

VETERAN ASSOCIATION

OF THE

Thirteenth Regt. New Jersey Volunteers.

EIGHTH REUNION,

HELD AT

ANTIETAM, MD.,

Wednesday, September 20th, 1893.

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EIGHTH REUNION.

The Special Joint Committee appointed at Paterson September 14th, 1892, to make all arrangements for the next Annual Reunion, to be held on the battle-field of Antietam, met at Newark in April, and again each month in May, June, July, August, and twice in September.

The very unusual depression in all kinds of business during this year prevented many members of the regiment from participating, while others preferred going to the World's Fair.

The Committee, however, succeeded in making favorable arrangements with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Co., as shown by circulars distributed in August.

On Monday, September 18th, the excursion train of four cars left Newark at 8.15 A. M., reaching Baltimore at 1 P. M., the whole party then dining at the B. & O. dining room. Transfer was made by stages to the Western Maryland Railroad depot, leaving there at 4 P. M., and reaching Gettysburg at 5.30 P. M.

Members of the Association present :

Thomas Bishop,	Thomas Giles,	Wm. H. Paige,
John Bush,	Wm. B. Jacobus,	Joseph H. Pewtner,
Archd. Brown,	Jas. H. Jacobus,	T. S. Perry,
James D. Cobb,	Jacob Jeffries,	Wash. R. Russell.
John J. Carlough,	S. Morris Hulin,	Bennett Livingston,
Joseph E. Crowell,	Geo. W. Lawrence,	James O. Smith,
A. B. Combs,	Wm. B. Littell,	Daniel F. Shea,
Thomas R. Devor,	J. J. H. Love,	Valentine Strobert,
A. Delano,	A. W. LaFurge,	John C. Stansfield,
Wm. W. Douglas,	Elias B. Mills,	W. H. Van Iderstine
John P. Decker,	James McGowan,	Grant A. Wheeler,
Marcus Dixon,	A. M. Matthews,	Cyrus C. Williams,
Francis M. Earle,	John R. Miller,	D. S. Wannamaker,
Ogden Foxcroft,	Geo. W. Moore,	Jacob White,
George Faller,	R. B. Manning,	Thomas Atha.
Jas. E. Garabrant,	Joseph T. Mead,	

Accompanying the members of the Association were relatives and friends, as follows :

Newark: J. R. Salmon, Wm. Sanderson, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Clark, Silas Van Duyne, Mrs. W. R. Russell, Mrs. W. H. Van Iderstine, Miss Bannister, Miss Van Iderstine, Mrs. T. R. Devor, Mrs. J. O. Smith, Mrs. Leonard B. Smith.

Jersey City: Mortimer Samson, M. D., Harry Douglass, Lionel Picken, Mr. and Mrs. B. Stoneham, Horace Stoneham, Chas. Stoneham, F. Demmert, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Turner, Mrs. J. Turner.

Rahway: Messrs. Fredk. Eyer, E. T. Tappen, A. P. Goodall, N. V. Compton.

Orange: Fritz Trepkau, Commander of Uzal Dodd Post No. 12, G. A. R., C. T. Arcularius, E. L. Condit, A. F. Jacobus, Mr. and Mrs. Edw. Perry, Mrs. A. M. Matthews, Mrs. Francis Riley, Miss Alice Williams, Mr. and Mrs. David E. Moore, Miss A. Crommelin, Mrs. Faller, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hall, Mrs. E. H. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. McChesney, George S. Hayes.

Paterson: Mrs. E. S. Wannamaker, Mr. E. G. Ford, Thomas S. Storms, Jacob Mickler, John F. Lee, Joseph Higgins, M. J. McGinniss, Mrs. J. C. Stansfield, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Piaget, C. C. Shelby, Mrs. Jacob White, Cyril Forbes, Leonard White.

Plainfield: A. M. Frazee.

New York City: E. G. Tuckerman.

Greenwood Lake: Wm. H. Roberts.

Philadelphia: B. Harry Atha.

Nutley: Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Barron.

After engaging rooms and meals at the Gettysburg hotels the entire party at 8 P. M. assembled in the Court House hall to hold a campfire.

THE CAMPFIRE AT GETTYSBURG.

(Campfire meeting of the Thirteenth Regiment, held in the Court House, at Gettysburg, Pa., Monday evening, September 18th, 1893.)

The meeting was called to order at eight o'clock, by Captain A. M. Matthews, who said:

Comrades of the Thirteenth Regiment, and their guests, and to preserve the informality of this occasion, I shall call you to-night all comrades when I address this assemblage.

We are come together to-night after a lapse of six years and more, when, in the early days of July, 1887, we met in this Court-house to hold a Campfire, which was preparatory to the service of dedicating a monument to the Thirteenth New Jersey Regiment provided by the State of New Jersey, and by the donations of members of the Thirteenth, and by the generous citizens, whose heart and thought were with us and upheld us throughout the long struggle for the Union.

Now, it is necessary for those who are not of the regiment to make a little explanation as to why I am here and act as your presiding officer. It is true that I have the honor of being appointed to conduct this campfire, but naturally you would expect the President of this Association, or, at least, the Vice-President of it, to appear here in my place at this time. That they are not here is due to causes beyond their control. Captain George M. Hard, the President of the Association, is the President of an important New York City bank, and you all know that this is a time when an officer of that position cannot desert his duty and go away for any length of time, or be absent from it.

The Vice-President has long been sick, too sick a man to be here to-night, and so I appear at this time in their stead.

And now, my comrades, it would seem as a preface, as a sort of preparatory remark to this Campfire occasion, that to those who are not informed I should speak something of the history of this regiment in whose honor we are assembled to conduct this Campfire.

The Thirteenth Regiment came under the three hundred thousand call of Abraham Lincoln, and was sent to the front about the time of the battles that are called the battle of Second Bull Run, which resulted, as we deplore, in General Pope's defeat and unfortunate retreat upon the fortifications of Washington. Without time for preparation, without any instruction in those duties which discipline and exalt the soldier and fit him for standing upon the battle field, this regiment was thrust, seventeen days after its muster into the service, into the battle of Antietam. It made there, though a regiment unused to duty, unused to battle entirely, a good record. It made a record so good that it was mentioned in General Orders by General George H. Gordon, in highly laudatory terms. And afterwards, having an opportunity for drill and discipline with the rest of its Corps, it fought in the battle of Chancellorsville, and there also made a good record. These two great battles formed a standing and made for the regiment a history. So that, when in the latter days of June, 1863, we came upon this field it was as disciplined soldiers. And though we do not claim to have fought the battle of Gettysburg, or to have performed any great or important part in that battle, we do claim that we did belong to a brigade which performed on that field, on the right yonder at Culp's Hill, a feat of arms that was not surpassed in the history of war, or in the history of the late war, or perhaps of any other war; and when I mention the fact to those who are conversant with war history that that brigade was composed of the Second Massachusetts, the Third Wisconsin, the Twenty-seventh Indiana, the Thirteenth New Jersey, the One Hundred and Seventh New York, and afterwards the

One Hundred and Fiftieth New York, I think that without further reflection this statement will not be denied. The brave action I allude to was the charge of the Second Massachusetts, supported by the Twenty-seventh Indiana, on the early morning of the third day of July, 1863. Those of you who are familiar with that part of the line, Culp's Hill and the marsh, Culp's Spring, McAllister's Woods, Rock Creek, and the entire right of our line as then held, will remember that marsh, that open space between the Spring and McAllister's Woods, where are situated the monuments of our brigade, the Second Massachusetts, the Twenty-seventh Indiana, the Third Wisconsin, and others. These two regiments, by order, on the early morning of the third of July, 1863, charged the enemy across that open field or marsh, and the Second Massachusetts at least went straight through the lines. And I am a witness to this, because I was, among thousands of others, in a position to see the whole action, that they kept their line as firmly and true as if on parade, and charged through the enemy's line and went out beyond it to their old position, from which they had marched to the relief of General Sickles on the left, on the second day of July. The Twenty-seventh Indiana gallantly supported it, and these two regiments, by a strange co-incidence, lost an equal number of men in killed and wounded. The commanding officer of the Second Massachusetts was killed; several other officers were also killed; many were wounded; and of the color-guard of the regiment all were killed and wounded excepting one man.

Now, this was a heroic duty; it was duty heroically and grandly performed; and to such a brigade, and with such an example, the Thirteenth New Jersey belonged. Afterwards, in the month of October, with the Twelfth Corps, we were sent to the Army of the Cumberland. How well the duty which we owed to our country was performed there history will tell.

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We are met to-night not to glorify ourselves, but to revive memories of our old battle-fields, and especially of this field of Gettysburg, and not forgetting our initial battle-field, that of Antietam. It is our duty and our pleasure to entertain you, and in calling upon comrades, who are without distinction comrades to-night, whether they belong to this regiment or to another regiment or arm of the service, I call for an instant and glad response; and in the singing, such as it may be, all of you are requested to join in the chorus and to help the singing along as well as you can, and assist in making this Campfire what we want to have it—a grand success.

Of course, when soldiers come upon an old field like this with their friends it is with the idea of benefiting not only themselves but others. And we come not here to blow our own horns, to use a homely expression. It is not for anything of that sort; but to give gladness and joy to others, and to help those who are not familiar with facts that are fresh within our memories to a knowledge of the truth as soldiers can tell it, and who, however they may have done their duty, in the grand aggregate performed it so well that we rejoice to-night in a redeemed and re-united country; a country whose union is restored, and who can bid, without exaggeration, when united, defiance to the whole world.

I will call upon an honored comrade of the regiment, one who was long its Surgeon, and one whom we all respect, and who not only enjoys the respect and love of every man who served with him or knew him in the army, but also of his fellow citizens. It is thirty years almost since the war, and we have made records outside of the army, and this gentleman whom I shall ask to speak to you a few words is one of those who has given to his community and to his country and to his State the rich heritage of an honored life. I will ask Doctor Love to address the comrades. (Applause).

Dr. Love:

Ladies and Gentlemen: I am under many obligations to Captain Matthews for the very flattering introduction which he has honored me with to-night. Not belonging to a talking profession, and having appeared before you at nearly every reunion for many years, it is somewhat difficult to collect new thoughts in such quantity or quality as to interest you for any length of time.

I am somewhat in the position of that colored servant of mine who went with us to the war, by the name of Dick. Many of you gentlemen may remember him. The day after the battle of Chancellorville we established a field hospital on this side of the Rappahannock. Very early the following morning the enemy secured a position for a battery somewhere on the hills on the south side of the river, and began shelling our hospital, possibly mistaking the tents which they could see over the tops of the trees for a wagon train. Unfortunately for us they calculated the distance accurately, and did considerable damage. In the disturbance which ensued every man "took out" that could travel, and did not give much consideration to the order of his going, among them Dick, with one of my horses (laughter). When he returned, being indignant at the sudden desertion, I said, "Dick, where have you been? Where is the horse?" "Oh, massa," he said, "hoss fast to a tree down thar in the woods. I was awful scared to see those things coming over here, and they went shoo! sher! shiss! bang! and every time one of them would burst I would jump, and I ran down through the bush just as fast as my legs could carry me. Every hair on my head stood on end. I thought every one of dem hairs was bugles, and each one was blowing 'Home, sweet home.'" (Laughter).

It is a subject of sincere congratulation to the veterans of the Thirteenth Regiment that we are permitted after the lapse of so many years to once again see the hills and

valleys of this beautiful country, and renew old associations of the times that tested manhood, and on one of the battle-fields that you helped to give to fame.

I had hoped that we should have the privilege to-night of having with us that beloved commander whose life has been spared so long, to the joy of his friends and the good of his country, General H. W. Slocum (Applause). Within a few weeks I had the honor to receive a very congratulatory message for the Thirteenth from the daughter of that old commander of the Red Star Division, General A. S. Williams, who has not forgotten the memories her father held in reference to his Jersey boys of '61 and '65 (applause).

Thirty years ago last July, in the early morning, a signal gun, fired by order of General Buford; then commanding the Union cavalry west of this town, echoed through the woods of Oak Hill, and the battle of Gettysburg was on. With the charges and counter charges, defeats and victories of that first day we had nothing to do; nor with the battles of the afternoon of the second day, when the troops of the Third Corps and Fifth Corps and Second fought with alternate success and defeat in the Peach Orchard and the Wheatfield, and the Devil's Den, and around the base of Little Round Top, and on the Emmittsburg Road. But as the day was waning and the sun darted its oblique rays across Seminary Hill and over the smoke-wrapped slopes of Cemetery Hill and the Round Tops, General Williams, at the head of his Corps, struck the Taneytown Road, and posting his troops behind McGilvery's artillery, held the weakest point in the line connecting Round Top with Cemetery Hill. Eleven o'clock finds the Twelfth Corps back again at the Baltimore Pike, waiting for daylight, in order to dispute with Johnson for the possession of the entrenchments they had built and left without striking a blow during the early hours of the day.

At early dawn of the third day the Union artillery, on Power's Hill, rained shot and shell upon the Confederate

lines, and the vigorous attack of Johnson, with his seven rebel brigades, is met by the gallant soldiers of the Red and White Star. It is a terrible struggle, hand to hand, man to man, but the murderous fire of Ruger's men, the stubborn resistance of Geary's troops, push back the gallant Southerners and clear the slopes of Culp's Hill of the enemy, leaving five hundred prisoners in our hands, three stand of colors, and more dead and wounded than any single portion of the battle-field.

Of the result of that battle, and of the work that you did at that time, history has long since given you a place in the records of the nation. You point to it with pride. Your children cherish it with a loyalty such as only descendants of soldiers can proclaim, and the nation has written it in granite and marble and bronze all over the battle-field.

It has been my privilege during the past years to travel throughout the length and breadth of this country, and, be it in the busy marts or trade, or the stirring hives of manufacture in the East, or the broad plains, and along the mighty rivers of the West, wherever I found a Thirteenth New Jersey soldier, he was always doing the best he could to uphold the nation and contribute his mite to make this a grand, a glorious republic. (Applause).

Captain Matthews :

Comrades—We want to have a little singing here to night. We have with us a good singer, several of them, a great many of them, if they will help. And I need not say to the members of the Thirteenth that our singing man is Comrade Thomas Devor. Tommy, we call him. We shall be glad to hear from him now. Comrade Devor, will you give us a song?

Mr Devor was greeted with applause, and said :

It remains for me to speak, not of the early times of the war, when we fought on free soil or near the

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border line, but when we labored and fought in the far South. I am going to lead you in singing, or try to, and want everybody to join in the chorus.

Mr. Devor sang "Marching Through Georgia," being joined in the chorus by the whole assemblage.

The singing of this song was greeted with long and continued applause, whereupon Mr. Devor said:

I am sorry that all these things are new, but if you can I wish you would assist in the chorus.

Mr. Devor then sang :

"SOUTH CAROLINA'S GOOD-BYE TO YANKEE DOODLE."—1861,

AIR,—*"Yankee Doodle."*

Old Uncle Sam, though well prepared
 For every rude invasion ;
 When e'er his kith and kin fall out,
 He always tries persuasion;
 But when his children sulk and pout,
 And can't be coaxed with candy,
 Though not morose, he tries a dose
 Of Yankee doodle dandy.

CHORUS.—Yankee doodle doodle doo,
 Yankee doodle dandy !

Now, Sister Caroline declared
 One day when in a passion,
 She'd leave her home if things went on
 In such a heedless fashion ;
 And so she bundled up her clothes—
 She did it neat and handy :
 Without a sigh she bade good-bye
 To Yankee doodle dandy.

CHORUS.

And then her sisters, woman-like,
 Some four or five in number,
 Declared while Carrie roamed about
 They could not sleep nor slumber ;
 And so they followed after her—
 The way was rough and sandy ;
 Her path they took, with many a look
 At Yankee doodle dandy.

CHORUS.

But, then, they will again come back,
That is, 'tis our opinion ;
For well they love within their hearts
Old Uncle Sam's dominion.
And when united once again,
'Twill be so neat and handy,
To sing the words of "Home, Sweet Home,"
To "Yankee doodle dandy."

CHORUS, etc.

The audience heartily joined him in the chorus, and at its finish the people applauded the singer vigorously.

Gettysburg band then played, and received applause.

Captain Matthews :

Comrades—We have with us a comrade of the old Thirteenth, whom you well know, and whose credit is not only within his native city and State of New Jersey, but extends largely throughout the country, and especially through the Grand Army, of which he has been an important and an active member. I refer, of course, to your late President, your President last year, our comrade, Jacob White of Paterson. Comrade White will now address us.

Mr. White :

It seems to me, Mr. President, that you certainly made a grand mistake this time. I believe it has always been my good fortune not to make any extended speeches, but to do more work. I believe that has been my good fortune. I could not help but think, when I was riding over the beautiful country to-day, of the time when I walked over the very same distance ; or, at least, almost the very same tract of country ; and then, when I think of the distance that we walked from here to the southwest with Sherman, around through the Carolinas and back again to Washington, I could hardly realize that it was an actual fact that we had gone through this great march ; but when I look at the faces of my comrades, I can hardly realize that they could have done so ; and then I think that we have reasons to rejoice

that our lives have been spared until this time for us all to meet here to-night under such favorable circumstances. And with these few remarks, Mr. President, I hope you will excuse me. (Applause).

Mr. Matthews:

Comrades—In the Post to which I belong in my native town we have a very few live men, and one of them is its Commander. He is also a good singer, and if any man can enliven an audience like this—I do not say it is dull, because it is not—but if any man can stir up an audience like this, and make them feel glad that they are soldiers, and the daughters of soldiers, and the fathers and mothers of soldiers, it is he, and I call upon Comrade Fritz Trepkau, the Commander of Uzal Dodd Post, to sing for you.

(Loud calls for "Fritz Trepkau," "Fritz.")

Mr. Trepkau:

It is the first time in my life that I have been in a court-house. (Laughter). And I am glad we have not got any trial before us. (Laughter). But if I have to give you a song, as our friend Past-Department Commander has alluded to, I don't know if you will understand me, (laughter), because I was not fortunate enough to be born in this country. I was born on the other side of the water, but I came to this great country just in time that you needed such a fellow as I am. (Loud laughter and continued applause). Ladies and Gentlemen, I am actually glad that I was invited with such a noble regiment as the Thirteenth New Jersey to go along on this great spree. (Laughter). I only go on a spree once a year (laughter), and that is to Washington, or to Boston, or some other place outside of the town. (Laughter). Now, I am actually very much obliged to the Thirteenth New Jersey that I was permitted to be here to-night. (At this point something fell on the floor and caused some confusion). I aint drunk, but my friend is. (Great laughter).

Mr. Trepkau then sang :

“ THE ARMY BEAN.”

TUNE.—“ Sweet Bye and Bye.”

There's a spot that the soldiers all love,
The mess-tent is the place that we mean,
And the dish that we like to see there,
Is the old-fashioned white Army Bean.

CHORUS.—'Tis the bean that we mean,
And w'e'll eat as we ne'er ate before,
The Army Bean, nice and clean,
We will stick to the bean evermore.

Now, the bean in its primitive state,
Is a plant we have all often met ;
And when cooked in the old army style,
It has charms we ne'er can forget.

CHORUS.—'Tis the bean, etc.

The German is fond of saurkraut ;
The potato is loved by the Mick ;
But soldiers have long since found out
That through life to our beans we should stick.

CHORUS.—'Tis the bean, etc.

REFRAIN.—Tune, “ Tell Aunt Rhoda.”

Beans for breakfast, beans for dinner,
Beans for supper, Beans ! Beans ! Beans !

This song was greeted with uproarious applause and long continued laughter at the inimitable manner in which it was rendered, and the singer was called back and sang a German song, “ Ich bin der lustige kannonier,” (I am the jolly cannonier), which was also received with great favor and created much laughter.

Mr. Matthews :

Comradès—One of the best men we have with us to-night is a comrade whom I once had the disagreeable duty of sending back to camp when he was going on picket, and in pursuance of that duty of course there was no back talk. I never heard a word about it until years after-

wards, when the comrade said to me, "Do you remember that time when we were going on picket before Savannah, and you said that I could go and report to my Orderly?" I said, "yes." "Well," he says, "I have thought that all over, and I have made up my mind that you did just right." Well, to tell the truth, I had always been thinking I had been a little hasty; but such were the facts, and that comrade is with us to-night, and he is also a comrade like many comrades of the Thirteenth, and many comrades of the service in which we were privileged and proud to engage—a man whose word is as good as his bond, and whose bond is good for a good deal. That does not make him any more of a man, in one sense, than if he were not so fixed; but it does make him a man of reputation throughout all the community in which he served well and honorably. I call upon Comrade Sergeant George W. Lawrence, of Company D, to give us a talk. (Applause).

Mr. Lawrence :

Comrades and Mr. President—I am not in a position to speak to you. It never was my good fortune to possess those qualities which would enable me to speak to edification or to entertain you. I did not suppose that our President had thought of calling upon me. He has given you a brief summary of an event which I never shall forget, and I have always highly esteemed him for the part which he took, and for the lenient manner in which he treated me. When I enlisted for a soldier I knew nothing about the responsibilities which rested upon a comrade. A sympathetic nature led me, on the first engagement at Antietam, to bear back, with another comrade, my wounded orderly-sergeant. I shall never forget the attention they gave him as we left him safely in the hands of a surgeon, and then we took our way to the front. Ever after I left the care of wounded to detailed men. Unfortunately or fortunately, I don't know. Providence knows. I had not

the privilege of engaging with them in the second engagement. It might have been I should not have been here; but I have always been thankful for the privilege of surviving those who passed away. I would rather be a live soldier than a dead one.

The event at Savannah grew out of sympathy to my stomach. It was just a day or two after we took possession of the city. Our rations were a little starved beef and rice; both took a long time to cook. My scanty allowance was over the fire for the supper meal, when called on for duty. After forming the detail, the officer not reporting, I hastened to comfort my stomach with a few spoonfuls from that savory pot. Five minutes had flown, when returning, to my surprise the guard had gone. Imagine my feelings when the officer's words greeted me: They spoiled all the sympathy of that pot. It was a lesson I never forgot.

I have always enjoyed the pleasant fellowship of my comrades, and have on all occasions tried to participate in gatherings like this, and partake of their pleasure.

It is useless for one to undertake to go over the history of our experiences, for certainly those who have participated in the events in which we did, so full of moment, so full of patriotism, so full of sacrifice, can never forget those days; and the touch of fellowship, and the occasions of sympathy that we then endured; and none treasuring such feelings can forego privileges like this of coming together. I enjoy with you occasions like this exceedingly, and though I cannot as others speak to the pleasure and benefit of my comrades, yet my heart is always full, and I am always glad to respond.

I have always been thankful that we did not fall into the heavy charges which took place on some other portions of the line, and was glad afterwards, when we left the Army of the Potomac, although it was a grand and noble army. I

think so of all our armies that engaged in the late civil war; yet we were fortunate enough to escape much of its severity. But still I have always been proud of the privilege we had of marching through Georgia with General Sherman. (Applause).

Captain Matthews:

It is our privilege to-night, to look back over the early days of July, in 1863, when we approached this battlefield from a point near Littlestown. After a long halt in an open field, hearing the firing of the first day—it was on the first day of July, and wondering why we were not sent forward to reinforce the line, we were then finally ordered forward, and we remember that we had then four miles of double quick. I don't know whether that was so long or not; it was a good long stretch. As we approached the line of battle down the Baltimore Pike from Littlestown—I am not quite certain about the roads; however, our destination was what is known as Wolf Hill, which is to the right of Culp's Hill; and I remember when we reached that point and dressed up in line the Thirteenth Regiment probably comprised about one hundred and fifty men, and we were immediately, without any delay whatever, sent on the skirmish line. Now, I am only mentioning this because the gentleman whom I am about to call on to speak to you, and in whom you will be greatly interested, has told me on this very field that he never heard of that, and it is not mentioned in any histories of the battle that I have ever been able to reach; nor is it mentioned, I think, in any report of any of the officers who had to do with it; but I may say right here that General Slocum distinctly remembers it, and says the reason he did not push in then any further was because it was not expected or wanted to bring on a battle at that time. Now, afterwards, in the charge to which I have alluded, we had but two regiments of a very gallant brigade put in, the Second Massachusetts and the Twenty-

seventh Indiana. The Twenty-seventh Indiana, in supporting the Second, failed to occupy the ground that they had won, and were forced to retreat to the line that they had advanced from, or rather to the line that the Second Massachusetts had advanced from; and they were immediately followed by a force of the enemy, led by an officer mounted on a gray horse. This battalion, I should think, might be about one hundred and fifty strong, and it was met by a most vigorous fire and could not stay there very long. But I shall say, for the information of those who are going with us over the field to-morrow, that they, the enemy, did get to the edge of the wood, that is, to the easterly side, the McAllister wood side of the marsh, which is near the Spring, and was a part of our line. The gentleman to whom I allude also says he never heard of that, and that incident of the battle is not mentioned in any report. But this only shows that there are some incidents of every great battle-field that are not known, and that are so insignificant in themselves and in their results apparently as not to receive attention. There is, however, a good reason why this incident is not mentioned, which we will not speak of here, but which every man who served in the Thirteenth, or in the old brigade, knows very well what it was.

Now, the gentleman who will address us on this subject is also a man of national reputation, a gentleman who has made this field a study, and has given to us and to mankind much of the knowledge, very much of the knowledge, which it possesses on the subject. He has, in fact, devoted his life to it, and I think that a great deal of honor is due to him in every respect, for all that he has done and been able to do, and had the ability to do so well, for this battle-field of Gettysburg. I will ask the gentleman of whom I speak, the historian of Gettysburg, Colonel John B. Bachelder, if he will not now give us a few remarks. Colonel Bachelder, we will be very glad to hear from you.

Colonel Bachelder :

It is always pleasant for me to meet those who were participants in the battle of Gettysburg, and when called upon to address them upon occasions like this, when I look in the faces of men that I know were brave, and in the faces of ladies that are fair that have come here to learn what they can of the battle, I regret more than at any other time that I have not the words to please, as others would do.

The truth, however, I will always strive to teach. I am very much obliged to you, Mr. President, for allowing me to thank you for the words of praise which you have given to this regiment of the State which I represent, Massachusetts. It was pleasant, sir, to hear you speak so truthfully of one of the most thrillingly interesting features of the battle of Gettysburg you and I witnessed. You who saw the gallant charge made upon that occasion. It was merely chance that those men went to their death. You might have had the same order issued to the Thirteenth, and no one will question that the Thirteenth New Jersey would not have acquitted themselves as nobly as did the Second Massachusetts. (Applause).

You have spoken little of the history of the movements of your command, and I may be able to tell you something that will interest you. You speak of going up the Baltimore Pike, crossing to Wolf Hill, to Hanover Road, and being deployed as skirmishers. It was my pleasure, sir, to visit that field a few years after, with the man that you all loved, General A. S. Williams, and I will say this for General Williams, I do not remember to have ever gone upon this field with a man so thoroughly conversant, so perfectly acquainted with the part of the country as was General Williams. Always in advance, he would speak of the character of the position that we were coming to, and he told me then of an incident which was interesting to me

then and is now. He said that when his line was formed, when you were on the skirmish line, which, by the way, he did not allude to, but when you were on the skirmish line, just as he was to issue the order to advance, he detected a little color on the top of a hill; it was the hill which we were to charge, and soon after two or three horsemen, and a moment later the head of a column that was the advance of the Old Stone Wall Brigade, led by General Walker. It was in General Edwin Johnson's division, and those who had come in from Carlisle the day before, and thence to Gettysburg; and it was the fortune of the occasion that they should have got to the top of that hill just at the time you were expected to occupy it, just at the time when you reached the base of it, and that is why you did not advance, because it was not the intention to continue, as has been said, the battle there. It was supposed that your division would be placed on the left flank of the enemy, which had been engaging the Union forces all day; but the opportunity was lost simply because they reached the top of the hill before you did.

Now, there were a great many features that were interesting to you all, and I always delight to speak to an audience of New Jersey troops, to the comrades from that State, the friends and the comrades that they bring with them, for this reason. I have never known an excursion to come to Gettysburg from New Jersey that was not made up of a class of people who appreciate those things, whose very faces indicate the intelligence that the party brings with them, and we are always interested to see them here, always interested; and I only regret that I have not the time at my disposal to speak of the gallant deeds performed upon this field by New Jersey troops. You have your programme. I am merely an interloper. But allow me to say, that in every instance of the eleven regiments which New Jersey sent to this field, and of the two batteries which came here, there

was not one solitary instance when the regiments of those commands did not do their whole duty. (Applause). It was not given to all of them to be thrown into the thick of the fight. There were other duties to perform that were of equal importance ; but I have no hesitation in saying that had either of those regiments been called upon it would have done its whole duty. You come here, as I learn for the first time, to represent the Thirteenth. There were a great many others here, quite a number of others here. It is barely possible that there may be persons here from that State who would like to know what some other regiments did from New Jersey. If you would like to hear of either of the regiments, please name it, and I will tell you briefly what it did at the battle of Gettysburg. These are all Thirteenth men I see. They have no special interest in the others.

Allow me to say, then, that while the whole first brigade, one of the very finest brigades in the army of the Potomac, had not the opportunity to become engaged to any great extent, some of the regiments scarcely fired a gun, yet they were placed in one of the most important positions on this field, not the extreme left, but ready to be taken to the extreme left at any moment. It was expected by your Commander-in-Chief, it was expected by your great Commander, that some attempt would be made to flank the army at Gettysburg, as was made at Chancellorsville ; and your command, the command of which I speak, the First Brigade of the old Sixth Corps, was placed near the left, ready to receive, with the arms they had, the enemy, had he attempted to flank the position.

Now, your Second Brigade I knew very well. The year before the battle of Gettysburg was fought I was with the army, looking for the great battle, when it should be fought, and in the same division with which I messed, the First Massachusetts regiment, of Grover's Brigade, was the Jersey Brigade ; and it had a reputation which has followed it all

the way down, not only for its fighting qualities, but for its excellent qualities in camp as soldiers. I related here the other evening, when some question was asked in regard to them, the firmness with which these men held their position at the front. There are those here who were in front of Richmond, who were at Fair Oaks or Seven Pines, and who know the great care that was taken to prevent surprise. They know how the whole army was on the alert, and they know how they were from time to time rallied, how they were brought up on false alarms at night, sometimes several times in the night. But it was not done by the Jersey Brigade, mind that. There was, you know, you who have been all through the woods in front of Richmond and elsewhere—one of the most common causes of alarm was the starting of a hog in the night, and when that hog would scamper away through the bushes some picket would fire at him. In a moment it was, "Fall in, boys, fall in," and everybody had to go to the front. Now, of the three brigades composing that division, as I said before, the Jersey Brigade, the Excelsior Brigade and Grover's Brigade, I used to hear the question at the table, "Who is on picket to-night?" "Well, it is the Excelsiors." "Well, now, look out, we will have some fun; we will all have to be up," and sure enough it was always the case that we got excited in some way. The picket would open fire, and everybody had to march up to the front and fill the trenches. But when the reply was, it was the Jersey boys, "Now, boys, we will get a good night's rest." It took more than a hog to frighten any of them. (Laughter).

Music by the Gettysburg band.

Captain Matthews:

Comrades—You remember the other Campfire we had here six years ago and more, and how much there was of humor in it from one cause or another. Some of the causes were accidental. Some of you may remember that others

were premeditated, and among the premeditated causes, and the author of them, we have with us to-night a comrade who is loaded, loaded, loaded. (Laughter). And I will not say how many of his funny stories he is going to tell you, but I don't think anybody will go out of this room for a half-hour to come, and I will ask Comrade James O. Smith to give us some of them. (Applause).

James O. Smith :

Comrades—You had better keep that applause until later. (Laughter).

Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Comrades : It seems to me that a good deal of the after part of the history of the war is left to be told thirty years later. And I notice, too, that at this very late day, even our eminent historian of the Gettysburg battle will occasionally discover some new feature of the battle of Gettysburg. I suppose that almost on every occasion when a few of the old boys gather here together that they let drop some hint from which he perhaps gathers some information that may have to go down into history. But there are a great many incidents connected with this battle, not only with this battle, but with all our campaigning, that will never go down into history (laughter); and there are some which remain a history, especially among those who formed the little coterie within which these little incidents happened. Some of them are told over and over again on every occasion when the boys get together. They want Smith to get up, and they want him to tell about Honnis, and the girl he left behind him, and all these things, until it seems to me as though, comrades, they must have become somewhat chestnutty.

But pertaining to this particular battle of Gettysburg, there are some incidents that came under my own especial observation which I do not think are down in written history, or printed either, and I don't think that Colonel Bach-

elder ever heard of them. It became a part of my duty, as one of the braves of the Thirteenth New Jersey, to serve on the detail with one of the Captains of the Second Massachusetts, as provost guard, to follow up the Twelfth Army Corps, and see that they all got out of Frederick City sober, and kept up with the procession and got into the fight. That was our part of the duty; not that we were to do any of the fighting, but we were to see that the other fellows did. (Laughter). Now, you who used to straggle can imagine just what kind of a circus we had; chasing them all over the lots, and over the hills, and through the mud and brambles, getting them back into the road and steering them up to the front. I don't know but what we lingered a little bit in hopes that the fight would be over before we got there. However, unfortunate for us, we got up in time to get in the muss. I recollect I came into Littlestown under very adverse circumstances. The road was very muddy, and the troops made considerable of a muss of it. I was trying to keep out of the mud up alongside of the rail fence, but just as we came into Littlestown I slipped down in the mud, and when I got up I was a sight to behold. The boys took me in the yard and raked the mud off me, put me under the pump, and took me to camp. The next morning we came up in double-quick for four miles, wasn't it? When I just got nicely warmed up, and we got out in the woods in line of battle, it was my misfortune to engage in another detail. Captain Miller detailed me and my friend Winans, well known in the regiment as "Don Quixote," to take the canteens of all of Company A and go over to a farm well and fill those canteens, and then follow on after the company with them. Now, when you get about thirty canteens divided between two little fellows like Winans and I, with our own paraphernalia—I wanted to turn over my gun, but the Captain said, hold on to your gun. I think I had about fifteen canteens, besides my own luggage, gun and equipments, and it took us some time, it took us a good

while to fill the canteens with water, as the men stood all around the well. We were in hopes the boys would get into the muss, and it would be all over before we caught up with them. Finally, we got the canteens all filled and started. Imagine fifteen canteens, each of them holding three pints; three times fifteen, five gallons of water to carry, with those straps over your shoulders. We trudged down the hills and through the woods hunting for the Thirteenth all the rest of that afternoon until late in the evening before we found them, and that was the heaviest load I ever had on. (Laughter). I was glad when I caught up with the company that time.

A Comrade: Did you have them at a support, too?
Winans had his that way, (indicating support arms.)

I can tell you something about Winans. (Laughter.)

Now, there is another incident of the battle on Culp's Hill that I never saw in print, but I will confess that I wrote it for a magazine once and they failed to print it. Why, I do not know. I am going to try it again some day. Now, I know the lay of the land there on Culp's Hill. Company A was very fortunately positioned that day, and I happened to belong to Company A. When you go down there tomorrow, if you will just take the lay of the land, you will see how that stone fence swings around up the slope of the side hill, and runs facing Rock Creek. That position is just what saved the Thirteenth New Jersey on that occasion, because when we charged in there to take those works it was the left of the line that got the brunt of the fight, because Rock Creek crowded the Confederates away from our immediate front, and as Company A was the extreme right of the regiment, we were in the extreme point of no danger, see. (Laughter). And I stood up on that hill and I watched that fight. I didn't see during the entire war as brisk a little fight as plainly and as quickly, and as undisturbed, as I saw that; and I recollect seeing the colors of the Twentieth-seventh

Indiana go down almost as fast as they could be raised up. Company A's position was such that we could look right down Rock Creek, through the gap in the woods that the creek made. We could see the Confederates crossing and re-crossing. They occupied the woods beyond, to the right of us, and they also occupied a little stone house, in a clearing right off to our right front. We had nothing else to do to amuse us just then, and we could fire at those fellows wherever we saw them moving about, but it was long range fire, and we could not touch them, didn't seem to annoy them much. But there were two or three Confederate chaps that got over into that stone house, which you will see tomorrow in that direction, in that little clearing off to the right of the monument. There were two or three chaps over in there with long-range rifles, that were making a good deal of trouble for our boys. Whenever any one of them crossed or re-crossed the works and came within range they would pick them off. Company A being nearest to that point, whenever we could see these fellows get up to fire, we would have our muskets loaded and would give them a volley; but they were out of range for our muskets, and we did them no harm. There was a German man in Company A; perhaps he has shaved some of you fellows, and you have good reason to recollect him. He was the regimental barber. Perhaps some time you have sat under his influence, stretched across the back of a barrel, while he scraped your three or four weeks' beard, so that you will remember Honnis, or John Kerschenkel. Honnis was a brave and valued soldier, but in his handling of the Queen's English he was an utter failure. Honnis had studied this military situation, and finally he broke out. He says: "I told you poys; I found it oud; now, I make it somethings." So he stooped down, picked up a handful of cartridges, put them in his pocket, climbed over the works and wiggled down among the trees that had been felled in our front, until he got down on the edge of Rock Creek, behind a big tree,

which brought him within range of that gable window. Well, the Confederates had not let him get there without an effort to make it uncomfortable for him, but they had not succeeded in hitting him. John got safely anchored behind the big tree, and he made an effort to get up, with his eye on that window, and as Honnis would raise up the Johnnie would go down behind the window-sill. Honnis would fire quick, you know, and drop back; the Confederate would try and get up in time to pop him before he could get behind the log. They kept that teeter-totter up for a good while. When he finally crawled back to the works, I said, "Honnis, how you make it?" "I tolt you, poys, I don't make it sometings." "What is the matter, Honnis?" "I tolt you. I seed te Shonny, and he seed me; I shumpet down and the Johnnie, he shumpet up; I shumpet up and the Johnnie, he shumpet up; for de Shonny was 'fraid for me and I was 'fraid for de Shonny." (Laughter).

Now, when Comrade Devor was singing here a little while ago that old familiar, never-to-be-worn-out song, "Marching through Georgia," it occurred to me that there are some matters of misinformation in that song to the rising generation. Now, I was, as all the old members of the Thirteenth knew, I was fortunate enough to be a commissary. And when I used to go up to the regiment, especially if I happened to have a white shirt on, the boys would say: "Oh, look at Smith with a boiled shirt on; look at the government 'beat." But I was willing to be called a government beat, and think most of them were willing in that particular direction. But that song says: "How the turkeys gobbled their commissary found." Now, it was no such thing. It was not the commissary who found them. It was the boys who found them for themselves, and when they found them they had no chance to gobble. They gobbled the turkeys. (Laughter). "How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground." Why, we found hundreds of

bushels already in the bins. We were not going to dig them when we could help ourselves out of the bins. (Laughter.) Not only that, the commissaries had all they could do to hunt their own turkeys. That is what the commissaries did on that march—hunted their own turkeys.

Now, when I get too far you can call me down.

Fritz Trepkau: Hold on, Captain, hold on. (Laughter.)

Well, it isn't very good, Fritz. Some of the boys said to-night, "Jim, I want you to tell about the girl you left behind you," and I feel a little delicate about telling it now, because Fritz is here. I think he must have known that girl, and for that reason I don't know but what I am going to tread on dangerous ground.

Fritz, (addressing Mr. Trepkau) were you out in the service in 1862?

"Yes."

August?

"Yes."

Then I am all right. All the old members of the Thirteenth remember that very beautiful Sunday morning on the first day of September, 1862.

A Veteran: Thirty-first of August.

I stand corrected. That beautiful Sunday morning on the thirty-first day of August, 1862, when we left Camp Frelinghuysen, to march away to do and dare our all in defense of old glory and the Union. How we marched so valiantly down Orange street. The churches were just out; the streets were thronged with people; the fire engines were run out to the curb, under steam, and were whistling; all the bells were tolling in the city; flags were flying in every direction; and we marched bravely and valiantly down Broad street to Chestnut street depot, to take the train. I did not march with you, boys; I was on another detail. (Laughter.) I was a creature of detail all through my years of service in the army. I was detailed to guard the then

prisoners in the guard-house, who had to be guarded on their way down to the train, to see that they went with us. Being on that detail, and following the regiment in wagons, where we had some of these fellows utterly incapable of locomotion themselves, took me away from my company.

Fritz Trepkau : Because you were drunk.

You struck it first time. One great big German fellow was very drunk that I had in the wagon, and he came near ending my soldier life right there and then on that Sunday morning. He reached over and got hold of my bayonet, and drew it out and made a lunge at me, and if I had not been young and spry I would have ended my career right then before we left Newark. But, as Kipling says, "that is another story."

When we got down to the Chestnut Street depot the regiment was being loaded into the train; the detail with their prisoners stopped away down at the rear end of that long train, unloaded them there, and without direction for some time as to what to do with them, we stood guard there over them. The result was that I was away from my company. Now, my dear old mother was down to the train to see her boy for what perhaps might be the last time, and naturally she went to Company A to look for me. Not finding me there, and as no one could tell her where I was, she became very much excited, and she rushed up and down the line for some time before she found me. My very best girl and her mother and her sister, they, too, were looking for me. There were four agonized, tearful women looking for me. I want to tell you how they found me. While I stood there leaning on my musket there came a very pretty little German girl along, and she stopped in front of me, and she says: "You vas going to the var?" and I said "yes." She says, "I vas so sorry." (Laughter.) "Well," I says, "somebody has got to go, why not me?" "Oh," she says, "I vas awful sorry you vas going away," and

she put her arms around my neck and laid her head on my shoulder and she wept copiously—and while I was in that interesting position up came my Sunday girl and her mother and her sister (long laughter); and right then my own mother, and they all stood looking with wonder at the spectacle. Imagine my feelings. (Laughter.) What could I do? Could I thrust that beautiful little German girl, so sympathetic, away from me? Perish the thought. (Great laughter.) However, I succeeded finally, and gently persuading her to release me from her embrace I then undertook the difficult task of explaining the situation to these four women; but I don't think that I ever to my mother's dying day satisfied her that I didn't know that girl; and as for the other girl—well, that ended it with her.

(Prolonged laughter.)

Captain Matthews:

I am sure that the younger portion of this audience will consider that it must have been a privilege to belong to the Thirteenth regiment. I know, comrades, that every one of you regarded it as a privilege to belong to the service, and that you are more than all and of everything perhaps proud that you fought at the battle of Gettysburg. And it is a privilege also to-night to have listened to so much of interest that has kept us here two hours, nearly, and I am sure that we shall be further greatly entertained if you will sit patiently for a short time and listen to one or two speeches more.

I have the pleasure and privilege of calling upon a gentleman who is here in the town of Gettysburg and who represents as its President the U. S. Battle Field Commission, a gentleman whose history is bound up with that of the army, and whose knowledge of it is surpassed by that of no man living. Colonel John P. Nicholson, President of the Battle Field Commission, will you give us a few remarks?

Col. Nicholson was greeted with applause. He said :

Speech making is a forte I do not possess. But it is a very proud privilege, and it is not one that is accorded to every man, to call a man who wears a star, whether it be red, white or blue, a comrade. I hold in common with you to have served in the first corps of the Armies of the United States, the Twelfth Corps. (Applause.) I am going to take no credit away from the Diamond, nor the Trefoil, nor the Crescent, nor the Maltese Cross, but I am going to claim and I am going to say, that the corps of all the corps that never lost a color nor lost a gun was only the Twelfth Corps (applause), whose history is written forever in the annals of the Republic, and whose soldiers have made the history of the heroism of the republic. I wish by a tongue of fire and lips of flame I could wake you up to a realization of what that service meant. It meant that it was our privilege, and it belonged to us and to us alone, to be a part of the greatest history in this nation.

I am not going to detract from the men who stepped fully and fairly at Monmouth ; I am not going to take one single star from the glory of Trenton ; I am not going to take one single shot that sounded round the world from Bunker Hill and Bennington ; but I am going to claim that it all led up by a never-ending course and step to the fulfillment of the glories and the heroism of this field ; it is a hallowed spot ; every foot of it is hallowed, and every foot of the Mecca light we ought to bow down and worship.

It was the blood of the best the nation ever saw. Let come its history and centuries roll by and there will never be on any battle-field one single incident that can equal the charge of the men that swept out of the brigade that the Thirteenth New Jersey served in. Never ; there will be no fulfillment of this great question. There will be no issue that will bear it away from us until every tribute has been rendered to the men that fought here. I do not want to

say anything against the rest. But it is ours in all its glories and in all its hallowedness to keep and to hold and to have till the very last bugle sounds that bears us to the home that we have earned and the state in which we are to repose.

I do not want to make a speech, comrades, but one thing let me say. You are not claiming too much; there is not a day, there is not an hour that we do not feel the injustice of the times. I know how prone we are to ask much, but I also realize how much is due us; and let me tell you that if it all were given, if it were poured out in plenitude it would not equal the blood that was shed to take it back and to have it. It were thrice hallowed; it were forever to be as he who said immortally upon this field that "a government of the people, by the people and for the people should not perish from off the face of the earth." (Applause.) To hold and to keep, and I beg of you when you go away from here, think of that, that it remains to your good citizenship, the great and loving care of the institution that you perpetuated. (Applause.)

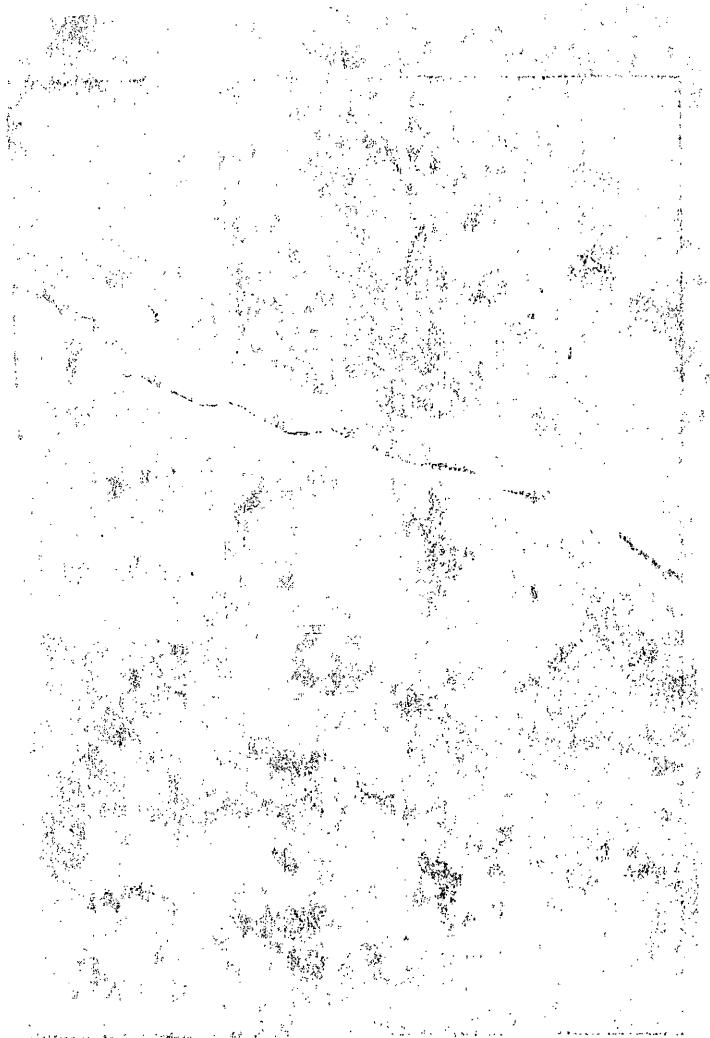
Captain Matthews:

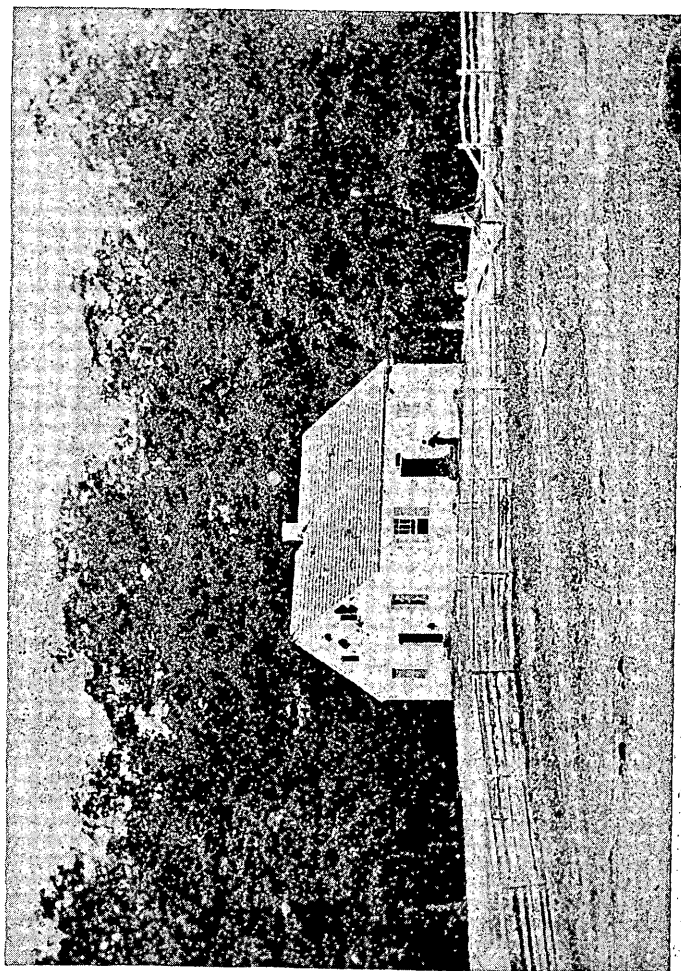
Comrades—The hour is getting late, and though I would like to call upon several comrades that I had in my mind, and expected to give them an opportunity to say something to interest us, it seems to be too late to continue this camp-fire any longer. So that now I will state for the benefit of those who were not interested on the general committee, that to the chairman of our committee, Comrade Shea, much of this success is due, to his painstaking and faithful labor and constant attention to duty—being present at every meeting, and using every effort for months, ever since the last camp-fire at Paterson, our last reunion at Paterson, is due the success in these times that you all know are so stringent, for our gathering and reunion to-day.

We shall go from here to-morrow over the battle-field in the morning. We shall go the first thing in the morning. It is the expectation to go first to our old battle line at Culps Hill, where it is intended to have a picture taken of the members. We will then follow the battle line of the second and third days throughout the morning, and in the afternoon devote the time we have before four o'clock, when we leave for Hagerstown, to going over the battle-field of the first day; all of which I may say to those who are not conversant with the lines, will be found exceedingly interesting. That is the general outline and programme for to-morrow.

A. B. Coombs :

Mr. President—If you will allow me one minute, not for myself, but I heard last week from Comrade Shea that our Vice-President, Comrade Howatt, was very sick. Being a resident of the same city in which he lives, I felt that it was one of the duties that I ought to perform to go and see him. I took the privilege Sunday afternoon, and I had a good half hour with him between four and five, and he wished me to say to the boys while we were here at Gettysburg to try and convey to them his regret at not being able to be with them. He said: "I know you will have a good time, and you don't know how much I regret my inability utterly to go along." Not having seen him since we were in Paterson I was very much surprised at his manner and his feebleness. He tells me he weighs only 108 pounds. Now, the boys that know Comrade Howatt know how much there must be left of him. He seemed to be in considerable pain while I was with him, and I made my stay shorter than I would. I tried to cheer him up; told him I was glad to see he was able to be around his house without assistance and hoped he would keep up a good heart and pull through yet. He said: "Try and tell





THE DUNKER CHURCH.

the boys how much I shall think of them all the time. How I wish I could be on the trip along with them." (Applause.)

James O. Smith :

I move you, sir, that we appoint a committee to prepare an address of sympathy from this gathering to our Vice-President, Comrade Howatt.

Seconded and carried.

Adjourned.

(Camp-fire proceedings reported stenographically by Mr. J. R. Salmon.)

From early Tuesday A. M., the 19th, the whole party rode over the battle-field of Gettysburg under the guidance of Mr. Minnigh, stopping at the monument of this regiment to be photographed.

At 4 P. M., leaving Gettysburg by Western Md. R. R., reaching Penn-Marr at 5 P. M., stopping there nearly an hour, giving the excursionists an opportunity to view the magnificent scenery, and reaching Hagerstown about 6.20 P. M., when all put up at "The Baldwin," kept by Comrade J. H. Mandavill, of Reno Post No. 4, G. A. R., of Hagerstown.

On Wednesday, the 2d, at 8 A. M., the excursion train took the party to Antietam Station, where carriages were provided for all. After riding over the battle-field of Antietam, assembled under the trees adjoining the historical old Dunker Church, where the members of the Association held their annual meeting.

MINUTES.

Eighth Annual Business Meeting of the Veteran Association, Thirteenth Regiment New Jersey Volunteers, held near Dunker Church, on Antietam Battle-field, Maryland, September 20th, 1893.

At half-past ten the meeting was called to order by Secretary A. Delano, who said :

In the absence of the President and Vice-President it becomes my duty to call this meeting to order. The first business is the election of Temporary Chairman.

Daniel F. Shea nominated for Temporary Chairman and elected unanimously.

Chairman Shea :

Members of the Thirteenth — I can assure you that there is nothing more gratifying to me than to be your Temporary Chairman. I can also assure you as a member of the regiment that nothing in this world has given me greater pleasure than to see this trip the success that it has thus far been. The meeting is now open. The Secretary will please read the minutes.

Secretary Delano reported that the minutes of the last meeting had been printed and copies distributed to all the members.

On motion, minutes were approved as printed and reading of same omitted at present.

Treasurer Wheeler submitted his report as printed on the following page.

ANTIETAM, MD., SEPT. 20, 1893.

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

Sept. 14, 1892.	Balance on hand.....	\$346.56	
	Received for Dues.....	133.00	
			\$479.56
	Paid Morning Call Printing Co.....	\$ 9.00	
	“ Geo. W. Lawrence, Flags.....	11.00	
	“ S. Morris Hulin, Badges.....	16.00	
	“ James O. Smith, Telegrams.....	3.86	
Dec. 27, 1892.	“ A. Delano, Stationery and Stamps..	9.00	
Dec. 30, “	“ S. Morris Hulin, Report.....	26.00	
Feb. 14, 1893.	“ “ “ “ Printing.....	8.25	
May 3 “	“ A. Delano, Bill Rendered.....	13.51	
Sept. 15, “	“ “ “ “	4.50	
“ 16, “	“ S. M. Hulin.....	27.75	
	Balance to New Account.....	350.69	
			\$479.56

Respectfully submitted,

GRANT A. WHEELER, Treasurer.

Examined and Approved,

A. DELANO, Rec. Secretary.

Approved,

J. O. SMITH, President.

NOVEMBER 3, 1893.

Motion—that report be referred to Auditing Committee, and if found correct, that it be so entered on these minutes, was carried.

(The Treasurer afterwards, on November 4th, made a supplementary report up to October 1st, to the President and Secretary as follows) :

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., OCT. 1, 1893

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

		Balance on hand.....	\$ 350.69
Sept. 18, 1893.	To 115	Tickets sold at \$12.25.....	1,408.75
" " "	" 2	Half Tickets at \$8.25.....	16.50
" " "		Dues Received	57.00
" " "		Donation from Comrade Geo. M. Hard,	50.00
			<hr/>
			\$1,882.94
Sept. 18, 1893.	Paid R. R.	117 Tickets at \$8.00...\$	936.00
" " "	" "	2 Half Tickets at \$4.00..	8.00
" " "	" "	116 Lunches at .75.....	87.00
Sept. 22, "	" "	119 Hotel at \$3.50.....	416.50
" " "	" "	Expenses of Guests.....	6.00
" " "	" "	Band in Gettysburg.....	15.00
" " "	" "	Janitor.....	3.00
" " "	" "	47 Rebates at \$7.00.....	329.00
Oct. 19 "		Balance on hand.....	82.44
			<hr/>
			\$1,882 94

GRANT A. WHEELER, Treasurer.

Examined and Approved,

A. DELANO, Rec. Secretary.

Approved,

J. O. SMITH, President.

NOVEMBER 3, 1893.

Under a suspension of the rules Captain Matthews said: It was and is my intention to invite the society to hold its next reunion in Orange, and I hereby do so, on behalf of the citizens of Orange, especially the ladies, and I think I may say that this will be supplemented by an invitation from Uzal Dodd Post, of which we have the honored Commander here present with us. I understand he has found his girl on or near this battle-field (applause and laughter,) his old true love, and I would like to hear that little story told next year at Orange as a souvenir of this battle-field reunion.

Comrade White moved that the rules be suspended and that the invitation be accepted as extended by Captain Matthews.

Comrade Foxcroft amended by moving first that the rules be suspended, which was carried, and then the invitation was accepted by unanimous vote.

Chairman Shea in putting the motion used the word "Washington" instead of "Orange" which created considerable laughter, whereupon Comrade Thos. Bishop from Ohio, remarked that that shut him out as he had intended to invite the association to Ohio next year.

The Joint Committee reported :

Comrades—Your Committee charged with the duties of arranging for the Annual Reunion on Antietam Battle-field as determined by unanimous vote at the regular meeting held in Paterson have completed their work, with the results of which you are now familiar. Your committee has found the work assigned to them rather a difficult task. The year selected for this event has proved an especially unfortunate one. The World's Fair, with its many influences and attractions, has been one factor to our disadvantage, but the prevalent business depression and consequent lack of employment, with many members of the Association, the approaching winter with discouraging prospects, have forced many of our old comrades to deny themselves the pleasure of joining us on this occasion. While we regret these unfortunate circumstances that deprive us of their company, we can but congratulate ourselves and the Association that we have succeeded so well in the face of these very adverse and discouraging circumstances. The duties of the Committee have been increased by these facts and at times the outlook to them was rather gloomy. Hoping that our efforts may prove of benefit and a source of pleasure to the Associa-

tion, with an earnest faith in your forbearance, we respectfully submit this report.

DANIEL F. SHEA,

Chairman of Joint Committee.

On motion, report received, accepted and Committee discharged. Comrade Foxcroft moved that a vote of thanks be hereby expressed the Committee for the efficient manner in which they had discharged their duties. Carried unanimously.

Secretary read letters of regret from President, Geo. M. Hard, Hon. Wm. H. Corbin, Hon. Wm. S. Stryker, Hon. J. N. Duffy, General F. H. Harris, Capt. Chas. A. Hopkins, which were ordered on minutes.

Election of officers.

The Chairman appointed as Tellers Comrades Douglas and Wheeler.

Under suspension of the rules, James O. Smith was unanimously elected President, and being called upon spoke as follows:

President Smith:

Comrades—This I can say from the bottom of my heart is the proudest moment of my life. To have been elected the President of the Thirteenth New Jersey Veteran Association on the battlefield of Antietam, the initial field of our battle experience, is an honor which I think any man, however high his aspirations, might be eminently proud of, and I again assure you, comrades, that you have given me the crowning event of my life.

Thirty-one years ago last Wednesday, a band of boys, we came on this field. The Thirteenth New Jersey Regi-

ment at that time was essentially a regiment of boys. The men with beards in our regiment were the exception and not the rule. Thirty-one years ago, comrades, in the woods over yonder (pointing) we lay in the leaves listening to the sounds of battle in our front, expecting every moment to be called upon to do our share and part in the action. We lay—and speaking for myself I think I may express the feeling of the greater part of the comrades if not all—I lay there very much in doubt whether I was as patriotic as when I put my name on the roll. (Laughter). I began to doubt whether I was the proper one to select to fulfill the mission of saving this Union; and when the officer came who ordered us forward, I assure you, comrades, that I came forward only in response to my duty, not because I wanted to. (Laughter). That fierce, eager anxiety to get into the fight that used to lead us to cheer when on the road every time we heard the artillery in front, had somewhat oozed out, and I began to think I had undertaken a very difficult mission. But forward we came. I need not attempt to describe it to the comrades who were there, because you all know how we kind of half staggered around and tried to keep a straight line and advanced and straightened out and moved up again until they got us up against the rail fence over there (indicating) on the road. What happened there we are all familiar with. We know that for a time we stood valiantly to the front, but there came a time when either in response to orders or in response to the orders of the enemy in our front, who seemed very energetic, we went to the rear. But the new levy of boys was gathered together again, straightened out, and General Green, lying off through those woods there (pointing) with his right unsupported, came and asked that he be given support. His right was uncovered, and the Thirteenth New Jersey was detailed to come over to this point and cover the ground. Now, my recollection of that is that we advanced down

into the woods, formed in line of battle, somewhat in the form of a semi-circle. There we fired and fired, and I recollect distinctly I saw nothing to fire at but I know the minnies were whistling all about me and that evidently somebody was firing at me, and I loaded and fired my old musket until it became very foul. I was busily engaged in ramming it up against a tree to force a bullet home when orders passed along the line to stop firing, and as the smoke cleared away, down near the fence we discovered a body of Confederate troops, and they acted to us as if they wanted to surrender. They seemed to have laid down their arms, and our brave little Adjutant and Captain Beardsley moved down towards them to accept their surrender. When about half way down they stooped and grabbed their arms and poured a volley into us. How Hopkins and Beardsley escaped always seemed to me a miracle. After that my recollection of the fight is entirely personal. (Laughter). I had begun to work that bullet down into that musket again, and I was so intent on that that the first I knew someone grabbed me by the shoulder and gave me a whirl that threw me on my back. As I looked around I saw the boys were getting up over the hill. I started for the rear, as I saw everybody else going in that direction; it seemed to be a popular move. (Laughter). I began to size up the situation, as I turned around, from a military standpoint, you know. I was then a great military man. I saw there was a gap in the fence to the right and to the left; the Johnnies were coming up all around us and coming up rather anxious, too, apparently. I deliberated in my mind whether it would be a good scheme to make for one of those gaps or take the top of the fence. I did this all very quickly, comrades, as you must recollect; I was on the move all the time, too. (Laughter) I finally concluded that if I went to the gaps the rebs would get there as soon as I would, and then it was a clear case of being captured. If I took the top of the fence

I rather thought that I would present a pretty good target. That would be disastrous. However, I finally concluded to try the top of the fence, and as I came up to the fence I threw my musket over into the road and started to follow it, and as I got on top of the fence my haversack—if you recollect we had a ration of uncooked fresh beef in our haversacks that morning—my haversack got fast in a big splinter on top of the fence, and there I was. Elegant target. I slipped my head out of the haversack strap, dropped down into the road, and started over across this hill here (pointing). Just as I got nearly over, beyond the crown of the hill there, one of the boys fell directly in front of me, and he appealed so strongly that however rattled I was I couldn't go by him, and there were four of us who picked him up and carried him over beyond, to the spring house near the farm house. That, comrades, is my recollection of the battle. I do not care to go on and repeat—I see you have got it here in print—the rest of this story. And again, there is another reason why I do not do that. There are one or two comrades that I am very familiar with who are rather disposed to look upon my story as a sort of romance and from them I have been dubbed, I think rather in a Pickwickian sense, "Truthful James." (Laughter)-

Now, comrades, you were all witnesses of a part of this. You know whether it was true or untrue, but of course this little episode of my own on top of the fence, that was entirely personal to myself, and being the last man to retreat, you were not supposed to know anything about that. (Applause and laughter). But, comrades, out of our organization, as I understand it, there now stands on our list 161 names, about 161 names, and it seems to me that next year we should gather every comrade of the Thirteenth together and see that once again we meet with full ranks at Orange. Orange is a central point. We all know the hospitable and liberal manner in which we are greeted whenever we have

gone to Orange. There is every inducement for the boys to go there. Let us all make a personal effort this year. The Secretary suggests that it was the place of our first meeting. Now, let us make it a sort of anniversary occasion. Let us make an individual effort to reach out and gather in all the boys. Let us get them all together again. Aside from the desirability of doing that, there is a reason to my mind why the time has come in the history of the veterans of the war for the preservation of the Union when we should come together and touch shoulders again in defense of ourselves. The time has come in the history of this country when the old soldier is put on the defensive. We can recognize that all about us. We have builded up in this country something that we had no conception of at the time. I say we have builded it up, because the efforts of the Union soldiers in preserving this as one nationality have made it possible for this great United States, the greatest government, the richest government and the most powerful government on the face of God's earth, to now exist. When the war closed, if you recollect, the one great thought that seemed to agitate the public mind was, we are about to disband an army of hundreds of thousands of men who have been in the field for years; they have become soldiers in every sense of the word. We are about to disband this army and throw it upon our social and political system, and it will be a means of disruption; there will be discord and anarchy, and riot and robbery. That seemed to be the prevailing idea; at any rate it found voice through a great part of the press of the North. What was the result, comrades? Go through this broad land anywhere, go into any community, seek it out where you will, and the element of the old soldier in that community is the best element that they have. (Applause) Instead of resulting as they seemed to think it would, the result was exactly the contrary. I claim, and my experience and observation have brought me to earnest

belief in the matter, that a good soldier always makes the best kind of a citizen, and the soldier element of the Union army has contributed a strata of the best element of the whole social fabric of the North.

Now, comrades, it seems to me—it may not appear so to all of you—but it appears to me that the time has come in the history of our country when the large influx of immigration from European countries has filled up this country, brought into it an element who know nothing of this war; who only have a general sort of idea that some time away off in the past there was a war—they see evidences of it occasionally in the grand army gatherings of old soldiers—but it is a matter that they have no interest in; it is a matter that they cannot conceive of as to what it was for, what it meant to us and what it means to them. They only know it in an indifferent manner, and they have no special regard for the soldier, the men who saved this country and held Old Glory up out of the dust—that class of men have overcome the old soldier element of this country, and we now stand, as I said before, on the defensive. Washington has been captured by the rebels. We fought for years to keep them out, but by ballots they have done what they could not do with bullets. Sitting in the chair of the Secretary of the Navy is a man who was a rebel all through the war. I have nothing to say disrespectfully of him, but just look at the idea for a moment. Here is a man who under the ban of treason cannot hold an official position in the navy of the of the United States that is at the head of it. A namesake of mine, one Hoke Smith (laughter), and I believe I owe it to myself and my family to disclaim any connection whatever with Hoke Smith, (cries of “Good boy”) sits in the position to say to an old soldier, “Your pension is cut off until you can prove that you are alive and ought to have been dead.” That is the reason, comrades, that I say that

the old soldiers should come together and touch shoulders, and stay together until the last man passes away into the eternal camping ground.

Now, comrades, let us this year make an effort, as I said before, to bring the boys together. Let us make a personal effort. We can do it; I will do it as your President in every way and avenue that I can conceive of, so that next year we will have in fact a reunion.

Now, comrades, thanking you again for this very exalted honor, I close. (Applause).

At the conclusion of President Smith's speech a comrade proposed three cheers for the new President, which were given heartily.

President Smith then took the chair and presided over the balance of the meeting.

Comrade White :

In naming one for the honored position of Vice-President of this Association, I would name one who is well known to every member of the Association; one who has probably done as much to give to it the tone and standing which it has attained as any other comrade belonging to the Association; one who has been instrumental in making a success of the two reunions that were held in Paterson, which all of you know as far as possible were successes. And as we have named to-day or placed in the position of President one who is connected with the press, I would name one also connected with the press for the honorable position of Vice-President of this Association; one who is so modest that he would not accept a position, never has looked for a position; one who in fact it is almost a compulsion to ask to consent to hold a position; and one, who, as I said before, has done a great deal for the Association, has been present at every reunion which we have held, and

he is one of the boys every time, and one who you all know and love, and that is Joseph E. Crowell of Company K.

Motion seconded by Daniel F. Shea.

Comrade Crowell elected Vice-President unanimously.

Vice-President Crowell :

Is it finally settled that I am elected? Am I the fellow? (This remark was prompted by a mistake made in the middle initial when first voted upon.)

President Smith: You are the honored individual.

Vice-President Crowell :

I must say that this is quite a surprise to me. I did not know anything of it until I was coming down on the train, and I tried to get out of it. If there is any other fellow who wants it I will get out of it now. (Laughter.) I think that you have succeeded in electing the two biggest cowards in the regiment. (Laughter.) Only I will say this: If there was any one man that was more thoroughly frightened thirty-one years ago than President Smith it was me. (Laughter.) I do not know, though, as I was much more scared than I am now. (Continued laughter.)

My recollection of this battle is in being happily detailed just before the hostilities commenced to guard an ammunition wagon up here on the hills somewhere, and I don't think I ever accepted any assignment or detail in my life while in the army more cheerfully than I did that one. (Laughter.) The only thing that I objected to was the necessity of keeping that ammunition wagon too close down in this vicinity. (Laughter.)

I cannot make a speech. President Smith has said lots of things that I wanted to say. (Laughter.) I was helping him write that speech last night. (Great and prolonged laughter.)

(President Smith: Comrades, he is a liar as well as a coward.) (Long continued laughter.)

Comrade Van Iderstine: I was going to say that for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain these newspaper men are peculiar.

Vice-President Crowell: (to the stenographer) Credit that to me, will you? (Laughter.)

(A pause; and cries of "Go on; go on.")

Vice-President Crowell:

I have forgotten what I was going to say. (Laughter.) I want to thank you, gentlemen, very kindly for affording me the facilities for standing here and making a fool of myself. (Loud laughter.) And I hope I will be able to do a little better work in some other direction than I am doing in speech making. Please excuse me from any further remarks, and with renewed thankfulness for this honor, I, like President Smith, feel very grateful.

Three cheers were given for the newly elected Vice-President.

President Smith:

I want to say right here that I had nothing to do with the arrangement of *that* speech. (Renewed laughter.)

President substituted Comrade Giles, for Wheeler, as Teller.

Treasurer Wheeler re-elected unanimously.

S. Morris Hulin re-elected Corresponding Secretary and Historian unanimously.

Recording Secretary A. Delano re-elected unanimously.

Rev. A. M. Harris re-elected Chaplain unanimously.

A deputation of members of Antietam Post G. A. R., of Sharpsburg, arrived with their band which favored us

with some music, and tendered us an invitation to visit them at their picnic nearby, which was on motion accepted.

Comrade Bishop :

At our camp-fire in Gettysburg the other night you remember a resolution of sympathy was passed to Comrade Howatt. Has anything been done with that?

Moved that a telegram of sympathy be sent by the President to Comrade Howatt, regretting his inability to be with the Association. Carried.

A dispatch was subsequently sent as follows :

HAGERSTOWN, MD., SEPT. 20, 1893.

Jas. P. Howatt, 295 Franklin Avenue, Brooklyn, L. I.

The Thirteenth New Jersey Veteran Association send greetings and expressions of sympathy and regrets at your enforced absence.

(Signed)

JAS. O. SMITH, Pres.

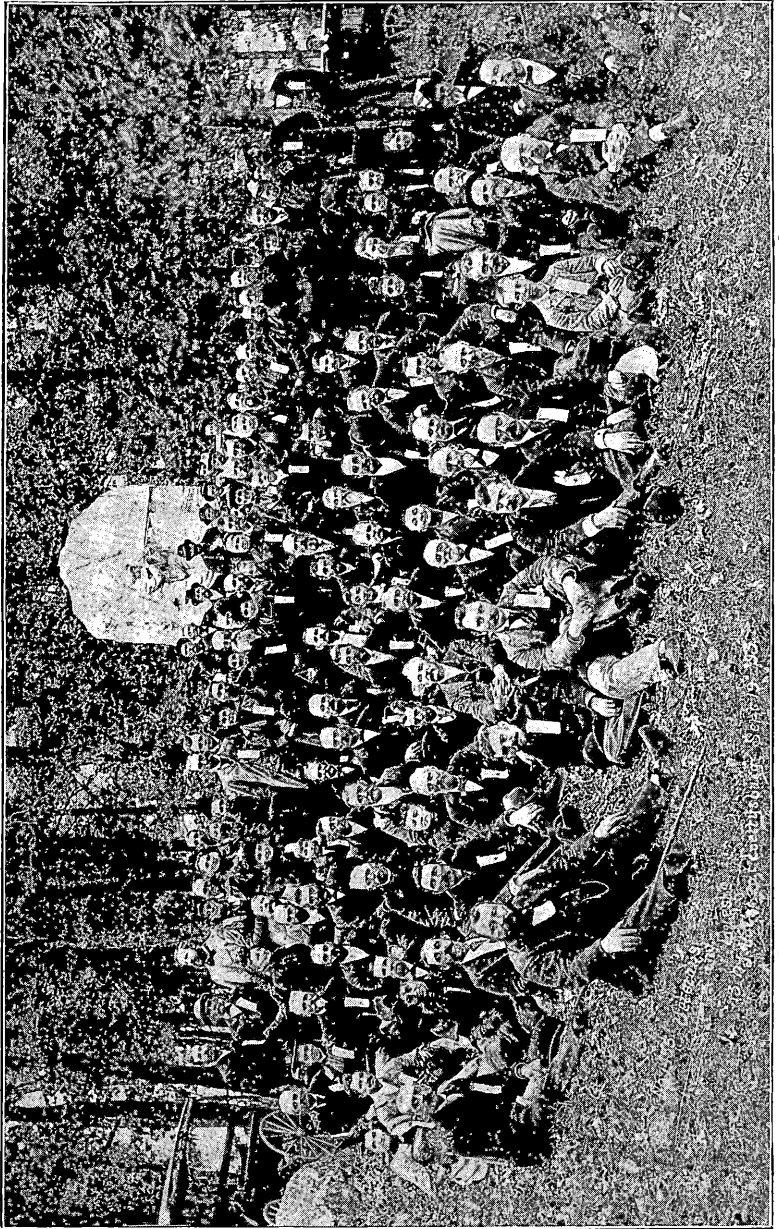
On motion, the Treasurer was directed to send twelve dollars (\$12.00) for the purchase of a pew in the new Memorial Lutheran Church at Sharpsburg, in the name of this Association.

President Smith :

We have here with us Comrade Fritz Trepkau, Commander of Uzal Dodd Post of Orange, which place is to be the location of our next Annual Reunion, and it has been suggested that we call upon Commander Trepkau to close the ceremonies of this our, to me, most important reunion since 1862.

Mr. Trepkau was greeted with hearty applause, and said :

As you have selected Orange for your next meeting,





and I have the honor to represent one of the noblest Grand Army Posts in the country, I feel proud that the pleasure is given to me on this field to respond in regard to my Post. We shall receive you as true soldiers in our home. We shall do everything in our power to make it as pleasant for you as comrades can do for comrades; and I hope that you will bring your ladies who have been here to-day with us; bring them to Orange, and we will show you not only our good wishes and will, we will show you our beautiful city and towns surrounding. We will send you home satisfied that you will say "We was yesterday at one of the best spots which God Almighty has made." (Applause.)

President Smith :

On behalf of this Association, and as the presiding officer and representative of the organization, I very gladly accept the invitation you have extended to us. Furthermore, I think that one and all of us will feel disposed to adopt your suggestion, that we bring our ladies with us, not only our ladies, but our families. It seems to me—

Mr. Trepkau: No small children included. (Great laughter.)

President Smith: Then, Mr. Commander, I am to understand that children in arms are barred?

Mr. Trepkau: None over eighteen years. (Laughter.)

President Smith: That it seems to me is rather an inhospitable sort of invitation.

Mr. Trepkau: Take it to suit yourself.

President Smith :

Comrades, it seems to me that it becomes us, and this occasion demonstrates the fact, that it is a good thing to have the ladies meet with us. I am, to all of those who

know me, essentially a ladies' man. (Laughter.) That is, I admire the ladies and always like to associate with them.

A voice: "Oh, I am so sorry you was going away."
(Loud laughter.)

President Smith: Perhaps that is the secret of that little German girl episode. However, comrades, I trust that next year we will not only have all the boys there but all the girls.

President Smith appointed as the usual Executive Committee; Comrades A. M. Matthews, Valentine Strobert, James H. Jacobus and Wm. H. Dodd.

Adjourned, 12 M.

A. DELANO, Rec. Sec'y.

(Camp-fire proceedings reported stenographically by Mr. J. R. Salmon)

Upon the close of the business meeting an excellent lunch was served to all, "picnic fashion."

After lunch the rest of the afternoon was spent by the whole party visiting all places of interest about the battlefield. Members of the regiment traced and walked over the fields and through the woods, following the original movements of the regiment during the battle, even standing alongside the old fence where brave Captain H. C. Irish was killed; and going over to the old camp ground near Sharpsburg while guarding the ford opposite Shepardstown in November, 1862.

At 6 P. M. the party returned on the train to Hagerstown. While at the supper table at "The Baldwin," the genial proprietor, Mr. Mandavill, invited all to remain seated after supper and sing some army songs, etc., many of his guests and assistants being present at his request.

Comrade Thos. R. Devor being called upon, said that he belonged to Company D, Thirteenth Regiment, during

the war; that the commander of that Regiment used to say that Company D could do more stealing and more praying than any other Company in the Regiment. I do not know that he ever heard much of our praying, but he did hear us sing, and often requested us to do so. He, no doubt, concluded we did considerable praying from the fact that we usually sang sacred songs. One of these songs became very popular, not only in the Company and Regiment but also in the Brigade to which we belonged, and if you will all join in the chorus I will sing "The Evergreen Shore."

This song and chorus was sung with so much vigor and inspiration that many of the colored waiters were moved to tears.

Comrade Fritz Trepkau being called for said:

Ladies and Comrades, before I am going to sing I'll tell you what happened to-day, but I beg the ladies not to tell my wife about it. (Great laughter. "No, no, we will not tell.") In the first place I thank you, comrades from the Thirteenth, that you allowed me to go on this splendid excursion. Not in all my remaining living days shall I forget the pleasure I had, especially to-day when I went over the Battlefield of Antietam. My heart was full of rejoicing as I stood on the spot once more where I stood thirty years ago, in front of General McClellan's headquarters, and battered away into the enemy's line with the Battery. But something else occurred which brought my thoughts back again to that beautiful little town of Sharpsburg. As we stopped at the depot we engaged a wagon, five of us, and we went first to the National Cemetery. On our journey through the town I saw a certain house and I made the remark to my comrades, There is a house where I had lots of fun one evening thirty years ago, and we all that was in the wagon had a good laugh. On returning from the National Cemetery there was two ladies sitting in front of the house, one elderly and one younger looking. I said to

the driver *stop short*; I got to get out here. Some thought it very strange that I had to get off. One of my comrades on the wagon said, Why this is funny. Now ladies, don't tell on me, I am married and got grown-up children. (Great laughter.) I went up to the ladies and made some enquiries about how long they lived there and so forth. (Now ladies don't run ahead of the train when we are on our home journey and tell my folks.) Then I asked the elderly lady if she remembered an evening in 1862 when about twenty-five young G Artillery men came over from Maryland Heights and drank apple-wine? Yes, she said. Well said I, I was one of them, and then she said, You was the one that broke that wine glass. (Roaring laughter.) We then shook warmly our hands and we exchanged pleasantly a few words and I got in the wagon and we drove on to Dunker Church. Now, ladies and comrades and friends, a man must not be supplied with a heart if this does not stir up an old soldier. We had to-day a good time in pleasant old Sharpsburg, and now my friends, you will please return to 1862. We had to leave then this pleasant little town and everything what was pleasant in it, and marched to Martinsburg, Virginia. And now I don't know if I shall go on or not. I am afraid you will tell my wife. ("No, no, we won't," and great laughter.) We were a couple of months in this lovely little city and here now what do you think happened? Here I raised another girl. (Laughter.) We had a nice time here. It replaced all the hard time we had before, but the soldiers have to obey orders, and these orders said we leave at once. Our girls almost cried, and we, too, but the soldier always lives in hopes, and so it was with us. We marched to Harpers Ferry and from there to Maryland Heights, and here I supposed I would get another girl but there was none to be got, and now, my friends, don't tell this story to anybody who was not here; but allow me to say that we are a happy set of people, that we were permitted after so many years to see this day. I am

going home to my family a better man as when I left them. When you come to our beautiful city of Orange next year we will make it as pleasant for you as we can. (Great applause followed.)

Fritz then sang "The Army Bean" in his inimitable rollicking manner.

Comrade Page by request then sang "He Never Told a Lie."

Comrade Devor being again called for sang "Marching through Georgia," the chorus of which was sung with so much vigor that everything movable seemed to vibrate.

This unexpected "campfire" performance in the dining room of the Hotel was entered into with so much spirit and enjoyed so much by the participants and spectators that it will never be forgotten.

If anything had been needed to add to the enjoyment of every one during the whole trip Comrade Fritz Trepkau "filled the bill." His hearty laugh and ever-ready wit and fund of humorous stories kept every one continually hilarious.

At a special meeting of members of the Association held at "The Baldwin," Hagerstown, Md., at 9 P. M., it was on motion,

Resolved: that we hereby tender our thanks to our Joint Committee for the success of arrangements made for this our Eighth Reunion, held on Antietam Battlefield; to the agents and employees of the Baltimore & Ohio and Western Maryland Railroads for their kindness and attention shown; and to Mr. J. H. Mandavill and his assistants for the hospitality shown to us all at this hotel; whereby our excursion has been such an enjoyable success.

A. DELANO, Rec. Sec'y.

On Thursday, the 21st, the party left Hagerstown by special train at 8 A. M., reaching Harpers Ferry about 9.30 A. M., where over an hour was spent visiting points of interest, then proceeding to Washington, some reaching home that evening and others staying over there for some days.

LETTERS.

NEW YORK, September 14, 1893.

A. Delano, Esq., Secretary.

Dear Friend and Companion: Enclosed herewith please find letters from Messrs. Corbin, Stryker and Duffy, which, thus far, are all that I have received in reply to the invitation extended to honorary members to join in our excursion to Antietam.

Now comes the part of my letter which I should much prefer to leave unwritten. I am with extreme reluctance compelled to say that it will be impossible for me to join the Association in their excursion. Explanations are hardly necessary, but business cares will not permit. I have deferred coming to a decision as long as possible, but the conclusion is inevitable. It is with a very keen sense of regret that I give up the idea of joining our old comrades in revisiting the battle-field of Antietam, and in joining with them in recalling the memories that that visit will bring up.

When the gray-bearded old fellows tramp over the corn-field that was, and through the woods about the old Dunker church, and see in the mind's eye the line of young fellows who tramped the same ground so many years ago, and memory pictures the bright young faces beaming with courage and high resolve, and you see again the boys as they form in line and fight and dare and die, except those

Eighth Reunion

of us who, when the lines were broken, lit out for the rear and lived to fight another day—when all these things come thronging up, in answer to the roll-call mark me present, for I shall be with you in spirit.

I hope the excursion will be well attended, and that you will be favored with good weather and have a good time in every way.

Enclosed please find a check for \$50, which I contribute to be used by the Committee as may seem best to them in furthering the objects of the excursion.

With a hearty greeting to all, I remain,

Yours very truly,

GEORGE M. HARD.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., September 18, 1893.

To 13th Regt. N. J. Veteran Ass'n.

Dear Comrades: Words can inadequately express the disappointment I feel at finding myself unable to join you in your trip to Antietam as I had intended. A sudden and severe illness has made it necessary for me to keep my bed.

I trust, however, that you will have a delightful trip, as doubtless you will.

My kindest regards to each member of the Association.

I remain sincerely yours,

F. H. HARRIS.

TRENTON, September 12, 1893.

Mr. George M. Hard, Pres., etc., New York City.

Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your kind invitation to accompany the Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteer Veteran Association to Gettysburg and Antietam on September 18th. I regret very much that public duties will not allow me the pleasure of being with you on that occasion.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM S. STRYKER, Adjt. Gen

ELDRED, MCKEAN CO., PA., Sept. 12, 1893.

Geo. M. Hard, Pres. Vet. Asso. 13th Regt. N. J. Vols.

Dear Sir: I beg leave to acknowledge receipt of your invitation to join you on your visit to Gettysburg and Antietam and to offer you and through you the Association my sincere thanks. I assure you it will afford me great pleasure to go and now ask you to do me the further favor of informing fully as to route you will go by, as I might not be able to join you at Newark but might at some other point.

Yours truly,

J. N. DUFFY.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., September 9, 1893.

Mr. Geo. M. Hard, Esq., Pres.

Dear Sir: Thanking you for the kind invitation conveyed in your letter of the 8th inst. I regret that I must

decline to go with the Veterans of the Thirteenth upon their annual excursion. It will be impossible for me to be away at that time.

Yours very truly,

W. H. CORBIN.

BOSTON, August 10, 1893.

Dr. J. J. H. Love.

My Dear Doctor: I wish I could arrange to go with the Regimental Association to Antietam, for I know it would be intensely interesting, but I am compelled to forego the pleasure.

I trust you and yours and all the old comrades are well.

Sincerely yours,

C. A. HOPKINS.

VETERAN ASSOCIATION

OF THE

Thirteenth New Jersey Volunteers.

1862-1865.

MEMBERSHIP—SEPT. 20, 1893.

JAMES O. SMITH, *President*, P. O. address, 81 Plane St., Newark, N. J.
 JOSEPH E. CROWELL, *Vice-President*, P. O. address, Paterson, N. J.
 GRANT A. WHEELER, *Treasurer*, P. O. address, Bloomfield, N. J.
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Atha, Thomas H.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Allington, David G.	Newark, N. J.
Anderson, John.	Paterson, "
Anderson, Cornelius C.	Secaucus, "
Arey, John	Kearney, "
Bacorn, Wm.	Newark, "
Baker, Henry G.	Newark, "
Beardsley, George A.	Newark, "
Beardsley, Sam'l R.	Newark, "
Begbie, Eugene	Newark, "
Bock, Michael	Newark, "
Bruen, Wm. T.	Newark, "
Burr, James.	Harrison, "
Berdan, Jacob	Paterson, "
Butterworth, John	Paterson, "
Bush, John	Paterson, "
Bishop, Thomas	Middletown, Ohio
Brown, Arch'd.	Washington, D. C.
Broadway, Joseph.	Hoboken, N. J.
Cairns, Wm. W.	Newark, "
Chandler, Thomas C.	Newark, "
Cobb, James D.	Newark, "
Crawford, Isaac	Newark, "
Crawford, John C.	Kearney, "
Cadmus, Abraham.	Bloomfield, "
Campbell, W. J.	Paterson, "
Carlough, John J.	Paterson, "

Eighth Reunion

Carlough, W. J.	Paterson, N. J.
Costello, Patrick	Paterson, "
Carr, D. Cole	New York, N. Y.
Combs, A. B.	Brooklyn, L. I.
Carman, James L.	Jersey City, N. J.
Devor, Thomas R.	Newark, "
Dodd, Wm. H.	Orange, "
Denmead, John T.	Jersey City, "
Douglass, Wm. W.	Jersey City, "
Decker, John P.	West Brighton, S. I.
Dixon, Marcus	Pine Brook, N. J.
Duncan, Sebastian	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Engle, Jacob	Paterson, N. J.
Earle, Francis M.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Edmonson, Chas.	Brooklyn, L. I.
Foxcroft, Ogden	Newark N. J.
Force, Sam'l S.	Newark, "
Faller, Geo.	East Orange, "
Farlow, John	Paterson, "
Flanagan, Thos.	Jersey City, "
Field, Geo. H.	Roselle, "
Fairchild, James	Morristown, "
Fairchild, Francis	Morris Plains, "
Garrabrant, Abram	Newark, "
Getchius, James C.	Newark, "
Griffith, Wm. H.	Newark, "
Garrabrant, James E.	East Orange, "
Grimes, John	Jersey City, "
Gough, Joseph B.	Paterson, "
Giles, Thomas	New York, N. Y.
Harris, F. H.	Montclair, N. J.
Hendrickson' Daniel T.	Newark, "
Hoyt, Edwin	Newark, "
Hard, Geo. M.	New York, N. Y.
Howatt, James P.	Brooklyn, L. I.
Hopkins, Charles A.	Boston, Mass.
Harrison, Henry F.	Roseland, N. J.
Haas, Geo. C.	Detroit, Mich.
Hardy, Thomas	Paterson, N. J.
Jacobus, Wm. B.	Newark, "
Jarvis, E. C.	Newark, "
Jeroleman, Wm. H.	Newark, "
Jacobus, James H.	East Orange, "
Jeffries, Jacob	Mountain View, "

Kain, James.....	Montclair, N. J.
Knox, John.....	Woodbridge, "
Lawrence, George W.....	Newark, "
Lambert, Wm. S.....	Newark, "
Lewis, John.....	Newark, "
Littell, Wm. B.....	Newark, "
Lohrman, Francis.....	Newark, "
Loweree, E. D.....	Newark, "
Lynch, Daniel.....	Newark, "
Lytle, G. C.....	Newark, "
Love, J. J. H.....	Montclair, "
Livingston, Bennett.....	Orange, "
Latourette, David.....	Hoboken, "
Lafurge, A. W.....	Hempstead, L. I.
Murphy, Franklin.....	Newark, N. J.
Miller John.....	Newark, "
Montgomery, Thomas.....	Newark, "
Mills, Elias B.....	Newark, "
Morehouse, I. B.....	Orange, "
Matthews, A. M.....	Orange Valley, "
Madison, Robert.....	Bloomfield, "
Miller, Wm. H.....	Paterson, "
Messenger, John N.....	Paterson, "
McCall, Arch'd.....	Paterson, "
Miller, John R.....	Jersey City, "
Moore, Geo. W.....	Plainfield, "
Manning, R. B.....	South Plainfield, "
Mead, Joseph T.....	Raway, "
Miller, Henry.....	Elizabeth, "
McGowan, James.....	Jersey City, "
Nichols, Henry.....	Newark, "
Norwood, Henry.....	Orange, "
Neild, John.....	Paterson, "
Neil, Wm. R.....	Jersey City, "
Paige, James C.....	Newark, "
Paige, Wm. II.....	Newark, "
Pierson, Joseph W.....	Newark, "
Pewtner, Joseph II.....	Paterson, "
Perry, T. S.....	Paterson, "
Peterson, James H.....	Paterson, "
Parker, Wm.....	Paterson, "
Post, John A.....	Bayonne, "
Reilly, Thos. P.....	Newark, "
Raymond, John W.....	Newark, "

Russell, Washington R.....	Newark, N. J.
Riker, Ellis O.....	Orange, "
Sandford, Wm. M.....	Vailsburg, "
Shea, Daniel F.....	Jersey City, "
Simmonds, Robert.....	Newark, "
Sloan, Joseph E.....	Newark, "
Soden, Joseph.....	Newark, "
Soden, James.....	Newark, "
Smith, Thomas B.....	Newark, "
Smith, Lemuel.....	Newark, "
Struble, Francis A.....	Newark, "
Scull, David.....	East Orange, "
Stobert, Valentine.....	East Orange, "
Stevens, Joseph C.....	Bloomfield, "
Stansfield, John C.....	Paterson, "
Speer, Henry H.....	Paterson, "
Sharp, Edwin.....	Jersey City, "
Shipman, Joseph C.....	Milburn, "
Taylor, Geo.....	Newark, "
Terhune, A. H.....	Newark, "
Townsend, Geo. M.....	Newark, "
Townley, Stephen E.....	Newark, "
Tunnel, Chas. S.....	Kearney, "
Van Arsdale, C.....	Newark, "
Van Horn, James.....	Newark, "
Van Iderstine, W. H.....	Newark, "
Van Winkle, Jacob.....	Jersey City, "
Williams, John R.....	Newark, "
Williams, Cyrus C.....	Newark, "
Wilson, Theo.....	Newark, "
Wrightner, David A.....	Orange, "
Weber, Chas.....	Jersey City, "
Warren, Edward.....	Jersey City, "
Wade, Joseph L.....	Irvington, "
Wagner, Ernest.....	Brooklyn, L. I.
Wanamaker, D. S.....	Ramseys, N. Y.
Wilde, Jos. B.....	St. Louis, Mo.
White, Jacob.....	Paterson, N. J.

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