rock, where several hours were spent enjoying the beautiful scenery and surroundings, and the delightful music of Markwith's full band.

At 2 P. M. the Association assembled in the pavilion, for the annual election of officers, etc.

Meeting called to order by President John T. Denmead, with a few remarks.

After singing of the doxology, the Chaplain, Rev. A. M. Harris, led in prayer.

Twelfth Reunion of the

Secretary Delano reported that the minutes of the last annual meeting were printed and copies mailed to each member last December.

On motion minutes as printed were approved, and reading at this time dispensed with.

Secretary Delano reported deaths of members since last reunion :

Comrade John J. H. Love, M. D., at Montclair, July 30.

“ Elias B. Mills, at Newark, August 25.

TREASURER'S STATEMENT.

Treasurer Jas. E. Garabrant, reported :

October 26, 1896, balance as reported,		\$24.74
Receipts since, annual dues,	7.50	
Donation from a Comrade,	10.00	
	<u>17.50</u>	
		42.24
Disbursements since : S. M. Hulin, printing reports,	36.00	
“ “ A. Delano, stationery, stamps, etc.	5.20	
	<u>41.20</u>	
Balance, Sept. 15, 1897, A. M.,		1.04
(Treasurer afterwards made supplementary report as follows :)		
Sept. 15, 1897, balance as reported,		1.04
Receipts since : Annual dues,	109.00	
Sales of funeral badges,	10.00	
“ dinner tickets for guests	67.00	
	<u>186.00</u>	
		\$187.04
Disbursements since : Paid Grant A. Wheeler, telegrams,	1.70	
“ S. M. Hulin, letter heads, envelopes, reunion badges and funeral badges,	38.85	
“ A. Delano. P. O. stamps, telephones, telegrams, typewriting, etc ,	10.43	
“ J. E. Garabrant. P. O. stamps	1.00	
“ Captain A. M. Matthews, on account of cost dinner at Eagle Rock,	67.00	
	<u>118.98</u>	
		\$68.06
Sept. 29, 1897, balance on hand,		

Election of members :

On motion of Comrade Jacob White, Isaac H. Bibby's name was ordered entered on roll as a member, as elected at last annual meeting.

Thomas H. Devausney, of Company I, was proposed by William B. Littell, and elected by acclamation.

George Nichols, of Company A, was proposed by James O. Smith, and elected by acclamation.

On motion of James O. Smith, Resolved, that any member who has been unable to pay his annual dues for several years past, may be re-enrolled on payment of one year's dues.

President appointed as committee to propose place for next annual reunion, Comrades Wheeler, Shea, White, Lawrence and Giles.

Comrade Hulin, of Committee on memorials of deceased comrades, reported that the same would be ready for printing in the annual proceedings.

Committee on proposing place for next reunion reported in favor of Paterson.

Under suspension of rules, Resolved that the next reunion be held at Paterson, and Committee discharged.

Committee on proposed joint reunion of the Thirteenth, Thirty-third and Thirty-fifth Infantry and Third Cavalry, New Jersey Vols., reported that the project had failed.

On motion, Committee discharged.

Executive Committee reported that after the death of Dr. Love it was found inexpedient to hold this reunion at Montclair, as had been expected, and that Comrades Matthews, Dodd, Jacobus, Strobert and Trepkau of Orange offered to make satisfactory arrangements to hold the reunion at Orange, and took charge of the whole matter.

Secretary Delano reported, for the officers of the Association, that at a meeting held at the Continental Hotel, Newark, June 10th, they decided that it was not expedient to

hold this reunion in August at Buffalo, as had been proposed.

A vote of thanks was tendered to the comrade who had provided each member with the beautiful memorial badge of Comrade J. J. H. Love.

Election of Officers :

Comrades Matthews and Giles appointed to act as tellers.

Comrade John C. Stansfield was elected President

“ Grant A. Wheeler “ “ Vice-President.

“ Jas. E. Garabrant “ re-elected Treasurer.

“ A. Delano “ “ Rec. Secretary.

“ S. M. Hulin “ “ Cor. “

“ Rev. A. M. Harris “ “ Chaplain.

On motion, tellers discharged.

President appointed as Executive Committee: Comrades Jacob White, Joseph E. Crowell, I. H. Bibby, John Anderson, John Bush.

RECESS FOR DINNER.

At 3 P. M. President declared recess for dinner. Members and guests, about 165 in all, gathered at tables set in the grove at Silver Lake, where an excellent dinner was served.

After the dinner, President Denmead being quite unwell, Vice-President John C. Stansfield presided, introducing the speakers in his usual enlivening manner.

Our old Commander and Comrade, Frederick H. Harris, made the first address, as follows:

Ladies, Gentlemen and Comrades :

Once more we come together as a Regimental Association for our annual reunion. It is a matter of congratulation that so many of us remain to meet on this “memorial occasion.”

The reunion at Montclair eight years ago you all enjoyed,

but it was a great disappointment to me that I was prevented by severe illness from greeting you at that time; and when, a year ago, by invitation of our revered friend, Dr. Love, you decided to meet in Montclair again, it was with great pleasure that I looked forward to the occasion.

Dr. Love was properly made the Chairman of the Executive Committee, and as members we had conferred about it. In my absence the matter was largely in his hands and the arrangements were being effectively made. Alas for the mutability of all things human! He was stricken down in a moment, and his untimely death came to us like a flash of lightning out of a clear sky. We were stunned by this unexpected blow.

Out of respect to the wishes of his family and friends it was not deemed best to hold the reunion in Montclair. It was a question whether it should be given up this year on account of the sad event and the limited time for other preparations, but through the prompt action of friends in Orange, in honor of Dr. Love and the regiment of their affection, an invitation was received, and it was decided that our meeting should be at Eagle Rock Park, although it is only three years since it was held there.

We realized that to make it anything but a *memorial* service for our worthy comrade would not only be doing violence to our ideas of propriety but to our feelings of affection for the man. The committee determined on that course and the badges which you wear to-day are therefore inscribed "memorial," containing his picture, which you all desire.

I have been asked to say a few words on behalf of the committee, and to present some reminiscences of Dr. Love. As one of his life long associates and friends I avail myself of this opportunity to express my tribute of appreciation and affection for him, although realizing that I am totally inadequate to the service.

Dr. John James Hervey Love, the son of Rev. Robert Love, a Presbyterian clergyman, was born in Harmony township, Warren county, in this State, April 3, 1833. Was a graduate of Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., in the class of 1851, being but eighteen years of age. He studied medicine with an uncle, Dr. Fair, of Pompton, N. J., and received his diploma from the University in New York City. I remember well, as if it were but yesterday, the first time I saw Dr. Love.

It was shortly after he had finished his medical course that he came to Montclair (then West Bloomfield) with his uncle. He was tall and slender, his face pale from the effects of hard study. They had called upon some of the leading citizens to confer in reference to the question of his settling there. He found most of them much attached to Dr. Davis of Bloomfield, and many discouraged his coming. After hearing what Dr. Fair had to say (for Dr. Love, being modest, did not say much,) my father said to him: "Young man, I am much attached to Dr. Davis, but my advice to you is to get a horse and buggy, put out your shingle, go to work, and we will do what we can for you." He came, and from that time was my father's family physician.

He was about my age, and has been my most intimate friend for over forty years, while we have traveled life's rugged road together, and have been interested in many of the same associations. He was public-spirited to the last degree, sparing neither his time, efforts nor means for the good of others. It has been well said that it would take six men to fill the places he so worthily occupied.

We hesitate to refer to his social and church work. We may, however, say, without impropriety, that he was a dutiful son, loving husband, and an indulgent father. He was active as a Christian man, liberally supporting, by his efforts and means, the institutions of religion. His public life was one of activity, energy and influence. He soon became

interested in politics, took an active part in the ever memorable campaign of 1856, when he was president of the American Club of West Bloomfield. Soon after he became identified with the Republican party, of which he has always been a prominent member.

He was greatly interested in the municipal affairs of Montclair, and though it was seldom he could be persuaded to accept any office, he did more out of office for the welfare of the town than many men who held official positions. But it was in connection with public school matters that he showed his greatest interest and activity. He was a believer in the *uplifting* of the masses, and in schools of a very high order. He wished that all alike, without reference to age or social position, should have the benefit arising from first-class educational advantages. To this end he devoted his life for about forty years. He became the superintendent of public schools in Bloomfield Township, which position he relinquished when he entered the army. He has been a trustee of our school board, and has become known as the "Father of our public schools," which are recognized as among the best in the country, for while his recent work has been exceedingly valuable, it was in laying the foundations deep and strong, during the first twenty years, that he and his associates did the most important work, when they carried on a hand to hand conflict with the strong minority of prejudiced and ignorant opponents. (The history of some of the most important and stirring events has never been written, and is known to but few.) In this, he has proved a great benefactor to the community.

His profession, next to his family, claimed his first attention. He was a hard student, reading the medical works of the day, and keeping up with the times. He devoted himself to his practice, and was remarkable for his skill in diagnosis. He became celebrated as a physician—was often called in consultation, and will be missed by his brethren in

the profession, as a father, a skillful practitioner, and a wise surgeon. He was president of the medical organization and acknowledged as a leader among them, here and elsewhere. Like a good soldier, he died at the post of duty, ministering to others.

When the Mountainside Hospital was organized, he interested himself in its welfare, was one of its founders and recognized as the head of the medical staff.

As a physician, he felt it his duty, not only to minister to the sick and dying, but to see that a proper sepulchre was prepared for the dead. In carrying out this idea, we find him foremost in the re-organization of the beautiful cemetery in the valley at the foot of this mountain, being one of its managers, which position he occupied till his death.

But the matter in which we are most interested as an association, in which he has come the nearest to us, is his devotion to his country, and his patriotic service in the war. He had no military education, but was a natural commander, becoming interested in military affairs, for which he soon fitted himself.

In 1861 was commissioned Colonel of the First Regiment, Essex County Militia, in which the only uniformed company was ours from Montclair. He held this position until he entered active service in the field. He was sent by Governor Olden as volunteer surgeon in May, 1862, after the bloody battle of Williamsburg, Va., and performed valuable service. When the Thirteenth Regiment New Jersey Volunteers was organized, he was commissioned our regimental surgeon, in which position he continued until calls of an imperative nature led him to resign his position and return home in the early part of the year (January 28, 1864.)

It is not necessary that I should recount the history of that period, for though a long time has passed, your recollection is vivid. You remember that, like all new regiments, there were some who did not enjoy the severity of the ser-

vice, and to whom the rigid discipline of the army was a hardship, and some of us became unpopular with that class. It was especially through the medical department they sought relief, to take advantage of the surgeon and shirk their duty. The Doctor soon discovered this effort, and expressed his indignation with no uncertain sound. They discovered that it was useless to attempt to impose on the Doctor, and Surgeon Love soon became popular with all the men.

It was not long before his merit was discovered by his superior officers, and he was soon called by General Ruger, Commander of the Third Brigade, First Division, Twelfth Army Corps, to the position of brigade surgeon on his staff, retaining his position as regimental surgeon.

In August, 1863, soon after the battle of Gettysburg—where his valuable services made him conspicuous—he was promoted to the position of surgeon-in-chief of our First Division, Twelfth Army Corps, under the command of General Williams, which position he held with honor to himself and us, until he left the service, greatly to the regret of all. But why should I recount to you his experience in the army? You know it all. It is a part of our heritage in which we glory. He was prominent in the organization of this association, and has held the position of president and treasurer; was always at our reunions, which he enlivened by anecdotes and reminiscences of army life. We remember how often, with heartfelt sympathy, he spoke of those who went out with us but came not back.

He took an active part when we organized the Veteran Association of the Twelfth Army Corps, and was, I think, the secretary from the start. He has long been a member of the Army of the Potomac Society, of the New York Commandery, Military Order of the Loyal Legion, which, like the Society of the Cincinnati, is one of the most honorable of veteran organizations.

We always found him ready to promote the interests of veterans of the war, and many of the old soldiers can testify that they have lost a friend who sympathized with and aided them.

I have endeavored to give you a brief sketch of his work as I have known it for forty years. I cannot refrain from some allusions to him as a man. He was, in every respect, a manly man. As a specimen of physical development, we delighted to look on his tall, graceful form and intelligent face.

The most prominent mental and moral characteristics, as we saw them developed in his life work, were

DECISION, DIPLOMACY AND DEVOTION,

dominated by a sincere and heartfelt SYMPATHY, without pride or ostentation. You have often observed his course, when any matter was under consideration, how like a judge he quietly listened to the opinions of others, and when called upon for his views, gave them modestly and deliberately, but with great emphasis.

His diplomacy enabled him to overcome obstacles which would have been insurmountable to one of less wisdom and tact.

He was ordinarily successful in accomplishing the things which in his judgment ought to be done. He did not always approve the actions of his associates, but would acquiesce when resistance was unwise.

His devotion, with his independence of character and courage in the performance of duty, led him to acts that amounted almost to daring. In times of fear and danger he was faithful to the last, going beyond his strength, for he sacrificed himself for others.

Yet it is true that he had not secured all that he had projected, for there were two things that we had often conferred about and had hoped to see accomplished in Montclair be-

fore we died—a public park and a soldiers' monument. We recognized the fact that it would require contributions that we poor soldiers would be unable to make, yet he never lost faith in their accomplishment and would say in conclusion: "They will come yet."

He was a man of spotless integrity, and united the inflexibility of the commander with the gentleness of a woman. It is sometimes necessary that the skillful physician shall assume the attitude of command, and sometimes with apparent harshness, that he may inspire fortitude in the mind of a weak and nervous patient, and he who is the best judge of the proper time to pursue this course is the most successful in his treatment. Doctor Love had the faculty of displaying these qualities at the right time, and with the most happy results, but it hurt him more than others when he seemed unkind and harsh, for it can truly be said of him that he had deep affection. As an index of his sympathizing nature, he has more than once said to me: "I am sorry to hurt you so, but I cannot help it."

The affectionate regard for Doctor Love in our community is universal, and showed itself when, at the end of forty years of labor among them, the citizens of the town gave him that magnificent ovation, unprecedented in that community and rare in any, for his townsmen honored and loved him whom we honor and love. The great heart of the people showed itself again at the time of his funeral, in a manner never to be forgotten.

His loss to his professional brethren, to the hospital, the church, the community, the club and the cemetery association, will be sorely felt, for they will miss the valuable advice which his observation, experience and executive ability qualified him to give.

In the families where for so long a time he practised his profession he had formed the closest and strongest ties of affection, for he was with them at the time of their greatest

joy, in the birth of their children, and of their deepest sorrow, at the bedside of the dead or dying.

He bore to us, who belong to this association, the relation of the family physician, prescribing for us in sickness, dressing our wounds, and administering to our comrades when dying. We therefore mourn his loss as that of a very dear friend, for it is irreparable. When our veteran comrades die their places must remain vacant, for the roll of comrades was completed at the end of the war, more than thirty years ago.

One of the best evidences of the superiority and merit of a citizen is when promotions are made from time to time, through no effort of his own. This was his case in the town, profession, church, school, politics, hospital, army, and in business matters, everywhere, he was really if not nominally the influential head.

Doctor Love was useful, and service is the grand ideal of life. A genial companion, a kind friend, he sought to benefit his fellow men, to give aid to the needy, hope to the despondent, and brightness to the path of others.

If the mountain upon which we meet today, which is so prominent an object in the landscape, with its rock-ribbed sides and its crest of living green, should by some convulsion of nature be removed, what a feature of towering sublimity and beauty would be lost to view, marring the pleasure of the inhabitants for miles around! So, when a man of the character of our friend, who has devoted his life to the welfare of others is taken from us, we feel that his place can never be filled.

The prominent officers under whom we served, Generals Grant, Sherman, McClellan, Hooker, Burnside, Mead, Thomas, Slocum, Williams and Hawley have gone to their honored graves, but the loss of our Comrade Love touches our hearts more deeply, for our homes are bereft. His

memory will ever be green. The world is better for his having lived in it. Shall it be so with us? And when we are transferred from comradeship here may it be promotion to the Army of Heaven!

After the hearty applause that greeted General Harris at the close of his address had subsided, Vice President Stansfield called upon Comrade Fritz Trepkau, and cries of "Fritz! Come Fritz," echoed from the audience until the jolly-visaged Orange veteran was sought out from among congenial spirits and piloted safely up in front.

"Comrades," he began, "I actually don't know what to say."

Some one called out: "How about Antietam?"

"Well," he continued, "It is three or four years since we celebrated the anniversary of the battle of Antietam, where you received your first baptism in the war, and where a comrade who was there and sat on the fence, didn't know, he said, which way to jump! Then you went to Chancellorsville and then to Gettysburg, were in Georgia with Hooker, who fought that battle above the clouds. You went to Atlanta and from Atlanta to the Sea at Savannah, and then into the Carolinas, and finally came home and testified that as soldiers you had done well, you men of the Thirteenth Regiment. You did your duty, so far as I know, unless Smith knows better! Comrades, I can't talk to you, but if you want a song I can give you "The Old Army Bean."

This song he rendered with delicate humor, and from Fritz's closing comments the visitors were given a vivid and emphatic idea of the extent and variety of the soldier's menu. Applause hearty and vigorous followed.

Rev. Orville Reed of Montclair was the next speaker. The brief address he made was substantially as follows:

Mr. Chairman and members of the Thirteenth Regiment,

I esteem it an honor to be here and address you as Dr. Love's pastor. Although I can add very little to what General Harris has so well said in his address, I can say that in Montclair we are all mourners. You had Dr. Love as a comrade, we had him as a citizen. I am proud to stand here as his pastor and do him honor! Dr. Love said little. He was one of those silent Christians, but he had a large heart, and we knew just where to find him. I feel that I have lost a pillar in my work. Doctors are very busy men; there are many things to call them away, yet Dr. Love was almost always in his seat at church. I had his influence, his character, and I felt it, and the others felt it. We mourn his loss with deepest sadness. I am sure that those of you who were wounded or were laid on beds of sickness and saw his loving eyes as he bent over you, feel that you have lost a true friend, for he was a manly Christian man. And so I come to add my tribute to those which General Harris has given, and I thank you for the opportunity of expressing my sincere regard for Dr. Love. (Applause.)

Vice President Stansfield:

I now call upon Comrade Devor to sing "The Evergreen Shore." (Applause and calls of "Come on, Tommy!")

Comrade Devor: I didn't know that our newly elected President was a poet until just now when he said "The Evergreen Shore, by Comrade Devor." He revealed the spirit that is within him.

Comrade Devor sang the well known hymn of Company D, "The Evergreen Shore," and all joined in the chorus.

Vice President Stansfield:

I am placed in a serious situation. I don't know who to call upon. I've got to look around and pick out the talent. I will ask Chaplain Harris to come forward.

Chaplain A. M. Harris:

Comrades, I am as much surprised as any one present. I had not expected to speak to you to-day. However I feel at home with the men of the Thirteenth Regiment. There is no company of men that I love more. We passed three years together. As I look around I realize the fact that we are growing old. When we enlisted we were boys. Our hair was brown, now it is gray. We are fathers, and our boys are growing up and will have to take our places. I am glad that I was brought up to honor the old flag. I was taught the lesson of patriotism at my mother's knee. She gave two sons to the service of her country; one rests on the battle-field, and one returned home.

I trust, comrades, that we shall have many such reunions ere we are summoned to go, but I wish to impress the fact that the highest duty a man can perform is to do the will of God and become a soldier of the Lord Jesus. Outside of that one's highest honor is to be a faithful soldier of his country. I would like to impress upon the minds of all here that to be a patriot it is not necessary to be a native of this country, and just here as an illustration I will relate an incident which happened at Andersonville Prison. The Keeper was known as a very hard-hearted man. One day he had the Union prisoners assembled before the prison. He made an address to them, full of discouragement, telling them that it was impossible for the Yanks to beat the Confederacy, and therefore that the best they could do was to join the Confederate side. After he had finished, a man in the Union ranks asked if he could say a few words to them. "Oh, yes" said the keeper, expecting that he was weakening. The famishing prisoner stepped out of the ranks. He called to his comrades: "Attention, men! About face! Forward march!" And they marched back to their prison quarters, many of them to die. That man was an Irishman. Was he not just as much a patriot as any?

I am glad to meet you all, and lift my voice with you to-day. I trust that we may see many more of these annual reunions. (Applause.)

The next speaker was announced as the Rev. Dr. Stanley White, of Orange. He began by saying: "One advantage in coming to such a reunion as this, is that the honors are heaped upon you. Just now I was given the title of 'Rev. Dr. White,' which in reality belongs to my father, and he is in New York, so that he can hardly address you.

I appreciate the honor of an invitation to address you to-day but feel that I am inadequate to do justice to the occasion. I am not an after-dinner speaker, and I feel a timidity in addressing men who fought in battles that I knew nothing of, that were in fact fought while I was only in the cradle.

I am not in sympathy with the one who said of a great after-dinner speaker that "you have only to drop a dinner in the slot and he has a speech ready." In fact dinners do not affect me that way, they act rather as a stopper.

There are two thoughts uppermost in my mind as I look about on the faces of those who fought in the war—first, what they gave, and second, what they received. When I hear such words as were spoken by your Chaplain about the brother who was left on the battle-field, and when I see comrades in sleeveless coats, I think of what was given to the country, and it moves me with a feeling of deep reverence.

Then the other side: how much the country gave to you men who fought in the war. Character comes from struggle and is made in conflict. The men who went to battle gave much but they received in return such characters as are refined in the fire. And we need these men who fought to teach us by precept and example how to stand bravely in the world to-day. I have only to thank you very deeply. I

can learn much more from you than you can learn from me.
(Applause.)

Rev. E. Livingston Allen, a comrade of Company K, was introduced as Chaplain, and said:

Some men run to Chaplaincies and some men run to and from some things, and I did some tall running to get here today. I have crossed the continent three times and have reached New Jersey safe and sound. I am rejoiced to be here and to look into your smiling faces. But there is a serious side to this. I want to know where the men are—the men of our regiment. Boys! I have pain in my heart today as I think of those of the regiment who are gone. We are growing older. The elements are toying with our locks. Coming up this morning I met General Harris—God love him! He is a boy yet! Who of us will be here at the next reunion? I have met but four times with you, but I hope to join you on every such occasion hereafter. As to your record, if any man has the right to use good words for this regiment I feel that I have that right, and I brand as a lie that at Chancellorsville the Thirteenth became a disorganized mob. First, because it isn't true. Second because these men who have been with me never became a disorganized mob. I look down into their faces, they know me, and I know they will stand by what I have said. (Applause.)

In respect to the individual honors of the regiment, after all, what did we but our duty? What more can men do? We drank from the same canteen, and with bared breast we fought side by side. A man here at my right was struck down in the heat of battle. I carried him three-quarters of a mile. We stood by each other in those times. It gives me great joy to stand here today and meet these old comrades. But as I said, I've been crying for those who are not here. I read of the demise of that great and good man, Dr. Love, and of others of our number who have gone over to the

vast majority. They have passed over the bank of deliverance. We are growing old!

The Thirteenth Regiment reached as high a plane as any. You may look at the honor roll of Chancellorsville, in Col. Fox's book, and there you will see mentioned four regiments of our brigade and the Thirteenth comes within two of the highest number of losses in killed and wounded. No regiment did its duty better than this to which we belong. (Applause.)

Captain Matthews was called upon for a speech, and said: Comrades all: It is happiness enough for me to see you. We have all listened with delight to the speeches this afternoon and I will not weary you. At a reunion yesterday I was called to order, and I might be called to order here. I shall only say "Good by." When we meet next year at Paterson, that glorious place for the soldier, if you want to hear me then, I will talk to you. (Applause.)

Then came a spirited rendering of Yankee Doodle by Comrade Devor, in the chorus of which all joined. Comrade Trepkau supplemented it with a stanza of the same with words in German, which was received with great laughter.

A vote of thanks was moved by Comrade George W. Lawrence, seconded and passed, "for the remarkably full, comprehensive and eloquent address made this day by General Harris."

It was also moved by Comrade Thomas Giles, that a vote of thanks be given the people of Orange for the generous entertainment tendered the regiment this day. It was unanimously voted.

At six P. M. adjourned, after "Auld Lang Syne," and "Home, Sweet Home," by the band.

A. DELANO,

Recording Secretary.

As the company prepared to leave the tables Comrade Trepkau mounted a chair and made a proposition. He said that in the days of President Lincoln it was not customary to draft the women and put them at the front, but on this occasion he proposed that the ladies of the Thirteenth precede the men at the head of the column in marching back to Eagle Rock. The ladies accepted the situation and thus marched in good step to the music of the band.

LETTERS AND TELEGRAMS.

Copy of telegram from General Harris sent to Montclair on day of Dr. Love's funeral:

KENNEBUNK BEACH, ME., AUG. 2, 1897.

Thirteenth Regimental Veteran Association:

Comrade Love's death grieves me beyond expression. Regret inability to join you in honoring his noble memory.

F. H. HARRIS.

Letter addressed to the Chairman of the Twelfth Reunion from Major John R. Howard, of Montclair:

MONTCLAIR, SEPT. 13, 1897.

Chairman Twelfth Reunion Thirteenth Regiment.

My Dear Sir: This evening I have had the honor to receive a ticket of invitation to your gathering at Crystal Spring on the 15th instant. And I am grieved to write you that for the first time in my life I must break an engagement, for I am imperatively called away to Springfield and Boston to-morrow and cannot be back until Friday, the 17th.

This is the more regrettable to me because the request that I should be with you and say a few words came originally from that noble veteran of the Thirteenth, Dr. John J. H. Love, whose requests we Montclair folk have been accustomed to accede to; and it was at his funeral that I confirmed to Comrade Wheeler my desire and intention to be with you. But the call to be away is sudden and absolute, and I can only beg you to present my sincere apology.

It is especially trying to miss a gathering of the veterans of the gallant

Twelfth Reunion of the

Thirteenth, in which I have been exceedingly interested since their first reunion in Montclair some years ago, when I began to know why it was that all this region was proud of the regiment that had gone from here to the war, had splendidly borne the brunt of so many battles and marches, and had won for their able commander—Colonel Fred. H. Harris of Montclair—the praises and promotions, the brevet and official thanks that he so brilliantly merited.

And it would have been my proud but sad privilege to speak in profound appreciation of that other grand contribution of your regiment to the efficiency of the Army of the Potomac and that of the Cumberland, in taking forth a regimental surgeon, who in seven short months was entrusted with the medical and surgical care of the Brigade as well as of the Regiment, and a few months later became Surgeon-in-Chief of the Division; who on the march, in the camp, the battlefield and the hospital, did manly and gallant service. The cool and skillful performance of surgical duty amid the horrors of the field and the confusion that follows combat, calls for intrepidity and courage of the very highest type; and no member of his noble profession ever showed these qualities more significantly than did Surgeon John J. H. Love.

His after career, in civil life, has been practically the history of the community he honored with his residence. Living, and even at the instant of dying, he served his fellow men and his God. The members of his profession did him reverence; every man and woman in his community trusted and loved him; and none have a better reason or a better right to mourn him than his fellow veterans of the Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteers.

With deep regret at my absence from your social board, where so much will be said that I should rejoice to hear, and with the heartiest wishes for the prosperity and happy continuance of the Association that we all so sincerely honor,

I am faithfully ever,

JOHN R. HOWARD,

NEWARK, N. J., AUG. 18, 1897.

Albert Delano, Esq., Secretary.

Dear Sir: I regret very much that I will be unable to be at the Thirteenth Regiment's reunion this year, for I would like to have continued my slight services to the Association, as I have cheerfully and willingly done for several years past, by reporting stenographically the speeches at your banquets for publication in your annual interesting printed report.

I leave for Europe to-morrow to be gone several weeks, and will therefore be out of the country and entirely out of range on the date of your anniversary. Be assured that were it at all possible I would be with you and render your association every aid in my power, as I consider it a great favor to be allowed to

assist old soldiers in anything pertaining to the perpetuation of the memory of their valorous achievements in saving the grandest country in the world from threatened disintegration and probable ruin.

Hoping never to be compelled to miss another one, and that you will have a most successful and interesting reunion, I am

Very truly yours,

J. R. SALMON,

Official Stenographer Thirteenth Regiment.

TRENTON, AUG. 31, 1897.

S. Morris Hulin, Corresponding Secretary.

My Dear Sir: I have your very kind invitation of August 30th to be present at the Twelfth Annual Reunion of the Thirteenth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers, at Orange, on Wednesday afternoon, September 15th. The time is so far distant that I am unable to say confidently whether I can be present, but I will endeavor to do so. I thank you very kindly for your courteous invitation.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM S. STRYKER.

ELDRED. MCKEAN CO., PA., SEPT. 1, 1897.

S. Morris Hulin, Corresponding Secretary.

Dear Sir: I have your kind invitation of the 30th ult. to attend the twelfth annual reunion of your Association, and I beg to thank yourself and your esteemed comrades of the Thirteenth for their kind remembrance and to say that if it is at all possible I shall do myself the honor of attending.

Wishing the survivors of the gallant Thirteenth long life, success and happiness and many enjoyable reunions,

Yours truly,

J. N. DUFFY.

BROOKLYN, SEPT. 7, 1897.

S. Morris Hulin, Esq.

Dear Sir: An important engagement on Wednesday, the 15th, will prevent my being with you at your annual reunion. I regret not being able to meet some of my father's old comrades at that time, and trust that the occasion may be most enjoyable.

Yours very truly,

H. W. SLOCUM.

Twelfth Reunion of the

BOSTON, SEPT. 10, 1897.

Jas. E. Garabrant, Treasurer.

Dear Sir: Herewith please find enclosed my annual dues for the Regimental Association. I regret exceedingly that pressure of business matters will prevent my being present with my comrades on this occasion, as I had anticipated. Please give my kindest regards to all the boys, and if you come out short in your expense account, let me know what my proportion will be.

With sincere regards,

Yours very truly,

C. A. HOPKINS.

ANTIETAM BATTLEFIELD BOARD, WASHINGTON, SEPT. 13, 1897.

(EXTRACT.)

To Captain A. M. Matthews.

My Dear Matthews: "Yours of 9th inst. received. I would be delighted to meet the boys of the old Thirteenth at their reunion on the 15th, but am obliged to be at Sharpsburg that day to meet a New York and Pennsylvania delegation. I was in hopes I could make the trip but can not so arrange it. Remember me affectionately to all and every one of them. As the years go by our ties grow stronger."

E. A. CARMAN.

BROOKLYN, SEPT. 14, 1897.

James E. Garabrant, Treasurer.

My Dear Sir and Comrade: I received the ticket to the Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteers' dinner to-day and too late to make arrangements to attend. Several professional engagements demand my attention here, and had I known in time I would gladly have postponed them. I remember with great pleasure my happy meetings with you, and my regret is sincere that I cannot be with you to-morrow.

With cordial greetings to the survivors of the old Thirteenth, I remain

Fraternally yours,

HORATIO C. KING.

HISTORICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

In the early part of 1896, The National Tribune, of Washington, D. C., published a letter from Charles Stacey, late of Company D, 55th Regiment, Ohio Volunteers, inquiring for the name, number and State of the body of soldiers who bravely charged and set fire to some buildings between the two armies near Atlanta, July 27, 1864.

The following letter, in reply, was published in The National Tribune of May 21, 1896:

A NOTABLE CHARGE.—ACTION OF THE THIRTEENTH NEW JERSEY JULY 27, 1864. MOST IMPORTANT.

Editor National Tribune: In a recent issue reference is made to an event that took place July 27th, 1864, when two hundred picked men from the Twentieth Corps charged and set fire to some buildings right under the guns of a fort on the Atlanta campaign. We who participated in the charge are proud of the action of our regiment (the Thirteenth New Jersey) on two occasions to which I shall refer. The lines of the armies, mostly fortified, were uncomfortably close in front of the Twentieth Corps, and there were some irregularities in our picket-line which it was desirable to straighten, and directly in front of our regimental position, on a knoll in a cleared field, stood a cluster of houses and other buildings.

The enemy's picket-line was established in front of the houses on the edge of the hill, and therefore at quite a disadvantage. Behind these houses a strong line of rebel breastworks had been constructed. A large fort projected from this line, protected by abatis, cheveaux de frize and other obstructions, which made them invulnerable; but the fort could not be seen from our batteries posted on the hill alongside of the Atlanta pike.

General Slocum's attention was called to this fact, and a person familiar with the rebel line stated that if these houses could be destroyed the rebel works and the fort would be exposed to view. The houses seemed to stand as a menace to our army, and as our brigade occupied a prominent position in their front, the question of charging the enemy's line and setting fire to them was frequently discussed, but no one seemed to crave the duty. It was a hazardous undertaking, and yet the feeling seemed to grow that somebody would have to perform the work.

It was determined that the movement should be made, and with the view of attracting the attention of the enemy, it was ordered that a united demonstration along the entire line be made by one regiment selected from each division, under cover of which the work should be accomplished.

The Thirteenth New Jersey was selected from the First Division of the Twentieth Corps for this important duty.

Orders came from Brigade headquarters for a detail of two men from each company in the regiment to report there for instructions. Volunteers were called for and a prompt response was made. These were known as "the firing party." Each was furnished with a bundle of split shingles and plentifully supplied with hemp and other inflammable material. The regiment was assembled in light marching order. It became evident that we had once more been selected for some important special duty, which we soon learned was the firing of the houses.

The regiment then moved into the woods on the left of our breastworks, our guns being carried at a "trail," and halted near the picket reserve post of the First Brigade, where we lay down upon the ground. The formation of the regiment was eight companies in the front line and two companies in reserve.

When all was ready for the charge Colonel Carman gave the signal—the waving of a white handkerchief—to our

battery on the hill, which at once began firing on the enemy's line. By this time the whole army seemed to know what was going on. From the breastworks for over a mile there was an unobstructed view of our situation, and thousands of anxious men were watching us with a deep interest. For the time we held that vast audience spellbound.

The mission on which we were engaged was an important one and dangerous. The enemy had a very strong force in the rifle pits, and backed as these were by a strong fortified line of breastworks, the duty imposed upon us seemed very difficult and extremely hazardous.

When the fourth shot was fired from the battery the first line arose and moved steadily forward. As we entered the cleared ground some of the rebel skirmishers fired at us, but we pushed on and mounted the rifle-pits. So rapidly was the movement executed that but few of the pickets of the enemy at that point escaped, but the larger number, including two commissioned officers, were captured. Immediately behind us came the "house burners."

As soon as the skirmish-line was captured no time was lost in getting to the houses and applying the torch. The second line also came up on a run, the men shouting and yelling at the top of their voices, and closed in around the houses. So far we had accomplished our object without loss, but as soon as the line appeared on the top of the hill the enemy poured a heavy fire into us from their breastworks and the guns in the fort opened full upon us.

The first fire from the enemy's artillery struck Orderly Sergeant Richard Brown, taking off one of his legs, from the effects of which he soon died. The commands of the Confederate officers to their men were plainly heard by us. We at once concentrated our fire on the embrasures of the fort, thereby silencing their guns. Another battery further to the left then opened upon us, but did no serious damage. The enemy soon resorted to more effective measures to

regain possession of the hill. While they kept up a lively fusilade from their breastworks a large body of troops moved into position some distance to the right for the purpose of attacking us. We noticed the movement of the enemy. By this time the buildings were all ablaze, and the command was given to return to the breastworks.

Our work for that day was accomplished. We retired in good style, bringing thirty-three prisoners captured on the rebel picket-line. The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded was also considerable. As we marched back loud and continued cheering from the thousands of spectators greeted us. The enemy soon after reoccupied their old picket-line.

This exploit was a frequent theme of conversation throughout the whole corps, and gave us considerable renown. A complimentary order from Colonel Carman was read to each company in the regiment. The order conveyed the thanks of General Williams, our division commander, for the success of the charge, which he emphasized by saying: "You have done well!"

This achievement has always been rightfully considered one of the most gallant and important the regiment ever performed. It required pluck, prompt action and coolness from both officers and men. But what was of the greatest value to the regiment was the high confidence expressed in its selection for this duty.

The casualties in the regiment were few. Sergeant Brown and Nathaniel Barnes of Company I were both mortally wounded, the former dying on the 29th of July and the latter on the first of August. John H. Sterling of Company C, and Henry Bedford of Company E were killed outright.

The completion of the work was accomplished three days later, on the 30th, when William H. Van Iderstine lost his arm, and several others were wounded. I cannot now call their names to mind. The skirmish line was ordered to be ad-

vanced to the top of the hill, where the houses had been burned, where the new line was to be established. As a "reward of merit" the Thirteenth was selected to support the advance. At daylight the movement was made, and so suddenly and skilfully was it accomplished that we captured about sixty prisoners.

The close proximity of the enemy's line of works and the fort rendered it difficult to throw up the intrenchments. In the same manner as when we were on the hill before, a portion of the men kept up a steady fire, directed mainly at the embrasures of the large fort, and in that way we became hotly engaged, but succeeded in keeping their guns silenced. The rapid firing made it necessary that we should soon be relieved; the line when completed was a very strong, continuous line of works, almost like those of a line-of-battle.

Notwithstanding the exposure, the regiment did not suffer heavily, but we had accomplished an important work, of which we were justly proud.

T. R. DEVOR,
President Veteran Association
Thirteenth N. J. Vols.

NORWALK, OHIO, June 2, 1896.

T. R. DEVOR, Newark, N. J.

Dear Comrade: I have read your article in answer to my inquiry with much interest, the more so as I was concerned in it somewhat myself; my part being as a sharp-shooter in keeping the fort silenced. And to show that we were all effective, I will mention that, on these lines being taken, I examined those embrasures, and found chunks of lead as large as goose eggs welded together from the rifle balls fired at that time.

I was glad to hear what men took the buildings and fired them, and would like to know the one in particular who ran the rebels down the hill with a very liberal application of his boot to the Johnnies' rear all the way down. Oh! it was a gallant deed! and is the more appreciated by me as it was exactly in line with my own doings.

Your account agrees very nearly with my record of it which I will give as it may be of use to you as it is made by one not of your Regiment and therefore disinterested.

Extract from Diary, Wednesday, July 27, 1864:

"About 150 yards in front of us were two or three buildings into which the rebels had put sharpshooters. They were very annoying, so 200 picked men charged and set fire to them, capturing thirty-three rebels. We lost one killed and seven wounded. One of the wounded was burned up in the house."

It was a most gallant charge. You will see I have the loss in wounded exactly the same as you.

I am very truly yours in F. C. & L.,

CHARLES STACEY,

Late Private Company D, 55th O. V. V. I.

Remarks, by Historian, Thirteenth N. J. V.

The Ohio Comrade's letter is interesting, and will doubtless refresh the memories of many of the Thirteenth who participated in that charge made on the rifle-pits. This story of bullets found in the embrasures of the fort welded together as large as goose eggs will inspire "Truthful James." of our regiment, to produce his diary. Mr. Stacey may be credited as an unerring sharpshooter, but his diary is wrong in stating that a wounded man was cremated. All of the killed and wounded were brought back to our lines.

OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION

SEPTEMBER 15, 1897.

JOHN C. STANSFIELD, <i>President</i> ,	Address,	Paterson, N. J.
GRANT A. WHEELER, <i>Vice-President</i> ,		Newark, "
JAS. E. GARABRANT, <i>Treasurer</i> ,	Springfield and 13th Aves.,	Newark, "
A. DELANO, <i>Rec. Secretary</i> ,	173 Clinton Ave.,	Newark, "
S. M. HULIN, <i>Cor. Secy. and Historian</i> ,		Bloomfield, "
REV. A. M. HARRIS, <i>Chaplain</i> ,		Port Oram, "

HONORARY MEMBERS

OF THE ASSOCIATION.

MAJOR GENERAL H. W. SLOCUM, Com. 12th and 20th Army Corps	}	Elected Sept. 1887.	Died April 14, '94.
HON. ROBERT S. GREEN, Ex-Governor of New Jersey.			
HON. WM. S. STRYKER, Adjutant-General of N. J.	}	"	"
COL. J. N. DUFFY, President Gettysburg Battlefield Com.			
HON. WM. H. CORBIN, Secretary Gettysburg Battlefield Com.	}	"	"
HENRY W. SLOCUM,			
J. R. SALMON,	"	Sept. 19, 1894.	
HON. AMZI DODD,	"	Sept. 18, 1895.	
	"	Sept. 16, 1896.	

[REDACTED]

MEMORIAL PAGE.

RECORD OF DECEASED MEMBERS.

- JOSEPH C. SHIPMAN, Private Company A. Enlisted August 7, 1862; Discharged June 8, 1865; Died — 1894.
- JOSEPH L. WADE, Sergeant Company E. Enlisted July 23, 1862; Discharged, disability, August 7, 1863; Died — 1895.
- THOS. MONTGOMERY, Private Company A. Enlisted August 11, 1862; V. R. C. August 1, 1863; Discharged July 1, 1865; Died May 20, 1895.
- JOSEPH H. PEWTNER, Private Company C. Enlisted September 28, 1864; Discharged June 8, 1865; Died September 10, 1895.
- WM. W. CAIRNS, Corporal Company F. Enlisted August 14, 1862; Discharged June 8, 1865; Died March 27, 1895.
- THOS. BISHOP, Private Company A. Enlisted August 6, 1862; Discharged June 8, 1865; Died July 7, 1895.
- WM. H. MILLER, Second Lieutenant Company K, August 20, 1862; First Lieutenant Company A, November 1, 1862; Captain Company A, March 14, 1864; Died August 6, 1896.
- REV. T. ROMEYN BECK, Chaplain Thirteenth Regiment New Jersey Volunteers, August 21, 1862; Resigned July 17, 1863; Died — 1896.
- JOHN J. H. LOVE M. D., Surgeon. July 19, 1862; Resigned January 23 1864; Died July 30, 1897.
- ELIAS B. MILLS. Corporal Company F. Enlisted August 11, 1862; Discharged, disability, September 14, 1864; Died August 25, 1897.
- BENNETT LIVINGSTON. Private Company E. Enlisted August 14, 1862. Mustered out June 8, 1865; Died October 22, 1897.
- [REDACTED]